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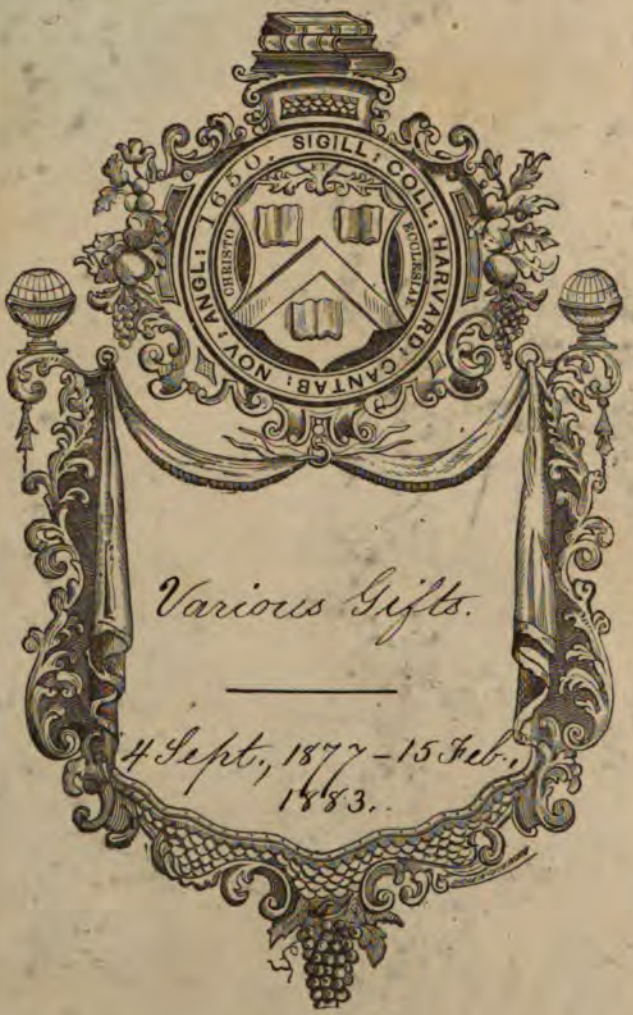

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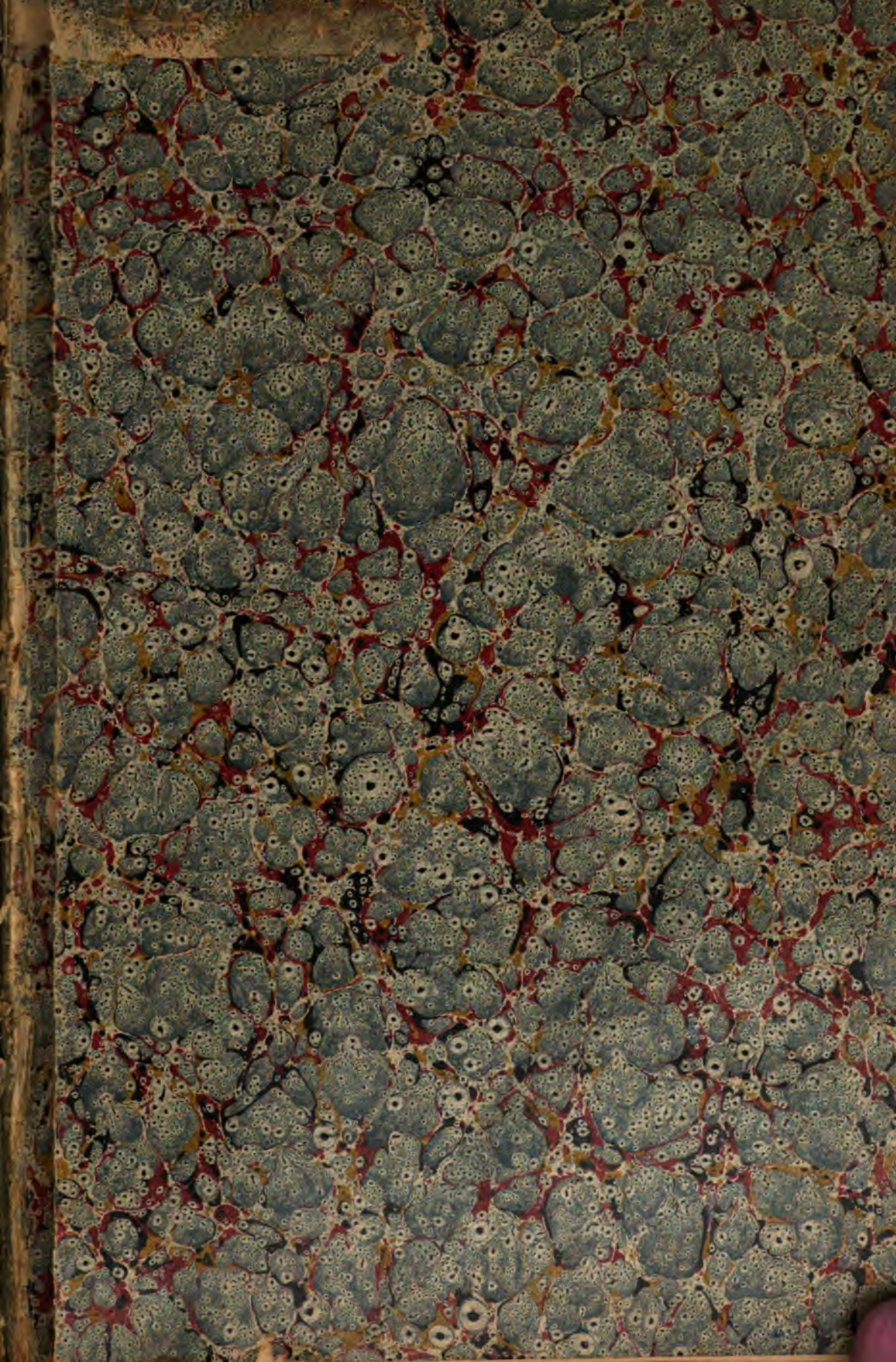

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOLUME XI.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

XI

TORONTO

HART AND RAWLINSON

1877.

Can 3.7

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. II.] JANUARY, 1877. [No. 1.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOTHERNE LETTER-BAG.

"ERNESTINE," said Mrs. Blair to that talented damsel, during the course of the same day that Colonel Fleming had so suddenly left Sotherne Court. "Ernestine, you are looking very pale."

"Thank you, madame, my health is quite good."

"That makes no difference," persisted her mistress. "You are looking very pale, and I am not at all easy about you."

Here Mademoiselle Ernestine's gifted nature asserted itself, and she perceived that it was her duty to be pale and ailing.

"Oui, madame, perhaps I am a little souffrante; I have had some aches in my head."

"Exactly so, Ernestine; and it is plain that you do not get enough fresh air; you want exercise, my good girl—a walk every day."

"Madame is very kind—but I have not much time for a promenade."

"Not during the day, perhaps; and that brings me to what I wish to say; I should like you to take a good brisk walk in the morning before you call me."

"Madame!" exclaimed poor Ernestine with rather a blank face at the prospect of an earlier rise from her much-loved bed.

"Don't interrupt me; it is dull I know for you to walk out so early without any companion or any object, but you might go along the high road; it is always dry that way; and then when you meet the postman you can come back, and if you like to take the bag from him, and bring it to me, to take my letters out, it will give you some little interest to go out for—and, Ernestine, you are a good girl, and I am very pleased with you. Look here! I have put out that black silk mantle of mine for you; it will make a nice jacket, and there is a bit of real lace on it, which I will give you too."

"How very amiable you are towards me, madame!" exclaimed the delighted maiden, as she took up the silk mantle.

"I am quite sure that an early walk will do you all the good in the world; there is nothing like the morning air.'

"Thank you, madame; and shall I begin to-morrow?"

"Certainly, I should like to see some roses in your cheeks as soon as possible. Here, put some scent on this handkerchief, and give me my gold eyeglass—that is all I want just at present; you may go now."

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Ernestine fully comprehended what was required of her. She carried off the silk mantle, which was almost new, and a very handsome present to give to a maid, and prepared herself honestly to fulfil her part of her bargain.

She understood that Mrs. Blair wished to have the first sight of the letter-bag; and she probably guessed that it was her object to find out whether Miss Blair received any letters from the departed Colonel Fleming.

Further than that, to do her justice, Ernestine's suspicions did not go.

It was the custom at Sotherne for the letters to be left at the lodge-gate about eight o'clock in the morning, by the walking postman, whence they were daily fetched by James the footman. Higgs the butler was supposed to keep the key; and when the letter-bag arrived, it was his duty to open it, and distribute the servants' letters to them, and then to lay the rest on the dining-room sideboard, save only Mrs. Blair's, which Ernestine always carried off to her mistress's room.

But Higgs, like many other good servants who have been long in their masters' confidence, was rather spoilt and lazy; he was fond of shirking as many of his lesser duties as he found he could, without detriment to his own dignity or his mistress's interests, hand over to the rather meek-spirited footman. Amongst other little duties, that of opening the post-bag, and distributing its contents, had of late years been completely entrusted to James.

The bag arrived just when Mr. Higgs was most comfortably enjoying his breakfast and his morning talk with Mrs. Pearse in the housekeeper's room. Higgs was fat, and Higgs was also getting old and lazy; it was therefore considerably easier, simpler, and less troublesome to himself in every way to give up the key to James; and, as he fetched the bag from the lodge, to let him also open it and distribute the letters.

Now, if there was one duty which James hated and detested above all other duties, it was that of fetching the post-bag from the lodge. Every morning, wet or dry, fine or foul, he had to trudge out after "them dratted letters," as he elegantly expressed it; and as his own correspondence was of an exceedingly limited and most unexciting nature, being chiefly composed of bills for tobacco and beer from the village public-house, and petitions for money from a drunken old mother whom filial duty commanded him to support, he was not very much interested in its contents.

These sentiments, being freely spoken and concisely expressed pretty frequently before his fellow-servants, were well known to Mrs. Blair's French maid.

She also knew—for trust a woman, above all a Frenchwoman, to discover such matters—that James was consumed with an absorbing passion for herself. Acting upon the knowledge of these two facts, Ernestine set to work to make an unconscious instrument of her admirer.

"Monsieur Jams," she said to him, with her sweetest smile, "do you not dislike very much to fetch the bag with the lettres?"

"Ay, that I do, mam'zell," answered her swain, earnestly; "it just takes me off when everyone else is beginning their breakfasts, having to fetch them blessed letters; and if there's one thing I can't abear, it's not being able to sit down comfortably to my meals."

"Well, look at this, Jams—I will fetch it for you for a few days."

"You, mam'zell!"

"But yes. I have given a dress to Mrs. White, the woman at the lodge, to make for me, and I wish to go and see how she does do it every morning; and if you will give me the key, I will go fetch the bag at the same time."

"The key!" repeated James, rather dubiously; "well, I don't know about that—I don't know as I ought to give you the key."

"Oh, yes, give me the key, for I expect a letter from a friend in Paris—what you call a lovere; but he is dying," she added quickly, seeing that James looked as firm as adamant at the mention of a rival.

"Ah, he's dying! Are you sure of that?" he said, with a gleam on his face at the melancholy news.

"But yes, he dies, and perhaps he leaves me some money."

"Ah, Ah!" with a delighted grin.

"Yes; and if he do, I can perhaps marry myself to one—whom I love much better;" and here Mademoiselle Ernestine glanced at her admirer with a most telling *œillade*, and then looked coyly down at the corner of her apron. "So you see, Monsieur Jams,

I am in impatience to see the lettres; so please give me the key."

"You mustn't let out to Higgs, then," said the enraptured footman, clasping his beloved's hands, "and you must give me a kiss."

"If you give me the key," said Ernestine, who had been prepared to use bribery and corruption.

The kiss was submitted to, and Ernestine walked off triumphantly with the key in her pocket.

"Qu'ils sont donc bêtes, ces hommes! Mon Dieu! qu'ils sont niais!" she muttered to herself as she went upstairs; and it must be confessed that, as far as James was concerned, she had some cause for her sweeping condemnation of the male sex.

The following morning Ernestine entered Mrs. Blair's bedroom soon after eight o'clock, triumphantly bearing the letter-bag and the key. That she had previously opened it and carefully looked over the contents herself, and then locked it up again, was of course a proceeding to which, under the circumstances, she considered that she had a perfect right, but which she did not think it necessary to impart to her mistress.

Mrs. Blair eagerly turned the key and tumbled out all the letters over the bedclothes.

But there was nothing whatever to reward her curiosity; her own letters were only bills, and there were three for Juliet—one from Mr. Bruce, one from Georgie Travers (an answer probably to an invitation to lunch, which she knew Juliet to have sent to her), and the third was either a bill or a circular; there was certainly nothing from Colonel Fleming. She replaced all the letters, and Ernestine gravely took the bag from her hand, and carried it downstairs to James, who proceeded to distribute the contents as usual, and who was brought to acknowledge that it certainly made no difference who fetched it, and that he much enjoyed eating his breakfast undisturbed. A second and third morning Ernestine, undaunted by the wind and rain, sallied forth wrapped in her waterproof cloak down to the lodge, and still there had been nothing to reward her energy nor satisfy her mistress's curiosity. But on the fourth day, when the girl brought in the bag, she knew perfectly well, by a previous inspection, that there was a letter from Colonel Fleming to Miss Blair inside it. Mrs. Blair saw it, and pounced upon it the instant she opened the bag; it was impossible to mistake the large bold handwriting with which she was perfectly familiar, even had the crest and monogram on the seal been wanting to make assurance doubly sure.

She hastily slipped the letter under her pillow, waiting till Ernestine's back was turned towards her whilst she was pulling up the blinds and arranging the window curtains, to do so; then taking out her own letters, she gave the bag back into her hand, and sent her away.

The instant she was alone, Mrs. Blair sprang out of bed, and, wrapping her dressing-gown around her, carried her prize to the light of the window.

Without a moment's hesitation she broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and began hastily reading through all poor Hugh's passionate love-words. She had but just finished it when she heard Ernestine coming along the passage with her hot water. She had only time to tear the letter once across, and throw it hastily on to the fire, when the door opened. The envelope and one torn half fell on to the blazing coals, and were rapidly consumed: but the other half, unseen by Mrs. Blair, fluttered aside, and slipped down behind the coalscuttle, where it remained between that household article and the wainscot, completely hidden.

"I did not ring," said Mrs. Blair sharply to Ernestine, for she was angry at her untimely entrance.

"N'est-ce pas, madame? Ah, I beg pardon, I heard a bell: it must have been Mademoiselle Blair's bell; and I thought it was yours. Will you wait madame, or shall I bring you your bath, as the hot water is here?"

Ernestine was not unmindful of the blazing papers on the fire, upon which she kept one eye whilst she spoke. Her entrance, it is needless to say, was not in the very least accidental; but had been, on the contrary, very carefully planned by her from the moment when she had ascertained that the letter for which her mistress was on the look-out had arrived.

She set about her duties of dressing and waiting upon Mrs. Blair with alacrity, and it was whilst bustling actively about the room that she caught sight of a small corner of white paper sticking out behind the coalscuttle.

When Mrs. Blair had completed her dressing and left the room, Ernestine flew to the coalscuttle, and triumphantly drew forth the torn half-sheet of Colonel Fleming's letter.

"Ah, mais c'est trop fort!" she muttered, with a slight compunction for Juliet. "I would never have imagined she would have opened it and then burnt it. Ah, but it is shameful to that pauvre demoiselle!"

But, in spite of her compunctions, Ernestine did her best to decipher the mutilated letter, although, owing to her imperfect education, and to its fragmentary condition, she was not able to make out as much of it as she would have liked.

"I will keep him! he will be useful to me some day," she said to herself, as she carefully folded it up and put it in her pocket. Then she carried it upstairs to her own room, and wrapping it in a piece of silver paper, locked it up in a little cedar-wood money-box, side by side with her last quarter's wages, a packet of love-letters, chiefly in French, a withered bunch of violets given her by Adolphe, her first love, who had gone for a soldier and died in Algeria, and a pair of gold and pearl earrings, her greatest treasures, which, being very handsome, and having been presented to her by a French count, she was afraid to wear openly in the sterner moral atmosphere of an English family.

Meanwhile Juliet was waiting and watching day after day for that very letter, of which one-half lay upstairs in that box in the French lady's-maid's attic bedroom, and the other half was in ashes in Mrs. Blair's fire-place. She was too proud to show her anxiety; she would not send for the letters to her bedroom, but every day she got up a little sooner, and hurried downstairs to see what the morning's post had brought her, every day to meet with a fresh disappointment.

At first she was so full of hope, that when his letter did not come she hardly made herself unhappy: she felt so sure he would write to her, so certain that he would keep his word. But when day after day passed and brought her no word, no sign from him, her heart began to be very heavy. She read and re-read the little note he had written to her before he left, and tried to comfort herself afresh with the assurance of that letter which he had promised to write to her. It was impossible, she said to herself, that he could break his word! But she began to get restless and impatient; she could settle to nothing: all her ordinary occupations and duties became hateful to her; she could take no pleasure in any of them. She began to torment herself with all sorts of horrible conjectures. Could he be ill? she wondered; or, good heavens! had there been any railway accidents the last few days in which he might have been disabled, or possibly worse? and a hundred ghastly fancies and imaginations haunted her from morning till night.

Every day she longed ardently for the next to come, and when the next day dawned, it brought her still nothing—nothing.

Everyone knows the miserable suspense of that watching and waiting for news that will not come, that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Juliet tried to call pride to her aid; but although she said to herself, over and over again, that if he did not care, neither would she—that it was unworthy of her to waste tears and sighs on a man who could care for her so little as to leave her so heartlessly, that he could not be worth her love who treated her so cruelly—although she said these things to herself a hundred times a day, she found all such arguments singularly unavailing.

Pride is very little help to a woman who really loves.

And the days slipped away silently, swiftly—uneventful days of misery—whilst she waited in vain for that letter that was never to come, and for the answer to which Hugh Fleming up in London was eating his heart out with longings that were all in vain.

At last there came a day when Juliet and her stepmother sat together in the drawing-room—the girl with her work in her hands and her thoughts far away, and the elder woman reading the "Times"—and the latter broke the long silence by saying suddenly,

"Did you not say the 'Sultana' was the name of the ship Colonel Fleming was to go to India in, Juliet?"

"Yes; I think that was the name he mentioned," she answered, rather faintly; "what about her?"

"Oh, nothing," replied her stepmother, unconcernedly; "only, I see that she has sailed, so I suppose he is gone. By the way, did he ever write to you again?"

No answer. The room seemed to swim round her; a mist was before her eyes; she rose unsteadily, and began mechanically

folding up her work. Like one in a nightmare she got herself out of the room, and staggered across the hall towards the staircase, and then one of the housemaids, passing along the corridor above, heard a heavy sound as of some one falling, and uttered a shriek of dismay at seeing her young mistress fall forward in a dead swoon in the hall below.

Her cries of alarm speedily brought assistance, and Juliet was carried up to her own room and laid upon her bed, whilst a groom was immediately sent off by the frightened Higgs to summon Dr. Ramsden to the mistress of Sotherne.

But Juliet was ill with a disease which it was beyond good Dr. Ramsden's skill to prescribe for.

When she recovered her senses after that short fainting fit, she came back to a state of misery and wretchedness compared to which the death-like unconsciousness of her deep swoon had been a merciful condition.

For nearly a fortnight the girl was almost beside herself with grief. She had not known till now how much, in spite of everything, hope had buoyed her up—how impossible, in the bottom of her heart, she had thought it for Hugh to leave her. But now that he was indeed gone utterly beyond recall, an absolute despair took possession of her. She knew him too well to believe he would come back; he was dead to her, she felt—as much dead as if she had seen him in his coffin. In all the world that was before her, there would be no Hugh Fleming; others might fill her life or occupy her thoughts, but never again he who must ever, come what may, be first and dearest in her heart.

Ah, that long blank of years that stretches out hoeplessly greyly, before some of us—how shall we ever live through them! How long life seems to those who miss out of it the one face that can make it all too short!

Juliet Blair had none of those qualities that go to make an heroic nature: she had little reserve or self-control; hers was not the character that could "suffer and be still;" she felt things too intensely, too acutely, for that calm suppression of all outward emotion which is the gift of colder natures. She spent hours locked up in her own room in paroxysms of tears, or sitting dry-eyed staring into the fire with a white, scared, miserable face. She would see no visitors, and could hardly be persuaded to touch any food; and, to all enquiries as to what ailed her, she answered wearily, "I am ill; let me alone—I am ill!"

The sight of her stepmother, who had so calmly and lightly told her of Hugh Fleming's departure, became absolutely hateful to her. Sometimes she wandered about the house, or sat silently for hours alone in the library, in his chair; with her face buried in her hands. One day sitting thus, and leaning her elbows on the writing-table, half unconsciously she pulled open one of the drawers in front of her. Some things of Colonel Fleming's were still left inside: a few unimportant papers, a packet of envelopes stamped with his crest, a little ivory penholder she had often seen him use, and, right in the front, an old pair of dogskin gloves, moulded and shaped to the form of his hand as if he had just pulled them off. Juliet's fingers wandered over each and all with a loving touch! and then she remembered how once before she had found his things lying about, in this very room, when he was away, and how she had smoothed them and put them straight for him with reverent hands; only, *then* he had come back to her—but now, now!—with a wail of despair she burst into a passion of bitter tears.

By-and-by she took out of the drawer all the dear relics of her lover—the gloves, the penholder, the envelopes and papers—and carried them upstairs to her own room, and there, showering passionate kisses on each insensate object that had been his, she locked them up in her dressing-case, by the side of that short farewell note which was all of his that she could call her own.

And they were a comfort to her. Hitherto she had possessed nothing that had belonged to Hugh Fleming, nor had she one single thing that he had given to her; and Juliet prized these things that she had found as her greatest treasures; for most women are insanely foolish over such relics of those they love.

As the days passed away Juliet Blair gradually recovered her self-possession; as the sorrow sank deeper and deeper into her heart, so it left her outwardly calmer. She wept no more; it would seem, indeed, as if the fountain of her tears had run itself dry.

By degrees she resumed her ordinary occupations; she rode and drove out, and paid visits as she had been accustomed to do; and Mrs. Blair, who had watched her misery

with a good many pangs of conscience, and some uneasiness as to the result, breathed freely again, and congratulated herself upon having done quite the wisest and best thing for her step-daughter's welfare.

"She has quite got over it—very soon she will have forgotten his existence!" she said to herself.

But there was a change in Juliet which no one around her noticed, because none of those by whom she was surrounded loved her well enough to detect it.

She was altered. The old brightness, the old impatience were almost gone; her cheek was a shade paler, her sweet lips had a sadder droop: her step had lost something of its lightness, her eyes something of their fire; and to the end of her life these things never wholly came back to Juliet Blair.

But Mrs. Blair saw nothing of all this. In her suffering, as in her joy, the girl was alone—utterly alone.

Ernestine had discontinued her morning walks. Two days after the arrival and subsequent destruction of Colonel Fleming's letter, Mrs. Blair remarked to her maid that she looked so much better that there was no longer the necessity for that daily exercise which she had prescribed for her.

So Ernestine gave back the key of the letter-bag to James.

"Here, Monsieur Jams, is your key," she said, shaking her head mournfully; "*he is dead!*" in allusion to the French lover.

"Dead, is he?" cried James eagerly; "and the money—have you heard?"

"Alas!" said Ernestine, "it is no use, my friend; the perfidious one has left it all to his cousin Annette."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT THE BROWN MARE DID.

SOON after the departure of Colonel Fleming on his return voyage to India, a hard frost set in which stopped the hunting for a fortnight.

During this fortnight Squire Travers was intensely miserable; he spent his days in alternately tapping the barometer, and going out to look at the weathercock.

"I think it's half a point to the west of north, Georgie," he would say excitedly, coming in from these excursions of inspection; "just you come out and see." And Georgie would obediently throw a shawl over her head, and run out into the keen, frosty air to stare up at the top of the house.

"Well"—doubtfully—"hardly, papa; and I am afraid the smoke is *very* due north, and that is the safest guide."

"Not at all; the chimneys all want sweeping; that sends the smoke all ways at once. I stick to the weathercock—but you're right; there isn't much sign of its changing yet."

And then the Squire would stroll disconsolately round to the stable, and go into every stall, and mutter grievous things below his breath as he gazed sorrowfully at each sleek-coated animal—dire words relative to the process of "eating their heads off,"—that strange and mysterious feat which horses are supposed to accomplish in frosty weather.

"D'ye see any signs of its giving?" he would ask a dozen times of Davis, the stud groom, who followed him about from stall to stall, taking off the clothing from each idle hunter's back.

Davis, who was of a sanguine disposition, would remove the everlasting straw from his mouth, and answer cheerfully:

"Oh, bless you, yes, Squire; it can't last much longer. We shall have rain before night, most likely." And though these enlivening prophecies had not yet been fulfilled, the Squire pinned his faith to Davis, and derived much consolation from his hopeful assurances.

Georgie regretted the frost as well as her father, but not so keenly as she would once have done. A good deal of the pleasure had gone out of the girl's life since Mr. Travers had so sternly banished Wattie Ellison from her side. She never thought of rebelling against his decision; in the long run she felt sure he was right. But sometimes she found it hard to bear. Her letters from Cis were a great comfort to her; from them she learnt that her lover was well, and that he thought of her, and that he was, as Cis said, "working hard;" and she, too, had her dreams of the fortune which his genius, in which she had unbounded faith, might some day achieve for her sake. Buoyed up by these hopes, she tried to bear her life cheerfully and patiently, and to be the same bright sympathising companion to her father as she used to be; but it had become an

effort to her, and the squire was dimly conscious of it. It made him irritable, and often sharp to her; her patient little face, with its somewhat sad smile, was a perpetual reproach to him. He knew at the bottom of his heart that he had not behaved quite fairly or rightly to his favourite child; he did not want to be reminded of it. He wanted everything to be as it was before that unwelcome episode about Wattie had taken place; and yet, somehow, everything was different, and the Squire did not like it.

He had numberless little ways of trying to make up to her for his one great injustice. He took to making her endless presents: first, there was the saddle; then a new hunting crop; then a set of gold horse-shoe studs; then a number of books he had heard her say she liked—almost every day something came down from town for Georgie: and she was very grateful to him. She smiled, and kissed him, and tried to look as pleased as he expected her to be; but all the while she saw through it all perfectly.

"Poor papa!" she would say to herself, with a sigh, as she carried away his latest present; "poor papa! he wants to make it up to me."

Georgie's hunting was, as ever, her greatest resource. It took her out of herself; and the active exercise was good for her, and prevented her from moping; so that when it was stopped perforce by the frost, she was nearly as anxious for a thaw as her father.

"It's a good thing the brown mare has laid up just now; she couldn't have chosen a better time," said the Squire, cheerily, in family conclave one evening, trying to derive comfort from the smallest causes under the untoward state of the weather.

The brown mare, after she had been ridden for the first time, had caught a bad cold, which had prevented Georgie from using her since, for which she was not altogether sorry. Georgie was suspicious of the brown mare—there was not, when she was on her back, that complete understanding between the horse and his rider which it is thought should exist between the two to constitute a perfect mount.

If Georgie wanted to go one way, the brown mare had a habit of wanting to go the other, and an unseemly struggle would ensue. True, she was good-looking and fast, and withal an undeniable fencer; but, in spite of all these good qualities, Georgie did not like her—she could not forget that Wattie Ellison had warned her against her.

When, therefore, the Squire congratulated himself upon the mare's being laid up during the frost in preference to any other time, Georgie answered that she was sorry she didn't go dead lame altogether.

"I can't imagine why you dislike her so," said her father testily. "She's a very nice mare. What's wrong with her, I'd like to know?"

"Well, papa, I was told she had a bad character," answered Georgie, looking down.

"Who told you?" and then his daughter turned very red, and was silent; and the Squire knew perfectly well who it was that had told her. The discovery did not tend to improve the old man's temper.

"I will thank you not to go listening to tales against your father's horses from every ignorant young upstart who thinks he can give an opinion on what he knows nothing about," he said angrily, and bounced out of the room, with a slam of the door behind him that made his wife jump and utter a little squeal like a shot rabbit, at which Flora laughed aloud behind her book of fairy tales.

"Your father is so rough," said Mrs. Travers to her assembled daughters.

Mary sympathisingly agreed with her mother, as she made a point of doing on every occasion, having no independent will or opinion of her own, and Georgie looked miserably into the fire, and said nothing.

All the world was out of joint with poor Georgie just now; there was no comfort for her anywhere. Everything was going wrong, with her parents, with Cis, and with herself—they were all at odds together, and there wasn't even the hunting to fall back upon, she reflected dismally!

A few days later Mrs. Travers and Mary went away together for a visit to an uncle in Devonshire, and the Squire was left with Georgie and the two little girls.

The weather was still frosty, and the old man still grumbled; but things were rather better between the father and daughter; the smaller-sized party, and the absence of the mother, who was always a firebrand in the family and never a peacemaker, made the home circle brighter and happier. During the last three days of that long frost Georgie was almost the gay light-hearted Georgie of old days; afterwards, when what was t

come was all over, it comforted the Squire to think that it had been so.

It was during these three days that Georgie told her father that she thought Juliet Blair was beginning to regret having sent Cis away.

"No! do you really think so?" he said, quite eagerly; for this was a scheme very near to his heart.

"I do indeed, papa; for I never saw anyone so altered as Juliet is—she looks so ill and out of spirits; and the other day when I was lunching with her, she hardly spoke, and ate nothing. She is evidently very far from happy."

It was strange that Georgie never once connected the sudden departure of Colonel Fleming with Juliet's altered looks and spirits. But the Travers family had so long considered Cis as her lover that it did not readily occur to any of them that he might possibly have a rival.

"Well, that would be good news indeed," said the Squire. "Shall I write to him to come home?"

"Well, no—not yet. If she is coming round to him, it will be because she misses him; and his absence is doing him more good than his being here could do;—she asked after him, and seemed pleased to hear about him."

"I'm sure I'm glad to hear it. She's a nice girl; it would be a great comfort to me if Cis married her. She would improve him wonderfully; perhaps, too, she might make him keep on the hounds when I am gone—she could do it, if any one could," added the old man, with a half sigh.

"We won't think of that yet, papa dear," said Georgie, coming round behind him, and kissing the top of his bald head fondly as she used to do in old days. "I hope you will keep them yourself for many a long year."

The Squire pressed his daughter's hand for a minute, and then dropped it hurriedly, as if ashamed of his unwonted tenderness.

Like most male Britons past middle life, he was not prone to give way to emotion; the only exhibition of feeling he indulged in was that of anger. As for love and sympathy and religion and so forth, the Squire would have said that they formed a part, no doubt, of every Christian's nature; but he considered it unmanly, un-English, and almost indecorous to speak of such things, or to give any outward signs of their existence.

So when his darling child, with a little effusion of repentant affection, made her little loving speech and kissed him, he just pressed her hand for an instant, and then hastened to change the subject to safer grounds.

"Ahem! yes, my dear," he coughed nervously; "that puppy is growing very leggy; that wasn't half such a good litter as the last that Jenny had—nothing like."

Georgie dragged up the puppy on to her lap by the scruff of his neck, with all his big weak-looking paws hanging feebly out in front of him, and a general depressed appearance, as if he expected shortly to be beaten, whilst his chances of beauty and usefulness were discussed.

And old Chanticleer, half-jealous, half confiding, rested his grey nose and one heavy paw on his young mistress's knee, and blinked up lovingly at her with his one solemn brown eye.

Altogether it was an evening like old times that the two spent together in the dingy, cosy, little smoking-den.

The next morning the wind had gone round to the south-west, and the frost was giving in every direction.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Squire, as he bounced into the breakfast-room, with the energy of a schoolboy. "Hurrah! we shall hunt to-morrow if this goes on!"

"Hurrah!" echoed Flora, who always made a noise at the smallest pretext for doing so, jumping round the room, and clapping her hands, till her father started off and chased her round the table.

And what a commotion there was all day!—the grooms and the whips rushing into the house for orders; the Squire giving contradictory directions every hour according to the aspect of the sky; messages going up to the kennels, messages to the stables, and post-cards to be written to every member of the hunt in the county.

Georgie had her hands pretty full.

About five o'clock in the afternoon a steady rain came on, which satisfactorily settled the question of the departure of the frost.

"I have told Davis to bring the mare round for you in the morning," said the Squire to his daughter, coming in dripping wet from his last stable excursion, and taking off his shining macintosh in the hall—

"she is all right again now, and it would do her good to be out."

"She will be very fresh," said Georgie dubiously. "I would rather ride the chestnut."

"What does being fresh, matter? I have settled for you to ride her—don't let me hear any more nonsense about it. Have you written all those post-cards? Well, then, I want a stitch put into that thick white scarf; it works up at the back. Go and fetch it, there's a good girl, and I will show you what it wants."

And Georgie obeyed in silence.

The morning broke calm and mild and grey. Georgie sprang from her bed, and peeped out from behind her window-blind at a green wet world, patches of water lying in the grassy hollows, and drops of moisture clinging on to every leafless branch in the garden. No frost at all events.

When she was nearly dressed, she drew aside the curtains, threw up the sash, and leant out of the window.

There was a sort of grey distinctness over the face of the earth.

The hills on the further side of the valley looked near and green; every tree upon them stood out clearly against the sky; the leafless woods were purple blue; not a breath was stirring—not a sound was heard; only the chirrup of a robin, hopping about on the garden path beneath the window, and the distant tinkle of a sheep bell from the penned-up flock in the field below.

There was something depressing, almost solemn, in the leaden sky and chill green earth.

A heap of fresh-turned mould lay in the flower-bed beneath. The gardeners had been uprooting an evergreen killed by the frost; the brown earth lay wet and heavy by the side of the gaping trench, and the robin, lured there probably by hopes of fresh worms turned up with the soil, hopped lustily down into the dark-looking hole.

Georgie watched the bird idly, and then, with a little shudder, the thought flashed across her—

"How horrible it must be to be buried! how wet and cold the earth looks!"

And she turned hastily from the window.

"A letter for you, miss," said the little housemaid who waited upon her, standing behind her as she turned round.

Georgie flushed crimson, for the letter was in Wattie Ellison's handwriting.

She tore open the envelope nervously, and read—

My dearest Georgie,—You know very well that no ordinary cause would make me risk your father's displeasure, by writing to you against his orders; but what I have to say concerns him as well as yourself, and if you see fit you will no doubt show him this letter. It is about your brown mare. I have just seen a man who knew all about her down in Warwickshire. He says she is a runaway, and not safe for any lady to ride. She killed the man who last had her, by bolting with him into a wood, where his head was smashed against the branch of a tree, and that is why your father got her so cheap. Do tell him this, and I am sure he will agree with me that you must not ride her. I *entreat* you not to do so; if anything happened he would never forgive himself. I must not write more to you—much as I long to.

Yours always devotedly,
WATTIE ELLISON.

Dressed in her habit, and holding this letter in her hand, Georgie came into the room where her father was already at breakfast.

"Papa, I have had a letter from Wattie."

"What!" thundered the squire, and the piece of bacon half-way to his mouth dropped off his fork back upon his plate. "Georgie, how dare you?" and his face turned as red as his hunting-coat.

"Well, papa, here is the letter; he wishes you to read it, and so do I—you will see that it is not a love-letter!" she added, with a little smile.

Her father took the letter from her hand and walked to the window with it, turning his back upon her as he read it.

And then he came back, crushed it up between both his hands, and flung it angrily upon the fire.

"It's all a d—d lie!" he said furiously.

"Papa!" cried the girl in dismay, "what can you mean? You don't suppose that Wattie——"

"Hold your tongue with your Wattie!" he answered savagely; "don't you suppose I know what my daughter ought or ought not to ride, without being dictated to by an infernal young scoundrel who only wants to set her against her father?"

"O papa! that's not true — he never would do that; and if the mare isn't safe ——"

"The mare *is* safe, I tell you!" shouted the old man; "and if you don't ride her, you shall not ride at all—there!"

"But, papa——" began the girl.

"Hold your tongue; if you are too great a coward to ride, say so, and stop at home."

Georgie turned very white, and set her lips hard.

"I am no coward, as you know," she said, below her breath, and then sat down and poured herself out a cup of tea with a trembling hand, and began nibbling a bit of dry toast.

No more was said.

The horses came round to the door.

Standing on the doorstep, ready to mount, Georgie turned round and made one last appeal to her father.

"Let me have the chestnut just for to-day, papa," she said entreatingly.

The Squire buttoned his gloves in silence, with a frown on his brow, before he answered her. The whole thing, he said to himself, was a plant—just a dodge for that good-for-nothing young pauper to set his own daughter against him—if he did not make a stand now at once, there would be no end to this sort of thing.

"Let me have the chestnut," pleaded Georgie once more. He looked at her for one minute, angrily, and then said, shortly, "No!"

Georgie put her hand on the pommel and her foot in Davis's outstretched hand, and vaulted lightly on to the brown mare's back.

"You see she goes quietly enough," said her father, when they had gone for some little way along the road, and the mare had shown no signs of misbehaviour.

"We are not off yet!" answered Georgie, with a smile. And then she made an effort to talk about the weather and the state of the ground, as if nothing untoward had passed between them.

She shook off her vague apprehensions, which, after all, did not amount to nervousness, and with the fresh air and the pleasant exercise her spirits came back, and her vexation wore off.

She was too good a horsewoman to be in reality in the least afraid. If it had not been her lover who had warned her, she would probably have laughed at the warning she had received. After all, thought Georgie, rousing herself from her depression with an effort, with such good nerve, and such a firm seat as she had, and so accustomed as she was to ride every sort of animal, there could not be much risk for her, whatever bad qualities her horse might have.

By the time they had reached the "King's Head," a wayside public-house where the meet was to be held, she was too busy greeting friends, congratulating everybody on the thaw, discussing the chance of foxes, and the possibilities of a run, to think very much of Wattie's letter and its warning.

Juliet Blair was not out—a fact which Georgie was sorry for, as she had not seen her for some days; but there were plenty of men to crowd round and talk to her, for her well-known splendid riding secured her many admirers in the hunting-field.

There were no carriages full of ladies and no dawdling at the meet on this occasion—strict business was attended to.

The covert was drawn, a fox soon found, and then—off and away!

The brown mare behaved well during the early part of the day. True, she was somewhat fresh and excitable; she kicked at starting, refused once or twice, and bucked in a manner which would have unseated a less perfect rider; but, on the whole, she was not at all unmanageable in Georgie's strong little hands.

The afternoon was drawing in when, just as the Squire was thinking of bringing the day's sport to a close, a fresh fox was started, and the hounds set off at a good pace straight in the direction of Sotherne Court.

The Squire and Sir George Ellison were riding side by side well in front; only seven of the field were left, following close on the hounds, when straight in front of them, crossing their line at right angles, with her head well down and her tail up, shot the brown mare at a terrible pace, Georgie, with teeth set, sitting like a rock, but having evidently lost all control over her.

"All right!" she shouted back, as she passed, turning her head for one instant in the direction of her father.

"That mare has bolted with your daughter, Travers," said Sir George.

"She's all right—she knows what to do," said the Squire, looking after her a little anxiously, but keeping on his own way after the hounds.

And a momentary wish passed through his mind that Wattie Ellison were there to go and see after her.

A groom with a second horse was following a little way behind. The Squire turned

round, and waved his arm to the man to follow after his daughter.

When they got over the fence into the next field, the Squire craned his neck forwards, and saw his daughter's slight figure, two fields off, being carried away in the opposite direction.

"She'll go along Dallerton Bottom," said he to his companion.

"Dallerton Bottom!" repeated Sir George, and reined up his horse with a sudden jerk that sent him on to his haunches.

The Squire stopped too, with a bewildered face. "What?" he said, in a puzzled way; and then suddenly he struck his hand to his forehead, and cried out wildly,

"Good God! the gravel-pits!"

Not a word more passed between them. With one accord they turned their horses' heads, and pressed madly, eagerly forwards in the direction in which the brown mare had now utterly disappeared in the gathering twilight.

Fainter and fainter waxed the sound of the hunt—faster and faster flew the grey hedges, and the shadowy woods, and the flat, even-coloured fields as they sped by them; but urge on their steeds and strain their eyes as they would, still there was no sign, no sound of her they sought!

And when at last, frantic with an unspoken fear, they flung themselves from their horses and rushed in an agony of terror to gaze down over the yawning edge of the long row of disused gravel-pits that stretched half across the sheep-dotted meadow—what was it that they saw?

Down at the bottom a dark writhing object, but dimly seen through the gloom of evening—the brown mare in her dying struggles.

And close beside, a small figure crushed and crumpled up, face downwards upon the dark damp earth—and quite motionless.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

JULIET BLAIR was sitting alone in the gloom of the twilight with her face pressed against the window, her eyes fixed on the damp shadowy garden without, and her thoughts very far away.

She was thinking of Hugh Fleming. Alas! when was she not thinking of him now? She was thinking that every minute she lived, and every breath she drew, were carrying him farther and farther away from her, more hopelessly out of her life; and, as she thought, slow miserable tears welled slowly up into her dark eyes, and dropped down unheeded upon her lap, heavily one after the other, like thunder drops in summer.

And then she thought of that other girl whom he had left alone behind, when he had gone out to India once before—only she had been left in her grave.

"Would to God I too had been left there!" she cried bitterly to herself.

How much happier that dead girl had been than she was! To her had come no doubts, no spurned, crushed feelings, no agonies of hopeless separation; up to the last she had known no shadow over her love, no uncertainties in her glad young hopes. Her death must have been so sudden, so instantaneous, that probably she had been spared every pang of terror, every pain of parting; and yet, for hundreds who would pity poor dead Annie Chalmers, not one probably would pity the rich, handsome Juliet Blair, whose life was before her, whose world was her own, and whose heart was dead!

The garden into which she stared with blinded hopeless eyes, that saw not the objects on which they rested, grew greyer and dimmer. One by one the more distant trees and shrubs on the lawn sank away in the blackness of the coming night, and the bare bushes in the rose garden, lit up faintly by the fire-light from the room, gleamed weirdly out, like the gaunt shadows in Gustave Doré's pictures, against the dark background beyond.

And as Juliet rose from the window, with a little shiver at the dreary prospect, there came the sound of horses' hoofs, clattering at full gallop up the drive to the front door, and, with a loud clanging peal, the hall bell was violently rung.

With a thrill of unaccountable apprehension, she threw open the door into the hall and listened, and at the same time Mrs. Blair, appearing on the staircase, called out nervously to her,

"What is it?"

The men servants had already gone to the door, and in another instant old Higgs came

hurriedly back across the hall to find his mistress. She made a step forward to meet him.

"Who is it, Higgs?"

"It's Sir George Ellison's groom, miss; and oh, miss, he says there has been an accident!"

"An accident!" cried Miss Blair falteringly, whilst her stepmother ran hastily down stairs to hear. "Who is hurt, Higgs? is it Sir George?"

"Oh no, miss—it is poor Miss Travers; and it was close by, in the field just below the village, that it happened, and so they are bringing her here, poor young lady!"

Juliet uttered one cry of dismay, and then her presence of mind came back to her. Without a moment's hesitation she went out to the door, and ordered the groom to ride off with the utmost speed to the town to summon Dr. Ramsden; then she sent for Mrs. Pearse, the housekeeper; and a room on the ground-floor, which was occasionally used as a bachelor's bedroom, was hastily got ready, Juliet running about and helping the maids, and superintending every arrangement herself, with blanched cheeks and a beating heart.

She did not dare to think in what condition her poor little friend would be brought to her house. She had just gathered from the groom that Georgie was not killed; but she knew well that she must be very much hurt, as much by the man's frightened face as by his saying that they were carrying her up to the house on a hurdle.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blair sat uselessly trembling and wringing her hands on the lowest step of the stairs, with Ernestine standing over her, plying her with sal volatile and smelling-salts.

It made Juliet angry to see them there. She stopped for one moment as she sped past them with her arms full of pillows, and said impatiently,

"If your mistress is ill, Ernestine, take her upstairs at once into her own room, and wait upon her there. You are very much in the way where you are; I cannot have any faintings and hysterics going on;" and she passed on.

"Ah, you have no heart, Juliet," whimpered Mrs. Blair, affectedly; "nothing seems to upset you. My nerves are so shaken by this dreadful—dreadful——"

"Come into your room, madame," interrupted Ernestine, thinking it wise to take Miss Blair's hint; "it would be terrible for you to be here when the poor demoiselle arrives."

"Oh no—no! I couldn't see her!" cried her mistress, clinging hysterically to her; "take me away!"

And Ernestine did take her away safely up to her own bedroom, where in time a strong cup of tea and a couple of nice hot buttered muffins effectually restored her equanimity.

And presently they brought her into the house. From the mist and darkness of the winter evening, into the light and warmth and sweet scents of exotic plants in the hall, came the hurdle, with its living, suffering freight, slowly, carefully carried between two men. Close behind, with a white, scared face and chattering teeth, half dragged along, half supported by Sir George Ellison's strong arm, tottering and stumbling at every step, and staring in front of him with fixed crazy-looking eyes, came Squire Travers. Three or four gentlemen, with frightened awe-struck faces, followed them, to see if they could be of any use.

And thus it was that Georgie Travers was borne over that door-way through which she had so often passed before—sometimes tripping in lightly in her habit, jumping up the stone steps two at a time; sometimes more soberly following in the wake of her parents, in all the sheen of her silken evening garments; sometimes with soft laughter, if she came in with others; or sometimes whistling a merry little tune below her breath, if she came in alone.

Often and often had she come up those steps and entered that hall before, but never as she comes in now.

Georgie lies stretched flat out on the hurdle, half covered by her father's scarlet hunting-coat. She is not unconscious; her eyes, big and blue, are very wide open, and on her deathly white face there are, nevertheless, two crimson fever patches, one on either cheek—for they had poured half a flask of brandy down her throat when they first found her.

As she catches sight of Juliet coming to meet her, she begins to speak, weakly, wanderingly, with fever-stricken rapidity.

"Oh, is that you, Juliet? I can't think what they are bringing me here for. I am not hurt badly, you know—only bruised

and stiff. Do tell papa I am not hurt. I know I could walk if they would let me try. I can't be hurt, you know, because I don't feel any pain to speak of—only so stiff. I'm just bruised and shaken a bit. If I could have got the mare's head round in time!—but I am not hurt, Juliet; do tell papa I am not hurt."

And then they got her into the bedroom that was prepared for her; but when they lifted her off the hurdle on to the bed, she fainted dead away.

After a very little while Dr. Ramsden came dashing up to the door in his dog-cart, and, putting everyone out of the room save Mrs. Pearse, who was a useful sensible woman, and had been accustomed to illness, he proceeded to examine his patient.

Sir George Ellison, and the one or two friends who lingered hoping to hear a favourable account, waited in the dining-room, where Higgs, mindful even in the midst of the general confusion of the traditional hospitality of Sotherne Court, brought forth the best sherry and a round of cold beef, and pressed the downcast guests to allay the pangs of hunger and thirst.

Juliet took the Squire into her own little morning-room. There, with her own hands, firm but gentle, she fetched him a glass of wine, and cut him a tiny sandwich; and though at first he shook his head, somehow she persuaded him to take them.

"You must keep up your strength, dear Mr. Travers, for her sake," she whispered; and the Squire obeyed her, and took the much-needed refreshment from her hands like a child.

"She will die—I know she will die!" he said, looking up piteously at her with his horror-stricken eyes.

"Oh no, don't say that! wait to see what Dr. Ramsden thinks," she said soothingly. "She said herself she was not in pain."

"If you had seen her at first," he said, with a shudder; "and the height it was!—thirty feet at the least; and the mare—curse her!—was killed. And it was all my fault too—I made her ride the brute!" And then he laid his head down on the table in front of him, and groaned aloud. And so they waited.

Would the doctor never come out of the sick-room? At most it was only twenty minutes, and yet never did twenty minutes pass so slowly!

The old man sat quite still in front of the table, with his head bowed down on his arms; and Juliet stood by him, now and then stroking the poor grey head softly with her gentle hand, or stooping down to whisper something—some soothing, loving word, some fragment of a prayer, or some pitiful, helpful text from the Bible—anything that came into her head. Heaven knows if it did him any good, or even if he heard it—probably not; yet, in a dim, vague way, it gave him patience, and helped him over the agonising suspense of those awful twenty minutes.

And then Dr. Ramsden came in.

He was a grey-haired man, with keen, clever dark eyes and a kindly expression. He had known Georgie Travers from her childhood. What he had to say of her was certainly very grievous to him, more especially when the hard words must be said to an old friend like the Squire.

"I have made her a little more comfortable. I trust she will sleep," he began nervously.

"Tell me the truth, Ramsden," said the Squire. "I had rather know the worst at once."

"I am afraid, my dear friend, that the truth is the worst—the very worst!" he answered, in a very low voice.

"You mean, she must die?"

And the doctor nodded.

The old man staggered back with a groan, and leant against the wall with his face in his hands; but Juliet burst forth impetuously,

"It is impossible—quite impossible, at her age, and with her strong constitution. I will not believe it! We must send to London. I will telegraph at once. Tell me whom to send for, Dr. Ramsden—any one you like; but more advice we must have, and the very best that can be got."

"My dear young lady," said the doctor, laying his hand on her arm to detain her, for she had already gone to the door, "you may send for every doctor in London, but they could not save her. It is a perfectly hopeless case—her spine is dislocated!"

And then Juliet, too, fell back in despair.

"You had better go to her, Mr. Travers," said Dr. Ramsden, turning to the old man. "She was asking for you; and had you not better send for Mrs. Travers?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Juliet you will

see to that, won't you?" said the Squire, rousing himself; and then he added in a frightened whisper, "she is away from home, a long way off. Will there be time, do you think?"

"Yes; she may last about twenty-four hours. We must be very thankful that she is in no pain; and I don't think she will suffer much. She is perfectly conscious, only a little light-headed at intervals, from feverishness."

All night long Juliet and the Squire sat by Georgie's sick-bed, one on each side.

She lay very quiet, wandering a little sometimes, but for the most part dozing uneasily, in short fitful snatches.

But neither of her watchers closed an eye all night.

During the silence of that long vigil, in the gloom of the darkened room, lighted only by the shaded lamp and the faint red flicker of the firelight, there passed through the Squire's mind many sad and bitter reflections.

He saw plainly now how hardly and selfishly he had treated his favourite child, and how gentle and dutiful she had been in her submission to him. With deep self-reproaches, he recalled his obstinacy and bad temper; he remembered how, by calling her a coward, he had goaded her on to ride the brute that had killed her; and ever the words, "It is my doing—all my doing!" formed the miserable refrain of his thoughts.

When the morning broke, Georgie opened her eyes and spoke.

"Papa!"

"Yes, my darling."

"I think I am going to die! tell me if I am?"

"Oh, my darling child," began the Squire in a broken voice; and she interrupted him quickly.

"Never mind, papa. I know it. Poor papa!" and she stroked the grey head that lay bowed down on the bed beside her. "Poor papa! I am so sorry for you; but you know it was a thing nobody could tell. I never should have believed that I couldn't hold the mare. Don't fret about it; it couldn't be helped. What has become of her?"

"The mare?"

"Yes!"

"She is dead," answered the Squire, and a strong shudder at the recollection of that awful leap shook the little helpless frame. Presently she spoke again.

"You would not mind my seeing Wattie now—would you, papa?"

"No darling, no. Shall I send for him?"

"Yes; send for him, and for Cis too, at once," she answered.

Juliet slipped from the room to send off the telegram, and Georgie seemed satisfied and dozed again.

There was a hushed suspense over the whole house. The servants went about on tip-toe; the doors were softly shut; the numberless neighbours who, as soon as day dawned, sent or came themselves to enquire, went round by the back way; not a bell was rung; not a voice was heard above a whisper; for over Sotherne Court hung a deep and awful shadow—the shadow of the angel of death.

CHAPTER XVI.

HER LAST WORDS.

CIS TRAVERS was breakfasting at his friend's rooms in the Temple.

It was a bright clear morning; the sun streamed in through the big dusty windows, and lit up the dingy old rooms cheerily.

There were eggs, and kidneys, and muffins, all laid out on the quaint old-fashioned blue china, in which Wattie took great pride, being somewhat of a connoisseur; a finely chased silver tea-pot, and curious-shaped sugar-bowl and milk-jug—like the china, relics of past extravagances; whilst on the fire the bright copper kettle steamed and fizzed away merrily.

It was altogether as daintily set out a little breakfast table as you could wish to see. And the two young men were in the best of spirits.

"Fetch me the kettle, Cis, and help yourself to kidneys," says Wattie, standing up while he pours out the tea, after a fashion that male beings have, when they preside at the breakfast table. "Did you see Gretchen last night?"

"Yes, I looked in on my way home," answers Cis, with his mouth full of muffin.

"Ah! very imprudent of you," says Wattie, censoriously. "Well, how is she getting on?"

"Oh, first rate; two new pupils since last week, and she looks as rosy and happy as possible. Do think! the dear little girl offered me three pounds, to pay for the doctor's bill, she said. Of course I wouldn't take it."

"I wish she wasn't quite so fond of you, and I wish she would marry David Anderson," said wiser Wattie.

"Well, I don't, then—marry that boor, indeed!"

"You had better take care that Miss Blair doesn't hear of your evening visits to Gretchen; there would be an end of your chances *there*," answered his friend.

"Well, of all the rubbish I ever heard you talk!" began Cis, impatiently; and then there came a sharp knock, and Mrs. Stiles's head, in extreme dishabille, decorated with manifold whity-brown curl-papers, surmounted with a far from spotless cap, which, from its peculiar shape and crumpled appearance, suggested irresistibly the idea that she must have slept in it, was poked furtively in at the door.

"A tallygrum for you, please, sir," said this lady, holding out the dusky pink missive in the corner of her apron.

"You may call it rubbish, Cis," Wattie was saying, in answer to his friend's last remark, and laughing carelessly as he took the telegram from Mrs. Stiles's hand; and then he opened it leisurely, for nobody nowadays feels nervous at the sight of a telegram.

A minute of silence whilst he read, and then a cry of horror burst from his lips—

"Oh, my God!"

"What is the matter?" cried Cis, springing to his feet in amazement, as his friend turned as white as a sheet, and the pink paper fluttered to the floor.

Cis picked it up and read—

"From Miss Blair, Sotherne Court, to Walter Ellison, Esq., Harcourt Buildings, Temple.

"Georgie has had a bad accident. Come down at once to Sotherne, and bring Cis. Lose no time."

They bore it well, as men do such sudden blows; Wattie, as might have been expected, being the least upset of the two.

"We shall catch the 11.25 if we look sharp," he said as soon as he could speak, rapidly turning over the pages of Bradshaw.

"Go back to your rooms, and get your bag, Cis, and meet me at the station. You must look sharp, though—we have only thirty-five minutes."

And Cis, who was shaking and trembling all over, obeyed him in silence.

Down at Sotherne Court, Georgie on her sick bed was moaning over and over again—

"Have they come yet? when will they be here? how much longer will they be?" in a weak, fretful voice.

On the bed by her side lay old Chanticleer. Early in the morning she had asked for him, and a messenger had been sent to Broadley to bring him over.

"Don't think me foolish," she had said, "but I should like him to lie on the bed where I can stroke him, poor old boy!" and her latest wish was, of course, a law to those who watched by her.

The old hound lay with his head resting on his great white paws, gazing up at her fixedly and piteously, with every now and then a low whine of sympathy.

And who shall say that in that faithful canine heart there was not at least a partial knowledge of the dread change that was about to befall his young mistress?

Little Flora, who had been brought over with the dog, crouched at the bottom of the bed, trying to stifle her sobs.

"Don't cry, Flora," said her sister once. "Look here! I leave poor Chanticleer to you; you will be very fond of him, won't you, for my sake? and don't forget to give the poor old boy his bread and milk in the morning—he will miss it so, if he doesn't get it; and now he has so few teeth, he likes it better than anything else. You will promise me not to forget it, Flora?"

"Yes, Georgie," sobbed the little girl, and then Juliet drew her away into an adjoining room, and took her on her lap, and let her sob and cry upon her shoulder till she was fairly worn out.

By three o'clock the two young men had arrived. A faint flush came into Georgie's face when she was told that they had come.

"Papa," she said, turning to her father, "I want to see Wattie by himself—quite alone, with no one else in the room. May I? do you mind?"

And so they all left the room, and Wattie went in alone.

What passed between them during those solemn parting moments no one ever knew; no sound came from within the room to the

ears of those who stood outside the door; but, after about a quarter of an hour, Wattie came out, and rushed past them blinded with tears—out at the open hall door, away down the slopes of the garden, there to work away the first anguish of his sorrow by himself.

And presently the Squire went out after him. He found him lying prone at the foot of a tree, stretched along the damp grass.

"Wattie—my dear boy, my poor boy, do get up!"

The young man looked up with dim eyes, and dazed white face; but when he saw that it was the Squire, he got up.

"Can you ever forgive me?" said the old man in a broken voice. "It was I who made her ride the mare, though you had written to warn her against her. She didn't want to ride her, but I made her; it was my cursed obstinacy—and now I have killed her—I have killed my child!"

"Don't say that, sir!" said Wattie, passing his arm within the old man's; "it is God's doing; no one was to blame; she was so good—too good to live!"

"Oh, my boy, how I wish I had let you be engaged to her—perhaps this might never have happened," cried the Squire.

"We cannot tell," answered Wattie, gravely; "at all events, such self-reproaches can avail nothing now. Come, sir, you look so ill and tired, take one turn down the garden with me—the fresh air will do you good—and tell me as we go how it all happened, for you forget that I know nothing beyond what the telegram has toldme, and then we will go back to her."

So the old man leant upon his arm, and told him all the pitiful story over again—everything from the beginning, all about Georgie's patience and goodness, and all about his own stubbornness and harshness to her. He poured out his whole heart to him, and the recital did him good.

When the two entered the house again they stopped short with one accord, and grasped each other's hands ere they went back into the sick room. Everything was forgiven between them; and from that hour to his dying day Squire Travers loved Wattie Ellison as his own son.

And after that they none of them left her room any more until the end. Towards four o'clock Georgie became very much weaker, and it soon grew evident to those around her that Mrs. Travers and Mary, who had a long cross journey, and could not possibly reach Sotherne before six o'clock, would not arrive in time to see her alive.

Dr. Ramsden came again for the second time that day, and suggested what he could to make her more comfortable; she did not suffer pain, only uneasiness; and then he was obliged to leave, promising to call again later.

It was Juliet who with gentle hands smoothed the pillows of the dying girl, and moistened her parched lips and bathed her hot head with cooling scents. Juliet had, like many impetuous restless women, an inborn genius for nursing the sick. Her steps were soft but swift, her hand gentle but firm, and her eye quick and ready to see what was wanted. Georgie often glanced up at her gratefully, as, unweariedly patient, she bent over her to minister to the hundred little requirements of a sick bed.

After a long silence, broken only by the whispers of those around her. Georgie suddenly spoke in a strong clear voice:

"Juliet!"

"Yes, darling?"

"I want you to promise me to marry Cis; it would be such a comfort to poor papa. I think it would almost make up to him for losing me. Give me your hand Cis, and yours, Juliet; there, now say you will try and love him. I think I shall rest easier in my grave if you will say you will—it will be such a gleam of happiness by-and-by for poor papa?"

What could Juliet do?

Georgie had taken their hands—hers and her brother's, and had joined them together between her own little white ones. The one thought, poor child, in her weakened, bewildered brain, half dulled already by illness and approaching death, was that something should be done to comfort her father after she was gone.

How could Juliet over that death-bed speak of her own love-troubles—troubles that, in the awful excitement of the last twenty-four hours, seemed to have faded away into absolute insignificance? How could she vex that dying girl with doubts and perplexities?

What should she do?

Cis was gazing at her across the bed with big blue eyes, haggard with weeping and

misery, and yet full of love and yearning to herself; and Georgie was saying over again, with the gentle impatience of those who are very ill—

"Come, Juliet, you will promise to marry him—won't you?"

And Juliet, driven to speak, and unable to speak as she ought to have done, whispered—

"Yes, Georgie dear, I will promise."

The dying girl raised the two hands she held to her lips, whilst a faint gleam of pleasure stole over her pale face.

Then she called her father to her.

He half raised her up, and she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Juliet will marry Cis, papa," she said, "and that will be a great comfort to you; now I shall die happier."

After that she never spoke again.

In a little while she passed into that strange borderland of unconsciousness in which so many spend their last hours on earth.

Most awful, most solemn time of mystery, when the soul, whilst struggling to be free, hovers between earth and heaven, and the spirit, darkened and obscured, lingers still in the body it has already partially left!

Quite motionless were the watchers around her: her father supporting her head against his shoulder; her lover, with his hands fast locked in hers, kneeling by her side; little Flora, trembling and shivering with fright, close held in her brother's arms; and Juliet standing with bowed head at the foot of the bed.

And old Chanticleer was by her side, watching her silently with the rest.

And so, surrounded by those who had loved her in life, softly and painlessly Georgie Travers's gentle spirit passed away.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WINDY WALK.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone—Christmas, the saddest day in all the year for those who have suffered and lost—and therefore to three-fourths of the population of the Christian world; for how many in every land are those who sorrow!

January was nearly over, the crocuses and snowdrops were cropping up thickly in bright compact rows in the Sotherne flower-borders, and down below in the valley the green grass had already grown up over Georgie Travers's grave.

Juliet Blair was wandering alone about the garden walks, with a sad, wearied face. Ever since that death-bed scene she had been perplexed by the one absorbing memory of that promise which had been wrung so unwillingly from her by her dead friend.

Was not a promise to a dying person the most solemn and binding of any promise that can be given? Would not the breach of such a promise be a dire and mortal sin, provoking the wrath of Heaven to fall in curses on the faithless promiser?

Was she in very truth bound to marry Cecil Travers?

She asked herself these questions over and over again a hundred times a day.

Nothing had been said to her by either Cis or his father upon the subject; but she knew well that they had not forgotten it, and she felt instinctively that they were but waiting for her to speak of it.

Juliet was very lonely in these days. Not one word had she received from that far-distant lover who had left her, as she thought, so cruelly and so heartlessly. Through Mr. Bruce she had, indeed, heard that he had arrived safely in India, and that he was well; but there had come no word to her from him. Through all these weary weeks she had pined and sickened to hear from him, and nothing came to her day after day, but the same dead, cold silence.

The conviction was forced upon her that he had treated her shamefully—that he had trifled with her—amusing himself by winning her heart, only to fling it back to her with scorn and mockery; and that now he had utterly forgotten her!

She had neither home-life nor home-love to fill up the great emptiness of her heart—and Juliet was one who could not live without love.

Her stepmother she absolutely disliked, and she had not a relation in the world with whom she was even on intimate terms; whilst poor Georgie, the one friend whom she had been fond of, and who had brought affection and sympathy into her life, had been taken from her by a sudden and awful death.

Juliet wondered vaguely why she had

not been killed instead of her friend. Georgie's death had brought sorrow to so many, utter desolation to her old father, and scarcely less to her young lover. Whereas, if she, Juliet, had died in her place, who would have sorrowed for her—who would even have missed her?

How dreary and empty her life was! She looked at what might be her lot, if she chose—with a husband who would assuredly love her, and whose family were prepared to welcome her with open arms; such a marriage would be better, she thought, than this utter loneliness—and since the one man she cared for loved her not, why not marry Cis as well as any other?

At this point of her reflections, Mrs. Blair came across the garden to join her.

"How much longer are you going to smother yourself up in that horrid crape?" were her first words, pointing to her stepdaughter's sable garments.

"Till Easter probably," answered Juliet coldly.

Mrs. Blair lifted her hands and eyes. "My dearest Juliet! really I think you overstrain your expression of feeling—it is not as if the poor thing had been any relation, you know."

"I have told you before," said Juliet impatiently, "that I shall wear mourning for dear Georgie as if she had been my sister."

"Your *sister!* ahem! my dear—that will be great encouragement for somebody we know, won't it?" said the widow slyly.

Juliet, with reddened cheeks, was silent for a moment, and then, with one of those sudden impulses to which she often gave way, she said—

"You may as well know, Mrs. Blair, that I shall very probably marry Cecil Travers; so pray don't torment me any further about him."

"My darling girl!" cried her stepmother, "how charmed, how delighted I am! Pray let me congratulate you! And are you really engaged?"

"No, I am not engaged," said Juliet, withdrawing herself from the encircling arms which her stepmother had rapturously flung around her. "I am not engaged, so please don't mention it to any one, but I believe I shall be shortly, and I don't wish to speak about it again."

Here Briggs appeared on the lawn with a note for his mistress.

It was from Wattie, who was staying at Broadley, and ran thus:—

My dear Miss Blair,—It would be very kind of you if you would come over and see the Squire soon. He frets after you sadly; and sometimes I hardly know what to do with him. He is so utterly broken down, that it is quite distressing to see him. Cecil has a delicacy in asking you to come over; so I ventured to write to you on my own responsibility.

Yours very sincerely,
WALTER ELLISON.

"I shall drive over to Broadley this afternoon," said Juliet, as she shut up this note and put it in her pocket; and after luncheon she started.

Things were indeed altered at Broadley House since poor Georgie's death.

To begin with, the Squire had given up the hounds; they had been taken by a sporting colonel, a new comer who had lately rented a place a few miles off. Everyone had entreated Mr. Travers to resign them only for the season, and not to give them up altogether. Even his wife could see how utterly lost and at sea he would be without this hitherto all-absorbing occupation of his life. But the old man was obstinate. No, no, he said, he should never be fit to be a master again. By-and-by, another year, perhaps, he would potter out after the hounds on his old bay horse Sunbeam, just when the meets came handy; but as to keeping the hounds again! no, that he should never do! Besides, he added pitifully, how could he, with no one to write his letters or help him with the work?

So he sat all day long in his study, doing nothing, stooping forward with bent head and clasped hands in his chair, and looking as if ten years had gone over his head in as many weeks.

Flora often sat on the floor by his side, leaning against him, with her story-book and Chanticleer's head on her lap; but, though he liked to have her there, and sometimes put his hand down to stroke her fair curls, she was too young to talk or be much of a companion to him.

Cis was staying at home, but, though kind and gentle in his manner to his son, the Squire had no comfort in his society.

Wattie Ellison seemed the only one who could in any way rouse or interest him. When Wattie came down for a couple of nights, as he did almost every week, the Squire would take his arm and allow himself to be tempted out of doors round the gar-

den, and sometimes even into the stables, and to Wattie he would talk as he could to no one else.

For hours together these two, to whom the dead girl was a living link of unfailing interest, would talk of her to each other, recalling her words and her doings, and all her sweet unselfishness.

No one save Wattie, the Squire felt, had ever appreciated his dead darling; her mother had snapped and scolded at her all her life; was it likely that she could sorrow for her properly now that she was gone? Cis had been too much of a milksop, and Mary too cold and selfish, to understand her; Flora alone of all her sisters had been devoted to her; but the Squire felt that Georgie had been more his child than any of his other children, and he was very jealous of her memory. He would never even mention her name to any of the others save only to Wattie, who had loved her and understood her, and who sorrowed for her intensely even as he did himself.

When Juliet went over to Broadley that afternoon, Mrs. Travers met her in the doorway.

"It is very good of you to come over to such a dull house," said she, with that sort of sham self-depreciation which is so irritating because so unanswerable; "I am sure there is little enough in this house of sorrow to amuse you."

"Dear Mrs. Travers, as if I wanted amusement!" said Juliet, a little indignantly.

"Well, my dear, everything is changed here for us all, and poor Mary feels the dreadful depression very trying to her spirits. You have come to see the Squire? Ah, dear me! it is sad to see him, and my dear Cis is quite unable to rouse him at all. I hope, Juliet, you will say something to give him and us all a little hope and pleasure?" she added wistfully, for she too was anxious that her son should make this brilliant match with the rich Miss Blair.

When Juliet went into the study, and when she saw how the old man's face lighted up at her entrance, she felt quite a pang of self-reproach to think how seldom she had come over of late.

"Why, Juliet! this is kind of you; come, sit down here, my dear, by the fire, and warm yourself. Is it cold out?"

"Rather; I think it is inclined to be frosty."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed with a momentary eagerness, adding, however, immediately, with a sigh, "not that it matters to me much now!"

Juliet took the chair that he drew forward for her, and began talking to him of everything she could think of to interest and amuse him, just as one talks to a child, observing pitifully the while how tottering and aged he had become, and how drawn and white his once hale and robust face had grown.

Then Wattie came in for a little while and joined in the talk, and after he had gone Juliet asked suddenly, with something like a blush—

"And where is Cis?"

"Do you want him?" said the Squire eagerly. "Dear Juliet, do you want to see him?"

And Juliet answered, "Yes, I do indeed."

The Squire turned round to Flora, who was crouched up on the floor by the window with her arm round Chanticleer's neck, and told her to go and find her brother.

The child obeyed and left the room, the old hound following close at her heels as he used to at Georgie's.

"He is almost as fond of her," said the Squire brokenly, looking after her, and alluding for the first time to his dead daughter.

"Yes, and she is growing so like dear Georgie; have you not noticed it? I think Flora will be a comfort to you some day, dear Mr. Travers."

The old man shook his head.

"She is a good child—a good child; but she will never be like the other," he answered, and then Cis came in.

"I have sent my carriage home, Cis," said Juliet, as she shook hands with him; "will you walk with me?"

"Juliet! do you mean it really?" cried Cis, flushing with pleasure.

"Yes, I do really," she answered, smiling, and she shook hands with the Squire, and they both went out together.

For some minutes they went on side by side in silence. The fresh breeze blew briskly in their faces, as they walked quickly along, so that Cis found it difficult to keep his hat on, and was rather thankful that his companion did not speak to him. When, however, they turned out of the open park into the more sheltered lane, and Juliet still

kept silence, Cis found that it was incumbent upon him to speak.

"Do you ever think of what poor Georgie said to us before she died, Juliet?" he asked timidly.

"I am always thinking about it, Cis," answered Juliet, in her clear, steady voice.

"And what do you think of doing?" he asked nervously.

"What should you wish me to do?" said Juliet, smiling at him kindly.

"Do you mean to say—oh, Juliet, do you mean to say that you will marry me?" cried Cis, excitedly catching hold of both her hands, and forcing her to stand still, whilst his hat, left unsecured, took the opportunity of blowing off. Juliet laughed; it was so like the old awkward Cis of boyish days.

"Yes, Cis,—that is, if you will listen first to what I have to say; let us walk on, it is too cold to stand still. Cis, before I promise you anything, I want you to know the truth; the truth is that, though I am certainly fond of you, I do not love you as a woman ought to love her husband, and I am afraid I never shall. The reason is," she added, lowering her voice,—"the reason of it is, that everything in my heart that I had to give has already been given away."

"Juliet! to whom?" faltered Cis.

"Ah, never mind that," she answered, smiling; "I am not bound to tell you that; never mind who it was, he is never likely to cross my path or yours again; and I—don't know why I need be ashamed to say it to you—but the truth is that my affection was misplaced, for it was never returned. Well, Cis, I am leading a profitless and aimless life. I have no domestic ties and no one to love me."

"Oh, Juliet!"

"Hush, don't interrupt me, it is quite true; I have great need of some one who will be good to me. And when I know how anxious you are to marry me, and what a great deal of comfort I should give to your poor father by doing so, and above all how I have already promised our darling Georgie on her death-bed that I would be your wife, I cannot help thinking that by giving in to the earnest wishes of you all I shall at all events be doing some good to somebody, instead of wasting my life in selfish and profitless repinings. Cis, if you will be content to have me after this fashion, I will be your wife."

And then Cis called her by every fondest, proudest name, and swore to her a dozen times that he cared not how she came to him so long as she would come, that he would spend his life in trying to prove his gratitude to her, that he had love enough for both, and that he would never expect nor exact of her more than she chose to freely give him.

"I don't quite know how we shall get on together," she said, rather dubiously, when Cis had come to an end of his rhapsodies; "I am afraid we are not very well suited to each other; but at all events, we can try it."

It was not a very ecstatic speech for a young lady to make to the man she was just engaged to, certainly; but Cis was not hurt, he was too intensely delighted at being engaged to her at all to think much of the manner in which she had bound herself to him.

He was at this moment occupied in debating within himself whether it was or was not possible for him to venture to kiss her in the open high road along which they were progressing; but Juliet, who possibly suspected his intention, cut short these ambitious hopes.

"Now, Cis, go back to your father and tell him the good news; I can walk home very well from here."

"May I not walk to the door with you?" said her lover, in dismay at so abrupt a dismissal.

"No, not to-day," she answered, smiling and holding out her hand to him, and he could not do otherwise than leave her.

And Juliet walked on alone, a tall, dark figure in the gathering twilight.

"If he had not left me, I should never have done it," she said to herself bitterly, ten minutes after she had parted with her affianced husband.

And, before a week was over, Miss Blair was regretting her engagement to Cecil Travers intensely and hopelessly, and she would have gladly given up ten years of her life to have been able to undo the work of that afternoon's walk.

But in a week it was too late. In a week every man, woman, and child in her native county knew of it; she had received the congratulations of half the neighbourhood; and—worst, most unbreakable chain of all—she had knelt by the Squire's arm-chair, and had been blessed and thanked, in broken

trembling words, for her goodness in bringing back a gleam of pleasure and sunshine into his desolate and darkened life.

That was what bound her to Cis more securely than all her promises to him. And, to tell the truth, that was the one grain of pleasure and satisfaction she derived from her engagement.

Everything else about it revolted and horrified her; she seemed to see plainly now that the little gush of emotion and self-sacrifice which had been upon her that day had worn off; she knew how utterly unhappy such a marriage must be for her, how uncongenial poor Cis was to her in every way, and, worst of all, how vain it was to hope that her heart would ever belong in the faintest degree to anyone but to Hugh Fleming.

But the thought of old Squire Travers's delight, and of the pleasure which Cecil's family generally displayed at the news of his engagement, did in some measure reconcile her to it. She tried to persuade herself, and, indeed, she did honestly believe, that she was doing a good and unselfish action, and that a blessing would therefore rest upon her for it.

And she had one hope left.

As soon as she was engaged she wrote to tell Mr. Bruce, and requested him to write and inform Colonel Fleming of the fact, in order to ask for his formal consent to her marriage.

She had a wild, unreasonable hope that he would come home and save her from her fate—that he would never allow her to be taken utterly away from him, never suffer her to go without a struggle to retain her.

She little knew Hugh Fleming!

Two months passed away, and her answer came—in a note to Mr. Bruce, which that gentlemen forwarded to her

My dear Mr. Bruce,—I am very glad to hear such good news about Miss Blair. Pray give her my very hearty congratulations, and my sincere good wishes for her happiness; as to my consent, that, you know, is merely a matter of form, as we have talked over this subject before, and you know that I quite approved of Mr. Travers as a suitable husband for my ward. Please send me all necessary papers to sign, with your instructions. You are very kind to wish me to be present at the wedding, but that is, I fear, impossible. I should like to hear when the day is fixed.

With kind remembrances to all,

Yours faithfully,

HUGH FLEMING.

That was all.

That evening, when Cis came over to dinner, Juliet told him that she would keep him in suspense no longer, for that she would marry him in the month of May.

(To be Continued.)

DRIFTING.

THE sea-sands glitter in the sun,
And softly moans the ebbing tide,
And, here and there, with folded sails,
The lordly ships at anchor ride.

From far across the waters gray,
At times a sob is borne to me—
A whisper of dismantled ships
That sail, unmanned, the pathless sea.

And then I think of aimless lives—
Of hearts unstrung, and fettered hands—
And how, when flows the tide again,
Our steps will vanish from the sands.

St. John, N. B. H. L. SPENCER.

SCIENCE AND MATERIALISM.*

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

THERE is no question that the cardinal fact in the history of the nineteenth century is, the prodigious development of natural science. Considering how near at hand, for the most part, are the objects with which natural science deals, it seems wonderful at first sight that the scientific age of the world should have come at so comparatively late a period of human history. The ancient Greeks are, to this day, our masters in art, so far, at least, as sculpture and architecture are concerned; but their scientific attainments were of the most meagre kind. There was no deficiency amongst them of intellectual vigour, or of logical acuteness; while their powers of observation, in all that related to certain aspects of nature, were singularly keen. We must therefore attribute their failure to apply themselves seriously to science, not so much to any want of capacity for that kind of study, as to something in their national character which turned their energies in other directions. The fact is, that the explanation of their backwardness in science is also the explanation of their forwardness in art. Their polytheism peopled the earth for them with gracious ideals; but at the same time it prevented them in a great measure, from realizing the existence of natural laws. Their minds were full of pictures and fancies; and, rejoicing in these, they did not feel the need of any deeper insight into the nature of things than their common experience supplied. Then, just as their superstitions declined, the national genius began to fade. The Romans were not a race to do much for science; their talent was for government; the knowledge they prized was the knowledge of how to deal with men, not how to analyze matter. After the fall of the Roman Empire, a dismal period of barbarism supervened. If we can trust contemporary accounts, Satan —of whom Greeks and Romans to their great happiness had known nothing—would seem to have been let loose for about a thousand years, filling countless minds with the most vivid terrors, and working all manner of mischief upon true believers. If these accounts are true, of course there could be no science where natural law was being so constantly broken by this malignant spirit, his emissaries, and his victims; if they are not true, we still see very good reason why natural science should for long ages have made no progress. Aristotle, at the very close of the sixteenth century, was still a standard authority in physics—so much so that Galileo incurred great hostility for proving the master wrong in his assertion that the rapidity of descent of falling bodies was in proportion to their weight. For this inexcusable piece of presumption he was compelled to leave Pisa, where he filled a chair in the University, and where he had taken advantage of the Leaning Tower to make his experiment.

The names of Copernicus, Vesalius, Servetus, Kepler, Galileo, and Toricelli, show us that, in the sixteenth century and beginning of the seventeenth, men had begun to think of the universe as something else than a theatre for the exercise of supernatural powers. A great deal of valuable scientific work had in fact been done when Bacon conceived his great work on the means of advancing science. The merit of Bacon consists not in his own scientific researches, which bear no comparison with those of the men I have named, but in the clearness and vigour with which he grasped the idea of science as a progressive interrogation of nature by means of observation and experiment. Since the time of Bacon, science has, in the main, kept to the true path. Only eight years elapsed between the publication of the *Novum Organum* (1620), and Harvey's immortal disquisition "On the motion of

* The following pages constituted the latter portion of an Inaugural Address delivered before the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society on the 10th November, 1876.

the heart and the circulation of the blood." The same century produced Newton, Boyle, Linnæus, and a host of other illustrious names; and science henceforth had its recognised place as one of the most important and beneficent branches of human activity.

And now where are we? Is it not the case that science, so feeble once in comparison with the strong prepossessions or instinctive beliefs of mankind—science, which formerly but picked up the crumbs that fell from the table of human reason, while metaphysics and theology feasted and lorded it at the board—science, that was persecuted and cast out in the persons of its early professors, its Roger Bacons, Galileos, and Brunos—science, in which men saw no beauty or promise that they should desire it—is it not true that this stone which the builders rejected, has become almost the head of the corner in the edifice of our civilization? Upon what are the eyes of all men waiting, but upon science to heal their diseases, and even cleanse their iniquities? Is it not true that theology itself—I speak now only of what you all know as well as I—is looking to science to place a true interpretation upon its records. "Describe to us," say the theologians, "the physical history of the earth, and whatever you can satisfactorily prove, *that* we shall accept as the true sense of the Mosaic record, no matter what verbal difficulties may stand in the way. You have shown us that we must no longer talk of a six *days'* work in creation; we quite accept your amendment, and shall be prepared to give our best consideration to any others you may propose. As soon as you are quite sure about the doctrine of evolution, we think we shall have no difficulty in finding that, too, in a manner, outlined in our record." This is an honour to which science in its earlier stages never looked forward. It hoped to unravel progressively the mysteries of nature; but it never expected to be called in to assist in the task of Biblical exegesis. Times have changed since the inventor of the telescope fell into the hands of the tormentors for his speculations on the solar system; or, coming down much later, since Buffon was compelled to pen a very humble retractation of certain errors which the doctors of the Sorbonne asserted they had discovered in his "Système de la Nature." Had he lived in the present day he might have corrected the errors of the doctors.

It would be easy to pursue this line of thought, and to prove by many unimpeachable testimonies the high position that science has won for itself in the modern world; but the easier the task, the less need there is to perform it. Glance at but one sign of the times—the eagerness with which any real master of science—a Huxley, a Tyndall, or a Proctor—is listened to whenever, forsaking the study or the laboratory, he comes before the public as a lecturer. It is not the learned only who flock to hear him; but multitudes of average men and women go to get what instruction they can. They feel their need of it; they know that this is a real world in which they live; they are beginning to have some perception of the immutability of its laws; and, what those laws are, they fain would learn. The gifted scientific teacher occupies indeed a position of great privilege, and, let me add, of great responsibility. He may not succeed in awakening—as of course he does not aim at awakening—those violent emotions which follow upon certain methods of teaching. He neither shouts, nor sings, nor contorts his body, nor heaps up incongruous imagery, nor revels in anecdotes, nor indulges in weak sentimentalism, nor gives way to grotesque violence of language; but he touches the understanding, and shapes opinions, and moulds purposes. It behoves him, therefore, to use his great power with strict conscientiousness for the wisest ends. He must be careful, above all, not to engender a conceit of knowledge on the part of his hearers, nor to illustrate it by anything in his own manner or language. He should caution his hearers against substituting blind deference to his authority, or to any scientific authority, for the blind deference they may have hitherto paid to other authorities. He should speak with certainty only of the known, and with proper reserve of what is only probable or purely hypothetical. He should dwell upon the great truth that emancipation from error means responsibility for a higher mode of life; and that, if it does not result in this, it is valueless, if not worse than valueless in causing truth to be evil spoken of. He should insist strongly on the difference between real knowledge and sham knowledge; between a true insight into facts and

grasp of principles on the one hand, and a mere command of phrases on the other. Let him do these things, and abound in doing them, and he will quickly be recognised as the highest type of teacher in this generation.

The function of science is to interpret to man the world in which he lives, and especially the material conditions on which his well-being depends. It explains to him the properties of matter and the constitution of his own physical nature. It is concerned with questions of cause and effect, or antecedence and sequence. It gives him, in regard to many things, a power of prevision which to his ancestors would have seemed simply miraculous. It enables him to wield with ease and certainty some of the mightiest and subtlest forces of nature. It places at his service agencies, such as electricity and magnetism, which as yet far outrun his powers of comprehension. It carries him into regions of the invisible and impalpable, and exhibits to him wonders that utterly dwarf the direct revelations of sense, and seem at times to threaten the fundamental postulates of his philosophy. Science, we may say, is the minister of man's thinking faculty; or we may regard it as the product of that faculty working according to its own laws, just as honey is the product of the instinctive labours of the bee. Manifestly, so long as man thinks, and so long as he has an inexhaustible universe to think in, science must advance; we can set no limit to its conquests. Unless human powers at some point in the future begin to fail, it must continue its beneficent career, giving man wider and wider control over nature, and thus increasing the advantages, and decreasing the disadvantages, of his lot upon earth. Lucretius has drawn a pitiable picture of primitive man roaming naked through the forests, contending at dreadful odds with the inexorable powers of nature, fleeing in terror from wild beasts, and filling his mind with superstitious terrors over and above those which his helpless condition might so well have inspired. The imagination of the poet did but anticipate in this case, as it has done in so many cases, the knowledge obtained from direct observation. We know of tribes at this moment of whom all this is true, and who superadd, what the poet has not thought of placing in his picture, abominable excesses of lust and cruelty. Yet from this lowly origin it is impossible not to believe that the whole human race has sprung; and all that now separates the civilised man of to-day from his savage progenitor shows the work of his thinking faculty, and of those other faculties or capacities of his nature which the power of thought has called into exercise. Primitive man has simply his senses to guide him, and a little superiority in cunning over the beasts of the field; the only force he can wield is that which his muscles supply; the only dangers he can avert—and these of course not always—are such as his senses directly apprize him of; the only benefits he can grasp are such as nature visibly offers. Civilised man uses his senses to guide him to instrumentalities and agencies by which their range is vastly increased. Primitive man grasps a club and feels himself strong; civilised man imprisons fire and water, or mixes a few chemical substances, and he has command of forces that could almost rend the globe. Mr. Spencer expresses the difference by saying that the one has but a very narrow, and the other a comparatively wide and distant, command of his "environment," that is to say, of environing or surrounding objects and conditions. The work of science is, to help us to act not only *here* and *now*, but far away and, as it were, long in the future. When we make provision *now* to fight against an epidemic which science tells us will, in all probability, visit us at a certain time in the future, we are in effect carried forward to that future time, and enabled to deal with its contingencies as if they were present. When, by aid of the telegraph, we receive timely notice of the failure of certain crops in certain places, we make our arrangements to meet, as far as possible, the consequences of the fact. In a thousand ways what we do now has reference, not to the immediate present, but to what we know will be by-and-by. By the aid of science we throw out, as it were, vast feelers—shall I shock you too much by calling them metaphorically *antennæ*?—into distant space and time, and regulate our present conduct by what we are thus enabled to perceive. This is having an enlarged grasp of our environment—a somewhat barbarous phrase, perhaps, to those who are unaccustomed to it, but a very useful one to those who feel its force.

As I said some time ago,* we do not come here to discuss mysteries; and I therefore make no apology for these very simple remarks. To some they are the very A. B. C. of knowledge; but others may be helped by them to a more vivid conception than they have hitherto possessed of the nature and function of science. If I can be of assistance to such, I must only crave the patience of the more learned. Now, when we say that *science* gives to man an ever increasing grasp of his environment, we simply mean—what? That the action of man as a thinking being secures him this increasing grasp. Let us now, in the light of this indisputable statement, examine very briefly the question, Whether there is any justification for the prevalent fear that physical science tends to result in materialism.

The best definition of materialism I have anywhere met with is that given by Auguste Comte, who speaks of it as a tendency to apply to a higher range of enquiries, the methods appropriate to a lower. He recognizes, accordingly, several kinds of materialism corresponding to the several fundamentally distinct branches of human knowledge. A person conversant with the laws of mechanics, who should insist that these were capable of explaining all chemical phenomena, and who should take a delight in dragging down, so to speak, the more complex modes of action which chemistry reveals, to a mechanical basis, would be, in his way, a materialist. Similarly, a chemist who refused to recogize in the phenomena of life, anything but a somewhat obscure chemistry, and who pursued his labours in the same levelling spirit, or as the French would say, *esprit de nivellement*, would also be a materialist. Again, the physiologist, deeply versed in the laws of individual life, whose passion was to show that the various modes of social action were nothing more or higher than the processes of secretion, digestion, nutrition, &c., with which his peculiar studies had rendered him familiar, and who disdained any other preparation than he already possessed as a physiologist for the study of social phenomena, would be the most irrational materialist of the three. What common sense and the best instinctive feelings of our nature resent in the conduct of such men is, their love of vulgarizing, of dragging down to a lower level, what they wilfully refuse to qualify themselves to understand. The materialism, however, which excites the greatest repugnance is that which loves to dwell on the physical basis of mind, and to ignore the utter impossibility of expressing any of the phenomena of mind in terms of matter. We say of a man that he is wise or foolish, just or unjust, brave or cowardly, faithful or false; but what possible application can any one of these terms have to the grey matter of the brain, or to the nervous system as a whole? To banish these words from our daily conversation, would be to sentence ourselves to mutism and idiocy; to apply them to anything material would be to imitate lunacy. Professor Tyndall has himself confessed that a transition from matter to thought is absolutely inconceivable, unthinkable. Where then can be the possible advantage, after once settling the point that certain material conditions are necessary—as far at least as our experience enables us to judge—to the existence and activity of thought, in studiously dwelling on those material conditions, and turning our eyes away from all that would reveal to us the radical, immeasurable, unfathomable difference between thought or consciousness and its objects? Surely there is none; but, on the contrary, much disadvantage and loss, as there must always be when we set ourselves in opposition to nature.

Now, if by materialism we understand, with Auguste Comte, a tendency to confound distinct orders in nature, and especially to withhold from the highest of all, the respect that is its due, we may safely say that the tendency of science is *not* in this direction. Not only does science not tend to force all thought down to one plane, but it can only win its way by recognizing the claims, and accommodating itself to the exigencies of each distinct branch of enquiry; and no one knows better than a true man of science, that nerve vibrations and molecular movements in the brain, are no more the equivalent of thought than the pen with which Tennyson wrote, was the equivalent of "In Memoriam." Others may indulge this fancy, but the man who has to advance the boundaries of science cannot afford such trifling. For him, above all others, it is necessary that, leaving the

* i. e. In an earlier part of this address, which as being of merely local interest, has not been reprinted here.

things which are behind, he should press forward to those which are before. The truths of mathematics do not suffice in the realm of physics, nor those of physics in the realm of chemistry; chemistry fails to interpret the secrets of physiology, and physiology does but darken counsel when it attempts to formulate the conscious activity of man, to express in terms of its own the length and breadth and depth and height of his intellectual and emotional experience. To some it seems as if the reduction of thought to a level of a mere property of matter, would cut at the root of a vast body of superstition; but, on the other hand, what superstitions may not be introduced if once we take the false step of joining what nature has sundered, or of pronouncing that there is but one order of phenomena where she has plainly declared there are two. Unless I am mistaken, I already see superstition creeping in by this door. Let us only hope the evil will not go very far. The poet's words are fortunately true in the main, that

> "All reason wastes by day, and more,
> Will instinct in a night restore."

Science, as I before remarked, is simply the intellect of man, exercising itself in a certain direction. We are too apt to imagine that our abstract words stand for concrete existences. If science were something *outside* the mind, gifted with an activity of its own, what it might do with mind we can only guess. But seeing that it has no standing-ground in the whole universe except in the mind of man—or some similarly organized being—its triumphs are simply the triumphs of mind. Are we then to suppose that our intellectual powers in the course of their triumphant career will triumph over themselves, and be self-consigned to a lower place in nature than they had before claimed to occupy? I see no shadow of reason for entertaining such a notion. Brain is brain, and mind is mind; and though each may react on the other, it is the merest folly to say that one, in any sense, *is* the other. Compare the brain of a Shakspeare with that of some very ordinary person, and what difference will you find, except perhaps, in size,—the same kind of difference that exists between two pumpkins in the same market-cart. But compare the mind of Shakspeare with the mind of the ordinary person: the one is an empire, the other a parish; we can hardly bring ourselves to regard them as commensurable. Consider again, that we do not set ourselves to improve the mind by improving the brain, except in so far as, by keeping the whole body in good health, we may try to improve the conditions for intellectual labour. The only thing we can possibly do for the brain is, to keep it well supplied with healthy blood, and to draw off the blood in sleep, or at least reduce its quantity, at proper intervals. In this respect, however, the brain receives no peculiar treatment; for arms and legs equally require to be nourished by the blood, and to have their periods of rest. But we act on the mind directly by setting it tasks, by appointing it exercises, by training it to do what surely the brain does not do,—recognize similarities, detect differences, weigh evidence, pronounce judgments. If you say that certain movements in the brain accompany all these acts, I say yes, and movements too, in the heart and stomach. The keen pursuit of an intellectual problem will quicken the heart's action; a sudden surprise will arrest and disturb it; unpleasant thoughts will impede digestion; fear will produce perspiration, and cold in the extremities. All this goes to show that man is a unity; but it does not go to show any identity of nature between mental experiences and their physical accompaniments.

There are many signs that the scientific men of to-day are beginning to realize more than ever the littleness of their knowledge in comparison with what remains to be known, and that they are prepared to accept a reversal of some of their fundamental notions in regard to the possibilities of existence. We are all of us materialists in regard to some things; and the whole scientific world, in its gropings after the beyond, has of necessity to be materialist in this sense, that until some new realm of nature has sufficiently discovered itself for some of its laws to be perceived and understood, investigators have no option but to apply the principles of those regions of knowledge with which they are already acquainted. Sufficient experience has, however, already been gained of the adjustments necessary in passing from one class of phenomena to another, to make it incumbent on our philosophers to be prepared, whenever the occasion arises, to abandon any given mode of thought for another other—*any* which a dif-

ferent class of phenomena may clearly appear to require. At this moment we do not know what to think of the *ether*—that vast and possibly universal sea in which worlds and suns and systems and constellations are bathed and enveloped. Compare it with our atmosphere for tenuity, and our atmosphere is as iron to this viewless and wholly imperceptible fluid. But lo! consider it in some of its functions or characteristics, and we hear it described as a boundless universe of solid adamant. "Sir John Herschel calculated," says Prof. Jevons, himself one of the foremost mathematicians in England, "the amount of force which may be supposed, according to the undulatory theory of light, to be exerted at each point in space, and finds it to be 1,148,000,000,000 times the elastic force of air at the earth's surface, so that the pressure of the ether upon a square inch of surface must be about seventeen billions of pounds. All our ordinary notions," adds Mr. Jevons, "must be laid aside in contemplating such a phenomenon: yet it is no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept. We cannot even deny the strange suggestion of Dr. Young, that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others, perhaps, pervading each other, unseen and unknown in the same space." But why this utter confounding of all our ordinary conceptions of the possible and impossible? Manifestly because the physics we have learned in the study of tangible objects are wholly inadequate to the comprehension of another class of facts, the existence of which we yet must recognise; so that, in the meantime, we are compelled to harbour apparently contradictory propositions. Take any ordinary piece of what we call dead matter, such as iron, which, when fashioned into a door-nail, furnishes us with a very proverb of deadness. That inert, lifeless mass, if you had organs capable of discerning its molecular movements, would be seen to be a whirling universe in itself. Heat it, the molecular movements increase in rapidity; cool it, they become slower, but, just as ceaselessly as the stars in their courses, are the molecules moving about their centres. The distances between them are, relatively to their size, comparable with the distances between the planets of our system. To come within the range of the very highest microscopic power (equal, if I mistake not, to 30,000 diameters), they would require to be enlarged some 200,000 times. What then is to prevent us grasping any mass of matter and forcing the molecules separated from one another by such vast distances, into immediate contact? No power that man could devise, could accomplish that feat. The sensation of utter hardness and incompressibility is thus communicated to us by what? By the rapid movement of something soft, for if we ask what the molecules are in themselves, the best answer modern science can give is, that they are "vortex-rings" of an approximately perfect liquid. Let us remember, for our consolation, the next time we have the misfortune to bump our heads against a beam or any other very unyielding substance, that what we really came into collision with, was somethiug extremely soft, which only happened to feel hard because its molecules (bother them) were in very rapid motion.

If, then, we take into consideration the number of new conceptions that are crowding upon men's minds, and the necessity that may at any moment arise for an alteration of our point of view, or at least the admission of what had before appeared inconceivable, we shall, I am sure, be led to the conclusion that there never was a time when rash dogmatism was more out of place than at the present. The temper we should all cultivate is one of earnest truth-seeking and patient waiting. Let us use provisionally the highest conceptions to which we can at present rise; but let us not set our faces, as some do, against the very thought that some day these conceptions may be proved inadequate. Then, while we are patiently waiting for higher light upon certain problems, let us be vigorous in attacking all demonstrable errors. There is in every age a work of unbuilding to do as well as a work of building. Our very bodies are undergoing constantly a double process of destruction and renovation; and, unless the destruction is vigorously carried on, the renovation must languish, and the health of the whole body suffer. Our systems of belief in like manner require from time to time to be relieved of dead matter; and he who ministers to this end is entitled to no less gratitude than he who provides new materials for assimilation. To hold a consistent, manly course, how-

ever, and to be outspoken for what we regard as the truth, calls for courage just in proportion as our opinions diverge from those which society is pleased to take under its patronage. It needs a steady gaze to look the world full in the face, and in that look proclaim your determination to have a mind and will of your own. But do this; disengage yourself from a routine with which you have no sympathy, boldly take up your own position, and you will become a centre of attraction to other minds; like will gravitate to like. I know of no more impressive words on this subject than those of Mr. John Morley, where, in his noble work on "Compromise," speaking of the bondage in which so many men of superior mind are to the smile of the world, he says: "And what is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood; this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going-out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for the prize and mark of our high calling. Let us measure the empire over them of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality, and let us weigh the huge burden of custom unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and maintenance of the opinions which we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of an hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter, sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery that is for ever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of the years that separate us from eternal silence. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his life, with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life; only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness."

These are weighty words, but they are perhaps too sadly solemn for me to leave them with you as a farewell; so I will read you in conclusion a poem by one of the noblest spirits of this century, Arthur Hugh Clough, a poem which speaks of man's power over the universe, and summons him to a career of joyful conquest over all natural obstacles and difficulties:—

"Hope evermore and believe, O man, for, e'en as thy thought,
So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against them.
Hast thou courage? enough; see them exulting to yield!
Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furying waters
(Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou think'st to destroy),
All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader;
All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come and subdue:
Still for their Conqueror call, and, but for the joy of being conquered,
(Rapture they will not forego) dare to resist and rebel;
Still, when resisting and raging, in soft under-voice say unto him,
Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe.
Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.
Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.
Go; say not in thy heart, 'and what then were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use and the good?'
Go; when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accomplished,
What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be declared to thee then.
Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself: It is good; yet is there better than it.
This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

GONE at last, and gone forever,
With that solemn midnight chime,
Gone—with all its spring-tide blossom,
And the fruitage of its prime;
Faint we hear its parting footsteps
Down the echoing aisles of Time.

In the hushed and solemn moments
While the night to morning clings,
Comes a veiled and silent angel
With a rustle of soft wings—
'Neath his flowing vesture hidden,
Unknown gifts to all he brings.

What they are—in vain we wonder,
All in vain we question now;
Well the angel keeps the secret
'Neath his calm, impassive brow;
But we know Love plans our future,
So we are not careful *how!*

If there come not what we hope for,
If there come the things we dread,
Yet we will not faint nor falter,—
One hath marked the path we tread,
Blest, in gladness or in sorrow,
Following where Himself hath led.

But the stately, silent angel
Bears a volume, blank and white,—
What within it shall be written
Mainly it is ours to write,—
May it show a fairer record
Than the one that closed to-night!

Where dark lines of wrong and hatred
Marred the record as it ran,—
This year stand, in golden letters,
Love and truth to God and man,—
So our perverse human passions
Mar not the Designer's plan.

Yet, oh Life's Recording Angel!
Take each blurred, imperfect line,
Dip it in Love's cleansing fountain
Till all fair and pure it shine,—
And, as grow the pages fewer,
Lift us nearer the Divine!

FIDELIS.

Kingston.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

I.

VARINA,

THE interest excited among all classes and conditions of people by the character and career of St. Patrick's famous Dean, both during his life and after his death, has been far more vivid and lasting than that usually bestowed on men with much superior claims to real greatness. Many causes will account for this. His unrivalled power of scathing satire and biting irony, his keen wit and fierce temper, combined with his great intellectual gifts and his knowledge of every phase of human nature, made him at once courted as a powerful auxiliary, aud dreaded as a formidable foe by the upper classes; while his freedom of speech, his shrewd, coarse humour, his ostentatious contempt for rank and etiquette, and the whimsical eccentricities of his character, were exactly suited to the tastes and understanding of the vulgar crowd. The skill and boldness with which he fought his way to distinction, and, after having been flattered and caressed by the most eminent men of the Whig and Tory parties in turn, became the ruling spirit of the famous Ministry of Oxford and Bolingbroke, won for him that sort of astonished admiration which success against great obstacles always commands; and besides what was actually known of his importance in the political world, the indefinite nature of his position, to which no place or emolument was attached, the fiercely independent and uncompromising attitude he assumed towards the great statesmen who were his familiar friends, and the respect and consideration he exacted from them, added to his habit of "mystification," gave the imagination almost unlimited scope for exaggerating his power and consequence, and threw the prestige of mystery over his fame. Though he hated Ireland, and was a thorough Englishman in everything but his place of birth, he was the first great and successful champion of her liberties, and became the idol of the nation—

> "Envy must own it was his doing,
> To save that hapless land from ruin."

In Dublin he was called the King of the Mob, and he was not without pride in his power over the many-headed monster. When publicly accused by Primate Boulter of influencing the populace against him, Swift indignantly retorted, "*I* inflame them! If I had but raised my little finger they would have torn you to pieces." He used to say the rabble ought to subscribe something to keep him in hats, he wore out so many in returning their salutations. Even still, though the many fierce and bitter struggles with England, in which Ireland has been engaged, might well have thrown Swift's bloodless battles into the shade, the Irish people reverence the memory of "the great Dean;" anecdotes of his whims and eccentricities, and of the practical jokes which he was so fond of playing on his servants, and on the street beggars and hucksters, are yet told; and many of his comical rhymes and odd sayings repeated, though seldom as they appear in print.* The people of England, he said, fancied he could bring the Pretender in his hand and put him on the throne whenever he chose; and his haughty boast in the "Lines on the Death of Dr. Swift," is well known—

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* For example, the couplet made impromptu after he had been forced off the road and into the ditch by the furious driving in a coach and four of Colonel Ram, a Wexford magnate and M.P., for the Town of Gorey, is always given as follows:—

> "England's fear and hate, and Ireland's pride and glory,
> Was knocked into the ditch by the big Ram of Gorey."

" Two Kingdoms just as faction led
Had set a price upon his head,
But not a Judas could be found
To sell him for three hundred pound."

His private character, circumstances, and surroundings, impressed the imagination almost as much as his public career and the great part he had played in affairs of State. His self-will, pride, and arrogance, so strangely blended with softer emotions; his deep disgust with human life and destiny, and yet his fierce determination to get what compensation gratified pride and ambition could bestow; his contempt for the human race as a whole, combined with so much esteem and affection for some of its units; the mingled fire and gloom, tenderness and severity, greatness and meanness, of his nature, culminating in the savage cynicism and misanthropy which sought relief in creating the foul and hideous Yahoos, and in writing verses which only the plea of approaching insanity could excuse;—all these peculiarities and anomalies intensified to the utmost the feelings of repulsion and admiration, wonder, pity, and awe with which his political triumphs, his powerful and unrivalled satires, and the madness and death-in-life which closed all, were regarded. History gives us few pictures more pathetic than that of this once brilliant genius, whose brains Pope had declared to be the best in the nation; lonely in heart since the death of her whose conversation, he said, was all that made life tolerable to him; deaf, and no longer capable of enjoying those wit combats in which he had been almost unrivalled; almost blind, and unable to read because, true to his characteristic failing of kicking against the pricks, he refused to wear glasses; worst of all, conscious that the clouds of mental disease which had hung over him all his life were rapidly closing round him; turning over the pages of the "Tale of the Tub"—the great satire which had both made and marred his fortunes—and muttering to himself, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"

His life from beginning to end was filled with the elements of tragedy. Deep and violent passions and contrasts of character in himself and in others grouped themselves about him with dramatic effect, making his name still a strong spell for historians and biographers to conjure with. Even those readers who care nothing for him as a politician, a wit, and a satirist; to whom the "Tale of a Tub," and the "Letters of a Drapier" are only names to which very vague ideas are attached, and "Gulliver's Travels" little more than a child's story book; who have no appreciation of the humour of "Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition" and "The Grand Question Debated;" and who would probably agree with M. Taine that his poems are chiefly remarkable for the absence of poetry, and that "Baucis and Philemon" is an unpardonable travesty of a beautiful old legend, —feel an undying interest in the story of Stella's faithful love and Vanessa's unhappy passion, and the strange and inexplicable circumstances by which those two fair women have been forever associated with his genius and his fame.

It must be allowed that even from his own account Swift's behaviour towards women seems to have been conducted with a systematic selfishness and levity singularly inappropriate to a moral censor, which, from the very beginning of his career as a writer, he assumed to be. In his youth his chief amusement appears to have been love-making merely *pour passer le temps*, and without any intention of marriage; and we hear of his having had several flirtations and entanglements before Varina appeared on the scene.* First there is "Betty Jones," and we read in one of his letters that when he was living in Leicester, before he went to reside with Sir William Temple, his mother was made very uneasy by his love-affairs with that young lady. "But when I went to London," he continues, "she married an innkeeper." "Betty" was a relative of Swift's mother, and the marriage was considered very much beneath her. It turned out badly, and, years after, Swift mentions her as living apart from her "rogue of a husband." Then comes another Leicestershire lady, about whom a friend (the Rev. Mr. Kendall, called by Swift his good cousin) wrote him a letter of remonstrance. People had reported that he was going to marry the lady, and Mr. Kendall was afraid he might be in danger of doing so in ignorance of certain rumours

* A writer in the *London Quarterly Review* accuses Swift of habitually "philandering" with women, and explains his meaning by giving the definition of the verb "to philander," from Flügel's English-German Dictionary: "Den Schafer spielen, liebeln, den Vertrauten machen."

that were afloat about her. "The people," Swift replies, "is a lying sort of beast, though they seldom speak without some show of reason." He then goes on to assure his friend that he does not belong to the kind of persons who ruin themselves by matrimony, to which his cold temper and unconfined humour are greater hindrances than the rumours alluded to could be. He owns, however, that he has failings which might make it thought that he was serious while he had no other design than to entertain himself when he was idle, or when something went amiss in his affairs; a thing so common with him that he can remember twenty women to whom he had behaved "in the same way." There was also an "Eliza," to whom he had written a packet of letters, which had been returned, and were left by him in the parsonage when he fled from Kilroot and Varina to Moor Park and Stella, and which he begs his successor, Mr. Winder, to burn. Whether Eliza was one of the "twenty" or not we have no means of knowing, but certainly Varina could not have been included, as it was after the letter to Mr. Kendall, in which he acknowledges his "philandering" propensities, was written, that he made her acquaintance.

By way of explaining or excusing what might otherwise have seemed unpardonable selfishness, some of Swift's defenders have assumed that he was so constituted by nature, as to be as much incapable of feeling or comprehending the passion of love, as a man born blind of experiencing the wonderful effects of light and colour. He always spoke of love with contempt and derision, especially to his lady friends, calling it "that ridiculous passion which had no existence except in play-books and romances," and extolling friendship as an emotion much more exalting and satisfactory to a reasonable being. He tells Mr. Kendall he has a "cold temper," that will keep him from marriage till his fortune is made, which cannot be for many years. "And even then," he adds, "I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world." His well-known lines in "Cadenus and Vanessa," repeat what he had said so many years before to Mr. Kendall:—

> "Cadenus common forms apart,
> In every scene had kept his heart,
> Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
> For pastime or to show his wit.
> He now could praise, esteem, approve,
> But understood not what was love."

There are, however, very few people, if any, whose utterances on themselves we may implicitly accept. Swift, who always delighted in mystification, and what he called a life by stealth, was not likely to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and few will doubt that his temperament, instead of being cold, was intensely impassioned and ardent. Sir Walter Scott considers it significant of his insensibility to feminine charms that in the women he praises he almost exclusively applauds mental and moral qualities, and commends in them virtues of a masculine character, such as courage, constancy, frankness, and sincerity, rather than the more feminine attributes of delicacy, sensibility, and tenderness. But it should be remembered that Swift always wrote as a moralist, and in that capacity extols those virtues which were most neglected in women—Divine virtues contemptuously denied to the weaker sex by cynics and satirists, and declared by their greatest admirers and warmest flatterers to be incompatible with the true charms and attractions of womanhood, but which Swift's strong sense and knowledge of human nature taught him were as necessary and as admirable in women as in men. And it ought always to be remembered to his honour that he not only demanded from women cultivated and reasoning minds, but paid them a compliment often denied them by those who, in practice, have treated them better, when he fixed the standard of morals for women on an equality with that of their masters.

There is, we submit, no proof that he was insensible to the attractions of beauty, and many passages in his writings seem to show that he was perfectly capable of appreciating womanly charms and graces. In a high encomium on Mrs. Long, written in one of his note-books, he does not neglect to add to her other merits that she was the most beautiful person of her age. In "Cadenus and Vanessa," after he had made Venus bestow on Vanessa perfect beauty of form and feature, he brings the Graces to inspire her with—

> "That gentle, soft, engaging air,
> Which in old times adorned the fair."

In his verses to Stella, on her thirty-sixth

birthday, he calls her face, in his whimsical manner,

> "An angel's face a little cracked.
> An angel's, if we could but fix
> How angels look at thirty-six."

Stella was to him the type of all womanly perfection, the fairest spirit upon earth, and when writing his brief notice of her life and character, after her death, he fondly dwells with minute particularity on her personal charms.

At any rate, whatever may be thought of Swift's conduct in other respects, there can be no difference of opinion as to his liking for the society of women, and the great influence he exercised over them; though if they offended or opposed him, he could treat them with merciless severity. Addison described him as the most agreeable companion, as well as the greatest genius of his age; Harley declared that he had a way with him no one could resist, and St. John in repeating the compliment to Swift, endorsed it; Steele wrote of that uncommon way of thinking and peculiar turn in conversation which made his company so advantageous. Others have said that he possessed an extraordinary fascination of manner when he chose to exert it, and this seems to have been generally the case when he was in the company of women. Recalling in his journal how Sir William Temple had formerly snubbed and treated him like a school-boy, he says, "Faith, he spoiled a fine gentleman." But in his famous days, in London, he had "plucked up a spirit," as he said, and showed the ease and address which became the companion of statesmen and courtiers. He was considered handsome, and his appearance is always described as striking and impressive. "In person," says Sir Walter Scott, "he was tall, strong, and well made; of a dark complexion, with blue eyes, and black bushy eye-brows, a nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind." Pope has described his eyes as being very peculiar—"as blue as the heavens, with a glance of surprising acuteness;" and poor Vanessa said he had the power of assuming a look so awful that it struck the gazer dumb. Many portraits of him have been preserved. One in the Deanery House, in Dublin, by Bindon, has a stern, harsh, and imperious expression, and another portrait, by the same artist, depicts him as if sunk in deep and mournful thought. But these were painted in his later days, when his morbid sense of "the corruptions and villanies of men" had exhausted his spirit, and lacerated his heart. His portrait by Jervas, of which an etching is prefixed to Mr. Forster's "Life," was taken when he was little more than forty, and combines with its haughty expression of superiority a kindly look of benevolence, and a smiling archness. It has been said that he was never known to laugh, and that when he smiled it was with Cassius-like bitterness—

> "As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything."

But there is no trace of this sardonic humour in the portrait we are speaking of. The lips are a little pursed, and we can fancy that he looked just so when "making up his mouth" to talk to Stella in "their own little language."

In addition to person and manners well fitted to please the fair, Swift had other attractions to which women are never indifferent—genius, and renown; and in the days when dukes and cabinet ministers were his intimate companions, and he himself a cabinet minister in every thing but the name, fine ladies were proud of his friendship and favour, kept up a constant correspondence with him, and condescended to submit to his whims. He delighted in exercising his wonderful facility in verse-making, for the amusement of a circle of admiring fair ones, playing the dictator to a group of toasts and beauties, and keeping up for their amusement a constant round of puns and proverbs—such as may be seen in the "Journal,"—jests, *jeux d'esprit*, raillery, and badinage of every description. His boasted invincibility to Cupid's darts gave some *éclat* to those who were his special favourites, and made it easier for the ladies to accept him as their "guide, philosopher, and friend." He always professed the utmost disdain for the language of gallantry, and claimed the privilege of speaking the truth and finding fault whenever he chose; but no one knew better how to convey the most subtle flattery in the guise of irony or humorous ex-

aggeration; as in his compliment to Mrs. Biddy Floyd, who, he said, "had thawed a frost of three weeks' duration by looking out of the window with both her eyes, but when she drew in her head it began to freeze again." His verses "To Ardelia," were written to Mrs. Finch, afterwards Countess of Winchelsea, a woman of a beautiful mind and character, who would have been "a true poet," Leigh Hunt said, "if she had but known it and taken pains;" and whom Wordsworth pronounced to have been one of the very few observers of nature in an artificial age. In later days when he was beginning to complain that his lady friends in England had deserted him, he boasted that for twenty years it had been a known and established fact in London society, that all ladies of wit and quality who desired his acquaintance, should make the first advances, and a whimsical decree of his to that effect was found in the cabinet of Mrs. Long, after her death, and has been printed. This decree states that Mrs. Anne Long, the celebrated beauty, while acknowledging Dr. Swift's right to such advances in general, had claimed exemption for herself in right of being a toast, but the claim could not be allowed, and the lady was required to present herself within two hours, without excuse or demur, at the house of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who with her fair daughter, Hessy, was strictly forbidden to aid, abet, or encourage Mrs. Long in any farther disobedience.

This was in his days of fame and power, when he dined every day with Harley and St. John; coming home late at night to write to Stella in the "Journal," if only a line or two, in the "little language;" and occasionally playing the mentor to Vanessa, then a lively girl of seventeen. His love affair with Varina, occurred many years before, and though it was an episode which apparently had no part in his future life, was never immortalized by him in verse or prose, and had nothing tragic or romantic in its sequel to fascinate the imagination like his connection with Stella and Vanessa, it was scarcely less extraordinary and unaccountable.

Disappointment in those ambitious hopes which the notice taken of him by King William, seems to have excited,* and angry with Sir William Temple for not having done more to forward his career, Swift at the age of twenty-seven left Moor Park, took orders, and was appointed to the prebendary of Kilroot, in the north of Ireland, worth about a hundred a year. It is not at all surprising that he should have been, as he afterwards said, "so dissatisfied with the region in which he was planted." His small parish lay among the Presbyterians of the "Black North," whom, Mr. Forster conjectures, he then first learned to hate with such a bitter hatred, and, as we know that at Laracor his audience at most consisted of half a score, and sometimes only of his clerk Roger, of famous memory, he had probably quite as small a congregation at Kilroot. But had it even been larger, the humble duties of a country parson had small charms for Swift, whose mind had been employed on politics and state affairs at Moor Park, and who afterwards said of himself that he always preached pamphlets, not sermons. We may be sure that disgust at the dull and dreary life to which he had condemned himself, the craving for intellectual companionship, where wit sharpened wit, and his bitter mortification at finding the great powers, of which he was conscious, neglected and left unused, made his exile at Kilroot daily more odious and intolerable. Partly from his own fault, and partly from that of others, things were very much amiss with him, so, according to his custom at such times, as he had told Mr. Kendall, he entertained himself by making love. The young lady who was the object of his devotion, or we ought rather to say, whose devotion he wished to gain, was the sister of his college friend Waring, then living with her family in Belfast. Her Christian name was Jane, but Swift called her Varina,—a poetized version of Waring—as he afterwards conferred the poetical appellations of Stella and Vanessa

* Swift seems to have founded great hopes on his commission to explain and enforce Sir William Temple's arguments in favour of triennial parliaments to the King. He probably flattered himself that the King would recognise his pre-eminent fitness for State affairs, and, by giving him some suitable employment, enable him to place his foot on the first round of that political ladder which it was his great ambition to climb. No doubt his failure was a bitter disappointment, and he says in his "Memoirs" it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. "One may guess from this," Mr. Foster remarks, "with what confidence in himself the young scholar stepped into the closet of the King."

on Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh. The fashion of adopting poetical pseudonyms in sentimental intercourse, whether of love or friendship, introduced by the English Euphuists, and French Précieuses, had not quite disappeared when Swift was young, and in all ages poets have delighted in celebrating the objects of their love under fanciful appellations. Swift was not without a vein of sentiment running through his coarseness of nature, and the fanciful refinement of giving to the woman he favoured with his special regard a special name, different from the one by which she was known to the rest of the world, exactly suited his desire for "a life by stealth," and that reserve and proud exclusiveness in all that concerned his deepest feelings so conspicuous in his character.* Of Varina's person and mind nothing is known, except what may be gathered from the two letters of Swift, which are all that have remained of their correspondence. One of these is supposed to have been written in the height of his passion for her; the other, when the passion had vanished, and he coldly and insolently offered to make her his wife if she submitted to conditions which it was an insult to a woman to propose. In this last "brutal" letter, as it has been justly called by an able critic of Mr. Forster's "Life," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Swift broadly hints that she had neither beauty nor fortune to tempt a lover; and in telling her that she had often belied to him that great sweetness of nature and humour which he believed her to possess, he implies that she could show "a temper." But at this time, though only three years had elapsed since he had resolved "to die all hers," his feelings towards her seem to have been anything but generous or kind; and he is apparently trying to escape without discredit from claims which he did not intend to admit. His first letter is written just before his return to Sir William Temple, and is generally accepted as proof that he was passionately anxious to marry her. It is full of wild protestations, wishing to God she had scorned him from the beginning, and declaring that if he left Ireland before she was his he would endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return to it, even though the king should offer to send him back as his deputy. He had been offered the same acquaintance with greatness which he formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest, but he now solemnly promises to forego it all for her sake. He gives her one fortnight to make up her mind, but at the same time assumes that the decision will not be in his favour. "And is it so then?" he exclaims; "In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina, and (I wonder) will she weep at parting a little to justify her poor pretensions of some affection for me? and will my friends still continue to reproach me for want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege?" And again he goes off into a rhapsody about all she would lose if she preferred the little disguises and affected contradictions of her sex to the prospect of a rapture so innocent and so exalted as he offers her, and warns her that if she refuses she "will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that is resolved to die as he had lived, all hers." The letter reads not unlike an epistle out of one of those French romances, of which, no doubt, he had found good store in the library at Moor Park, and when stripped of its exalted rhapsody, as Mr. Forster calls it, only two sober facts remain; he is going to England in a fortnight, and Varina is to make up her mind before he goes. It is not known what answer she returned, or if Swift saw her before he left Ireland; at the appointed time he departed for England, and for three years nothing more is heard of Varina.

Where no facts are forthcoming, conjecture may be allowed, and every thing we know of Swift's past and future seems to prove that whatever degree of love or liking he may have felt for Varina, he had no more intention of marrying her than he had of marrying "Betty Jones," or any one of the "twenty" of whom we read in his letter to Mr. Kendall. His professions of devotion, however, were evidently taken in a different sense from that which he attached to them;

* He writes to M. D. (Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley) that all they wanted was "much health, a little wealth, and a life by stealth,"—which Mr. Forster interprets as a life that was to be lived their own way, without letting the world share their confidences. And again—"Methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone; all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug; it looks like a P. M. D.," meaning like Swift and M. D. talking by themselves. His secrecy in his private devotions, and his "finesse and ambiguity" about the authorship and publication of his writings, are phases of the same love of reserve and mystery.

both his own friends and those of Miss Waring seem to have expected them to marry; and Sir William Temple's invitation to Moor Park was probably welcomed by Swift as an escape from Varina as well as from Ireland. This extraordinary letter, with its passionate complaints, its hints of jealousy, its reproaches, its warnings, and its threats of an eternal farewell, if Varina did not at once agrée to his terms, all expressed in so high-flown and artificial a strain, and all so subtly tending to defeat the very object he professed to have in view, was apparently written to prevent any accusations of insincere or dishonourable conduct being brought against him. "Will Varina weep at parting?" he asks, . . . "*and will my friends still continue to reproach me with want of gallantry and neglecting a close siege?*"

His sudden departure from Kilroot appears to have caused much surprise and a great deal of gossip. In a letter to his successor, Mr. Winder, he says: "Since the resignation of my living, and the noise it made among you, I have had at least three or four very wise letters, unsubscribed, from the Lord knows who, declaring much sorrow for my quitting Kilroot, blaming my prudence for doing it before I was possessed of something else, and censuring my truth in relation to a certain young lady." He adds that he could answer all charges to his own satisfaction and that of his friends, but he had no way of convincing people in the clouds. Mr. Winder seems to have informed him that he was likely to be superseded in Miss Waring's affections, to which he calmly replies: "You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover, but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me."

Swift apparently continued to correspond with Miss Waring, but only one other letter, written three years after the first, has been preserved. This second letter, though as Mr. Forster says, "it is less high-flown, and belongs more to the region of fact," is quite as contradictory and perplexing as the first one. It is addressed to Miss Jane Waring, and the name of Varina is no longer given to her; an ominous sign of her late impassioned wooer's altered feelings. She had written to ask what had changed the tone of his letters, and appears to have shown herself anxious for their marriage. In reply, Swift expresses his surprise at what he professes to consider her altered mind, and clearly implies that it is equally unexpected and unwelcome to him. He reminds her that she had formerly made her want of health and his want of money obstacles to their marriage, and points out that these objections still remain. "My uncle Adam," he writes, "asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be a hinderance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him, (which I supp ose he has sent you), was to the effect that I hoped I was no hinderance to you. That if your health, and my fortune, were as they ought to be, I would prefer you above all your sex, but in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy, and that had you any other offer which your friends and yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." "This," Mr. Forster observes, "left no more to be said, and what else was attempted to be said could mean nothing." He gives a dismal account of his living of Laracor, and tells her that their joint income would probably not amount to three hundred pounds a year—not enough he hints to make one of her humour easy in a marriage state. She had expressed some suspicion of "a new mistress;" but he declares on the word of a Christian and a gentleman that it is not so; nor had he ever thought of being married to any person but herself. And then, after impressing upon her in the strongest manner his conviction that their union could not make either of them happy, he adds a list of exacting and unflattering conditions" (indispensable to please a man so deeply versed in the ways of the world as himself,) to which if she could heartily answer, Yes, he was willing to wed her without regard to beauty, or fortune. Cleanliness and competence were all he looked for." Scott truly says, Varina must have been devoid of all pride and delicacy if she could on such terms have exacted from her cold lover the faith he was so unwilling to plight. Mr. Forster's comment is, that Swift was probably fortunate in being rejected by his mistress at first, and Miss Waring not less so in losing her lover at the last.

But the strangest thing in this extraordinary letter does not seem to have been

noticed either by Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Forster, and that is, the clear indication it gives that Swift had tried to detach Varina from her family, and in this manner, as it appears, establish a protectorate over her such as he afterwards publicly exercised over Stella, and less openly over Vanessa.

In reply to her question, why the style of his letters was altered, he answered that "abundance of times had he told her the cause. The company she was with and the place she was in were disagreeable to him; yet she had replied to him only by a great deal of arguing, often in most imperious style. . . . She had a hundred pounds a year, enough at least to keep her from dwindling away her life and health in such a sink and among such family conversation." He desires his service to her mother in return for that lady's remembrance—"but as for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon, and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that case than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwise!"

Perhaps some sceptics will always be found to doubt Swift's sincerity and fair dealing towards his Varina. What she herself thought we have no means of knowing, nor has it been recorded whether she found and accepted some less capricious suitor, or lived and died in single blessedness. From this time she completely vanishes out of Swift's life-history, and it might seem out of his remembrance also, for in a letter to Tisdall written a few years later, in which he says he has never seen any of her sex, even of the first rank, superior to Stella, he adds, "I mean here in England; for as to the ladies in Ireland I am a perfect stranger."

The whole tenor of Swift's life shows that his desire for female sympathy and affection was intensely strong. He was not satisfied with a friendship and regard shared by others. He wanted that perfect sympathy, that closest confidence, that absolute submission of self which a woman can only give to one man, and that the man who has her whole heart; and yet he would not earn the right to such devotion by making any woman his wife. The motives must have been strong, indeed, which prevented him from completely uniting himself to Stella, that pure star of his clouded existence, who was ever to him the fairest soul on earth, and whom he held so closely and tenderly in his heart from her childhood to her dying day, and making her all his by the only tie which could have preserved the bond between them a source of unbroken happiness to both. There is no actual proof of what these motives were, but the most reasonable explanation seems the one suggested by Scott, and apparently now very generally accepted, that the disease from which he suffered so much all his life, and which he had a constant foreboding would end in madness, had caused him very early in life to form a fixed determination, perhaps to take a solemn vow, against marriage. From such a vow, or resolution, once seriously made, Swift was the last man in the world to swerve, though he sought to compensate himself for his self-denial after a fashion of his own. His list of resolutions, "When I come to be old," written when he was under thirty, among which is one, "Not to marry a young woman," and another, "Not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly;" his letter to Mr. Kendall, written five or six years earlier, in which he thinks it likely that he shall put off his marriage to the other world; his conduct to Varina, and his relations to Stella and Vanessa;—all point to the conclusion that some motive very different from coldness or insensibility to the beauty and charm of women, made him resolve against marriage. That motive, as we said before, was probably the state of his health, and his presentiment of approaching insanity.

But his sacrifice was not a perfect one. In the strength of his superior wisdom and virtue, he tried to strike out a new road to happiness by attaching to him the woman he loved, but could not marry, in a life-long union of friendship and esteem, which, he taught her both in prose and verse, were ties far more refined and exalted than the bonds, fit only for inferior souls, of love and marriage. "Violent friendship," he asserts, "is far more lasting and quite as engaging as violent love." But in the end, that Nemesis which invariably dogs the steps of those who turn aside from the beaten track, found him, and involved him in a tissue of tragic events, which, more than any other cause, as we must believe, darkened and embittered his later years.

LOUISA MURRAY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY ANDREW ARCHER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

THE last word on the Eastern question is: "Who is to have Constantinople?" So said Lord Derby, the other day. This remark cleaves to the bone of the matter, or these few words, it may be said, disclose, as in a flash, the ultimate interests at stake in the Servo-Turkish war, and the reason why statesmen who have the direction of affairs are not to be carried away by the horrors that have been perpetrated in its course. To the impulsive sympathisers with the Christian cause in Mahommedan Turkey, who in their indignation at the Turk would cast all policy to the wind, this attitude appears cold and hard-hearted, but, confronted as statesmen are by a political problem of exceeding intricacy and difficulty, it is one that is imposed upon them. But "who is to have Constantinople?" The Czar Nicholas speaking to the English ambassador on Turkish affairs in the winter of 1853, and wilfully conceiving the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire to be inevitable, said: "Frankly, I tell you plainly that if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. I do not attribute this intention to you, but it is better on these occasions to speak plainly; for my part, I am equally disposed to make the engagement not to establish myself there—as proprietor, that is to say, for as to *occupier* I do not say; it might happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, if everything should be left to chance, might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople. . . . As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that country. I can only then say, that, if in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the Empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objection to offer."

This suggestion of the Czar's reads like a thinly veiled attempt to bribe England to second him in disposing of "the sick man" and his effects; and in making it, he disclosed his eagerness to occupy (seize "the wise it call") Constantinople, and his apprehension that England might be beforehand with him. Probably he was aware that, without the consent of England, he could not have entered it either as proprietor or temporary occupier; at any rate his successor is likely to be convinced of that important fact.

Constantinople is certainly a city of which any power would be proud to be the proprietor. More than two thousand five hundred years ago, on its site stood Byzantium, founded by some Greek colonists, who (684 B.C.), on consulting the oracle of Apollo as to their choice of a spot, were directed to seek one "on the shore opposite the land of the blind," a sarcasm, aimed at the oversight of the Megareans, who, passing by "its incomparable position," had a few years previously founded their city of Chalcedon, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The Emperor Constantine, in the course of campaigning in the East, was forcibly struck by the advantages of the position of Byzantium, which seemed formed by nature for the site of the capital of an Empire. As if its central position, between two continents that gave it the command of the commerce of both, and its natural strength, that made it easily defensible against assault, were not reasons cogent enough to decide him to fix upon it, he pretended that he was divinely guided to make the choice. He was conscious that the transference of the capital of the Roman Empire from the Tiber to the Bosphorus was an abrupt tearing up of ancient and sacred associations, which he could only justify to his superstitious age by affirmations that he was under divine illumination and angelic guidance. In marking out the bounds of his new Rome, he marched with a lance in his hand at the head of a procession, and on being remonstrated with for still proceeding after an enormous extent of land had been traced out, he exclaimed, "I shall still advance till he, the invisible guide who marches before me, thinks proper to stop."

Constantinople may be represented by the figure of an irregular triangle; the obtuse point, which advances towards the east, "meets and repels" the waters of the Thracian Bosphorus, the long, winding channel,

through which, between high and woody banks, the waters of the black and stormy Euxine pour into the Propontis (Sea of Marmora). The southern side of the triangle is washed by this sea, famous for enormous shoals of "exquisite fish"; the northern by the harbour, an arm or inlet of the Bosphorus, the famous Golden Horn, so called from the wealth of merchandise that in ancient days was brought to the secure imperial haven, whose waters are scarcely ruffled by tidal action, and are of such constant depth that goods can be landed on the quays without the assistance of boats, and in many places the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses while their sterns are floating in the water. The entrance to the harbour is about five hundred yards broad, and sometimes a strong chain was drawn across it, from the Acropolis to the tower of Galata, to guard the port and city from hostile naval attack. The base of the triangle is opposed to the west and terminates the continent of Europe. Constantinople is situated at the extremity of the neck of land between the Propontis and the "inhospitable" Euxine, as Ovid, bemoaning his banishment from Rome to its bleak shores, says it was always called:

"Frigida me cohibent Euxini littora Ponte,
Dictus ab antiquis *axenus* ille fuit."

Constantinople was founded at the commencement of the long decline of the Roman Empire, and its central position strongly induced Constantine to choose it for his capital, as it barred the Scythian hordes who used to descend the Volga to the Euxine, from penetrating the straits and the intervening sea, and finding their way into the Ægean, to carry their ravages among the islands and along the coasts of the Mediterranean. But the barbarians soon found another route of invasion. Crossing the Danube, they swarmed down the valleys and through the mountain passes of Mœsia, Superior and Inferior (Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria), forced the passes of Mount Hæmus (the Balkans), and swept into Thracia (Roumelia), descended the valleys of the Hebrus (the Maritza), and were only stopped by the lofty reddish-grey walls of the city of Constantine, with their frowning towers and battlements.

By the end of the fifth century this vast territory was covered with fortresses; and the Emperor Anastasius, to protect the capital, built at a distance of some forty miles from it, his famous long wall, "the Macrontichas," that extended sixty miles from the Euxine to the Propontis. But that defence was unavailing to stop the invaders from ravaging the country up to the walls proper of the city. The long wall could withstand neither the shock of nature nor the assault of mortal foe. In all sieges of Constantinople in the past, the attack has been made with most effect on the land side, on the base of the triangle, and from the upper end of the harbour. The city is of such extent, that it is said a naval attack alone would be unavailing to reduce it; but it would surely become untenable by the inhabitants under such a fire as a powerful fleet could bring to bear upon it. But its great foe would attack it from the land side, where it is open, and where it has only its crumbling, ivy-clad walls to defend it. According to military authority it might be defended with ease on this, its most vulnerable side. Some twenty miles, more or less, from the walls, there is a practicable line of defence extending from the lakes called the Kutchuk and Buyuk Chekmayees, on the side of the Sea of Marmora, over a country of heights and valleys, marshes and favourable positions, commanding all the roads from Adrianople to the capital, to the fort Kara Bornoo, on the Black Sea, which latter point is further strengthened on its front by the proximity of the salt lake Derkhos. Were this line fortified and armed with all the skill and resources of modern military engineering and gunnery, and held by a large and resolute force, and its flanks protected by gunboats on the seas, it would be impregnable. Constantinople, in the hands of a scientific naval and military power with great resources, would be the strongest fortress city in the world. Impregnable in the presumption hazarded, it might be made as strong on the west and east water sides, were the approaches by way of Asia strongly defended, and the old and new castles and forts on both sides of the Dardanelles renovated and rebuilt, and equipped with the heaviest improved armaments, and the isthmus that forms the straits of the Dardanelles protected against the possible advance of a hostile force from Adrianople, and, on the side of the Black

Sea, were the heights on both sides of the Bosphorus crowned with forts, between whose sweeping cross-fire no hostile fleet could ascend or descend. Of course the strong natural positions on the straits are, and have always been, protected by artificial works. The only question is, are these strong enough to withstand or check a modern naval assault or invasion. About the time of the Crimean War, attention was directed to the general unfitness of these works, and since then they may have been reconstructed on the principles of modern engineering science.

In the course of its existence of fifteen centuries and a half, how many times has the city of Constantine been threatened, assaulted, captured! First came the Huns, under Attilla, bearing on their banners the device of the sword with the fiery point, "*ferro et flamma*," who swept through the passes of Mount Hæmus up to the walls, where they broke like angry billows on a rock. Then followed the repulse of the Bulgarians by Belisarius under the walls of the city. In the beginning of the 7th century, the chagan of the Avars, a barbarian nation whose dominion extended from the foot of the Alps to the sea-coast of the Euxine, forced "the long wall," drove the promiscuous crowd of peasants, citizens, and soldiers into the city, and then joining his forces to the army of Chosroes, the Persian king, encamped on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and laid regular siege to it. "You cannot," was the haughty message of Chosroes to the citizens of Constantinople, demanding the absolute deliverance of the city into his hands, "escape the arms of the Avars and Persians, unless you can soar into the air like birds, unless, like fishes, you can dive into the waves." But the walls were strong and the defence was stout, and after ten days' fruitless assault the besiegers sullenly and slowly retreated. Before the close of the same century another danger from another quarter assailed it. Forty years after the Hegira—the flight of Mahomet from Mecca—the Saracens, wild with fanatic and martial enthusiasm, and bearing the green banner, appeared in the inland seas and straits amidst which the Imperial City is enclosed and guarded. Seven times did these sons of the burning sandy desert rush to its assault, to their own discomfiture.

In the ninth century danger descended from the north on Constantinople. From the gloomy pine woods and the regions of snow, the brood of winter, the savage Russians, descending the Borysthenes (the Dnieper) in their canoes, coasted along the shores of the Euxine, and entering the Bosphorus, beheld with wonder and envy the glorious capital "of the East—nay of the earth," with its towers, and gilded palaces and churches. The contrast was so keen between their huts and boundless wastes, and the wealthy, luxurious, and beautiful city, and the warm, sunny clime, that the determination to seize upon it sank deep into their hearts. For nearly two centuries the shadow from the north cast a gloomy foreboding fear, which found vent in prophecy, over Constantinople. Within that time the Russians made five attempts to take it. The last was conceived by Swatolaus, the son of Igor, the son of Oleg, the son of Ruric, a hardy, valiant chieftain, but treacherous withal, who shared the common reproach of barbarians—"too ignorant to conceive the value of truth, and too proud to deny or palliate the breach of their most solemn engagements." Thinking it better to have this formidable chieftain for an ally than a foe, the emperor Nicephorus engaged him by treaty to subdue the Bulgarians. His victories over that people increased the martial presumption of Swatolaus, and overcame his sense of right, and he resolved to march on Constantinople. Had his ambition been crowned with success, says the historian, the seat of empire might, at that early period, have been transferred to a more temperate and fruitful clime. It was otherwise ordained. Another emperor reigned. The valiant and energetic John Timisces marched rapidly with his legions of "Immortals" through the passes of Hæmus, beat the Russians in open field, forced them to abandon their fortresses in Bulgaria, and drove them over the Danube.

For nearly five centuries after, the Russians remained in the obscurity of their own country; but the memory of Constantinople and the ambition it had excited survived. In the third century of these five, the myriads of all nations of Europe, inflamed with the religious madness of the Crusades, in making their way to the Holy Land, passed in sight of Constantinople, and were made to feel the effects of the fear of its populace,

the hatred of its clergy, and the hostility of its princes. One incident from among the circus faction fights, religious strifes, ecclesiastical squabbles, seditions, slaughters, murders, parricides, fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, poisonings, incarcerations, mutilations, depositions, usurpations, and rival imperial contentions, that constitute a great part of the history, as written, of the Eastern Empire, is noteworthy, as connecting the Latin crusaders with Constantinople. The Prince Alexius, flying to Italy, found at Venice a great fleet and knightly array on the eve of sailing for the Holy Land. By his intercessions and promises of great indemnity, he prevailed on the crusaders to sail for Constantinople, to deliver his father, Emperor Isaac Angelus, who had been deprived of his eyes and cast into prison by the usurper Alexius III. When the fleet appeared in the Propontis, the tyrant trembled; when the chivalry of France crossed the Bosphorus, he fled. The crusaders entered the city in triumph, with the young Alexius, and the old blind emperor was re-enthroned. A period of exultation and revelry followed. Then hostile feelings flamed out between the Greeks and Latins, tumults arose in the palace, and young Alexius, suspected of having made too favourable concessions to the crusaders, was, by a cabal, deposed and imprisoned. The emperor, chosen by the conspirators, and also called Alexius, but known by the soubriquet of "Mourzoufle," from the close junction of his black and shaggy eyebrows, exasperated the already sufficiently bitter feelings existing between the Greeks and Latins. The crusaders, defrauded of their indemnity, resolved to take the city. "Blind old Dandolo," Doge of Venice, "the octogenarian chief, Byzantium's deadly foe," led the naval attack on the walls on the harbour's side. After a long and fierce defence the crusaders entered the city as conquerors, and for a full half-century afterwards the imperial crown in Constantinople was worn by princes of the Latin race.

The capture of Constantinople by the Latins presaged the destruction of the Eastern Empire. Amidst symptoms of dissolution and rival contentions for the crown, the Ottoman Turk had time to fix his empire in Asia. Called on to aid the pretensions of a claimant to imperial honours, the Great Turk crossed the Bosphorus, and planted his heavy foot in Europe. Surely and not slowly the Turk surrounded Constantinople. When, in the spring of 1453, Mahomet II. was energetically pressing forward the preparation for the final assault of the city, the priesthood and the populace, buoyed up with presumptuous confidence of angelic aid, were bitterly reviling the promoters of the union between the Churches of the East and West, which had been agreed on at Florence a few years before, but which had been repudiated as soon as made. To the last emperor—and the last Constantine who was worthy to bear the name of the first—with a small band of heroes, was left the defence of the city. After thirty days' heroic resistance he fell, sword in hand, among the ruins of his ramparts; and the Sultan marched in triumph to the church of Sophia.

Constantinople has never, while in the hands of the Turks, been entered by a hostile army. In their war with the Russians in 1828, while the main force of their army remained about Adrianople, an advanced guard appeared within twenty miles of the walls, when peace stayed further movements. In 1833, when Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, revolted, and threatened Constantinople, the Sultan was aided by the Czar, who sent a force to occupy the city. He did not like to see his own preserve invaded.

On a general survey of the history of Constantinople, and in view of the fourteen centuries during which she stood the centre and the capital of the Christian East, and of the great future yet, it may fairly be hoped, in store for the countries that ought to be so dear to all Christian nations, the four centuries of rule of "the Great Turk" does appear like a sacrilegious intrusion. "Who is to have Constantinople" is a question no one will venture to answer at this time; but this paper may be closed, fitly or otherwise, with the lines from "Childe Harold," which, in detail at least, it is to be hoped will not prove prophetic:—

"The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or, Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil."

THE RETURN.

I HAD been wandering long and far,
In distant lands my fortune making,
And now with love and hope elate,
My homeward way was blithely taking.

I sought the bower where oft we'd met,
The tender hour of twilight keeping,
With beating heart I stepped within,
And came upon my Mary sleeping.

She lay upon the rustic seat,
The Book of Life her arms enfolding,
Its light reflected in her face
As if, in dreams, its joys beholding.

She looked so tender, sweet, and fair,
That near her I was fain to linger;
I marked the fashion of her hair,
And saw my ring upon her finger.

I scarcely wished for her to wake,
So sweet it was to thus be near her;
Such waiting filled me with content,
And could but make the greeting dearer.

I knelt beside her, hushed with awe,
And thanked my God with deep devotion;
I had not thought that life could hold,
For me, such hour of sweet emotion.

I whispered softly, in my heart,
"And dost thou love me still as ever?"
She moved a little in her sleep,
And gently breathed the word "Forever."

A song bird, in the bloom o'erhead,
Burst forth at this in joyous measure,
It seemed as if his heart and mine
Must sing as one for love and pleasure.

How sweet a spell had love contrived,
As guerdon for long toil and sorrow!
How precious, after night of woe,
The joy that cometh on the morrow!

A. E. W.

A CHRISTMAS RIDE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

"YOU are assuming authority too soon, Sir, and I will not submit to it," was the answer to my earnest expostulations with my sweetheart, Annie L——, upon the impropriety of her latest flirtation; as with petulant air and flushed cheeks she marched out of the room and left me *solus*.

Now, Annie and I had been engaged for some two weeks, after a hot flirtation of a similar duration, and I was sufficiently unsophisticated to suppose, that having *me*, she lacked nothing; and was therefore disposed to resent a renewal of relations with any of her old beaux. This supposition had been sufficiently borne out during the first week of our engagement, as she and I were all in all to each other; but the return of one of the most favoured of her old admirers from England, after a stay of a year, during which he had visited some of her relatives, and had familiarized himself with the scenes of her earlier childhood, had led her to favour him with more of her society and attention than was acceptable to me. Wherefore, in the consciousness of my position as an engaged man, I had, as I thought, exercised what was only my right, in requesting my lady-love to abstain from going for a sleigh drive, which was to end in a dance, in the company of her former admirer, in fulfilment of a promise which she had made him, without having first consulted my wishes on the subject.

Being now left alone with you, gentle reader, I may, without egotism, take the opportunity of describing who and what I am. *Imprimis*, then, I am Harry Field, at your service, the younger son of a Devonshire clergyman, who has come to Canada in search of fortune, and has, so far, only succeeded in dissipating the larger share of the very moderate means he brought. Imagining that the art of farming was a heaven-born gift to me, I intended to farm, and with that object sought the pretty inland town of P——, where resided Major L——, a retired army officer to whom I brought a letter of introduction. By his advice I had abstained from purchasing land, but had, in the pursuit of experience, whiled away the summer very pleasantly in fishing and shooting, and half the winter in sleighing and flirting, with the results that have been detailed in the first paragraphs of this history.

In truth, I had been first attracted by the winning frankness and piquant *espiéglerie* of the English girl with Canadian graces; and after a period of friendship, and a period of flirtation, had ascended, by an easy transition, to the region of love. I say *ascended*, advisedly, though "falling" in love is the common phrase; as my feelings towards Annie were refined and sublimated by the changes which they had undergone, and I felt that for her, and for her alone, was the battle of life worth the fighting. So, when I received such a rebuff as I have described, my first feelings of indignation and mortified pride were more than qualified with apprehension and despondency. For Annie was not one of those soft and yielding creatures who cling like the ivy to the oak; on the contrary, her Canadian education had given her a sense of independence, if not of self-assertion, that made her more easily led than driven. Add to this, that her mother had died in her infancy; that her father spoiled her; and that among the many pretty girls of P——, she was undoubtedly the prettiest; and you will see that my causes for apprehension were not unreal. But I have kept my reader too long in the pretty drawing-room where I was so unceremoniously left at the close of my conversation, with nothing for it but to depart and console myself as best I could under the circumstances. So, with a wounded spirit, and an uncomfortable sensation of defeat and disappointment, I put on my overcoat and furs in the hall, hoping against hope, that a sweet and well-loved voice would utter some signal of recall; and, when all lingering was futile, let myself out of the house, and took the road to my hotel.

Evening came, and with it the time for the assembling of the sleighs that were to bear us to our destination,—a hospitable mansion some twelve miles distant, where

we were to partake of an impromptu repast, and to enjoy a carpet dance afterwards. Having no fair partner to accompany me, I had—not without remark— bestowed myself as one of a merry party in a large farm sleigh, the box of which being filled with straw and lined with buffalo robes, made a warm and comfortable conveyance for some dozen passengers.

As an engaged man, it was *de rigueur* to drive down in a single cutter with the object of my affections; but she had recklessly bid defiance to this rule, and preferred the society of a rival. Hence the remarks, some ill-natured, some pitying, that were passed upon my presence as one of the party in the "omnium gatherum" I have described. But as I was indifferent to both the ill-nature and the pity, I bore the drive with fortitude until there passed us on the road a cutter drawn by a swift trotter, bearing Annie and her beau. Had she been ill at ease, unhappy, or even depressed, it would have been some consolation to me; but, on the contrary, she appeared perfectly contented with her situation, and in high spirits; exchanging merry jests with her friends as she passed us, but never acknowledging my presence by a word or a sign. Then, for the first time, did I experience resentment towards her, and I vowed inwardly that she should suffer for her heartless and unfeeling conduct. Accordingly, I made myself as agreeable as possible to the young lady who was seated next me in the sleigh, and on arrival at our destination was acknowledged as her *cavalier servente* for the evening. Taking off our wraps, we were soon seated at an hospitable board, laden with choice viands, from the fragrant oyster soup to the delicate quail and prairie chicken.

My enjoyment was, however, not enhanced by being placed *vis-a-vis* to Annie and her friend, and observing the whispered asides that characterized their intercourse. Nor was my pleasure increased, when, on adjournment to the extemporized ball-room, I saw him lead her, as of right, to the first dance; and watched her *almost* lay her head on his shoulder, and glance into his eyes in the confiding manner I had supposed was reserved for me alone. This was too much to be borne, and I watched my opportunity to address her when she had seated herself, and when her partner had left her to procure an ice; and with a voice trembling with passion and resentment whispered:—

"Annie, you are using me *too* badly, and I cannot stand it—choose between him and me—if he stays, I go."

She did not even turn her face, though I marked the colour mount from neck to temple and as suddenly subside, but quietly turned her back upon me.

The next moment I was out of the house; in ten minutes more I was at the nearest tavern, where having procured a horse and sleigh, I drove to my hotel in P——. Packing up a few necessaries in a valise, I was ready for the midnight train, which in a few hours whirled me to Toronto.

Action had followed so rapidly upon my decision, that I had hardly time to realize what happened until I was forced to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies in the solitude of my bedroom. Then, indeed, I passed through a dozen different phases of temper, cursing first her fickleness and then my own folly, until at last I made up my mind to philosophize, with the aid of a third tumbler of whisky and water, and my fifteenth cigar.

* * * * * *

Next morning, I met at table a casual acquaintance, who, in search of fortune like myself, had crossed the ocean in the same vessel. He told me that finding employment scarce, and seeing few prospects of realizing his golden visions, he had decided upon enlisting in the North-West Mounted Police, who were to leave in the early spring for the Great Lone Land. In my frame of mind the life of adventure that was opened out by this opportunity was not to be lost, and after a few questions I accompanied my new friend to the Garrison, where, after having been examined by the surgeon, and pronounced "physically and mentally fit for service," I was sworn in as a sub-constable in the N. W. M. P. for a term of three years, and was ordered to report for duty next day.

From this time until the first week in June, my life was spent in acquiring the duties of a cavalry soldier, with the great disadvantage that the force was not a military one, and consequently not amenable to military discipline. Hence, in a heterogeneous assemblage of young men, arose disorders that might have been serious, had not the class of recruits been exceptionally good; as the

officers, with few exceptions, were as raw as the men, and had neither power nor authority to control them. Consequently, to the better disposed, it was a matter of relief when an early June morning saw them fairly on their way to the scene of their prospective duty.

It would be foreign to my purpose, as well as tedious to the reader, were I to describe the moving incidents by flood and field which characterized the first year's trip to the Rocky Mountains and back. Suffice it to say that I was one of those who arrived safely at Dufferin, after a narrow escape from frost and starvation; and who, after remaining there until spring, were ordered to Fort Pelly—or Swan River rather—where barracks had been constructed for our reception. There we arrived in July, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as the ill-built quarters and scant conveniencies would permit.

Beyond a few escorts and patrols, our duties were chiefly confined to carrying the mails from Palestine to Fort Pelly, along a chain of posts that had been established for the purpose. These posts were at intervals of from 15 to 40 miles, and the entire distance between the extreme points was something over 200 miles. To carry a mail-bag over this route, changing horses at the posts, was about as solitary and unpleasant a piece of duty as a man could be called upon to perform. Even in summer, when the air was bright and clear, and the heat not too great, the monotony of the prairie added much to the fatigue of travel; but in winter, with the thermometer so low that the mercury was frozen in the bulb, and the vast plain was covered with an unbroken surface of snow, the loneliness became almost insupportable.

During winter, of course, the mail was carried by a dog train, which, I may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, consists of three or four dogs harnessed tandem-fashion to a cariole, formed of parchment stretched over a wooden framework. This cariole is well lined with furs, and stocked with provisions, and in moderate weather it is not an uncomfortable method of travelling—but if the snow is deep, or the weather very cold, the traveller must use his snow-shoes or freeze. The alternative of walking 40 or 50 miles on snow-shoes, or of freezing, is not a pleasant one; and those who have their letters brought to their doors every morning before breakfast, can scarcely imagine how much human energy and endurance have to be spent in order that he or she may hear from their correspondents, if they are in the North-West Territories. However, *somebody* had to do it, and as the duty was disagreeable, it was taken by turns.

It fell to my lot, therefore, on the 23rd December, 187–, to take the mail from Shoal Lake to Palestine, returning with the Christmas budget, always so eagerly looked for. Accordingly, leaving my companions in the little log hut at Shoal Lake about the hour of noon with a first-class team of dogs, and a prospect of fair weather, I made a comfortable and prosperous journey; and, giving my mails to the postmaster and receiving the return mails, I betook myself to sleep with the virtuous consciousness that one half of my disagreeable job had been accomplished.

Awaking betimes next morning, I was horrified to find that snow had fallen during the night, and that the trail was completely obliterated. This is a matter of no small consequence, as it entails great caution upon the traveller, lest he should lose the track upon the boundless prairie, and leave his bones to whiten as his sole record. Going out to feed my team, I found that since the snow-fall, the thermometer had also fallen, and that the air was keen and full of frosty particles, with a promise of a north-westerly wind to oppose my progress.

No one who has not experienced a winter's wind on the prairies, can understand how bitter and keen it is. Nothing but constant motion can preserve the circulation, and the exposure of any part of the body to the biting blast renders frost-bites a certainty. Consequently no one, unless impelled by necessity, ventures out under such circumstances, and those who do go out are muffled to the eyes in furs, and are as far frost-proof as wrappings can make them.

After breakfast, the friendly Postmaster proffered his advice as to my remaining, but I knew so well the anxiety my non-appearance would cause, and the disappointment the non-arrival of the Christmas budget would entail, that I determined to make the venture.

Making a hearty breakfast, therefore, and accepting a forbidden luxury in the shape of

a small bottle of O. D. V., I was preparing to leave, when a sleigh drove up to the door, and a person similarly muffled with myself alighted and asked if I was the mail carrier for the Mounted Police. I informed him that I was, and he then told me that he had an order from the Head Office at Ottawa to go forward by the mail to Fort Carleton; at the same time producing the order. Glancing at it I found it to be correct, and, glad of company, although it entailed my walking the greater part of the distance, I motioned him to the cariole.

After going into the post-house for a few minutes he re-appeared, and signified that he was in readiness. He therefore got into the cariole, while I mounted on the runners behind, and, cracking my whip, we commenced our journey.

For some distance our course led us westerly, so that we did not feel the full fury of the wind. When we turned, however, we met it in full force, and in spite of my thick fur coat, leggings, mask, and fur cap, the cold fairly penetrated to my skin. Dismounting, therefore, I ran behind the cariole until I was in a glow. Addressing my companion, I advised him to do the same. To my astonishment and horror he made no reply. On stopping the dogs, I found he was plunged in a lethargic sleep, from which in all probability he would never have awakened. By dint of blows, expostulations, and entreaties, I half aroused him, and compelled him to take a good horn of brandy to restore his circulation—a bad thing to do, by-the-by, unless in extremity. This woke him up, and I made him get out, and, taking my arm, run until his stiffened limbs recovered their freedom of action.

He then told me he was suffering from the effects of the rapid journey in the intense cold, and that he did not think he could stand the exposure and fatigue of a farther journey, and urged me to turn back. This I declined to do, for the reasons before stated, and I tried to inspirit him, but without much avail.

Meantime the storm increased in fury, and we had occasionally to turn our backs to it to gain rest and breath.

By the time the distance was half accomplished, my companion was done out, and I had no resource but to put him into the cariole to rest temporarily — although I feared the result — urging the dogs to their utmost speed, in order to lessen the time of his exposure. With great difficulty I made him speak a word now and then, to assure me that he was not sleeping, but he obstinately refused to get out of the cariole to walk, when I considered him sufficiently rested to do so. Again I had recourse to the brandy bottle, and after he had swallowed some, dragged him from the cariole and supported him as before. But his tottering footsteps soon failed him, and I was compelled to the conclusion that he must ride, or die by the way-side, therefore, again placing him in the cariole, and covering him up, I urged the dogs on, trusting that I should arrive at the post before life was extinct; and stretched myself on the top of the cariole, in the hope that some heat from my body would find its way to his.

We had, however, some ten miles still to go, when the dogs suddenly swerved from the track, upsetting the cariole, and breaking the thong or leash that bound them to it. As soon as I could rise, I shouted to the dogs, who had gone on without stopping, but the wind rendered my voice powerless; and I was left on the prairie with a half-frozen man, dependent for his life upon my efforts.

No time was to be lost, however, and selecting a depression in the prairie, I took out the buffalo robes which lined the cariole, and cutting out the frame of the cariole, made a small circular tent with the buffalo robes, heaping the light snow against the robes on all sides. Then going inside I set light to some of the brandy in the cup of my flask, and soon warmed the interior.

All this time my unfortunate companion spoke not a word, answering all my inquiries with half-utterances or groans. The warmth of the hut, and a fresh dose of brandy revived him so far that he was able to speak, and I insisted on his eating some pemmican, a supply of which had been in the cariole.

For some time all my efforts were given to his resuscitation, until at last the increasing cold, and the decreasing brandy warned me that it was time to make another effort. But not a foot would he budge. All my intreaties were in vain; so that at last I was forced to tell him that I must go and procure assistance, or both would die. Then he grew frantic, and implored me not to desert him, persisting, however, in his reso-

lution to remain. But I was firm, and after lighting the last brandy, closing the buffalo robes, and heaping fresh snow over the whole to keep in the warmth, I started off on my tramp.

Never can I pourtray the arduousness of that journey! What with actual arduousness and mental distress, I was often tempted to give up, and nothing but the knowledge that a human being was dependent upon my exertions, enabled me to keep on my way.

At length the welcome sound of a dog-bell struck my ear, and shortly afterwards I met my faithful comrades from the post, who, on the arrival of my dogs without me, had started in search. I told them of the situation of my companion, and all but one hastened to his relief. By my friend's assistance I gained the station, and was fairly recovering from the cold and fatigue, when my half frozen companion was brought in. Supported between two of my comrades, he had been forced to run a part of the distance, and had been brought the remainder in the cariole Stiff and benumbed, he was brought into the hut, and immediately stripped to see if he was frost-bitten. When his mask was removed I recognized the features of — my rival!

He was attached to the Canadian Pacific Railway survey, and bore important instructions. He had, therefore, made all speed to deliver them. When he had collected his senses—he was only slightly frost-bitten—he recognized me; and after we had had our supper and a pipe, he told me that my departure had created the greatest consternation—that Annie had been inconsolable when she found I had left the ball-room—that I had been searched for, and advertised for, far and wide—and that, believing I had destroyed myself, Annie had gone into widow's mourning. Telling of these things, and pouring into my willing ear his regrets that any unfortunate misunderstanding should have caused a gap in my life, the morning of Christmas dawned, and was in verity, "a Happy Christmas" for me.

Next Christmas my time will be out, and it is settled that I take Major L——'s farm, and that his Annie is to be *my* Annie.

S.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

Poor Angelo.

CHAPTER XII.

VAIN RELIEF.

THE truth had come into the foreground at last—the bright foreground of eternal sunshine, in the estimation of this pair of lovers—and there were to be no more mistakes, hard words, or quarrellings. Life was opening fairly for them now that they understood each other for all time—now that the old, old passion ever young had given them wings to soar into the region of romance. They were very happy, and very forgetful—full of wonder that each had not understood the other completely from the first—full of dreamy, blissful speculation, even as to how it had come about after all. They did not descend to the promenade, but turned off at the back of the music-room, and went upwards again by fresh winding paths along which they strolled together, talking of the past as it had been, and of the future as they hoped it might be.

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

This was the happiest morning of their two young lives, and shadow land lay far away from them.

"I must get back to the 'Mastodon' now, Brian," said Mabel; "the band has ceased playing."

"I am going to the 'Mastadon' too," replied Brian, drawing a little hand more closely through his arm, "and am not likely to say good morning till I get there."

"Yes—but Angelo."

"Ah! poor Angelo," said Brian, "what is to be done? There must be no more humouring that delusion even for his sake."

"I don't know what to do," said Mabel, very helplessly.

"Leave him to me," replied Brian, "refer him to me for an explanation, and I will tell him the whole truth."

"No, Brian," said Mabel, "he will hear the truth more patiently from me, I think."

"I think it very likely," was Brian's answer; "and when will you tell him?"

"When I have considered which is the kindest and best way. I should not like to dash him down again—to undo all the good that has been done. He was always so kind and thoughtful for others when he was strong."

"Yes," responded Brian, "he is to be considered. Take your own time—we must not act in too much haste, after all."

"And you will not be jealous?"

"That is not likely," Brian said, "you and I can always trust each other."

"Surely."

"Though what you meant about that dry goods man——"

"Shall I tell you who was the dry goods man in my thoughts that night?" said Mabel; "is it necessary to confess as much?" asked Mabel archly.

"Ah!" cried Brian, "it was I! to be sure—and the fossils were the dry goods—I see it all. My dear Mabel!" And Mabel's hat and feather were suddenly knocked out of all consistency of detail.

"There, Brian, that will do. For goodness sake," cried Mabel, "I hear the leaves rustling as if some one was in the bushes behind us."

"I can't help it," Brian confessed, "I am so dreadfully happy—I never was happy before—I don't believe I ever guessed what happiness was like till to-day. What a cross-grained, crotchety, ill-tempered, bad sort of fellow I have been all my life, Mabel."

"No—no. You have been always generous, and thoughtful for others, and disregardful of yourself," said Mabel, "and that made me think of you too much when the truth came to me at Datchet Bridge."

"Ah! but you threw me terribly off my guard with the backwoods."

"I—I was afraid you would guess my secret."

"And then to send me back my thousand pounds."

"Which was less use to me than to you, Brian," she answered, "please do not say anything more about that, for my sake."

"For your sake—everything!"

Thus they wandered slowly homewards with full hearts, and Brian Halfday did not recollect until he had parted with her that he had not told her of his voyage to America, of his discovery that there might accrue to her some little salvage from the bank-wreck, of the last will of Adam Halfday, of Dorcas being in Scarborough with her father. He should have a great deal to tell her presently, when he had sobered down—he would not have a single secret from her—no one in the world knew so well as himself that she was always to be trusted. He would not begin his new, bright life with any mysteries between them. It would be unworthy of his new love, or rather of that old love which had taken a mighty strength to itself, and beaten down all the barriers that had lain between him and the way to Mabel's heart.

He parted with Mabel at the bridge which crossed the valley, and she returned alone, after all, and at her own wish, to the hotel. She was nervous concerning Angelo still, he saw, and it was natural, considering the mistake that had been made. Yes, it had been a mistaken kindness altogether, Brian considered, and he turned back into the Spa to reflect once again upon the best course to pursue for the sakes of all those whose conflicting interests, or opposing loves, must clash in a few hours. If in any way he could soften the shock of the battle—and the battle must come—he would be very glad.

Presently, and with these thoughts upon his mind, he went out of the gardens by the upper gates, and into the road upon the cliff. He would take one of his long walks before

he returned to the hotel—he had told Mabel that he should do so—and thereby afford her time to recover her composure before he met her at dinner. Very probably a solution to the problem of the life about him would suggest itself during his sharp walk; he had thought out many problems in the course of these pedestrian excursions to which he had been accustomed. He could lunch on his road with more comfort than at the long table in the dining-room of the "Mastodon," and Mabel would be grateful for the self-restraint which had taken him away from her for a few hours, If, when he returned, he could tell her that he had seen a way to apprise Angelo of the truth without crushing him utterly, she would be as glad as he was. He buttoned his coat, and set forth at a brisk pace along the higher ground, with the sea-breeze blowing in his face and fluttering his black mane. He went away with strong hopes in his heart, where there was peace at last, and a sense of happiness, which, as he had already owned to Mabel, he had never known before in all his solitary existence. He went away believing that life's troubles were at an end with him, when they were closing round him thick and fast. He believed in the day, and the night's darkness was close at hand in which to submerge him.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON DEFENCE.

THERE are a certain number of fair women in the world—not a very large number, let us hope—who are doomed from the beginning to the end of their lives to be insufferably silly; to whom no experience gives wisdom, or caution, or the common prudence which a child might possess, but who, led on blindly by their vanity or love of admiration and applause, pass on to their own discomfiture and humiliation, only to act their parts over again when the opportunity to show how foolish they are presents itself once more. Isabel Disney belonged to this class to a certainty. A good-looking, soft-hearted, soft-headed woman, with a passion for praise, and a strong belief that mankind in general was rhapsodizing over her beauty, she had flirted her way through life without much thought for anyone save herself and those various lovers and half-lovers who had pottered round her, talked nonsense, made eyes, and disappeared. She had been a nuisance to her husband without a thought of rendering him unhappy; and after his death—for which she had not appeared to be particularly sorry—she had been a refined nuisance to respectable society, who knew there was no harm in her, tolerated her accordingly, and laughed at her not a little.

She was handsome and big enough to attract the admirers of the colossal; she was rich enough to be worth securing for the sake of her railway shares and foreign bonds; and she was just shrewd enough not to throw herself and her possessions away on the first man who expressed a desire to secure them. She liked her liberty, although she believed she had been desperately in love some thirty or forty times, and invariably with the wrong man, who had loved some one else, or fled for his life at a critical period of their acquaintance. Steeped in the romance of the circulating libraries, she took existence in strong drams, and made heroes from the most indifferent materials, after the fashion of her kind,

Mabel Westbrook had no great fears for the result of breaking the news of Michael Sewell's perfidy—if perfidy it can be called—to the "big blonde." It had been a stronger flirtation than ordinary, considering that only ten days had elapsed since "Captain Seymour" had put in an appearance at the "Mastodon;" and Mrs. Disney had sighed more heavily, talked more nonsense in confidence to Mabel, than she was generally accustomed to do when the new lover had presented his credentials. But the acquaintance was not of long date; and Mrs. Disney's feelings, though exuberant, were evaporative, and all would be well when the next man came smirking round the corner.

Hence, immediately after luncheon, Mabel broke the news of Captain Seymour's position to her friend, and hoped that Isabel was prepared to shake her last admirer from her thoughts as easily as she had done the rest of her followers. Mabel did not state who was her informant—she had very strong reasons for not telling everything to the widow—but she spoke as earnestly and kindly as though Isabel Disney had met with her first love, and was going to die at the loss of

him. Mabel had met with her own, and could be graphic and sympathetic in her friend's interest.

The result of the disclosure was hardly satisfactory. Mrs. Disney flew into a passion in lieu of bursting into tears, She did not believe a word of the revelation; and Mabel had allowed herself to be imposed upon by some one who was jealous, madly and wickedly jealous, she was sure, of the preference that had been shown to the vilified Captain. As if any one would treat her so, or deceive her in so cruel a manner as Mabel had suggested—as if a man could pay her the most unmistakable attentions, and look the most unutterable affection, with a wife, and perhaps a family, somewhere in the background. It was not natural—it was not possible. She had the fullest confidence in Captain Seymour, and the malignity of his rivals was not going to shatter it at one blow. She would be true to him under good report or evil report; and she did not thank Mabel Westbrook for disseminating, though even in her interest, the idle scandal of the place. She would see Captain Seymour, and tell him that there were enemies at work against him; she would not be able to rest until he had denied the accusations in his usual frank, forcible manner; she would be glad to be left to herself for an hour or two, when she should be better, and stronger, and calmer, her feelings being at present suggestive of a strong desire to tear something or somebody to pieces.

When Mabel had gone, she drank some sherry and water, shed a few tears, dressed herself with scrupulous exactness, and sent her maid downstairs for the Army and Navy lists which she had seen in the coffee-room, and where she certainly discovered half-a-dozen Captain Seymours, as Michael Sewell was perfectly aware when he had seized upon the title as handy and safe, Finally she went in search of Captain Seymour, who was easily found, took a walk with him on the terrace of the hotel, and burst into the facts of the case with considerable energy and volubility.

Captain Seymour, or Michael Sewell as we prefer to call him, heard the particulars with a fair amount of composure, but became fierce and excitable afterwards; he denied the statement; he pronounced it to be a vile fabrication; he swore to denounce and hold up to shame the villain who had thus basely traduced him; he dashed from the terrace as if in search of him, and after wandering about the hotel for half-an-hour, and making many inquiries for Mr. Brian Halfday, he locked himself in his own room, and was seen no more that afternoon.

Mrs. Disney told the story of Michael's emphatic denial of all accusations against him to our heroine, and demanded loftily, and too melodramatically for Mabel's taste, the name of the informant.

"I will tell you presently," said Mabel. "I must have time to think how this denial will affect him."

"Has he sworn you to secrecy?"

"No!"

"It's that odious Angelo Salmon, I am sure."

"Angelo is almost a friend of Captain Seymour's, and has every confidence in him at present."

"You have no right to keep back the name of the slanderer," said Mrs. Disney; "you are not acting as my friend in the matter."

"I think I am," said Mabel calmly, "for I know how well and truly I can believe every word that has been told me in your interest. When I see you again he may be with me to speak for himself."

"I'll let him have a piece of my mind if he is," said Mrs. Disney vindictively.

"Meanwhile let me warn you, Isabel—let me beg you to keep on your guard."

"I have not lived six-and-twenty years not to know how to take care of myself," said the widow, haughtily, "although I feel that this warning, like your last, is untimely and unnecessary. Mabel, I am terribly disappointed in you!"

"I am sorry," said Mabel.

The two young women separated once more, and Mabel went away distressed in mind at her friend's obduracy. She was glad that she had not mentioned Brian Halfday's name in the matter; she would leave it for Brian to take further action, not herself. She was afraid of Michael Sewell now—she did not know in what way a man might act who was capable of assuming a position to which he was not entitled—who was absent from his wife, and paying attention as a single man to a young widow. This was a new and foggy world to her, but

she saw no danger through the mist—and she knew perfectly well that Isabel Disney, despite her heroics, was already on her guard. She could afford to let time bring round the truth.

But time was bringing round more truths than one, and with a rapidity for which she was wholly unprepared. She had stolen to her room to think of all that had happened that that day—of the great event in her life which was for ever changed and strengthened and brightened by her Brian's love—when a knock on the panel of her door attracted her attention from day-dreams.

"If you please, Miss Westbrook," said the voice of one of the maid-servants of the hotel, "I have a letter for you."

Mabel opened the door, and received a note in the handwriting of Angelo Salmon. It was written in pencil, and had been given to the servant to deliver.

"I am to wait for an answer, if you please," said the maid.

"One moment, then."

Mabel broke the seal with a consciousness of impending trouble or doubt. Had the crisis come already, with Brian away, and she a weak woman unprepared for defence? She opened the note and read one hurried line without preface or signature, "*I am waiting in the Hall. Come to me. I must see you,*" was all that was written on the paper. It was certainly Angelo's writing, and it presaged the coming of the truth of which she had been afraid.

"Tell Mr. Salmon I will be down in five minutes."

She put on her hat and mantle—it might be as well to take him from the hotel on to the quiet cliffs, or into the Spa gardens again, or along the sands—anywhere out of the reach of the hundred ears eternally pricked up, and hungering for news.

She descended the stairs with a beating heart, but yet with a new sense of courage gathering strength within her.

"After all, he had better hear the truth from me," she said to herself, "if the time has come to tell him."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

MABEL WESTBROOK found Angelo Salmon waiting for her in the great hall of the "Mastodon," with his wan face turned towards the stairs down which he knew she must descend to him. When he saw her approaching he rose and bowed with great politeness, almost with grave reverence.

"I am glad you have come," he said; "I thought you would not, perhaps."

"Is there any reason why I should be afraid to meet you, Angelo?"

"There may be a reason why you should not care to meet me now," he said; "but I will explain as soon as I can. It is not worth while misunderstanding each other any longer, is it?"

"A complete understanding may tend to the peace of mind of both of us," Mabel replied. "I have thought so more than once."

"Impossible."

"I hope it will, Angelo—I pray it will," said Mabel, earnestly.

He looked away from her. The tears were in his eyes, and his lips were quivering like a child's, for he was very weak. Was he to be treated as a child, too? Mabel thought in some respects that it might be the wiser policy. She put her hand upon his arm and said—

"Take me, Angelo, where we can speak straightforwardly and fearlessly to one another."

"Very well."

They went out of the hotel together, and towards the Spa, until Angelo stopped and shuddered.

"Not in those hateful gardens," he said.

"Shall we cross the bridge and get on the cliff yonder, or shall we descend to the valley?"

"There are less people down there, perhaps," he said moodily.

They descended to the valley, and went silently for a while along the winding path there. The Ramsdale valley has never been a favourite resort of the Scarborough visitors, and there were only a few nursemaids and children strolling through the lower grounds. When they were seated on a rustic garden-seat, shut in almost by the trees, Angelo startled his companion with a strange and sudden laugh.

"They who pass here will take us for lovers, Mabel," he exclaimed. "What a hideous mistake! And yet," he added, very sadly now, "we were lovers only yesterday—before he came."

"Before who came?"

"You know," he answered. "It is unworthy of you to affect ignorance; it is unfair to me."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Halfday?" asked Mabel, after this reproof.

"Yes—of the man whom I shall never forgive, who takes his place as my deadly foe."

"You will not think so when I have told you all," said Mabel.

"I am his bitterest enemy," said Angelo, with a violent excitement exhibiting itself. "I warn him to beware of me."

"What has he done?"

"Told you that he loved you," answered Angelo boldly," put his arm round you—my God! kissed you. I saw and heard everything; I watched, as a man cruelly deceived by a woman to whom he has given his whole heart has a right to watch. And to think that you—— Oh! Mabel, Mabel, why did you act like this to me?"

He put his hands before his face and cried bitterly. It was a childish grief, but it was terrible for Mabel to witness, and beyond her power to subdue. Listening to his deep, heavy sobs, it was difficult for her to believe that she was wholly blameless. Had she had time to consider, had not Brian's love been so suddenly confessed, she might have asked for Angelo's confidence and trust before instead of afterwards. But it was too late, and here was the result.

"Angelo," she said, very kindly and earnestly, "do not say I have cruelly deceived you, or I shall never know a happy moment again."

"You have never cared for me," he replied; "you have suffered yourself to be engaged to me; since that engagement you have allowed that man to love you."

"Angelo," said Mabel, laying her hand on his and drawing it away from his face, "will you do me justice, and listen patiently to all I have to say?"

"Yes," he replied.

"When you were lying very ill some weeks ago, when you had been rash and desperate, and your friends were despairing of your life, they came to me for my assistance," Mabel began. "They said—let us both think now how wrong and foolish it was of them—that a few words of mine, the utterance of a promise which I might consider myslf justified in breaking when you were well and strong again, would give you the best chance of health. I hesitated: but your father and mother were in great grief. You lay very helpless and despairing, and the doctors told me I could save you. Was I very wrong to try, even at the cost of my self-respect and truth."

He pressed her hand warmly in his own.

"I see it all now," he murmured. "And you saved me—but only to cast me back again to a greater helplessness."

"I hope not," Mabel said earnestly; "for I am ever one of your truest friends, if you will let me be one. I want to be your confidante, sister, anything that will prove how truly I esteem you."

"What can you do, after owning your want of love for me?" he groaned forth. "I have been looking forward to you as my wife. I have been thanking God for the prospect of a happiness that was ever to be denied me—and you knew this all along."

"Forgive me—I did it for the best—and not of my own free will," she murmured.

"When was I to be undeceived?" he asked.

"When you were strong and brave again," she replied; "when you could see clearly how unfair it would be to exact from me the fulfilment ef a pledge made when you were ill—when little by little I could have asked you to let me go away from you."

"To him!" cried Angelo Salmon, with sudden passion again; "to the man who, loving you himself, advised me to make you an offer of my hand—to that damned hypocrite!"

"Hush—hush!" cried Mabel, "you do him an injustice—you do not know Brian Halfday to speak of him like that. He is all that is honest and truthful and kind."

"I tell you, Mabel Westbrook, that you are blinded by your passion for him," said Angelo; "I am not worthy of you, but I am more deserving of your love than he is. If you have anything more to say to me, say it, please, but without mentioning the name of one who has blighted my whole life."

Mabel would not accept this interdict upon her lover's name.

"He has not blighted your life, Angelo," said Mabel, for all this is a delusion from which you will speedily recover. I had thought to break to you by degrees the im-

possibility of my ever being anything more to you than a true friend, and to be thankful that in my humble way I had helped to save you. The revelation has come too soon and too suddenly—I have acted with too great an impulse—but let me believe you are strong enough to think it for the best, and manly enough to forgive the woman who did not err from want of heart. Let me hear, Angelo, that you bear me no malice, and will try and forget me."

"There is no forgetfulness for me," he answered gloomily, "I have been always weak and foolish—never quite right as people say—and you have been the one thought of my life. You will remain so to the end, whether I keep sane, or am tied up in a straight-waistcoat," he added, with a short, hard laugh, "and all my actions will be regulated by that thought, for good and for evil. As for forgiveness—see here!"

He held both hands towards her, and she placed hers within them confidently.

"There is nothing to forgive, you acted for the best according to your own judgment—it was your old generosity and spirit of self-sacrifice which led you to take pity upon me—and I have only to thank you for so much consideration."

"This sounds like satire, Angelo," she murmured.

"I am not clever enough to be satirical," was his reply; "I am speaking what is in my mind, with no second meaning in the background. If you would rather that I say 'Forgiven'—why forgiven be it then—Oh! my lost love, whom God has set apart from me!"

The tears were in his eyes once more as he pressed her hands to his heart, but he did not wholly break down again. She rose, and he rose with her and walked on by her side down the valley and along the way which they had come.

"You will return to the hotel?" he said, in a calmer tone.

Mabel answered in the affirmative.

"I am not fit for hotel company at present," he said, abruptly coming to a full stop; "and if you will excuse me I will bid you good-bye here."

"I shall see you this evening?"

"Possibly. I hardly know."

"I am not to lose a friend because I have found courage to tell you the whole truth?" she asked.

"How the whole truth will affect me it is not easy to say," he replied moodily; "but I will try and keep strong for their sakes."

"Your father and mother's?"

"Yes."

"And for mine. Try and let me think I have told you all and done good, and not harm, by the confession," said Mabel.

"It is easy to try. But it is a hard conviction that it was all done out of pity for me—that I was never loved in the least, and you were only acting a part which was unworthy of you," he replied.

"Angelo, you have not forgiven me."

"Yes—yes—I have!" he exclaimed, "don't mind me—don't regard a word I say just now. Good-bye."

"One moment. Say forgiven too to Brian Halfday," implored Mabel, "think generously of him till he meets you and tells you for himself the—"

He caught her so suddenly by the wrist that she winced with pain.

"It will be well for us both, Mabel, if he and I never meet again," said Angelo fiercely; "I have no forgiveness for him on this earth."

He released his hold of her, and walked back swiftly along the valley, and Mabel watched him till he was lost to sight. She had called to him once as he broke away from her, but he had marched onwards without any heed to her appeal. She had wished to soften his heart towards her lover, and she had had faith in her own powers to do it, until he had passed away with those strange, darkling looks. It was so unlike poor Angelo to bear malice, or to feel oppressed by a sense of wrong, that she trusted to the natural amiability of his character even yet, although there were doubts besetting her not easily dispelled. Angelo had changed of late days—he had been irritable or dispirited since his recovery from delirium, and only her presence had had power to soothe him. How would he act after the shock, she wondered—would he let her be his friend still, just as if nothing had happened, or they had never talked of being engaged to one another? If he would accept the position calmly all might yet be well, but the doubts gathered strength in Mabel's mind as she went up the path in the cliff towards the higher ground. She was not happy, although Brian Halfday had told her that he loved her—she was sure

that she was growing more unhappy with every hour of her life.

The consciousness of having made two people miserable that afternoon weighed upon the spirits of a girl naturally sensitive —and that it had all been done for the best was scarcely the satisfaction which she had trusted it might be. She had almost quarrelled with Isabel Disney who had been kind to her, she had crushed out the hopes of Angelo Salmon, and life would have been dull to her indeed, if the thoughts of the future with Brian had not been there to keep her strong. Still, she was dull, and when the dinner-hour at the hotel came and Brian was not present as he had promised, a sense of deeper depression stole upon her, and the first assurance to her own mind that all was not well, and that a great trouble was to date from that day, came as if by inspiration. Looking back at that melancholy feast she believed it was inspiration, and that a voice of warning was whispered in her ears as she took her place with the guests and marvelled as to the absence of one who should have hastened to her side now. She had believed he would, and that before the night was out the Salmons and Mrs. Disney would have been pleased to congratulate her on her engagement, but now she was sure that something new and strange had arisen to account for Brian Halfday's absence.

It was not a pleasant thought to cross her, but it grew in strength with wonderful rapidity. Something *had* happened to Brian she was certain, although she tried vainly to smile at her own fears, and kept her great grey eyes directed towards the entrance doors through which he would come presently, if all were well. Painful and ever to be remembered dinner this—the rows of guests laughing and talking on either side of her, and she as conscious of approaching trouble as though the decree had been thundered in her ears—

"He will never return. You will see him no more!"

She allowed the dishes to pass her almost unheeded, feigning at times to eat, in order to escape the ordeal of much questioning from Mr. Gregory Salmon and his wife, who were sitting next to her; but she had turned very pale, and those on the other side of the table had already whispered amongst themselves that the fair American was looking ill that night. Mrs. Disney had changed her place at the *table d'hote*, to mark her sense of displeasure with Mabel; but Mabel had lost all interest in her, and saw, even without surprise or regret, that Michael Sewell was at her side, and more attentive than ordinary. Gregory Salmon spoke to Mabel, but she did not know what her replies were like, and failed to remember the instant afterwards the topics which he had selected to grow eloquent upon, until he said suddenly—

"You need not be disconsolate, Miss Mabel. He has come back."

Her heart leaped within her bosom for joy for an instant, and then sank down like a leaden plummet.

"Who has come back?" she asked.

"Angelo. He has been walking fast, or riding hard. He came in very hot and flurried, and told me that he should not dine at the *table d'hote* to-day—as he had dined I think he said. I am sorry," said Mr. Salmon, "because these assemblies have amused and distracted him considerably; don't you think so?"

"No—yes—I don't know," said Mabel wearily.

"I hope nothing is the matter—especially between you and Angelo?" asked Gregory Salmon anxiously; "you—you must not think of undeceiving him yet awhile, Miss Westbrook. I—I would rather you married him than that—I would indeed."

"Please don't talk to me now," Mabel said at last; "I am tired and unwell."

"You are certainly very white," answered Gregory; "but is there not something to tell me about Angelo?"

"Yes—after dinner."

"I am very sorry if—my dear young lady I am sure you are going to faint. Let me advise you to get out of this hot room."

"Not yet," answered Mabel; "I would much rather remain. I want to wait here. Don't notice me or talk to me, please. I shall be better in a minute."

"I hope Mr. Halfday has not been interfering in this matter," said Gregory Salmon snappishly, and not at all disposed to leave Mabel to herself now that his curiosity had been aroused.

"Why should you think that?" asked Mabel quickly.

"He is a man who interferes in most things—and, by the way, I don't see him at dinner to-night."

"No," said Mabel, with a heavy sigh, "he is not here."

"But there's Angelo—standing at the door, and, great Heaven! how ill he looks too!"

"Oh! good gracious, my poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon at the same moment.

Mabel looked towards the door where Angelo was standing now. He was in evening dress; he had changed his morning attire, after his usual custom, and was leaning against the pillar watching her attentively. As their eyes met he started, and moved away into the central hall beyond, but not before the haggardness and horror of his face had struck her as forcibly as his parents. Here was the result of one mistake, perhaps; for he was changing and aging as if by a spell. Was it remarkable that she should think of Brian again, and couple Angelo's looks with him, for a mysterious reason impossible to fathom?

Once more the warning sank to her dull heart, as if the voice had whispered to her again that Brian Halfday was not coming back. She was not naturally superstitious, but it seemed a strange truth to come to her on that night—and like an awful prophecy on the next, and the next, when no sign of his return was made to her from the darkness in which he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

MICHAEL SEWELL ATTEMPTS HIS DEFENCE.

HOW Mabel Westbrook lived through the next two days she never knew completely. That she ate and drank, that she even slept, and had strange, awful dreams, wherein the man she loved was for ever in danger, or at the point of death, that she affected a composure which she did not feel, and feigned, for reasons of her own to be presently apparent, to be unexcited by the absence of Brian Halfday, she was aware; but how the long, weary, terrible hours passed was scarcely within the limits of her consciousness. She was like a woman in her sleep, and yet a woman closely on guard and watching jealously for any sign that should afford a clue to the mystery which had arisen about her lover's life. Brian had disappeared, and there might be many reasons for his absence which a few hours more would satisfactorily explain. Mabel would not think the worst yet. She tried hard, and fought hard to keep a host of terrible doubts and suspicions in the background, and she partially succeeded. It did not seem possible that a man should have met with an accident or even with foul play in the broad daylight and in the neighbourhood of so fashionable a watering-place as Scarborough without some witness to the act, and it *was* more natural—how sure she was that it was more natural—to set down Brian's absence to a reason of his own, for which he would account when he came back.

Something *had* surely occurred to take him suddenly from Scarborough. Important business of his, perhaps of hers, matters connected with his old trust as curator, or with his new studies, hundreds of reasons in fact, when she came to think calmly and deliberately upon the matter, might have induced Brian to leave the "Mastodon Hotel" in hot haste. Certainly it was a trifle unaccountable to go away without an explanation, and to keep away without sending her one line of news, one message by the wires, that might have saved her all these long hours of miserable suspense.

Then came the darker thoughts to distress her.

"He would have never left me like this, he would have never gone without a word, after telling me of his love, and believing in my own. It is not like him."

Still they were all so calm about her, life went on so very much in the old way, no one seemed to think of Brian but herself, and it was natural to more than one that he should have drifted from the life and laughter of a place that was thoroughly unsuited to him. She knew better than this, but there was little sympathy for her anxiety, and not any for her fears. She had to act for herself, and it had become her duty to watch, and plot, and plan, as though the solution to the riddle lay in the hearts of those who flitted by her in the crowd.

Her first inquiries had been of the clerks in the office, young men who kept the books, and summed up the expenses of the visitors, in a room on the ground floor. Mr. Halfday had given no notice of his departure, and had taken his apartments for a week to begin with. The chambermaid on the floor to which his room belonged was signalled to,

and spoken to by gutta-percha medium, and bellowed down her replies huskily and indifferently. No. 1,008—for Brian had been duly ticketed—had not been to bed, Mabel was informed the next day, and had not been seen in his room since yesterday morning, and his clothes were unpacked and all over the place. On the following day Mabel found out the chambermaid for herself, and bribed her into civility for five shillings, and into a promise to let her know when No. 1,008 came back to his room.

The maid was of the world worldly, and could not understand Mabel's anxiety following so closely on the gentleman's absence, unless Mabel was his wife, and jealous of him.

"The gents are here, there, and everywhere, when they comes to this place, miss," said the maid. "I wouldn't be fidgety about him for a week, if I was you? I'll be sure and let you know the moment he comes back."

"Thank you," said Mabel as she went away from her.

She had obtained her information, she had expected little else, and she felt in her foreboding heart that Brian would never come back to that room. She could not own it to herself yet, but time was drifting on and bringing her no news. When should she act? and how could she act, and in what direction?

Did Angelo Salmon know more than his pale, grave face warranted?—it was he who she thought might know—there had seemed to be an awful knowledge in his looks in the early hours when Brian was first missed, and though he was calm and stoical now, he took great pains to avoid Mabel's company. Did Michael Sewell know? He remained at the hotel like a man who was certain that Brian would not return to make good his accusations against him; he was still Captain Seymour to the outside world, and he avoided Mabel also, or Mabel fancied that he did. Had he guessed that Brian Halfday had told her he was Dorcas's husband, and had he met Brian and quarrelled with him, perhaps slain him? No, no, that was too horrible; surely the shadow of a crime did not rest upon that handsome, laughing man of one-and-twenty, with whom her friend had been foolish enough to think herself in love.

It was he, however, who spoke to her on the second day, who came to her in the drawing-room, when she was sitting by the window looking out at sea. The room had been deserted after luncheon, and she had stolen there for peace, or for the deep thoughts which might pass for peace to strangers.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Miss Westbrook," he said very politely, "but the fact is, Mrs. Disney wished me to address a few words to you. Have I your permission?"

Mabel moved her head slightly in acquiescence. The man had become a horror to her, but she was curious to learn what was in his thoughts, if possible, and was already prepared to ask him one question in return. He began with his old frankness, or assumption of frankness, at once.

"You don't like me," he said, "you have allowed yourself to be prejudiced against me."

Mabel was frank too. She looked up at the man without flinching, till he seemed to grow uncomfortable beneath the steady light of her grey eyes.

"No—I don't like you, Mr. Sewell," she replied.

It sounded like defiance, it might be rendering him for ever wary of her if he were in the secret of Brian Halfday's disappearance, but she felt above a falsehood with this trickster.

"My name is not Sewell," was the bold assertion of the gentleman, "and I am at a loss to imagine why you should think it is."

"I have been told so by one whose word I can implicitly believe."

"By the gentleman with whom you were walking in the Spa two or three mornings since?" inquired Michael.

It seemed too late to keep this a secret, if it had ever been a secret, and she said—

"Yes. By Mr. Brian Halfday, whose name should be familiar to you."

"I have not heard it before in my life," was the unblushing statement here.

"It is false," cried Mabel passionately, "and you know it is."

"It is a strange delusion for a lady to encourage, and I should be glad to meet this Mr. Halfday face to face, and challenge him to the proof of his extraordinary statement. But," added Michael, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, "the man has run away."

"He has disappeared, you mean," said Mabel, closely watching Michael Sewell's countenance.

"I hope you don't think I have murdered him!" said Michael, with a burst of laughter at the supposition. "I may be even bad enough for that in your estimation, I am afraid."

"Where do *you* think he is?" asked Mabel sharply.

"Upon my honour, all I have thought of is the egregious mistake he has committed," said Michael, "and the apology which I consider is due to me in consequence. I should be glad to see him—I should be only too glad to convince him that my present identity is not to be disputed, and to receive his assurance that he has been in error. I bear him no malice; he may have acted in good faith. But why does he keep away?"

"You know better than I do, possibly," said Mabel.

"You do not take my word then?"

"Against Brian Halfday's? No!" cried Mabel.

"The man may be insane, or short-sighted, or weak of judgment; there is a mystery about him. But you trust him?"

"With my life."

"And doubt me. I am sorry," he said. "It is hardly worth while troubling you with Mrs. Disney's message now."

He waited for Mabel's reply, but Mabel was looking out at sea again, and speculating deeply as to the motives for this man's bravado. He was a clever actor, but he had not deceived her by his impersonation. She was sure Brian had made no mistake, and that it was this man's policy to keep to the character he had assumed.

He delivered his message, although Mabel did not ask for it.

"Mrs. Disney would be glad to see you, and to be reconciled to you," he said, "if you would have more confidence in her, and if you would only suspend your judgment for a few days until Mr. Halfmay's, or Halfday's, return. If I can wait here without fear of anything to be said against me surely you can."

"Will you tell me where Mr. Halfday is?" said Mabel quietly.

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Will you tell me what you have done with Dorcas?"

The question followed so closely upon the other, after Brian Halfday's fashion—which she might have caught from him—that Michael Sewell for the first time betrayed a momentary confusion at the sudden mention of his wife's Christian name. The colour deepened in his face as he said—

"Who is Dorcas, may I ask?"

"Your wife."

He laughed again.

"I forgot I had one," he said ironically.

"Yes, you *have* forgotten that," was Mabel's caustic answer.

"Miss Westbrook, you will do me justice at an early date, I hope," he said, bowing low to her before leaving her once more to the study of the sea, "at present you are inflexible."

"Until I find him," answered Mabel, "yes."

She spoke decisively, as though the clue to Brian's discovery was already in her hands; and as he went out of the door a vigilant observer might have suspected that he paused for an instant on the threshold, as if considering what meaning should be attached to her last words. He looked back at her and bowed once more, but she was not aware of it. Had he been afraid of her he would have taken more consolation to himself, or could he have seen her five minutes afterwards, with her hands crossed on the back of the chair, and her fair young head resting despondently and helplessly upon them. She had lost faith in all humankind save Brian, she thought; he would not have left her to this torture of uncertainty if there had been any means of communicating with her and he had had the power to do so. No, something had surely happened to him, although no one would believe in her, and she was wasting time by this horrible inaction.

"Oh! my poor Brian," she murmured, with her gaze directed to the rippling sea, as though it were connected with his fate. "What am I to do? What can I do to help you?"

CHAPTER XVI.

REPROOFS AND SUSPICIONS.

THE troubles were coming to Mabel Westbrook all at once, after the fashion of troubles which are gregarious. She had

lost her lover, and now the few friends she had, or thought she had, were falling away from her, or regarding her with distrust. She had done her best in the world, but her efforts had been miserable failures from the first. A good and warm-hearted young woman this, who had passed through life with hardly a selfish thought, and who had sacrificed time, money, and inclination for the sake of others, and been rewarded with scant praise and even with ingratitude. She had finally made one little dash for her own happiness in her old impulsive way, and made a greater failure of it than of the rest of her endeavours, judging by results.

She was no longer friends with Isabel Disney, as we are aware; there followed a great difference in the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Salmon towards her, and Angelo avoided her society. She was completely alone in the hotel, and though she was not sorry to be alone, to think and plan and struggle against the mysteries by which she was surrounded, it seemed hard to have lost the respect and sympathy of everyone for whom she had cared a little.

Another day passed without news of Brian Halfday, and then the fourth day of his disappearance followed. Mabel had spent a great many shillings from a purse but scantily filled, and with very vain results. She had telegraphed to Penton Museum, and to the editors of scientific papers for which Brian had supplied occasional articles, asking if the missing man had been seen or heard of; she had held more than one conference with the police authorities of Scarborough, and she had tried to work out for herself one or two extravagant theories, but the clue was missing, and her woman's heart was failing her.

Those two last days alluded to came in cold and dark and rough, as though they tried hard to make up for lost time, and have their vengeance on the little autumn that was left them. They were bitter days of sleet and frost and hurricane, and the visitors vanished away with extraordinary celerity, affrighted by the first approach of winter in real earnest. The guests disappeared as if by magic, and the big hall was crammed with the boxes of the outgoing. It was all over with the season at the "Mastodon;" the manager was aware of it, the waiters knew it by immediate warning; a transformation scene in a pantomime could have scarcely suggested a greater change, only this was from the brightness and lightness of life to the dullness that must last till next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Salmon informed Mabel Westbrook on that fourth morning that their boxes were packed, and they and Angelo were going away that very afternoon. It had been the first intimation of their departure, and Mabel was surprised and hurt at the announcement, for they had thought a great deal of her of late days, she had been inclined to consider. She did not expect to be asked to accompany them to St. Lazarus, she would not have gone with them had they made her the offer of their home's shelter for awhile, but the suddenness of the announcement of their departure was depressing. There were three the less in her little world drifting away from her for good; three who had begun as her friends and were disposed to consider themselves aggrieved now. Well, well! they might have their just cause of complaint, for she had acted with precipitation at the last, and out of love for Brian; she did not know—she had not had time or patience to consider. There was only one grave thought and misery for her in these latter days, and in her sorrow she was more selfish than she had ever been. She was unsettled and variable and strange herself. Mabel heard the news with composure, despite her surprise at the scant notice of the event.

"I shall miss you all," she said calmly; "I am sorry you are going."

"There is nothing to stop for," said Mrs. Salmon, with a heavy sigh, "the place is doing Angelo more harm than good, and the sooner he is out of it the better."

"Is he anxious to leave this place also?" Mabel inquired.

"He is quite a child in our hands—he never says a word, or seems to care—he—he—oh! Mabel," and then Mrs. Salmon broke down in her weak way, and buried her face in her handkerchief, and began sobbing violently.

Mr. Gregory Salmon had left all the explanation to his wife for a wonder, and this was the result, as he might have guessed, after so many years' knowledge of her character.

"Mrs. Salmon," he said sharply, "you are making yourself exceedingly ridiculous."

"I—I know I am, Greg—Gregory," re-

plied his weeping wife, "but how am I to help it? Oh! my poor boy, that I thought was getting on so well—before this blow came!"

Mabel approached Mrs. Salmon, put one arm around her neck, and bent her fair young head down till it touched the grey hairs of the elder woman.

"Do you blame me for all that has happened then? Have I acted so very badly to Angelo?" said Mabel.

"You told him, all at once, you wouldn't have anything more to do with him—and that—that crushed him down completely," said the mother, "and it was—I can't help saying it—very cruel of you."

"He had discovered for himself, and before I was prepared to tell him," replied Mabel, "what you and Mr. Salmon have known from the commencement, that I did not consider him as my future husband."

"Miss Westbrook, if you had set your mind to it," said Mr. Salmon, breaking in upon the conference for the first time, "it would have been an easy task to regard my son with affection, and that is what, despite the disparity of the match in a worldly point of view, we had hoped would occur in course of time. It has not been pleasant for me to see my son desirous of an alliance with you—I have done my best even to reason with him upon the unsuitability of the match; but it was of no use, and Angelo gave way as a silly girl of seventeen might have done with less discredit. It has been a great trouble to me, Miss Westbrook, a blow to my pride in my family and my son, but I was resigned to the match for his sake—I set aside completely my own feelings in the face of the terrible calamity that befell us, and—and this is the end of it."

"If there has been an error committed, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel, "it was in that mockery of an engagement into which I was dragged for your son's sake, and I am sorry. It was at your request, and I knew and saw the danger of it very quickly afterwards. I was foolish, and thought to restore to health by degrees the one man who had been kind to me—although I knew there must follow a day like this to cast him down. I knew I could never love him—and yet I undertook the vain task of saving him by a semblance of affection which no one regrets more than I do now."

"You would have saved him if you had kept on for a month or two longer—if that conceited man from the Museum had not interfered out of spite and jealousy, and you had not encouraged him to make love to you from the very first moment he came into the hotel," said Mr. Gregory Salmon passionately.

Mabel drew herself up very proudly, and the colour mounted to her face at the taunts hurled at her.

"He did not come too soon," she said, "for he was the only true friend I ever had. The rest were not worthy of my trust in them."

"A pretty friend to run away in fear of the chastisement he was likely to receive for bearing false witness against his neighbour," said Mr. Gregory Salmon vindictively; "a nice man to prefer to my boy!"

"He has not run away—and only a coward would imply to me that he has," cried Mabel very warmly also; "if he has disappeared for ever, I shall believe that this false Captain Seymour, or your son—God knows which—has killed him. There, that is the thought which is preying upon me, and which I can hold back no longer. There has been foul play, and heaven give me strength to denounce the promoter of it. I will have no mercy on his guilt."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Salmon was prepared for this passionate outcry from one who had always been calm, and equable, and amiable, and both were completely silenced and confounded by her indignation. The terrible suspicion which she had avowed was on her mind, came upon them also with an effect that was remarkable, for both turned very white, and stared at Mabel as at a ghost, after nervously glancing at each other. Mabel Westbrook was singularly quick to observe, for she cried eagerly—

"Ha! you know something more of this—Angelo has betrayed himself to you—it is he then?"

"No, no," cried Mrs. Salmon, "for mercy's sake, don't think that. It is not likely he would harm any one, even in his strange condition—don't think so, Mabel, for a moment."

"I will think so for ever, till he denies it to my face," said Mabel; "I see how his jealousy and madness might have brought him to this miserable pass."

"You do me an injustice, Miss West-

brook," said Angelo Salmon, entering the room slowly, and with his eyes studiously averted from her, "after all this while you should have had a kinder thought of me."

"Well said, Angelo, well said," cried the Master of St. Lazarus encouragingly, "I am glad you are here to answer for yourself."

"My own dear, injured child!" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Miss Westbrook in her heat of passion," said Gregory to his son, "has made strange charges against you, but when one's lover has absconded under circumstances that—"

Angelo Salmon caught his father by the arm, and checked all further comment by this movement.

"Miss Westbrook is the dearest friend I have in the world, and in insulting her, sir, you make an enemy of me. Perfectly understand that," he said severely, "an enemy."

Mabel looked hard at the worn face of the man who had defended her, and her heart softened towards him very quickly. He had been eccentric since Brian's disappearance; he had spoken of his unforgiveness for Brian's stepping between him and his love; he had avoided her at every turn, as if afraid to meet her, or respond to any question she might put to him; but she could scarcely believe that Angelo Salmon, even in his madness, would harm any living thing.

"Angelo," she said, "if I have done you an injustice in my troubled thoughts, forgive me. But I know not what to think."

"I forgive you everything," he answered.

"Will you put your hands in mine, and tell me you know not where my Brian is?" she asked solemnly. "Will you tell me with your old truthfulness that you have not seen him, or heard of him in any way, since I asked your pardon in the valley four days since? Say so frankly to me now, and I will not suspect you for a single moment ever again."

He did not answer readily. He did not look into her face, but kept his gaze directed to the carpet of the room in which they were, as if the answers were difficult to make, or the mention of Brian's name had brought upon him his old angry sullenness.

"You have no right to suspect me," he replied at last.

"Then you have not seen him? You do not know where——"

"I will not be suspected like this!" he cried passionately, in his turn. "You will drive me mad in earnest presently. It is well I am going away—a long way from you, Mabel, where I shall never see you again, with Heaven's will.

Mabel had returned to her seat, full of new doubts, for all her protest, and was thinking very deeply, when he said, close to her ear—

"We are going almost directly. You will wish us all good-bye."

"We bear no malice, Miss Westbrook," said his father, whilst the smothered voice of Mrs. Salmon ejaculated—

"And I hope we shall be happy together again some day—though I don't see how exactly."

Mabel felt helpless as well as friendless now. She would be glad when they had left her to herself.

"You will both shake hands with Mabel," said Angelo almost peremptorily to his parents. "There must be a complete reconciliation between you before we go."

Mr. Salmon seemed afraid of opposing his will to his son's, and Mrs. Salmon was only too ready to shake hands.

"Good-bye, dear," she whispered, as she stooped down and kissed our heroine. "Don't think unjustly of poor Angelo."

"Good-bye," said Mabel; "and for all past kindness, thank you."

"Good-bye, Miss Westbrook," said Mr. Salmon, taking his wife's place. "If this Christian-like example soothes my son's feelings, I am only too proud to show it in my humble way. And—ahem!—I hope you did not mean what you said about Angelo a little while ago. You were excited—that's all, I trust."

"I was excited," answered Mabel. "Good-bye."

It was Angelo's turn now, and he held his hand towards her, but she shrank from it instinctively. There might be blood upon it for what she knew. It might have struck down the man she loved, only a little while ago—who could tell? He shivered strangely as she recoiled from him; but he stooped down to whisper in her ear—

"It is not good-bye between us, Mabel. I am coming back."

"When?" she asked quickly.

"Before the night is out I shall see you," he replied. "Wait for me here; I shall have much to tell you."

Then he said in a louder tone of voice "Good-bye," and went out of the room with his father and mother, and downstairs into the hall, where the porters were struggling with many boxes, and carrying them to the cabs and carriages waiting outside in the gusty street.

"Now for home," said Angelo, when they were being driven to the station at a rapid pace. "We shall not have much time to catch our train, I am afraid."

CHAPTER XVII.

ANGELO'S ROOM.

MABEL WESTBROOK waited impatiently for the return of Angelo Salmon, but the weary hours went by without a sign of him. She was alone in the world now, and knew not which way to turn. If he came not back—if it had all been a subterfuge to throw her off her guard, what should she do? His manner had implied that he was at the bottom of the mystery which had shut Brian Halfday from her, but was she positive of this, or had he a second and different meaning at which there was no guessing? Every thought and every incident she connected with Brian's absence—was it possible that Angelo would confess the truth to her if he had been the cause of it? Was it probable even that this incomprehensible being would return to own his baseness to the woman he had loved? Would he teach her by his own confession to hate him for his treachery?

Mabel wandered like a restless spirit, knowing no rest, about the rooms and corridors of the hotel. There was a depression about the place that suited with her mood, and when the night had set in the wind howled dismally from the sea, and came in angry gusts against the windows of the edifice.

It had been almost a complete migration from the "Mastodon"—the break out of the plague could have scarcely effected a more general clearance of the visitors, than this sudden outburst of rough weather upon the Yorkshire coast. Fashion packed up its best clothes, spread its wings, and flew away, and its imitators followed in hot haste. The "Mastodon" was nearly empty, the dinner was served in a small room to the few visitors remaining—only a few burners here and there in the great candelabras in the drawing-room and hall were lighted, and the waiters crept about like funeral mutes who had set their staves aside and were looking for the body in the corridors.

Mabel did not dine that night; she was sick at heart and anxious. She seemed waiting for the terrible truth that was to wholly strike her down.

Still it was difficult to wait, and impossible to rest. She took up her position in the gallery where she had sat with Brian late on the first night of his arrival—the place was in shadow now, but she could look down into the hall and see who came and went through the great entrance doors, and she was away from the little coterie remaining, and from the tattle of which she was glad to be free. Presently there came down the half-lighted stairs Michael Sewell and Isabel Disney—the former in a thick great-coat, the skirts of which touched his heels, the latter in the semi-evening dress she had adopted for that night's dinner wear.

Michael Sewell was in no loving mood. He descended the broad staircase with a heavy, slouching tread, and with his hands thrust to the bottom of his pockets. Isabel seemed distressed about him by her anxious look into his face, which he turned half from her.

"You will be back to-morrow then?" said Isabel.

"Yes—to-morrow."

"Late to-morrow, of course," said Isabel with a sigh, "what shall I do in this dreary place till you return?"

"I don't know," was Michael's candid confession here. "If this important business could only be postponed till——"

And then the voices died away in the basement, and Mabel sat there a witness to the farewell, and wondered if Michael Sewell were going away for good, and what was the urgent motive for his departure? Mistrusting him in everything, she could believe that he was passing away from Isabel Disney's life—and that the flirtation was closing for ever, with the shutting of the glass doors upon him in the street. It was well for the "big blonde," but was it as well for her?

Whilst she sat there supinely, he might be passing away with the secret which it had become her one mission in life to discover, and beset by this new fear she half rose with the hasty intention of following him. She sat down again, and wrung her hands at her own helplessness—she was not dressed for travelling, and she was waiting for the second man whom she distrusted still, and who had promised to come back and tell her all.

Would he come back? If he had left his parents at the railway station, why had he not returned long since? Had he passed away from her power of tracking him, as Michael Sewell had; and was this the miserable end of all her thought for Brian?

She looked across at the corridor where Angelo had looked across at her on the night she had sat with Brian—when Brian had been irritable and jealous; and she had felt very happy, despite all that jealousy and harshness which had been the sure signs of his deep love for her. Angelo's room immediately faced her on the other side of the corridor—the sitting-room to which he had been accustomed to repair when the busy world about him was too much for him—and she could see that the door was ajar, and that a lamp was burning there.

A lamp burning in the room of No. 28!

Then he was expected back, and all had been prepared for him by those in charge of the first floor. Perhaps he had returned already, and might be waiting for her, and all this while she had been wasting time here. The big clock over the dining-room registered eight hours of the night—where could Angelo be, if not in his own apartment? Mabel rose, and went quickly and softly round the circle of the gallery towards the room, and, without hesitation, pushed open the door and entered.

It was empty, its owner had not yet returned. There was a fire burning in the grate, a dressing-gown hanging across the back of the easy chair, wherein Angelo had dreamed many an hour away; and a book—the poems of Shelley—lying open on the table.

"Not here," whispered Mabel to herself, "but coming back to keep his word with me."

She walked to the mantelpiece, looked along it like the curious woman that she was now, and then started back a few paces, as though stung by a serpent. A moment's pause; then she approached again, with her hands shaking, her lips quivering, her bosom heaving painfully, and took from the mantelpiece a pair of very fragile steel-framed spectacles.

(*To be Continued.*)

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

SPIRITS! that are numbered
With the dead—
Echoes! that have slumbered—
Hopes! long fled.

Love! that faded quickly
Out of sight—
Tears! that once rained thickly
Through the night.

Hands! that clasped so madly
Mine in theirs—
Broken voices! sadly
Murmuring prayers.

Eyes! that looked so sweetly
Years ago—
Vows! made and unmade fleetly—
Death! so slow.

Foolish hearts! that fluttered
At the sound
Of tender words, though uttered
But to wound.

Pages scanned by moonlight—
Such to me
These visions of the night
Seem to be.

I cannot read them clear,
But I see
The ghosts of memories dear
Come back to me.

And the pulses quicken;
And again
The throbbing heart will sicken
Unto pain,

As the moonbeams shiver
On the grass,
And the dark leaves quiver
Where they pass.

So my soul, now trembling—
Shuddering—reels.
Vain is all dissembling,—
O'er me steals

All the long Past, which I
Thought was dead,
And, whispering, seems to sigh
Around my bed.

Yet with the morn I wake!
The dream is o'er—
O! let the dark hours take
What lives no more.

Toronto. PEARL.

MY FIRST TIGER HUNT.

A SPORTING SKETCH OF EASTERN BENGAL.

THE little sketch I am placing before you, reader, took place in the dense jungles surrounding the picturesque village of Mymensing, in Eastern Bengal.

I was on six months' leave from my regiment, then stationed in Calcutta, and was spending it with my old school chum, Charlie Fraser, of the Bengal police, who was then doing duty at Mymensing. Charlie was a splendid fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, broad in proportion, and a keen sportsman—the sort of fellow one would like by him in a town and gown row.

I had been staying with Fraser about two or three weeks, when one morning, as I lay on my charpoy (*i.e.*, native bedstead), enjoying my matutinal cheroot, and lazily watching the movements of a spider-monkey—a pet of Fraser's—catching spiders, Fraser came into the room equipped for his morning's ride (in the glorious East, morning and evening are the only times one can enjoy a ride), and throwing a letter on to the bed said, "What do you think of that, old man?" and then commenced flicking at the monkey with his hunting-whip, which made that sagacious animal shift his quarters to the verandah.

On reading the letter I found that it came from a friend of Fraser's, an indigo planter, by name Colonais, living some miles up the river, asking F. up to his place, as he had just received khubber (*i.e.*, news) of a tiger having carried away a bullock from one of the villages near; and he wanted F. to help him in the destruction of said tiger, and to bring his friend with him. If the answer was in the affirmative, he would send his boat down for us.

"Well," said Fraser, "what do you say?"

"Say! Why of course we'll go; that is if you can get away."

Charlie said he would ask his chief for leave at once; and calling to his syce (native groom) to bring up his horse, he left me.

There was no more lying down for me, after hearing this news: I was too excited. The reader must know that I was only a griff, having been in India but a short time, and had never shot at anything larger than a deer. So I got up, lit another cheroot, and commenced pacing the verandah till Charlie's return, calling to mind all the wonderful stories I had heard of that prince of sports, tiger-shooting.

Charlie came back at last, looking jubilant, and I at once knew he had been successful in getting his leave, which he had. So he sent off word to Colonais for the boat, and on its arrival we were to be off. My feelings were beyond description. If I hadn't been just a leetle stout,—rude people called me *very* stout,—I think I should have given vent to them by standing on my head, or by some such absurd evolution. As I couldn't do that, I let off the steam in a good cover-side tally-ho, which startled master Jacko even more than the whip did.

Charlie said the boat couldn't be down before a couple of days, so we devoted that time to getting our batteries in order.

What a jolly time it was, greasing patches, making shells, bullets, cleaning rifles, guns, etc., etc. In the latter operation I put too large a piece of rag on the cleaning rod. I managed to get it down the barrel, but for the life of me couldn't get it out again. I tugged and tugged till I was black in the face, Charlie laughing at me the whole time. I had to call up a servant, in the end, to help me; and telling him to catch hold of the barrel, I caught hold of the rod and told him to pull like the deuce; which he did—so did I. All of a sudden out it came, without any warning; consequently a tableau. Away went the nigger flying.. I came crack up against Charlie, upsetting him and myself too, luckily on top. Charlie didn't laugh now, having come down rather smart on his elbow, besides my sending (unintentionally of course) my elbow, with a dig,

into his ribs. But it served him right for laughing at me.

At last all was ready. The boat had come down, and everything was on board. We bade adieu to our friends, who had come down to see us off and wish us good luck, and pushed out into the river on our way to Colonais's.

Our craft was a big flat-bottomed sort of tub, with a large frame building on top made of bamboo. This structure, we found, was divided inside into two compartments,—a dining room and one for sleeping. The crew consisted of thirteen men, under the leadership of the hamal, or head boatman. When the wind was against us, half of the crew took to the oars. They didn't sit down, as we do, but pulled standing; while one, evidently the musical genius of the crew, set up a most monotonous chant, which he sang well through his nose. At the end of each verse the others joined in with the chorus, which, as far as I could make out, consisted of "La la la la la la," *ad lib.*, or till they got tired of it. While singing the chorus, they accompanied it with a deal of stamping and throwing their heads about. Charlie said it was a fanatical song, which was my opinion too.

We got to Colonais's next morning. He was on the bank looking out for us. After my introduction, we all adjourned to the house, where we indulged in a peg (*i.e.*, brandy and soda), while Colonais told us his plans. He said he had sent on fourteen elephants to the village whence he had received khubber, and that we were to start for said village that evening, and commence beating for the tiger next morning.

Colonais then took me all through his indigo factory, where I saw the whole process of indigo making, but can't tell you about it here. I also saw a pack of real English foxhounds, which Colonais kept to hunt the wily and noisy jackal with, and capital runs they give.

After lunch, Colonais, having sent his traps on board, we followed suit, and were soon on our way. We arrived at the village some time during the night. On awaking next morning we all indulged in a swim, and then to breakfast.

While we were at that meal, the servant informed us that some of the villagers had come down with khubber for us. We all rushed out, and found a group of four or five nearly naked villagers, headed by the jemadar, or head man, of the place. I noticed that two of the fellows carried baskets. On seeing us they commenced at once to bow down and salaam, and then all began talking at once, as is the way of natives. Colonais told them to chupperow (*i.e.*, silence or "shut up"), and asked what they had in the baskets. The contents of the baskets proved to be the pugs or footprints of a tiger, cut up fresh that morning, which they had brought, to show that they weren't humbugging us. They told us, also, that the tiger had carried off another bullock the previous night.

In about an hour's time we sallied forth for the elephants, which were in waiting at the other side of the village. Having found them, I, as a stranger, had the staunchest one given me for my mount. Colonais said she would face anything without flinching.

I was wondering how on earth I was to get up into the howdah, when the mahout told the elephant to "bight, bight," and the huge creature immediately knelt down. I caught hold of the ropes which tied on the howdah, and pulled myself up alongside, and had just got one leg over the side, when the idiot of a mahout told the elephant to get up, thinking no doubt that I was safely seated. The elephant got up, front legs first; I thought I was "a goner," but I clung on like grim death, and managed somehow to tumble inside, barking my shins horribly. Colonais and Fraser having mounted without any mishap, we started to find master tiger.

On our way we were reinforced by Cornell, of the civil service, also on an elephant. Cornell, to look at, seemed to be a shaky old fellow, of about fifty-five years of age, but was a splendid tiger shot, I was told.

We soon arrived at the outskirts of the jungle, when Colonais proceeded to place us in order. I had the place of honour in the centre of the line. The jungle consisted mostly of high grass and rushes, affording capital hiding for animals. We put up several sounder of wild pig and several deer, but we had strict orders not to fire at anything but tiger.

The pad, or beating elephant, on my right, was a vicious tusker, and gave his mahout a good deal of trouble. Once he sent that individual flying over his head by suddenly diving down at a boar that passed

by him, sending his tusks well into the earth. Luckily the fellow wasn't hurt.

We beat for half an hour steadily, and I was beginning to despair of any tiger being about, when the tusker suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, and almost immediately my own and several other elephants began trumpeting too.

"Look out, Meir!" Colonais shouted to me, "the tiger 's afoot!"

I don't know how I felt, but I caught a tighter hold of my rifle, loaded with ball and shell.

The line had now come to the end of the long grass, and had to cross a small bit of open, interspersed here and there with bushes, before entering some thicker jungle.

I made certain that the tiger lay in the thick part, so didn't pay much attention to the bushes about me, when I was suddenly startled by a terrific roar in front, and saw a long yellow body come clearing out of a bush, some twenty yards ahead, straight at my elephant, which behaved splendidly, however, standing like a rock.

I really was frightened for the moment, the onset was so unexpected. I raised my rifle, blazed with both barrels, and—missed. My shot turned the tiger to the right, and soon I heard the bang, bang, from Colonais's rifle, a deep roar, and a whoop from Colonais, which told me that at any rate, *he* hadn't missed.

The tiger then made for the thick jungle, and the line pushed on again. Again I had luck on my side. I saw the grass waving about eighty yards in front of me, and soon after the tiger raised his head, as if looking for us. My mahout saw him too, and pushed my elephant forward as hard as he could. On coming near, the tiger, growling, broke away, bearing to my right, giving me a splendid shot. I let him have both barrels, this time with success, the last barrel tumbling him over. He was soon up again and away, but I could see he was badly hurt. He didn't go very far this time, and on our coming up to him again, the noble brute, though severely wounded, made a splendid charge at Charlie's elephant, and with a bound fixed himself on its flank. It was its last effort, and a grand one, as Charlie with great coolness leant over his howdah, and gave him right and left in the head, rolling him over, dead, but not before he had severely wounded the elephant.

Cornell immediately got down for the purpose of measuring the tiger. While doing so, the other elephants came up to view the body, the tusker among them, who no sooner caught sight of it, than he made for it at once, in spite of the curses and blows bestowed on him by his mahout. Cornell, hearing the row, looked up, only just in time to make a bolt of it, as the tusker made a savage dig at the tiger, luckily missing it.

His driver managed to get him away at last, and Cornell returned to finish his measuring. And then came the laughable part. A pad elephant that had lagged behind, now came up, and the mahout took it up to have a close view of the body, as they always do, so as to get the elephants used to tiger, without being frightened. Cornell was busily measuring, and, hearing a heavy footstep behind, turned round, and saw, as he imagined, the tusker coming straight at him, and he took to his heels; we all commenced laughing. Cornell, hearing us, stopped; he then saw that, instead of the tusker, it was only a quiet *kunki*, or female elephant. He got awfully angry, thinking that the mahout had done it on purpose. He rushed to his elephant, mounted it, told the driver to get him a stick and to go after the other mahout. That individual seemed to know that he was to be the recipient of a thrashing, and thinking "discretion the better part of valour," bolted, Cornell after him. We all roared with laughter, natives included. I don't think Cornell would have ever caught the fellow, had it not been that Colonais called to the poor devil to stop, as it would never do to have a European the laughing-stock of the natives.

The poor mahout stopped as ordered, but Cornell, I am glad to say, seemed to have got over his rage, and let him off with a few choice expressions in Hindustani and one crack of the stick, for which favours the mahout salaamed and said that he (Cornell) was "a great prince and the preserver of his (the mahout's) family."

The tiger, when measured, proved to be an immense brute, eleven feet all but an inch from tip of tail to centre of forehead. The skin by right belonged to Colonais, as he hit him first; but he kindly waived his claim in my favour, saying it was hard lines my first tiger should have charged so suddenly. So the defunct tiger was put on a pad elephant

and sent back, while we went on, for the chance of beating up some more. We beat till pretty late in the afternoon, but without success; so, turning our elephants, the order was given, "home." And now we had leave to fire at everything and anything; and we blazed away at wild pigs, deer, vultures, anything that came within shot till we reached camp, where we were met by all the villagers, who were rejoicing over the death of the tiger, which they cursed and spit at as only a native can.

And so ended my first tiger hunt. The skin is at present doing duty as hearth-rug in my mother's drawing room, and very proud the old lady is of it.

GRIFF.

Toronto.

PROLOGUE:

GOT UP FOR THE OPENING OF THE OTTAWA DRAMATIC CLUB, 15th DEC., 1876.

BY W. F. C.

Diffidently Offered, and Gently Declined.

HE, who, with philosophic eye, would scan
The dim traditions of primæval man,
Pierce the long lapse of intellectual night,
And trace the dawn of learning into light,
Finds that her earliest inspiration grew
From the slow waggons of the Thespian crew, (1)
Whence the young muse, impatient of delay,
Waved her light pinions, in a first essay,
'Till, towering upwards to her "pride of place," (2)
She soared, exulting, over time and space.

Thus has the Drama ever shared the crown
With Freedom, Wisdom, Learning, and Renown;
The Grecian Heroes, thousands rushed to greet,
Cast their undying laurels at her feet;
To pile the honours of the Augustan age
A Terence wrote—a Roscius trod the stage;
Corneille and Molière still live, to mark
The shipwrecked glories of the Grand Monarque; (3)
See! great Eliza's pyramid of Fame,

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1. Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camœnæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerunt agerentque pervincti, fœcibus ora.
—HOR. DE A. P., 273, 5.

All history reproduces itself, or rather human nature never changes, except in costume. "The frolic humours of Bartlemy Fair," Hogarth's picture, revives or continues the "poemata Thespis."

2. "The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed." —SHAKESPEARE.

3. "Comme le mat d'un vaisseau qui a fait naufrage."—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Attala.*

Crowned by our own immortal Shakespeare's name;
While Kemble chained, triumphant, to his car,
The men of Waterloo and Trafalgar.

Hail, then, to him who, conscious of the claim
The Drama vindicates to future fame,
Would, in a new-born people's breast infuse
The exalting spirit of the Attic Muse.
Yet may we see a Garrick, as of yore,
Wield the same potent wand the Enchanter bore;
Yet may we see a Siddons of our own
Ascend as proudly the Dramatic throne;
While he whose Shakespeare "tried the prentice han'," (4)
Who "broke the die, in moulding Sheridan," (5)
May yet, as Transatlantic wit increases,
Grant the New World a chance, among the pieces!

Ye, unto whom the office is assigned
To watch the headstrong energies of mind—
To curb the o'erleaping vigour of the age, (6)
Mark well the moral influence of the stage.
Vice may evade the obloquy of men;
Crime, undiscovered, cower in its den;
Insensate folly court the daily sneer;
But Retribution never fails them *here*.
Neglected Virtue, doomed too oft to teach
Men little practise what they love to preach,
Receives from Fiction all the honours due,
And for one fleeting moment deems them true;
While those who hear, begin to value more
What they had merely known *by rote*, before.

Where then has Virtue, forced by man to roam,
Sought an asylum and obtained a home?
What! need we ask, while forms around us flit,
Where worth enhances, virtue chastens wit—
Charms, that to pass in silence, were a crime—
Hearts that redeem the rigour of our clime,
While, on the stage, true love near meets miscarriage,
And lovers' quarrels always end in marriage?
Say, shall the Drama, ever leal and true
To female virtues, want a friend in you?

For us, who fain would while the passing hour,
If that the will is equalled by the power!
Still let us hope your leisure to beguile;
Our pride, your suffrage—our reward, a smile.

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4. "His prentice han' he tried on man,
And then he made the lassies o'."
—BURNS.

5. "Grieving that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan."
—BYRON'S MONODY.

6. "Vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself."
—SHAKESPEARE.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

THE DISPLAY OF POTTERY.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR., QUEBEC.

NOW that the Philadelphia Exhibition has closed, those who have visited it industriously are taking stock of their gains, and beginning to estimate its effects on their own tastes and on their own store of information, as well as its educational influence on the millions who visited it, and its probable results on the artistic quality of the manufactures of the States and Canada. The specialist, of course, turned his attention primarily to the objects exhibited in his own department: the machinist spent most of his time in Machinery Hall; the farmer studied with most interest the products of the soil in the Agricultural Building; the metallurgist lingered longest over the magnificent display of ores won from the mines, and the metals turned out from the shops of the world;—but all, whatsoever their calling, looked with more or less of understanding and appreciation on the porcelains, bronzes, furniture, and the similar classes of objects which, in some form or other, adorn or disfigure every house in the land. Few can afford to fill their dwellings with works of art, intended merely for purposes of adornment, but all, without exception, must purchase articles for domestic use, which should be beautiful instead of ugly, and, if beautiful, would serve the same purpose as works of art, in so far as these merely gratify the desire for beautiful forms and harmonious colouring. Of course, a piece of furniture, however tastefully shaped and carved, can never take the place of a statue, which may be expressive of profound emotion or intense suffering; nor can a teapot, however elaborately and skilfully decorated, evoke the sentiments of devotion which Raphael's Madonnas have for generations called forth. The mere associations connected with the purposes to which a useful article is turned, preclude it from occupying the position of a work of art in its highest sense. Nevertheless, our chairs and tables, without being of costly material or overladen with carving, might possess graceful outlines, and by the use of different woods even grateful contrasts of colour. Our jugs, and our cups and saucers, though of common earthen or stone ware, might be moulded after the most perfect models of ancient or modern art; our stoves and grates, our fire-irons, our lamps, and even the handles of our doors, without being more expensive or less serviceable, might each and all be examples of artistic work in metal. Electrotyping and the discovery of suitable alloys have now put silver ware within the reach of even moderate incomes; but unless science be aided by art, electroplate, instead of beautifying our homes, only pampers the corrupt taste for ostentatious and cheap display. There is as great a contrast between a carpet or a rug with ill-assorted glaring colours and flaring pattern, and another with simple pattern in well combined and subdued colours, as between a painting by Rembrandt and a Dutch daub. What is true of the furniture of our dwellings is equally so of their exterior. Unfortunately, we in Canada are controlled in our choice of architectural designs by the requirements of climate, but despite its exactions, it is possible to avoid making our houses ugly; and, at far less cost than we often bestow in disfiguring them, a cultivated taste and knowledge of material and appliances would produce effects which would raise them into the position of architectural monuments. Ruskin justly contends that the man who builds a house with beautiful exterior is a public benefactor, educating and elevating every passer-by; whereas he who spends his money in internal decoration only, merely pampers his selfishness, begrudges to the world at large participation in the enjoyment of what wealth puts within his reach, and is actuated by the same grovelling jealousy which makes even a beautiful object seem less beautiful because others possess and appreciate it.

Now, as art and a nation's art instincts are cultivated, the buyer demands that the household implements with which he is to surround himself and which he is to handle all day long shall not offend his taste; while the manufacturer, who, in obeying the popular voice, has studied the laws of æsthetics, becomes himself in turn an art educator.

In the Main Building of the Exhibition, the floor space was divided into four blocks, by two avenues crossing at right angles. At the point of intersection beneath the transept the four greatest industrial nations of the world faced one another. England, the representative of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic families; France of the Latin; Germany, of the Teutonic; and the United States of what, from lack of any term which would designate the heterogeneous mixture which may some day or other take distinct ethnological shape, Mr. Pettit, chief of the Bureau of Installation, was pleased to call the coming race. The posts of highest honour in the transept—the stalls that encircled the orchestra—were assigned to Elkington of London, to the Gorham Manufacturing Co., and to Tiffany of New York,—all three workers in gold and silver,—to Marchand of Paris, a dealer in bronzes, and to the Royal Porcelain Factory of Berlin. Three, therefore, of the manufactures which are allied most intimately with art occupied these salient positions; and in every court one or other of the same three industies filled the foreground.

Far the most largely represented, however, was the ceramic. Every nation sent specimens, and they generally bore characteristic national forms; for clay is plastic and easily takes the impress of ideas, and as in all countries much of the pottery is made by country artisans who have escaped foreign influences, it expresses better than the products of the cities the native art tendencies. In Norway and Sweden, for instance, the capacity of the potter for seizing on the finest foreign models and applying them in new combinations, was well displayed in the magnificent stand of porcelains from the Röstrand factory, and still more in a beautiful stove and chandelier from the same establishment. But underlying this faculty of acquisitiveness and adaptability, is a natural instinct for what is beautiful, which found expression in the graceful forms of the common stoneware, with its rude but tasteful decorations in blue alone, that were exhibited as from the country potteries of the Scandinavian peninsula. So likewise, though the art culture of the Valley of the Nile be of the lowest, the tapering forms of the water bottles from the potteries of Edfou, and the shape and carving of the pipe bowls, indicated either most docile adherence to correct artistic tradition, or strong native genius for art. This is equally true of the same class of pottery displayed by India and by some of the least cultivated European nations, such as Portugal. On the other hand, art education seems, in the case of some of the most cultured nations—notably Italy—to have eradicated entirely the inventive faculty, for these nations exhibited nothing but reproductions of the antique, whether in clay or metal. These, however, displayed the very highest technical skill. The countries whose ceramic displays best showed the multitudinous purposes to which moulded clay can be turned were especially England, France, Germany, Sweden, China, and Japan. The most extensive and magnificent undoubtedly came from the Celestial Empire, and its insular neighbour. Between their styles there is a strong family likeness, which is the less to be wondered at seeing that Japan acquired its knowledge of porcelain making from China and the Corea. In Kiyoto the descendants of a Corean named Ameya, in the 11th generation, are still pursuing his trade and following his methods. In the collections from China and Japan, there were the commonest domestic earthenware, and specimens, worth thousands, which had been made expressly for the Exhibition to evince the skill of the potter and artist—plaques 3 feet across, vases 10 feet high, covered with elaborate decoration in blue and gold in high relief. Within these extremes were thousands of specimens of tea and coffee sets, flower vases, cake baskets, and objects of every kind of decorative ware which can be manufactured out of clay. Some were strikingly beautiful in shape, and some decorated with designs from nature, with which every lover of nature could not but sympathise. The workmanship in all displayed a knowledge of the potter's art which must have stimulated our best makers to study, and a technical skill almost beyond rivalry; yet we venture to think that all except those who have taught themselves to estimate the value of pottery by its variety or its grotesqueness, turned with relief from

the blaze of gold and colour and the heavy form of the Eastern porcelains, to the more graceful shapes and simple decorations of the ceramic productions of Sweden, that challenged comparison across the main aisle. We wandered among those treasures of the East, fascinated by the thought that they represented so much human ingenuity and toil, and curious to penetrate the conception of the artist who had covered them with dragons and strange fancies; but his thoughts were foreign to our thoughts, and produced a sense of disquietude. In a single piece of such porcelain there is just that suspicion of the mysterious that gives it a charm; it is not to be wondered at therefore that amidst the objects of our real life we should gladly place such a representation of a life belonging almost to another sphere. Hence it is probably a true instinct and not the dictate of fashion only which makes us delight in possessing a Chinese screen or a Japanese bronze; but we could not live amongst such objects and retain our European individuality, nor should our manufacturers aim at adopting eastern models. Their methods we might with advantage practise; their style is the product of their thoughts, which differ as widely from ours as do our respective types of feature.

The fancy for the quaint forms and grotesque ornamentation of Chinese and Japanese pottery may not be at the dictation of fashion, but certainly this is the only explanation whereby to account for the present craze for certain kinds of earthenware, with their gaudy contrasts of colour and high glaze, known as *faïence*, a name now accepted as designating all decorated glazed earthen and stone ware, whether the surface be smooth or carved. With it the Exhibition abounded. Italy furnished, in the Castellani collection, many specimens of the famous *Gabbio* ware, with its metallic glitter and mediæval painting, as well as imitations of the more modern majolica ware. France sent cases full of most fantastic wares, the most modern being the ugliest—the Haviland Limoges *faïence*, an earthenware of coarse material and reddish hue, the prominent figures in some of the raised designs being brought out in very strong relief by being left unglazed and unpainted, while the rest of the surface is covered with deep blue and yellow, and a glaze which for brilliancy might more appropriately be called a varnish. Nothing more garish than the effect can be conceived, and no postures more uncomfortable than those of the nude figures of unburnt clay stretched over the vases, like victims tortured on the wheel. It was only when looking at the pull-back dresses of the ladies who were going into raptures over this display, that we were able to conceive it possible that any one could admire, or pretend to admire, such ceramic monstrosities. But fashion's ways are devious, and not to be accounted for. Only less ugly than the Haviland *faïence* is the Palissy ware—a revival by Barbizet of a lost or abandoned style, which represents yellow and green fish sprawling on yellow, blue, and green dishes, the fish uneatable and rendering the dish unserviceable, and neither in itself beautiful. But it would be unfair to judge of French taste by its eccentricities only. We may require to be educated up to an appreciation of such deviations from natural beauty as the Haviland *faïence*; but the most ignorant and uncultured could not fail to admire the beautiful application of porcelain to furniture decoration in the exquisite cabinets and tables exhibited by Henry. The panels were composed of porcelain plaques—the design in high relief, and coloured uniformly with blue, which is wiped off from the raised portion and collects in the depressions, and thus helps to deepen the shadows.

England also enters the field as a competitor in the *faïence* style of pottery. The Messrs. Doulton, of Lambeth, have revived of late the Flemish grey, but their ware is so modified as to contribute a new variety of the *faïence* species. The materials they use produce a semi-transparent stoneware, intermediate between earthenware, which in baking retains its earthy texture, and porcelain, which in baking becomes vitreous. The unbaked vessel passes from the hands of the potter to that of the decorator, who engraves on it an incised pattern, or incrusts it with raised figures, or does both. It may then enter the kiln, where it is both fired and glazed at one operation, or else, before being baked and glazed, the smooth or the engraved surface may be painted. Some specimens of the smooth painted ware were extremely beautiful. There were in the main aisle under a canopy—itself made of combined *faïence* and terra cotta ware—with other characteristic specimens from the same

factory, several large painted amphoræ, painted with floral designs on smooth dark and light grounds, which were in every respect works of art. But the incised ware is not so pleasing, and that because of defects in the very particular on which the Messrs. Doulton most pride themselves. As a rule, the outline of their vases and cups is faultless; and so delightfully proportioned are they, that the eye rests on them with somewhat the same satisfaction as that with which we behold a lily in the moonlight, when the pencilling on its leaves is hidden. But we cannot compare the Doulton ware with the lily in full sunlight, when the tracery enhances the beauty of its form, for the tracery on the Doulton ware detracts from, instead of augmenting, its gracefulness of outline. The carving is all done by hand, and each piece is unique, the same design never being repeated. The Lambeth School of design may support a numerous corps of workers, but it is not to be expected that such art pupils will always carve their patterns with accuracy, or that the patterns, when so many are required, will always be attractive. The Messrs. Doulton justly claim that they are art-educators; yet it seems to us they are pandering to the vile taste which makes men wish for something which no one else possesses, when they lay such stress on the individuality of each piece; for they would surely better consult the interests of popular art-education by repeating their very best designs at a less cost, than by claiming to turn out a new conception in every new cup and platter. As it is, though their pottery is made of coarse material, it cannot be said to be cheap enough to be within the reach of the multitude for domestic purposes; while the slowness of manual decoration is such, that even with their large staff of artists, orders stand on their books for months unfulfilled. If the Messrs. Doulton could or would use their beautiful forms for, and exercise their faultless taste upon, the manufacture of common jugs and cups, and thus relieve us from the monotony of the prevalent conventional shapes, which even when not ugly weary us from their sameness, they would confer a great boon on all, whether appreciated at once or not, and really carry out their profession. A more modest display than theirs was worthy of attention. It was a small case full of common glazed earthenware from the Dunmore Pottery near Stirling, Scotland, consisting of baskets, little flower vases, tea and dessert services of novel, yet graceful shapes, very highly glazed and priced at a few pence each. Mr. Peter Gardner is a true artist, whose example and teaching our own potters would do well to follow.

Canada made but a small exhibit. The most notable display was by the Dominion Pottery Co., of St. John, P. Q., which consisted of granite ware for domestic purposes, very correctly and tastefully decorated in buff and gold and cream colour and gold; but it expressed a woful poverty of design, for one idea seemed to pervade the whole, and repeat itself in jug and basin and dinner service. Yet that idea was not a false one, for the design was not conventional, though a little too square, and the decoration was free from gaudiness; and we may expect that it will germinate and yet produce a healthy growth of artistic models. We do not possess the same excellent kaolin for the manufacture of fine procelain that abounds in England and the United States, and therefore, unless such be discovered, this branch of manufacture may languish; but our clays make excellent white and red brick, and are adapted to the manufacture of ornamental terra cotta, which should be more largely used than it is in both in and out-door architecture. Nevertheless, even should we have always to import part of the crude material which enters into the composition of stoneware and porcelain, the cost of importing the material in bulk is so much less than the freight on the finished ware, that there is no reason why we should not supply our own market with certain classes of goods. As it is, our glazed earthenware is almost entirely of home manufacture; but no attempt has been made to infuse any artistic quality into it; and, unlike the crude pottery of the older countries, it does not possess the impress of any national art-idiosyncracies either in form or decoration. The field, therefore, is fallow; our manufacturers are not encumbered with distorting traditions and faulty designs; and, with the wealth of exquisite models which the Exhibition offered to their choice, they must be utterly lacking in artistic appreciation if they do not henceforth turn out beautiful work. There were, for instance, in Stiff & Son's exhibit, several stoneware water filters and coolers in Doulton ware, characteristically decorated with

aquatic plants and birds, the grey stoneware relieved by a few touches of colour. Here is a fitting object for the Canadian potter. Stoneware is a material excellently suited for water coolers, through its cleanliness and non-conductibility, and it can, at slight cost, be moulded into artistic shapes.

In domestic stoneware and porcelain, however, there was not anything strikingly novel. The jugs and basins were of the usual shape, and the tea and dinner services, with few exceptions, undistinguished by any remarkable excellence. A departure from the conventional toilet services, both in material and design, was made by Ott and Brewer, of Trenton, New Jersey, who exhibited a ewer and basin of Parian ware, glazed inside, and of more tapering outline than we are used to see. A dinner service was also exhibited in the British section, the plates and dishes of which were saucer-shaped and without any bevel. The whole upper surface of each piece was painted in one colour, except a square space in the centre, which contained a picture. The result was not successful. Fine china is in itself too beautiful to be hidden with paint. In the French section there were two dinner services so heavily decorated in gold that they conveyed the impression of being really mounted in that metal. The effect there also was not pleasing. Upon the whole, the French display of fine porcelain was inferior to that of Great Britain, and not up to the level of French art in that department. For although there were many pieces of delicately painted porcelain from the Sèvres and from private factories, so painted that the colours seemed to belong to the china and not to be laid on it—a defect too conspicuous in most British painted china—no exhibitor made such a genuine display of beautifully shaped vases, artistically decorated, as Daniells, of London. Undoubtedly, the crowning triumph of the potter's art, as exhibited in Philadelphia, was his *pâte sur pâte* vase, executed by M. Solon, a French artist. The method of manufacture is, to colour uniformly the article to be decorated, and then paint the design on this coloured ground with porcelain paste, laying it on thick in the high lights, but thin in the shadow. The piece is then burnt. The porcelain paste becomes more or less transparent: where thin, the colour of the ground is seen through, and deepens the shadow; where thick, the design is white, and in prominent relief. The effect is that of a cameo; but as this is obtained only after burning and the vitrifaction of the porcelain paste, the artist, while painting, must rely on his skill as much as on his eye, and a mistake is irreparable. Necessarily such wares are costly. Single pieces were valued at thousands of dollars, and were bought when works of higher art attracted no attention. It is not easy to account for the prevalent admiration for pottery. A well-shaped vase is as much a work of art as a graceful Corinthian column, and the painting on it may display the highest technical skill. It may thus be a model of pure design and harmonious colouring, but it is seldom more. Porcelain never seems to be as receptive of the ideas of the artist as canvas. There was, for instance, a beautiful dessert set in Daniells's exhibit (price $1,250), painted with subjects from Landseer. The execution was faultless, but the pictures were not as expressive of Landseer's original intention as many a common engraving of the same works.

The Imperial Berlin Porcelain Works had a most conspicuous exhibit of porcelain, more conspicuous, however, for size than for invention or artistic merit, whereas Sweden sent from two private factories a much more modest collection of articles distinguished in the highest degree by the possession of those qualities. Röstrand sent a number of vases and plaques of a deep cobalt blue colour, almost black, covered with an arabesque or a delicate floral design in white, strikingly beautiful. In fact, no section in the whole Exhibition displayed as much taste in its arrangements and in its exhibits as the Swedish. It was quite unenclosed. In the foreground were their trophies of porcelain, and the background was composed of a pyramid of iron bars standing in a semi-circle of steel and iron ingots and of manufactured articles from Sweden's famous forges, while here and there in both this and the Norwegian section stood wooden groups in peasant dress, so admirably posed and sculptured as to be worthy of being classed as works of art. Each group interested us in a story of peasant life as intensely as Miss Martineau ever did by her narratives of "Feats of the Fiord."

No objects in the Exhibition—neither the brónzes of Japan, nor the silver ware from Russia, nor the English porcelain—were surrounded by such crowds as the Swedish peasant woman, pleading a daughter's cause with the irresolute father, in favour of the bashful youth standing patiently by; or the mother bowed down over the coffin of her dead baby, while the pastor, in homespun coat and lank hair, fails to gain her ear to the words of comfort he reads to her from the gospel; and in their preference the multitude displayed good taste.

The United States also showed that they class among their manufactures that of fine porcelain. Several New Jersey works exhibited painted china; but generally speaking it was in indifferent taste, was rough and had an unfinished look. An exception, however, should be made in favour of some of the smaller pieces exhibited by the Union Porcelain Works of Greenpoint, New Jersey. To support such expensive luxuries there must be more wealth in more hands than is to found on this side of the Atlantic.

But to return to the point whence we set out. The highest aim of the potter must be to shape his clay into beautiful forms, which by their symmetry and grace, almost without the adjunct of colour, will raise them to the rank of works of art; and which can then become the property of all. As soon as pottery passes into the painter's hands it passes out of the reach of the multitude; for the painter can express his ideas but slowly and laboriously, and at great cost. But the potter works with cheap material, and material of such plasticity that it readily and rapidly receives the impress of his mind and hand. The sculptor would take months to carve in stone what the potter can in as many hours repeat in clay; and there is hardly a purpose to which stone or even wood is turned to which pottery is not as applicable. Of this there were many striking examples in the Exhibition, and many a proof of the growing appreciation of ceramic decoration in architecture.

In all ages brick has been a favourite building material, on account both of its durability and of its cheapness; and in all ages it has been used to ornament as well as to construct. Terra cotta, glazed and unglazed, entered into the construction of both public and private edifices of the Chaldeans. The Greeks and Romans used it, and in the Middle Ages its advantages were understood. After that it fell into disuse, and only rare examples of its employment occurred till the last half century, during which the introduction of terra cotta as a building material has been revived with good effect. A column, with its capital, or an ornamental window frame, in stone, is very expensive; but either can be effectively moulded out of clay, and will be even more durable than if carved out of granite. Mr. Henry Cole, speaking of the Lodge in Merrion Square, Dublin, says: "The granite mouldings there are cut in stone from the Wicklow Mountains, they are all worn away and rounded by the action of the rain, while Coade's terra cottas, dated 1788, are as sharp as when they were placed on the Lodge." Terra cotta is more commonly used in Berlin and Vienna than in England. In Berlin, lying, as it does, in the midst of the great alluvial plain which covers North-eastern Europe, stone is a costly luxury. Brick is therefore the almost universal building material, and in some instances it is profusely, though not always tastefully, decorated with terra cotta ornaments. The famous arsenal in Berlin is a typical example of the use that may be made of terra cotta in buildings designed for stability. Each keystone of the window caps is faced by a terra cotta head, the features of each expressive of a different phase of the agony with which war convulses the world. In England the use of terra cotta is rapidly gaining ground. Johnson & Co., of Ditchling, Sussex, England, exhibited beautiful specimens of Gothic ridge crestings and copings, string and other ornamental parts of Gothic building, the prices of which are so moderate as to foster the popular taste for Gothic work. The greatest objection to reducing the cost of ornaments is, that they come at once to be used too profusely and in bad taste. But danger of abuse is no valid argument against judicious use. Terra cotta would stand our climate well, and might most advantageously replace wood in the external decoration of our stone and brick houses. It is incongruous to see a wooden porch stuck to a handsome stone dwelling, more especially when the paint is faded. Terra cotta, even of subdued colour, would not of course be as much in harmony with the building as stone itself; but it would not present the unsatisfactory contrast which wood does.

Within doors also, baked earth is growing in favour, and its applicability to a hundred domestic purposes is coming to be recognised. It is moulded into delightfully expressive little groups, such as the statuettes of John Rogers, of New York, and modelled into such artistically designed and wonderfully executed bas-reliefs as those of Tinworth of the Doulton Factory, with their multitudes of liliputian but life-like figures. Or it may assume heroic proportions, as in the gigantic representation of America, which stood as the central object beneath the dome of Memorial Hall, a reproduction of one of the marble groups from the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park. Messrs. Doulton apply it unglazed to mantelpieces, and with such admirable effect, that their mantel, enclosing a grate with decorated tile grate-cheeks, and surmounted by a mirror framed in terra cotta, was one of the most attractive objects in the main aisle. The same firm also exhibited a pulpit of combined majolica and terra cotta, the panels composed of terra cotta statues of the Apostles, by Tinworth, each a study in itself. In fact there is no limit to its application. Minton also exhibited a mantelpiece, and, in fact, the whole wall of a room, in decorated tiles, as an example of what beautiful effects can be produced by their judicious use. They, Maw & Co., and other British makers, gave good proof that the revival of the old art of tile-making, which was an incident of the revival of Gothic architecture by Pugin and his school, has become more than a resuscitation. Minton doubtless carried off the palm for decorated mural tiles, which, however, were merely plaques of painted china; but these, though more attractive, may require less skill in their manufacture than the inlaid floor tiles.

Several factories in America are endeavouring to make paving tiles, but as yet with only partial success. The pattern is stamped into an almost dry block of clay by enormous pressure, and the depressed mould is then filled with clays of the colours necessary to give the chromatic effects; but the clay must be so tempered, and the quantity so carefully regulated, that in baking there shall be no cracking, and no parting visible between the mould and its contents. The designs executed are made by the best artists in England, and the tiles are so cheap that, taking their relative durability into account, it is more economical to pave a hall with them than to cover it with oil cloth, while there can be no possible comparison between their respective fitness and beauty. Plain white glazed tiles are sold in England at fourpence a-piece, and, for certain apartments, they are a cleaner and more cheerful wall covering than either paper or paint. But England has not a monopoly of this branch of manufacture. Spain learnt the art of tile-making from the Moors, and her tiles are still famous for their arabesque designs and hardness; but they are hand-made, and lack the finish and smoothness of the English machine-made tile, a point of great importance in a flooring material.

Another application of tiles, and one again recommended by its beauty and fitness, is to stoves and fire-places. In Germany, nearly all stoves are built of glazed brick, and so massive that they store away heat and distribute it equably, whether the fire be high or low; and thus protect the health from the trying vicissitudes of in-door climate to which our iron stoves expose it. In Sweden, terra cotta and porcelain are applied to the same purpose. The continental stove is supplied with the ordinary fire-place. If we build brick stoves, their shape must be suited to the base-burning principle, which is undoubtedly correct and economical. Though it would not require much ingenuity to effect this, strange to say no American potter or. stove-builder seems to have moved in this direction, where, nevertheless, there is a wide field for profitable and artistic work. But though no anthracite brick stoves seem to be made, Mr. Boynton, of New York, exhibited and manufactures a very pretty anthracite half-open grate, built of decorated tiles, which is sold at a very moderate price; it is a beautiful article of furniture, and gives off a milder heat than the iron anthracite grate. The old Dutch fire-place, lined with tiles in blue and white, has suggested the use of tiles for open grates; and in the American, English, and Swedish Courts were admirable specimens of fire-places and fenders, lined and ornamented with decorated tiles. The grate stove of porcelain in the Swedish section, though designed in the Corinthian style, was yet so simple, and so judiciously coloured with just enough light blue to redeem the white, that it riveted everybody's attention, and you left it with a sigh as you thought of

having to stare all winter long at the hideous iron cones that scorch us in our halls. It was not, strictly speaking, a tile grate; but there were exhibited by Fleetham, of London (England), and Jackson, of Union Square, New York, sumptuous grates and fire-irons, so bright in burnished metal, and so glowing with coloured tiles, that it seemed as though warmth enough would issue from them without tarnishing them by fire. In fact, they were too beautiful, and no housemaid would undertake to keep them in their pristine brilliancy. But one of Mr. Jackson's grates suggested how a very ornamental yet useful fire-place might be made. It was a steel basket, to contain the fire, suspended within tile walls. Now, no better grate could be devised than a movable iron or steel fire-place, supported on legs preferably to hanging by chains, standing in the usual chimney recess, which should be floored, lined, and arched with enamelled or ornamental bricks. The polished surface of the bricks or tiles reflects the heat, whereas the black metal surface of our ordinary grates absorbs it; moreover, the brick stores it up, to be radiated back into our rooms, while our metal grates are the best possible conductors for carrying it away. Such a fire-place is immeasurably more cheerful and pretty than an iron one, and should cost less; and if the hearth be made of tesselated tiles, a heavy fender would only hide and disfigure it, besides raising a barrier between the heat and the heat-seeker, as its name implies.

The foregoing review, however hasty and incomplete, may convey some idea of the scope of the potter's art, and the many uses to which his wares are turned. We believe the taste will decline for ceramic absurdities, and give place to a just appreciation of the true province of pottery in house-decoration, both within and without doors; and that the same amount of money which is wasted on old-fashioned cups and saucers or grotesque vases, to be placed on cheffoniers and brackets, and in all sorts of places where cups and saucers have no business to be, will be expended on the tasteful products of the modern pottery, which are applied to purposes where beauty and utility can be allied.

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF THE TRANSFER OF LAND.

BY GEORGE S. HOLMESTED, TORONTO.

IN the last April number of this Magazine attention was drawn to an improved system of land transfer adopted some few years ago in South Australia, and it was then urged that the adoption of that system in this country would be a desirable step. As the matter is one of great practical interest and importance, we think no apology is needed for returning to the subject.

Few people, conversant with the working of our present system of land transfer, can be found who will not be ready to admit that it is in many ways extremely defective, and while some perhaps agree with the writer, that these defects are not irremediable, others look with distrust and suspicion on any proposal of change, for fear of worse ills than those which we now suffer from. We propose therefore to lay before our readers some reliable information as to the results which have actually been attained by the Australian system, with a view to dissipate, if possible, any doubt or distrust which may exist as to its perfect feasibility.

In 1870 a circular letter was addressed by Earl Granville, then Colonial Secretary, to the Governors of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand—in all of which Colonies the simplified system of land transfer appears to have been adopted—asking for information on the following points:

1. Whether indefeasibility of title has been practically secured under the laws in

force in those Colonies, or whether the Courts have upset, and if so, on what grounds, any title which has been registered under such laws?

2. Whether in such case, the person establishing his claim has been restored to his estate or interest in the property, or has received a money compensation?

3. Whether such compensation is payable by the Government from an insurance fund established for that purpose, and whether the contributions to that fund (stating the rate at which they are made) have been and are expected to be sufficient to meet claims upon it.

4. Whether persons availing themselves of the Act, as a general rule, have recourse to legal advice, and whether it is considered that they do so unncessarily, or that their expenses are thereby much increased.

5. What proportion of land alienated from the Crown is under the Act; and whether complicated titles have been registered?

6. How has the law worked in respect of mortgages and leases?

The replies received from all the Colonies named, except Queensland, were printed by order of the English House of Commons, and they afford abundant evidence of the efficiency and manifest advantages of Sir Robert Torrens's system.

To the first question propounded, the Senior Examiner of Titles for New South Wales replied: "Hitherto (*i. e.* during the seven years and six months which have elapsed since the new law came into force) I am happy to say that not one case has arisen in which a title registered thereunder on the report of the Examiners, has been upset by any court of law or equity."

The Attorney-General of Victoria replied: "Indefeasibility of title has, in my opinion, been practically secured under the law in force in this Colony. Since the passing of the Act in the year 1866, I am not aware of more than one case in which the Supreme Court has set aside, or had occasion to set aside, any certificate of title granted under our Statute. Certificates have been once or twice disputed on the alleged ground that the parties seeking to supersede the certificate have been for 15 years in continual actual possession prior to the certificate issuing; but such disputes, on coming to trial, have failed in all but one case. In that case, the plaintiff (the certificate holder) being defeated at the trial, and the verdict of the jury for the defendant being upheld by the full Court, the plaintiff applied for and obtained the leave of the Supreme Court to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The plaintiff, however, has not as yet prosecuted his appeal, deterred probably by the prospect of 'costs,' as the value of the property does not exceed, as officially reported to me, £250. It is the opinion of the best real property lawyers in the Colony, that the appellant would probably succeed were he able and willing to carry his case to a hearing. One other case failed on a different ground, viz: that the Crown grantee of the land had been personated, and the grant issued to a person who was not entitled to it."

The Recorder of Titles for Tasmania stated that, since the passing of the Act in that Colony, in 1862, no case had arisen in which the Courts had been called upon to review any title registered under its provisions.

The Attorney-General for South Australia stated:—"I am not aware that any certificate of title issued under the Real Property Act of 1861, has been upset. Indefeasibility of title has, therefore, thus far, been practically secured."

In New Zealand, the Registrar-General of Land reported that the system had been taken advantage of to so slight an extent, that no safe conclusion as to its working or efficiency, were it brought into general operation, could be arrived at. The physical formation of this colony and the distribution of its population along extensive lines of sea coast, coupled with the fact, that all titles are required to be submitted for investigation to one central authority, will account for the comparative want of success which the system in question has there met with. Moreover, it was not until the year 1870 that the Torrens system, in its entirety, was introduced there.

In reply to the third question, the Senior Examiner of Titles for New South Wales stated, that the money compensation is provided by means of an insurance fund, which is raised by means of a fee of ½d. in the £ on all property brought under the Act, either (1) by special application, (2) by grant from the Crown, since the passing of the Act, or (3) by transmission through legal succession, will, or settlement, mere transfer

inter vivos not involving any contribution to the fund. The Act came into force in that colony on the 1st of January, 1863, and in July, 1870, the date of the Registrar General's reply, the insurance fund amounted to £6,500, and there had not been a single call upon it.

The Attorney-General for Victoria says: "Money compensation is payable by the Government from an insurance fund established for that purpose. The rates of contribution to this fund, paid by the persons who avail themselves of the provisions of the Act, are not high, and they are more than sufficient to meet any demands likely to be made on the fund. The only claim hitherto successfully made (and amounting only to £225), was in the personation case. The amount to the credit of the assurance fund, on the 31st July, 1870, was £14,160 17s. 3d."

The Registrar-General of South Australia says:—"Money compensation is payable out of an 'Assurance Fund,' formed of contributions by applicants to bring land under the operation of the Act, and on transmission of real estate already under the Act, such contributions being at the rate of one-half-penny in the pound, upon the ascertained and declared value of the property.* The fund has proved fully sufficient for the past, and I have no reason to doubt its sufficiency for any future claims upon it; one trifling claim only has been substantiated and paid out of the assurance fund."

He then proceeds to explain the circumstances connected with this case. "A land grant from the Crown was in 1848 issued to a person named *Hatfield*, who, under the name *Hadfield*, transferred to a purchaser a portion of the section of land comprised in the grant; subsequently *Hatfield* made application to bring the whole section under the provisions of the property Act; surrendering the original Crown grant, and obtained a certificate of title. *Hatfield*, upon obtaining the certificate of title, mortgaged the section, and the previous sale of portion having been discovered, compensation was paid to the mortgagee. This certificate of title was obtained by fraud, as the applicant made a false declaration. Under the Real Property Act no such double-dealing could by any possibility have occurred, as every dealing with land comprised in a certificate of title appears noted on the face of the certificate of title itself."

With regard to the fourth question—Whether persons availing themselves of the Act have recourse to legal advice, the Examiner of Titles for New South Wales says: "Care is taken to facilitate, by all reasonable means, the transaction of business under this Act, as far as practicable, without putting parties to the expense of legal assistance. With this view, very explicit instructions are embodied in, or appended to, the printed forms issued by the Department, and personal explanations are freely rendered to all who apply at the office for information. Much of the business is, nevertheless, conducted through solicitors, especially in regard to the bringing of titles under the Act, and in many cases legal assistance is absolutely required. I am not aware that, as a general rule, this is had recourse to unnecessarily, although, no doubt, many parties who can afford it consult their own convenience by employing solicitors, even in cases which would admit of their services being dispensed with."

In Victoria, from the reply of the Attorney-General, it appears that in the majority of cases legal advice is sought. He says:—"The majority of persons availing themselves of the provisions of the Act have recourse to legal assistance, not because there is any real difficulty in putting a marketable title on the registry, but because most people seem to be more willing to pay an attorney than to take any trouble at all in a matter with the details of which they are not familiar. The extra expenditure must, I apprehend, be regarded as 'necessary,' if so regarded by those who pay it. It is nevertheless only incurred because it enables persons to escape the irksomeness of doing something which, simple as it is, they must first learn to do, before they can do it at all."

In Tasmania, the Recorder of Titles reports that at least four-fifths of the operations under the Act have, in that Colony, been transacted without legal assistance.

In South Australia, the Registrar-General says:—"As a general rule, persons availing themselves of the provisions of the Act, do

* This fund, in 1876, had risen to between £30,000 and £40,000, and all the claims made upon it during the seventeen years in which the Act had been in operation only amounted to £300.—See *Mr. Harcus's "South Australia,"* p. 78.

not have recourse to legal advice; in fact, in few cases is it necessary to consult legal advisers, and although at first there was strong opposition by the profession, they now generally express their approval of the measure, and freely advise their clients to avail themselves of the provisions of the Act. A very large proportion of the transactions is conducted by brokers, specially licensed to conduct business under the Act. These brokers now number 35, number of the legal profession 75, and as I find that fully 58 per cent. (or taking the number of brokers and number of the profession as above, in the proportion of three transactions to one in favour of the former), of the total dealings in land is conducted by the brokers, it may be inferred that the general public find the employment of legal practitioners increases the cost."

In South Australia, titles go back only 34 years, and no very intricate cases occur. In Tasmania, on the other hand, they go back 67 years, and are in many cases long and intricate, and not a few of these, we learn, have been brought under the Act. In Victoria, many complicated titles have been put on the registry, as also in New South Wales.

The statistics which have been furnished in answer to the fifth question, are interesting. In New South Wales we find land of the value of more than $15,000,000 has been brought under the operation of the Act, during the comparatively short space of seven years and a half. In Victoria, about $11,000,000 worth in four years and a half; in Tasmania, over $3,500,000 in eight years. In South Australia the value of land brought under the Act is not given;* but, during the first eight years of its operation, two-thirds of the entire land of the colony was brought under it, and out of a total of 10,725 applications to bring land under the Act, only 41 were rejected on account of defects. Notwithstanding this large amount of business, only two claims of a trifling amount had been established adversely to the certificates of title granted in all of these Colonies, covering, as they do, land worth over $75,000,000.

The statistics from Victoria are further interesting in showing the facilities which this system presents for raising loans on mortgages of real estate.

In the year	Amount lent. £	s.	d.	Mortgages transferred. £	s.	d.	Mortgages discharged. £	s.	d.
1863..	29,209	18	0	605	0	0			
1864 .	132,780	13	9	11,612	9	0	5,749	7	0
1865..	486,137	11	6	2,600	0	0	13,380	10	6
1866..	971,760	2	10	25,865	5	10	87,037	7	5
1867..	621,520	0	2	20,504	9	0	218,459	10	9
1868..	692,948	2	8	25,242	1	10	298,084	15	7
1869 .	1,705,406	14	11	108,874	0	0	680,544	5	1
6mos.of 1870..	550,371	8	7	35,136	0	0	19,626	0	0

Both the Examiner of Titles for New South Wales, and the Attorney-General for Victoria, report that no difficulty has been experienced in regard to leases and mortgages, and the Recorder of Titles for Tasmania adds: "The ease and expedition with which mortgages, transfers, leases, &c., are effected constitute one of the Real Property Act's greatest advantages. Instead of the slow process of enquiry into the title of the mortgagor or vendor, carried on by lawyers under the old method of conveyancing; instead of the inevitable delay and expense occasioned by furnishing abstracts of title, and by the preparation of long and costly deeds, the whole transaction, under the new system, can be completed in a few minutes without the need of legal advice, and at the very trifling expense of registration fees; in fact it is an every day occurrence for parties to come to the office, sign the proper forms filled up by the Clerk according to their instructions, pay over the purchase money, or the amount lent, there and then on the counter, and walk off with their business completed."

Judging from the statistics with reference to loans on mortgage in Victoria, the most populous and progressive of the Australian Colonies, it would seem that the facilities for raising money on land which the system of transfer presents, have been found equally great there.

To the uninitiated it may perhaps occur that the Australian system does not greatly differ from the system of registration which prevails in Ontario. The two systems, however, differ vitally. The registration system of Ontario is simply a registry of deeds. The registration of a deed in Ontario does not in any way affect the question of its legal effect. Beyond preserving a record of the deeds which have been made affecting land, the system affords no facility for determining the all-important question, as to the

* It appears from Mr. William Harcus's work on "South Australia," (see p. 78,) that up to the close of 1874, property to the value of $46,300,930, had been brought under the operation of the Act.

true ownership of the property; that is a question of law which can only be solved by an experienced lawyer after a careful examination of all the deeds which have been recorded, some of which may have a widely different effect in law to that which the parties intended, or which to the uninstructed mind they appear to have. The Australian system, on the other hand, is a registry of title; its object is to show who is the legal owner. Under that system, the holder of a certificate of title may be safely dealt with as the owner of the property included in it, subject only to the charges and encumbrances which appear indorsed on the certificate; and on every transfer of the estate, whether by the owner in his lifetime, or by his will, or by his death intestate, the precise legal effect of such transfer or will, or intestacy, is ascertained at the time the event happens; the title does not pass to others, leaving questions of that kind open for doubt and discussion by future generations, as under our system. In a word, under the Australian system you have only to enquire into the title of the man you deal with, which is established by the simple production of the certificate of title; under the system which prevails in Ontario, you have to enquire into the titles of the present and all prior owners.

The practical difference of the systems perhaps could not be more grievously felt than it is when the landowner is anxious to raise a loan in haste upon the security of his real estate. A man may be perfectly solvent, and a temporary loan might, if obtained promptly, enable him to meet all his engagements, and safely tide over some unforeseen disaster. Land may be the only available security he has to offer for a loan; but it too often proves a hopeless task to attempt to make it available as a means of raising money, notwithstanding the title may be perfectly good, and the security ample. For although the title may be good in fact, the difficulty is to prove it to be so by proper evidence; and even if the loan be ultimately obtained, the delay in getting it is frequently so great that it is almost useless for the purpose required.

To those who are frequently engaged in such transactions, it is mere commonplace to describe the mode of procedure; yet it may be useful to furnish an outline to those who are not familiar with it, in order to enable them the better to appreciate its cumbersome character. On an application for a loan, the lender, if he is a prudent man, as we will assume him to be, directs his solicitor to investigate the title to the land offered as security. Generally speaking, the solicitor requires to be furnished with a Registrar's abstract of title, which is simply a list furnished by the County Registrar of all deeds recorded on the property; or the solicitor in some cases requires what is called a solicitor's abstract of title, which is also a list of all deeds, furnished by the solicitor of the intending borrower, which contains, in addition, a short statement of the material contents of each instrument in the chain of title, and of such other facts as are necessary to show the title of the intending borrower. The solicitor for the lender, moreover, requires the production of all the original deeds, "to verify the abstract," as it is called. These deeds he then carefully examines, and few titles there are in which some defects are not found which need to be remedied, or in which some evidence is not wanting: the wife of a former owner perhaps has signed her husband's deed, but through the blunder of the conveyancer, this deed may not contain any release of her dower; so this old lady would have to be discovered, and if she were living, a release of her dower would have to be got before the loan could be made; or perhaps a deed drawn by some hedge lawyer omits the little words "his heirs," and the effect of the deed is to pass only a life estate to the grantee, instead of the whole estate in the land, as all parties intended. If so, a deed to remedy this difficulty must be obtained, or may be a suit in Chancery would have to be brought in order to get the deed corrected. Or perhaps some old mortgage has not been properly discharged, in which case the mortgagee would have to be found, and a new discharge obtained; or it may be that the title comes through some person claiming to convey as heir-at-law, in which case the borrower would probably be required to furnish evidence of the death and intestacy of the ancestor of the grantor, and of the latter's heirship—a matter which often involves the greatest delay, trouble, and expense; so great is this difficulty indeed, that a title depending on several successive descents is scarcely marketable. These are only a few of the many objections to which

title are open; but the worst is yet to come, for after the solicitor has made this examination of title, and all the objections have been removed which he could discover, and the money has been advanced, the lender has no positive security that the title is sound. He may have a certain amount of assurance varying with the skill of the solicitor he has employed, that Mr. A. B., to whom he has lent his $10,000, is the owner of the mortgaged estate, but he has no legal certainty of that fact. It may turn out that some fatal objection existed to the title which the learned Mr. Y. Z. failed to detect. If so, the true owner will take the property, quite irrespective of the $10,000 which have been advanced upon the faith of A. B. being the owner. Or it may happen, as it not unfrequently does, that some difficulty in the title cannot be removed; the application for the loan is in consequence rejected, and the intending borrower not only fails to get the money he wants, but has to pay a heavy bill of costs into the bargain, and that for the privilege of having the weak places in his title exposed.

Under this system, therefore, it is quite plain there is no certainty to be had, that it leads to vexatious delays and expenses, and it is to be feared indirectly has the effect of plunging solvent men into bankruptcy, in consequence of the difficulty which it throws in the way of their making their real estate available in time of need. Let men of business and common sense contrast all this tedious delay with the simplicity and expedition which a simpler system has effected, and say whether it is not worth while for this young and vigorous country to make a strenuous effort to rid itself of the burthen which it has inherited from a past generation.

Another feature of the present system of land transfer in Ontario deserving of mention, is the facility with which it enables men to cheat one another. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a man who has entered into a bargain for the purchase of land, and afterwards repented of it, to get rid, or try to get rid, of the obligation to carry it out, by getting some ingenious lawyer "to investigate the title." There are comparatively few titles in which some defects cannot be discovered—defects which a purchaser desirous of fulfilling his bargain would certainly waive, but which a purchaser seeking to get rid of his liability would of course strenuously insist on being removed. The consequence is that the unfortunate vendor is put to trouble, annoyance, expense, and not unfrequently is glad to compromise the matter, either by making a reduction in the purchase money, or by releasing the purchaser from the contract, rather than rush into a Chancery suit to compel him to carry it out. Where the purchase money is of small amount, the process of "investigating the title" is simply ruinous, and cases have occurred in which vendors would have saved money had they simply given their land away; in other words, the expenses they have been put to in "making out the title" have exceeded the entire amount of the purchase money.*

Under the Australian system, on the contrary, we have seen that indefeasibility of title has been practically secured, and that the expense, delay, and uncertainty connected with land transfers have been done away with. The statistics from Victoria would also seem to indicate that the result has been greatly to multiply transactions in land, as one would naturally expect. These benefits have been secured in the Australian Colonies notwithstanding in some cases the strenuous opposition of the legal profession, an opposition which, in matters of this kind, is generally fatal. In Victoria, however, where the same system seems to have been most widely adopted, the profession appear to be now most extensively employed. The lawyers there have probably found that although the new system has, in one way, cut off "grist from their mill," by getting rid of the long abstracts of title, and the perusal of a multitude of deeds, &c., it has, by the great increase of transactions in land, brought a great deal more "grist" of another and simpler kind, which, in the long run, pays them quite as well, without being a fair source of complaint to the community at large. The Attorney-General of Victoria says:—"The present measure is exceedingly popular, and although for years it had to be

* The possibilities of our present system are well illustrated by a case which came before the Court of Chancery for Ontario recently, a report of which appeared in the Toronto *Globe*, of the 26th December last, from which it appeared there had been no less than 144 objections and requisitions made in the course of investigating the title to a piece of property, and that, when the matter came before the Court, the "investigation of title" had been already going on for over four months.

worked against the opposition of practising conveyancers, this class of practitioners have apparently become quite reconciled to the change, as one on which the public mind is made up." In New South Wales, one of the Examiners of Title says:—"I am happy to say that in this Colony it has encountered much less of this opposition (*i.e.* from the lawyers) than elsewhere. Not only have several leading solicitors placed their own properties under the Act, but the profession in general have afforded a ready and courteous aid to the department in the conduct of business which has brought them in contact with it."

In former days, when the forms of law proved a source of injustice or inconvenience, our forefathers, following in this respect in the steps of the Roman Law, had resort to legal fictions, to which they gave a judicial sanction, and by means whereof they obviated the injustice or did away with the inconvenience. The modern facilities for making new laws and repealing bad ones have led us to abandon the old fashion of concocting legal fictions to get out of difficulties; but although we have altered the mode of getting rid of abuses, we are none the less alive to their existence, and it is safe to say that, in the present day, no system of law or procedure which is a burthen and inconvenience to the community at large, can be long maintained, merely because it is a source of aggrandizement to a particular class.

The success of the Australian system, and its manifest superiority to the English, has led to its introduction, in a modified form, in England, where the difficulties in the way of its adoption are infinitely greater than they are in Ontario. Whether it will succeed there may be problematical; nothing but its inherent merits will enable it successfully to surmount the prejudices and opposition of that "old man of the sea"—as Lord Westbury termed him—the family solicitor. Whether it should or should not succeed there, however, ought not, we think, materially to affect the question of its adoption here; for although it must be admitted that on the score of expense and delay we have not so much reason to complain of the old system as they have in England, yet the tendency of that system, if persisted in, is obviously to bring us daily nearer the quagmire from which in the mother country they have been so long struggling to extricate the themselves.

Few titles in Ontario date back much beyond the beginning of the present century. Probably the majority have a much later beginning. There has therefore hardly been time enough for the great bulk of titles to be very seriously prejudiced by the existing system. Every year that rolls by, however, is bringing with it difficulties, and multiplying prolific sources of future trouble and expense.

In dealing with land under our present system, purchasers frequently rely on their own general knowledge of facts, upon which a title is made out, and do not exact strict legal proof of them, or perhaps do not preserve that proof for future reference, even if it be exacted; the consequence is that, after a lapse of years, facts which were well known when the land was acquired, often become very difficult of proof when the proprietor wishes to dispose of it again. Thus, every year the existing system continues in operation, we are adding to the difficulties in the way of the adoption of the simpler system. Titles which would now pass muster without difficulty, in a few years, through the process of changing hands, will have become "blistered," and more difficult of proof. And as the title of each parcel of land must of necessity be submitted to judicial investigation before it can be registered under the system we have advocated, it is obvious that the more difficulties attending such preliminary investigation, the greater will be the expense of the first step under that system.

This question, though a legal one, is not by any means one in which lawyers are exclusively interested, and it is for that reason that we have thought this a fitting place for its discussion, rather than the pages of a legal periodical. It is a question on which intelligent laymen are capable of forming a judgment; and it must ever be remembered that it was due, not to a lawyer, but to the strong practical common sense of a layman, that in South Australia the bull was first taken by the horns—with what success we have endeavoured to show.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BY G. E. CASEY, M.P., FINGAL.

PERHAPS there is no country where the public acts and even the private life of prominent politicians are submitted to a more microscopic scrutiny than in Canada. The comparative smallness of the stage is one cause of this. Another, and perhaps the chief, is to be found in the political activity of the popular mind, which demands full information of the doings of public men, and frequent reassurance as to their character. The result of this popular inquisitiveness is in the main good, although it sometimes leads to unworthy suspicion of its objects. It must at least induce a certain amount of caution on the part of our politicians, and ultimately raise the standard of statesmanship.

It is greatly to be regretted that, with all this intent watchfulness of those who legislate, so little public attention is given to the executive organization by which their legislation is carried out. Indeed, the very term I have used would not generally suggest to the public mind anything more than the Cabinet and the Judiciary. It is seldom realized that the whole Civil Service, including both the headquarters staff and the outside employés, is a part, and a very important part, of the executive system. It is an important part, because its members come into direct contact with the public, and are the individual instruments of all governmental functions. We all speak with horror of government by a "bureaucracy," but we forget that we can never wholly get rid of its influence. Every official must have some freedom of action in the interpretation and performance of his duties, some power to obstruct, facilitate, or prevent the operation of those laws with whose execution he is charged. Too little thought is given to this fact. A department is looked upon as a machine which should perform its functions smoothly and unvaryingly, without regard to the peculiarities of the human beings who constitute it. When dissatisfaction is felt with any administrative act, the general impulse is to blame the laws or the government, without considering what kind of instruments they have to operate through, or by what system these are provided.

After noting these considerations, however, very little reflection on the growing extent of the Civil Service is needed to convince us of how largely the economy and efficiency of our government depend on the individual excellence of its members. In the higher grades personal influence is of course more marked. The Deputy Minister or permanent head of a department, for example, occupies a very commanding position under our system of responsible government. He is, naturally, not only the assistant, but the confidential adviser, of his responsible chief in all administrative questions. He remains in office through all cabinet changes. His experience and knowledge of routine business are indispensable. Now, as a Cabinet Minister is chosen for his political prominence, it cannot always happen that he has any special aptitude for, or knowledge of, his departmental duties. In most cases he is at least unacquainted with official routine. Under these circumstances it is easy to see what an influence his permanent subordinate is likely to have on administration, and even on legislation.

Let us consider, then, what qualities should be required in our public servants. They should, in the first place, be efficient, in order to secure both the proper discharge of their duties and economy in point of number. Besides this, they should be patriotic and thoroughly impartial, owing allegiance only to the nation, whoever may be at its head for the time being; and knowing no distinction of person or party in the manner of their service.

How far does the present system of appointments to the Civil Service tend to secure these and similar results? It may be well to remind such readers as do not

dabble in politics of what that system really is. Of course all appointments are theoretically made on the recommendation of some responsible minister, and it is on the ground of this responsibility to the country that the practice is generally defended. No one supposes, however, that ministers can personally seek out, and test the qualifications of, every employé. Their time is fully occupied with their own proper duties. They have no special opportunities for discovering the material for their purpose. From necessity therefore, as well as from traditional policy, they have to depend on the recommendations of their parliamentary supporters and other influential political friends. Their theoretical responsibility thus resolves itself into something very indefinite, and can hardly be considered a complete safeguard against the abuse of patronage. They may personally select some of the principal officials at headquarters, but the bulk even of the positions there, and all outside appointments, are practically at the disposal of their party friends.

The representative, again, on whom rests all the responsibility that really exists, finds himself beset by many difficulties in the attempt to impartially exercise his patronage. He has not always a free choice, as the best men he knows are sometimes not available. He must, then, choose from such as ask for employment. He has no special facilities for knowing the respective qualifications of these, and must depend largely on the advice of others—generally interested friends of the different applicants. In the case of appointments where professional qualifications are required, it is generally impossible for him to act on personal knowledge.

These difficulties would beset the most impartial judge under similar circumstances. But it is almost impossible for a member to keep himself utterly clear of personal and political considerations. It is to his connection with a party, and the support of party friends, that he owes his election. It is because that party is in power that he is able to distribute patronage. He is consequently, and not unnaturally, expected to favour those whom he and his superiors have to thank for past help, and to depend on for future support. He may conscientiously aim at making the best appointments in his power, but his choice is practically limited to one section of the community, and the chance of his selecting a good official proportionately lessened. Even within these limits he is almost sure to be influenced, more or less unconsciously, by several motives other than his care for the efficiency of the service. He can hardly be free from personal preferences or prejudices, often arising from gratitude and other generous feelings, but which destroy the cold impartiality that should guide the selection of public officials. Worthy, honest men and warm friends may make very poor departmental clerks or revenue officers. Thus, out of a virtue in human nature, springs a vice of the patronage system.

Let us suppose, again, that the member shows some signs of indecision or weakness in making a recommendation. In that case he is vigorously besieged by claimants, who bewilder him with assertions of past services and threats of future defection. One is young and vigorous, and asks preferment on the score of his ability for any duty. Another is old and worn out, and claims to be provided for by the party on the ground of his unfitness for other business. They do not come single-handed. They canvass—petition—worry—till finally the most persistent or best supported carries his point, having been virtually selected, approved, and appointed by himself, with the patriotic assistance of a body of clamorous friends.

So far, it has been assumed that the distributor of patronage acts with perfect integrity, and as much impartiality as is consistent with his position. We have, unfortunately, no reason to assume that such will always be the case. It is indeed only too notorious, that intentional favouritism has been so frequent an exception to this rule as rather to destroy it altogether than prove its existence. Political expediency, and the acquisition of strength, either for the party or the individual member, have been too often the first considerations, and efficiency has been only taken into account to a sufficient extent to prevent open scandal. The consequence is, that almost every department contains officials who have been appointed without any regard to capacity, and who are a burden on the revenue, not only during their time of service, but when incapacitated by age or infirmity. Indeed it has often occurred that the nominal holder of an appointment has done little more than receive the salary, an assistant being paid to perform the real duties.

Again, as long as public employment is considered a fitting reward for party services, there will be a strong temptation to multiply offices, to sub-divide the work as much as possible, or even to create absolute sinecures. This is no theoretical danger. Both in England and here there is always a tendency to overcrowding in the departments, one result of which, in this country at least, is to reduce the salaries of the lower grades to an amount for which first-class men cannot be secured. No more serious accusation could be made against the system. The nation should be served by the best talent in the country, and any state of things under which it is difficult to secure this is radically bad.

But the evil effects of patronage are not confined to the case of first appointments. The disease penetrates the whole organism. Promotions, dismissals, pensions, are all affected more or less by the same political favouritism which gives access to the service. The possession of powerful friends has often more to do with the success of an employé than his own talent or application to business. The knowledge that ordinary good conduct is sufficient to secure retention in the service, and that industry does not necessarily lead to promotion, is no encouragement to official zeal. Indeed there is a strong temptation to an employé to labour more for the favour of the powers that be than for the public good, and to exhaust his energies in services to the party, rather than in those for which he is paid.

This leads us to consider another feature of the case,—the partisan character of the public service, which results from the lengthened reign of either of those organizations by which the country is alternately ruled.

Serious complaints are often made of the existence of this evil, and of the employment of our executive body as electioneering agents, complaints which it is to be feared are not always unfounded. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise. Civil servants are only human beings, and when they have been chosen for zeal and activity in political life they can hardly be expected to be transformed at once into impartial executive machines. Their opportunities for furthering party interests are often considerable, and they are extremely likely to take advantage of them to some extent, often without the slightest idea of impropriety in so doing. Again, the utmost cordiality of feeling should exist between a Minister and his subordinates. The latter should know him only as the representative of the nation to which their best services are due. How is this possible when they owe their position to those very prejudices from which they should be free—when the accession of a new ministry means the defeat, perhaps the humiliation, of friends whose personal favour has given them their means of livelihood?

Only one result can be expected from the continuance of this state of things—this political favouritism in appointments, and political feeling in the service. Sooner or later, the temptation to bring the executive into harmony with each successive government, by a total change of officials, will become irresistible. This is what we know as the American system, and it is instructive to note the manner of its introduction into that country. In the early days of the Republic, their practice resembled our own in its general features. As the service grew in extent, and the class of office-seekers increased, dismissals and substitutions for political reasons became more frequent. It was not, however, till the reign of Jackson that the present system was fully introduced. The old soldier, with his military instincts strong within him, boldly avowed the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," and made a wholesale slaughter of existing office-holders, to be replaced by his own supporters. Since his time this principle has been consistently carried out. Every official, from the Cabinet Minister to the country postmaster, retires with the shattered phalanx of his defeated brethren-in-arms, unless he has been clever enough to choose the proper moment for desertion to the enemy. His identification with his party while in office is no less complete. He is not only expected to further its interests in all possible ways, but his salary is regularly taxed for the maintenance of an election fund. The results of this system are so notorious that they hardly require reference. The corruption it has introduced throughout the whole executive, and the electoral body itself, are often spoken of by Canadians with pharisaical horror. Yet it is what we must come to if our present practice is continued. Our circumstances strongly resemble those under which the "spoils system" grew up across the lines. Our territory, population, and body of office-holders are increasing together.

Every successive Government will be more and more strongly tempted to rid itself of unfriendly employés, and strengthen its hold on members of its own party, by the wholesale creation of vacancies for them to fill. Indeed it seems hardly unfair to demand, that men whose only claim to appointment lay in their party zeal or the favour of party leaders, should follow those leaders when the fortune of war drives them from office. In short, either the service must be wholly non-political in its appointment and conduct, or it will tend to become an organized instrument of party intrigue and corruption.

It has been already remarked that the low range of initiatory salaries, caused by the overcrowding of the service, was an obstacle to the entrance of competent men. It is proper here to notice other influences having the same effect. The ordeal of soliciting a favour is trying to the self-respect of many enterprising men, and the fact that all appointments are liable to the suspicion of having been made merely as the result of such solicitation is enough to seriously damage the reputation of what should be the most honourable career in the country. Business and the professions offer all their prizes as the rewards of ability and industry, while in the public employ these qualities have comparatively little opportunity to make the fortune of their possessor; consequently the public service is at a discount among such men as would form the best material from which it could be recruited.

We have hitherto been considering chiefly the influence of patronage on the efficiency of the service. It is obvious, however, that its evil effects cannot be confined to this sphere, but spread through all parts of the body politic. It furnishes improper motives for political activity on the part of those who guide local opinion. It creates a class of office-seekers. It embitters party feeling, by unjustly excluding members of the Opposition from a career which should be open to every citizen. Nor is the system a wholesome or pleasant one for governments and representatives. The former are limited in their choice of officials by the risk of offending influential supporters, and tempted to exercise their patronage for partisan, if not actually corrupt, purposes. The representative is not in a more pleasant position. With the best intentions, he cannot properly perform the task entrusted to him. He is subject to the same embarrassments and temptations in his own sphere, as the Ministry feel in dealing with himself and his colleagues. He is constantly losing ground with his constituents, since he must disappoint several friends for every one he gratifies. In short, he is saddled with a responsibility which is no part of his proper duties, for the maintenance of which he has no special qualifications, and which he cannot possibly discharge to the general satisfaction. Any representative who wishes to retain either his self-respect or his popularity would be glad to be relieved from this false and compromising situation.

Let me now recapitulate briefly the heads of my indictment against the system of political patronage:—

It gives no guarantee of efficiency in the service, even if worked with ideal honesty and impartiality.

It is a standing temptation to those who wield it to transgress these principles, which, as a matter of fact, are not universally observed.

It restricts the field of choice, unfairly excludes a large minority of the citizens, and discourages the ablest men in the country from entering the service.

It degrades the reputation of the service and makes it a partisan organization.

It injures the self-respect of all parties concerned in working it.

It embitters party feeling, and lowers the general tone of political sentiment.

Finally, it inevitably tends to grow worse, and to introduce here the unmitigated evils which, in its full-blown stage, it has inflicted upon our neighbours.

It is but proper to admit, even in a fault-finding article like this, the presence in our civil service of many able men, who would do honour to any profession. This fact is no valid defence of the system. Some men of high character must be obtained and kept in the service under any system, or government could not be carried on. Consequently, exceptional ability will be rewarded, even under the present constitution of the service. It must not be forgotten, however, to what an extent these officials are obstructed in the performance of their duties by inefficient subordinates, whom they have no voice in choosing, and cannot always even dismiss when their uselessness is proved by experience. In the scientific branches

of the service this evil is of course greater. The head of a surveying party, for example, is often saddled with a lot of useless men whom he would never dream of employing of his own motion, and who, if not absolutely idle, expect at least to learn their profession at the public expense. How much the blunders of such employés may have cost the country it would be hard to estimate.

This part of our subject might be gone into in much greater detail, but enough has been said to "open the case," and probably as much as the reader's patience will bear.

It is now time to consider what reforms reason and experience show to be desirable. The general principles to be kept in view may be briefly stated. The service should be looked upon, not as a means of rewarding friends, but simply as an organization for the transaction of public business, and as such should be conducted on "business principles." The field of selection for its ranks should be made as wide as possible. Every consideration except character and ability should be disregarded, both in first appointments and subsequent promotions. In short, the service should be made a profession, offering as great attractions in pay and consideration combined as any other, and in which our best men could reap as high rewards as they now can in any other career with the same expenditure of labour and talent. This ideal may not be at once attainable, but it should be the object of every change in the organization of the service.

As to the means of approximating to this result, we are fortunately not left to theory alone. Here, as in other branches of the science of government, the Mother Country has relieved us of much of the risk of original experiment. The evils of patronage reached such a point in England, about twenty years ago, that some remedy was imperatively demanded. After full discussion in Parliament and in the Press, the plan of selecting employés by competitive examinations was tried—on a small scale at first, as became the cautious nature of John Bull. When the results were found to be satisfactory, the system was extended, with equally characteristic good sense, to one department after another, till in 1870 it was made to embrace nearly all the positions in the service. This extension after thorough trial, and the fact that it has been endorsed by successive governments of different parties, speak more for the scheme in question than volumes of argument unsupported by experience.

The distinctive features of the scheme are the total exclusion of political influence in nominations, and the establishment of a literary test, which, besides obviating partisan interference, is intended to select the best of those who apply for situations.

It will probably facilitate the consideration of the question, to introduce here a brief sketch, based on the English scheme, showing how the competitive system may be reduced to practice and adapted to our own circumstances. It is not intended to provide for all possible cases, but merely to put the proposed remedy for the evils that have been pointed out in a tangible and intelligible shape. It will be noticed that other reforms in organization are noted in the sketch, besides the abolition of patronage and the introduction of competition. These are also taken chiefly from the English practice, and are mentioned because they form part of a harmonious plan, and remedy defects in our own system which will be alluded to further on.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM, BASED ON THE ENGLISH SYSTEM.

1. Board of Civil Service Commissioners, consisting of heads of departments and others specially appointed, to have control of selection of employés, primary appointments, transfers, and all business involving the affairs of more than one department.

2. Civil Service to consist of two divisions; the Higher, comprising all permanent employés in the different departments; and the Lower, comprising clerks engaged during pleasure, to serve in any position for which they may be required.

Lower Division clerks to be employed wherever nature of work will allow, instead of permanent employés. Departments to be so organized, with a view to this substitution, as to allow separation of mechanical work from such as requires special knowledge or experience.

3. After a date, to be fixed by Order in Council, all appointments and promotions in Civil Service to be made for merit only, according to regulations in subsequent paragraphs.

Term "Civil Service" in this paragraph to include such positions in the public employ as may be prescribed from time to time by Order in Council.

4. All first appointments in Higher Division to be made to lowest grade of departmental clerks and lowest positions in outside service; salaries of such positions being equalized as far as possible. First appointments in Lower Division to be made at minimum salary.

5. Persons eligible for appointment to be selected for merit, by means of qualifying and competitive examinations.

6. Examinations to be conducted by committee of Civil Service Board specially appointed for that purpose, who may appoint assistant examiners. Notice to be given, three months in advance by advertisement, of place and date of examinations, conditions of admission, and number of positions expected to be vacant, with salaries attached to each, subjects prescribed, and all particulars necessary to inform the public.

Qualifying examinations to be held half-yearly, or oftener, in at least one place in each Province. Competitive examinations to be held shortly after these, or when required, and in as few places as public convenience will permit. Every examination to take place in presence of an assistant examiner, and all papers to be compared, and lists made out, by examining committee.

7. Qualifying examinations to be open to all who produce, at time of making application, such certificates of age, health, and character, as may be required from time to time.

Applicants to state which division they wish to enter.

Subjects to be such as shall test general intelligence and fair education of applicants, (say, writing, arithmetic, keeping accounts, history, geography, grammar, composition in English, or in French for applicants of that nationality.)

(Fifty) per cent of marks to qualify for Higher Division; (thirty) per cent for Lower.

All who pass to receive certificates of qualification.

Applicants for Lower Division to be graded at this examination in the manner prescribed in next paragrah for competitive examinations.

8. Competitive examinations to be open to all holders of certificates of qualification, between ages specified for admission to service.

Examinations to include a wide range of subjects, calculated to afford a field for men of varied education, and to test the comparative ability of candidates. Special subjects to be set for candidates wishing to enter scientific branches of service.

Each subject to have a maximum number of marks attached to it, according to its importance as a means of mental training. Special subjects to count for those who are compelled to take them at a maximum equal to highest subjects in general course.

Each candidate to be allowed to choose from these not more than (five) nor less than (three) subjects, not amounting in the aggregate to more than (——) marks. No marks to be counted to a candidate in any subject in which he makes less than (thirty) per cent. of the maximum. No candidate to be allowed to pass who makes less than (fifty) per cent. of the aggregate maximum in the group he has chosen. Bonus to be added to marks earned over minimum standard, increasing in proportion to proficiency shown (say bonus of *one-tenth* per cent. for every *one* per cent. of marks earned).

Lists of successful candidates to be made out in order of merit, up to published number of vacancies, showing marks earned; and certificates to be given to each showing his standing and marks.

9. Appointments in Higher Division to be made, as a rule, by giving certificate holders their choice of vacant positions in order of standing. When no choice is expressed, vacancies to be filled by the Board as they occur, taking candidates in the same order. Exception to be allowed in case candidate has shown special aptitude for a particular employment; the reason for such exception to be gazetted with appointment. No candidate to be appointed to any scientific branch of service who has not taken special subjects prescribed for such branch.

Successful candidates for Lower Division to be employed when and where required, on nomination of Commissioners, and to be taken generally in order of standing.

10. All appointments to be provisional for one year. Report to be made before end of year by immediate superior of each new nominee in Higher Division, and endorsed by head of department, touching

his conduct, application, and practical efficiency, and advising his retention if found satisfactory in these respects; in which case appointment to be confirmed. If report is not favourable, appointment to lapse at end of year without further action being taken.

Lower Division clerks to be retained or dismissed at discretion of heads of departments.

11. Promotions in Higher Division to be made in order of seniority, as far as consistent with the highest efficiency, and to be only from one grade to the next higher.

Examination bearing on departmental duties to be prescribed for entrance to each grade, and no employé to be promoted to any grade who has not passed the examination prescribed for that grade.

No employé to be retained in the service, who has not, within three years after his first appointment, or four years after any promotion, passed the examination for the next higher grade.

Senior qualified employé to be promoted when a vacancy occurs, unless head of department recommends a junior, with reasons, which are to be gazetted with appointment.

Promotion in Lower Division to consist merely in small annual increase of salary on recommendation of head of department.

12. For all positions to which competitive system is not applied, qualifying examinations to be prescribed, sufficiently severe to prevent the entrance of persons incompetent for their duties.

13. Staff to be organized for each department, ranking above highest grade of clerks, and including such principal officers as may be named by Order in Council from time to time.

Staff appointments to be entirely at the discretion of the responsible minister for each department, with the understanding that they are not to be made from outside the service, except when special reasons require it.

14. Civil Service Commissioners to make annual report for submission to Parliament, containing detailed account of examinations, with papers set, marks earned, lists of successful candidates, &c.; also statements of all appointments made and other business transacted under their authority during the year.

15. Departmental reports to contain statement of promotions and all other internal movements of each department.

In general terms, this system may be said to secure most of those results already spoken of as desirable. Political favouritism is entirely got rid of by opening the service to all respectable men who can show their fitness for appointment and distance their competitors. With this wide field to choose from, care is taken to ascertain the integrity of applicants as a first requisite. Character might be testified to by a clergyman, judge, the local representative, or any responsible person known to the board. These testimonials would be given under a due sense of the responsibility involved, and would be placed on record. This is a much severer test than a member or other distributor of patronage can generally apply, where the applicant is not personally known to him.

The question of age, which arises in this connection as a preliminary, is a most important one. At present there is reason to believe that most employés enter the service too late to become thoroughly efficient, or to give the public their best working years. Of 230 recipients of pensions in 1874-5, the average age at appointment was $36\frac{3}{4}$, and on retiring $61\frac{1}{4}$, leaving $24\frac{1}{2}$ years as the period of actual service. This is not so short a time in itself, but the age of entry is undoubtedly too great. The years from 25 to 50, or 30 to 55, would cover a period of greater efficiency, while it is quite possible that men entering at these early ages might attain on retirement even the high average given above. For the permanent service, then, as for other professions, the age of entry should be fixed low, say between 18 and 25. For the Lower Division it might include all ages at which efficiency might be expected.

The division of the service into two classes is a very late experiment in England, having been adopted on the report of a departmental committee which sat in 1875. It is, however, a most reasonable step. Much of the work in all departments is of a mechanical nature, and could be done as well by any good copying clerk at a low salary as by a highly qualified and highly paid permanent officer. To employ the latter at such work is poor economy, and is, moreover, apt to make a machine of him,

and unfit him for higher duties. It is hoped to obtain by this provision a comparatively small and very efficient regular service, paid good salaries, and expected to thoroughly earn them, with as many cheap assistants in routine work as may be required. This will secure not only economy, but the better performance of both kinds of work.

The applicability of the competitive system to different branches of the service must be largely decided by experience: hence the provision leaving to the Government a large discretion in the matter. In England it has been profitably applied to almost all positions in the public employ. The Indian service was one of the first on which the experiment was tried, and furnishes a good illustration of its working. As the Indian official has very delicate, varied, and arduous duties to perform, including often a measure of legislative action, it will be seen that the successful selection of this class furnishes a high test of the merits of the system. It has been often asserted that it has failed in this respect. The very latest testimony on the subject, however, goes to show the contrary, and that in spite of acknowledged imperfections in its methods, and uncommon difficulties in the case to be met, it has effected a great improvement in the practical efficiency of that service.

In this country it would probably apply to departmental clerks, revenue officers, postal clerks, and indeed all ordinary appointments. The most obvious exception is the case of country postmasters, who are necessarily local men.

We now come to consider the machinery of selection provided. It involves a double process. The qualifying examination provides a body of men, each of whom is considered fit for any of those junior positions to which appointments are made. The competitive examination is intended to select the most efficient from among those who are thus certified as eligible. It proceeds to do so on the principle that, other things being equal, the best educated man will make the most useful public servant. Of course this is only a *prima facie* assumption, and provision is made in the next paragraph for a subsequent practical test. But if the term "educated" be taken in its proper sense, to signify a man possessed of good mental training, the assumption is a very strong one. To obtain a really good education, a man must possess powers of mind and body which are universally serviceable. The chances are that he is also capable of self-restraint, and consequently moral. Above all, the habit of learning which he has acquired is the one thing needful to enable him to master his new duties, and to make him aim at constant improvement therein.

It is quite possible, however, so to arrange an examination that the best educated man in this sense shall be at a disadvantage as compared with the superficial smatterer. Complaint has often been made, and with some show of foundation, that the English examinations are so arranged. They embrace almost all branches of human knowledge, and a candidate is allowed to take up as many of them as he chooses, and count the marks made in all as part of his aggregate. Now, as a competent knowledge of a dozen or so of heavy subjects is impossible at the early age prescribed, the aspirant generally has recourse to "cramming"—a process of acquiring as much scrappy information about almost all possible subjects as his head will hold. There are indeed professors of this art, who know how to impart the greatest amount of mark-getting information in the shortest time, and it is now almost hopeless to "go up" without having passed through the hands of one of these. There is no need to point out what a poor training such an "education" must be for the civil service, or how useless it is in after life to unsuccessful candidates.

In the present scheme there are four provisions intended to guard against this abuse and give the thorough scholar an advantage over his superficial competitor, even though the latter may take a somewhat wider range. They are: giving prominence to subjects which afford best training, as distinguished from those which can be easily "crammed"; limitation of the number of subjects a candidate may take; disregard of all marks that do not show a competent knowledge of a subject; addition of a graduated bonus for proficiency.

The last is the only one requiring special notice. It is based on the principle that thoroughness is the best proof of training, and that the difficulty of earning marks increases rapidly as the maximum is approached. An illustration will best explain its working. Supposing, for convenience, each subject to count 1,000 marks, we might have three

candidates with equal aggregates made up as below:

A.			B.			C.		
Subj.	Marks.	Bonus.	Subj.	Marks.	Bonus.	Subj.	Marks.	Bonus.
1	600	36	1	900	81	1	900	81
2	600	36	2	500	25	2	800	64
3	600	36	3	450	20¼	3	800	64
4	600	36	4	550	30¼	4	500	25
5	600	36	5	600	36	5	—	
	3000	180		3000	192½		3000	234
	=3180			=3192½			=3234	

A's case is the typical but uncommon one of exactly equal standing in all subjects. The others show various degrees of proficiency. It will be seen that, in the case of equal aggregates, those candidates will have the advantage who have earned their marks by thorough knowledge, even where the number of subjects taken is less than the optional limit. On the other hand, a small increase in the aggregate earned by either of these would have put him ahead of the other. If A, for example, had made fifty more marks in one of his subjects, his total would stand at 3,236¼, beating both B and C. The difference made by this provision could never, of course, amount to more than ten per cent., on the extreme supposition of a candidate scoring the maximum all round. It must be admitted that versatility of attainment is desirable in a candidate, but this could be secured by raising the minimum number of subjects to be taken. The numbers given in the preceding scheme are merely suggestions.

As to the curriculum itself, it should be as catholic as possible, to obtain the widest possible choice in the selection of candidates. Our educational institutions vary greatly in the quality of the instruction they impart, some being chiefly classical, and others exclusively English. Besides, there is a growing class of self-educated men. Men from any of these institutions, or from none of them, should be given an opportunity of making their peculiar acquisitions tell in their favour. Any subject might in fact be admitted that is capable of affording sound mental training, even though not of every-day utility. Only experience can fully adapt the proposed examinations to the state of education in the country.

The subject of appointments and promotions is a most important one. The object of limiting first appointments to the lowest grades is to prevent the superseding of experienced men by new-comers. The provisional tenure of the position, depending on a favourable report, is an admirable feature of the plan adopted in England in 1870, but which has since been dropped for some reason. Promotion by seniority alone would be a decided evil, yet length of service should have its rewards. It is thought the provision in the scheme meets both points. The arrangement by which those who fail to pass examination for higher grades are dropped resembles that in the Army regulations, and in our Ontario system of granting school-teachers certificates.

Staff officers, as defined in par. 13, being the confidential assistants of Ministers, must always be left to their personal choice, though the latter should be called on to show good reason for passing over all who have been trained in the service, when making such appointments.

Now it is not pretended that the scheme proposed even approaches perfection. The contention of the writer and those who think with him is simply this, that it would *tend* towards raising the general efficiency and reputation of the service, economy in salaries, and a vastly improved tone of self-respect, both in the service and amongst all concerned in politics. This, if proven, is surely a sufficient reason for urging its adoption. The writer feels that he has not put the case in favour of his proposal as fully as might be done, although he has carried this article to a greater length than at first intended. He hopes that the importance of the subject will excuse the latter transgression, and also obtain for the question at issue such an amount of public interest as will at least give it a wholesome ventilation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE are many reasons why the question of a radical reform in our representative system should receive due attention at the present juncture. At no previous period of Canadian history have party aims and party tactics been so utterly discredited and discreditable as at this moment. At no time have corruption and coercion been so rampant, notwithstanding the adoption of the ballot system, as now. To assert that our politics are based upon no principle, and that our political strategy is conducted without decency or regard to honour, not to speak of conscience, is to put the matter in the mildest language consistent with truth. How has this state of things arisen and what is the true remedy for it?

Theoretically the general good is ostensibly the ultimate aim of every form of government. In representative systems, this purpose is supposed to be effected by obedience to the voice of the people who may reasonably be considered the best judges of their own interests. The general method of gathering popular wishes is by parcelling out the country into a number of unequal and arbitrary divisions, and assigning to the majority in each the task of selecting its parliamentary representative. When the members assemble at the seat of government a majority of these again rule the country as a whole. The maxim that the majority must rule, however plausible it may sound, is seldom, if ever, realized in practice. In the Dominion elections of 1874, for example, not a single successful candidate, where a contest took place, received the votes of anything approaching a moiety of the electorate. In several instances voters were so indifferent to the success of either party, that both contestants together did not receive the support of a majority of them. In Drummond and Arthabaska, Messrs. Laurier and Tessier received only 1,478 votes between them, and yet there were 5,101 voters on the list. The rule of the majority, therefore, is practically the rule of the minority. People have grown indifferent to the *quasi* principles which divide parties, and indisposed to decide the paltry questions at stake between the ins and the outs. It may be urged that the majority are undeserving of consideration, because they set no value upon the franchise they possess; but this is taking an exceedingly shallow view of the matter. If we could examine the list of these non-voters, the scrutiny would reveal a very different state of the facts. After making every allowance for absentees and for political Gallios, "who care for none of these things," there would still remain two important classes to account for, which deserve the most serious consideration. First, those party-men who despair of the success of their candidate, and thus are virtually disfranchised; and, secondly, a large number who are indifferent to party contests, and yet are not at all indifferent to the good government of their country. They also are touched with despondency, not because party triumph seems out of the question, but because the success of either is a thing altogether apart from the object they cherish, and not unfrequently incompatible with it. When party feeling is at white heat, and party rancour is bitterest, as now, these men, whose influence might temper the one and mitigate the other, stand aloof, amazed and ashamed, from the paltry and undignified squabbling going on all around them. In the United States, this is notoriously the case, and, we believe, a similar feeling is rapidly growing up amongst us. It is the natural result of parties with no *raison d'être*, but yet amply furnished, in every constituency, with the vile machinery of wire-pulling, caucus, and convention.

Nor is this the entire extent of the mischief. Let us concede, for the moment, that a majority of those voting should sway the destinies of the Dominion; how do we set about ascertaining it? In the first place, constituencies are formed, often by "gerrymandering," in which, because the field is small, there is ample room for all the trickery of parties, including every form of corruption

and coercion. What the small boroughs of England were before 1832, all constituencies are now made, in a mitigated form. In the next place, the nomination of candidates is virtually in the hands of a cabal—a "ring," as our neighbours call it—and thus not only is the member no representative of the majority, but not even the first or second choice of the party in whose name he is put forward. A strong party-man, is often heard to say, "I do not like the man; personally he is unfit to be our representative; I do not like his views on this or that important question; but I must not abandon my party." In this city, we have known men earnestly declare that if Mr. A. were nominated by their party, they would vote against him; next, that they would abstain from voting; and finally, the *furor factionis* being stronger than their sober judgment, they have in the end, not merely voted, but canvassed for the man whose person and principles they detest. Thirdly, the minority, in every constituency, is absolutely disfranchised, for it cannot be said that any elector is represented by a man, whom by his vote he has rejected. Finally, when all is done, there is no guarantee that the majority in the House represents the majority in the country; as a matter of fact, the probabilities are at least even, that the contrary is the true state of the case. Mr. Sterne, in his work on Representative Government, puts a case, which not only might, but actually has occurred. In 1868, in Maryland, of the votes cast, two-thirds were Democratic and one-third Republican. Under a proper representative system, seventy-five Democrats should have been returned, and thirty-six Republicans. As a matter of fact not a single Republican was elected. Thirty thousand electors were disfranchised, and had any important question divided the Democrats by an inconsiderable majority, the Republicans, who were without representation, and yet had a perfect right to be heard in proportion to their numbers, might, in all probability, have turned the scale.

The only method of remedying this mischief, as well as of curbing the evil influences of party, is by securing that every voter be guaranteed a representative in the true sense of the word, if not where he resides, at any rate somewhere else. By no other conceivable plan but that of Mr. Hare, can any proper, *i. e.*, personal, representation be obtained. It ensures also the presence in the House of men of experience and ability, whose absence from either side would be a misfortune to both, as well as to the country. Does any man believe that a single constituency should have the right, by a narrow majority, to deprive the country of the services of any statesman, for whom many thousands would willingly cast their votes, if it were in their power? When Mr. Gladstone was a candidate for South Lancashire, if the elections had been held simultaneously, his great abilities, his experience, and his earnest eloquence would have been lost to the country for the term of an entire Parliament. A double case of the same sort occurred in Canada years ago. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lafontaine were both defeated in their constituencies; but the former was subsequently returned for Rimouski, and his Lower Canadian colleague for one of the ridings of York. There is not so great an abundance of legislative ability and experience in Canada that we can afford to lose any of it at the caprice of a single city, town, or county. Of Mr. Hare's system, with the objections to it and misunderstandings of it, we shall speak again. It is important that it should be well understood, and it shall not be our fault if its great advantages are not fully laid before the reader.

Last year, while objecting to Mr. Mills's scheme for the reform of the Senate, and yet believing that some radical change in the Upper House must soon be found necessary, the suggestion was made that the system of personal representation should have a fair trial in electing that body. There are many reasons for preferring it to the very doubtful, and, as we believe, pernicious plan of election by the local legislatures. Now that the hon. member for Bothwell is a Minister of the Crown, we beg to call his special attention to the matter. Mr. Blake has, we understand, fully examined the merits of Mr. Hare's system, and no doubt the Premier has himself had occasion to give it some attention, and there seems little difficulty in the way of submitting a Bill, or at least a scheme to be acted upon a year hence, for establishing an elective Senate on a sound, rational, and unexceptionable basis.

For the present, however, the matter of municipal government is more pressing, and it is here, we believe, that the system could be tested at once, and with great advantage. The chief objections to the existing state of

things—and reference is for the present made only to the cities—are, the kind of men returned as aldermen, the wretched ward system, the extravagance—for we dislike to use the term jobbery—displayed in the public works, and the utter recklessness with which civic debts are incurred and accumulated. Now, it should be obvious that so long as ward representation continues, the evils which flow from it will also continue. A city ward is extremely easy of manipulation, and those who lay themselves out to curry favour with the unthinking portion of the electors can readily do so, with disastrous results to the city at large. The plan of a Commission seems, on the whole, the best one, and, notwithstanding the objections of the *Globe*, the most feasible. It is idle to speak of it as an infringement upon the representative system. Matters relating to tavern licenses, police, and the water-works, are already in the hands of commissioners, and of these only the last named are under an elected body. Why should the public works be an exception, after the disastrous experience we have had of corporation management? Why should not all four be consolidated into one, and managed by a Commission, the members of which might be placed under heavy bonds, subjected to legal authority, and liable to be called to account by some process of Court, in the nature of an injunction or *quo warranto?* Still better, perhaps, would be an entire alteration in the mode of civic election. Every two or three years there is the usual call made upon men of business standing and established integrity to come forward and sacrifice themselves and their time for the public good. The popular mind, having nothing better to think of, satisfies itself with this idle illusion—*animum picturâ pascit inani.* Occasionally the appeal results in partial success, but it is always temporary, and sometimes futile from the first.

The secret of failure in our city government lies in the representation of wards, instead of the representation of the entire electorate, and the latter can only be made effective on some such plan as this. When the city is large, let it be divided into two divisions, but not so rigidly that a voter residing in one may not vote for a candidate nominated in the other. The number of aldermen should be cut down one half and hold office for two years, the moiety of them going out annually. Say that twelve aldermen be considered sufficient for Toronto, that would be six in each division, three of whom would retire each year. The division being only for convenience of counting and scrutiny, the voter would have all the candidates before him for selection, and should be allowed to vote for the entire six or more if he pleases, provided he numbers them in the order of his preferences. On a certain day to be fixed by statute, the returning officer, or officers, in presence of the Mayor and City Solicitor, should first count the number of voters and, dividing that number by six, at once declare the quota each successful candidate must have received. If nine thousand have voted, the necessary number would thus be fifteen hundred. The votes are then counted and all candidates having that number would be, *ipso facto*, elected. Supposing, however, that only four were thus returned, another scrutiny would follow, striking out these four and taking up, in order of preference, the names which follow, until other two are found who have the required quota. Of course, this scheme is only submitted in explanation of the plan, and would require considerable elaboration; but we are convinced that its basis is sound. The Council thus constituted would represent the entire city and every phase of opinion in it. It would sweep away the abominations of the ward system, rings and ward politicians would find their occupation gone, and there would be some chance that ability, integrity, and administrative capacity would have due weight in civic government.

When the Ontario Assembly meets on the third instant, it is exceedingly important that the course of the House, and especially of the Government, in the matter of tax exemptions should be carefully watched. It is much to be feared that Mr. Mowat will weakly yield to the clamour of interested parties, and endeavour to trifle with the question by introducing a measure which will satisfy no one, while it is more than likely to raise a storm which will sooner or later bring the Premier's house about his ears. On the one side there is the absolute injustice of these exemptions, as well as the opinion clearly and distinctly pronounced of the municipal corporations, the press, and

people of Ontario. On the other, the cry of self-interest from wealthy corporations and amply salaried clergymen. It is needless to inquire how far these people believe in what they urge; selfishness is often blinded by its own delusions, until it is mistaken for the voice of conscience. No plea yet urged by the clerical party, which, by the way, is confined, in Protestant Churches, to the clergy, will stand a moment's examination in the court of moral justice or equity. To plead for exemption on the ground of "benevolence" and "public good" wrought by the churches is absurd on the face of it. The public good is equally well served by many other instrumentalities which never dream of demanding immunity from their just proportion of public burdens. As for a "benevolence" which grinds the face of the poor in order to endow wealthy religious corporations and portly priests and clergymen, it is of the bastard kind, neither Christian nor human—*filius nullius*. One *soi-disant* religious newspaper affects to feel serious apprehension that if blocks of land locked up in mortmain and the large incomes of the clergy are taxed, the incomes of the poor—those under $400—must also cease to enjoy exemption. It is to be feared that the spirit of Judas Iscariot, rather than that of the Master he betrayed, is at the bottom of this plea. "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he had the bag, and bare what was put therein." The value of this spurious benevolence is well understood by the industrious poor whose tax-bills bear heavily upon them in these times of depression, and they are ill-disposed to receive the *ad captandum* argument in favour of a system which doubles the weight of the burden they might, in justice, be called on to sustain. Every plea for a continuance of church exemptions is a plea for State-churchism, as those who submit it are well aware, and with that the people have solemnly declared, in the preamble of a statute, they will have nothing to do. Happily the vast majority, if not the whole, of the laity of all denominations concur in denouncing the continuance of the system and, therefore, both the clergy and their abettors may make up their minds to abandon it. Should the Government measure fail to satisfy the demands of the people, we hope that the question will be submitted fairly and clearly to the House, and that the division-list will be carefully preserved for the information of voters at the next election.

Those who were disposed to make wry faces at the Governor General's Victoria speech, will certainly be dissatisfied with the Colonial Secretary's highly flattering despatch in regard to it. The Earl of Carnarvon distinctly, and in the strongest eulogistic terms, applauds His Excellency for his laudable efforts to heal the existing breach between the Dominion Government and British Columbia—a breach, it may be added, which was widened by the reckless and unpatriotic course of some of the Opposition. No overt attack was made upon Earl Dufferin's speech, except by a few indiscreet journalists; but there was a muffled growl of discontent clearly audible near the gloomy cave of political despair. To have broken out into violent attack and noisy vituperation would have been imprudent, however desirable; still, enough was said to show that the Opposition were by no means pleased with His Excellency for telling the truth and vindicating the *bona fides* of his principal adviser. Still, political parties, though reckless enough at times, always keep a respectable balance at the bank of worldly sagacity; and, if they fail to combine the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent, they contrive, on occasion, to eke out their deficiency in the one with a double portion of the other. The Ins, whatever attack they may have made upon vice royalty when out, never fail to take refuge beneath the mantle when in power; while the Outs veil their displeasure under the forms of courtesy, because they hope, at some time, in the near or remote future, themselves to take shelter within its ample folds.

The visit of their Excellencies to Toronto, during the current month, at an inclement season of the year, will be exceedingly welcome to all classes of the people. It is another proof of the untiring energy which has characterised them from the first. The announcement that the Governor-General has accepted an invitation from the National Club has been received with a covert sneer by the *Mail*. It tells its readers that as His Excellency's hosts have given up politics, there is no impropriety in his so doing and dining. If our contemporary means by politics, partisanship, there is this foundation

for its remark, that the Club, like its originators, is strictly opposed to partisanship; still it can hardly be said to have abandoned what it eschewed from the outset. But politics, in the proper sense of the word, it has no intention of giving up. Already its influence has been felt in the bosom of both parties. It has infused a spirit of manly independence amongst the worthier members of the Reform party; it has won to its principles some of the best of the Conservatives; and though the leaven be hid, we believe it will continue to work, till the whole is leavened. Not being in any proper sense a party, separate organization is not an essential, or even a fitting engine, of its operations. At the National Club, as open neutral ground, the Governor-General may meet men of all parties, without offending or exciting reasonable jealousy in the breasts of any. The City Council has wisely decided to confine its public reception to the presentation of an address in the Council Chamber, although it is by no means certain that Ald. Turner's proposition would have commanded a majority had it been made after, instead of on the eve of election day. Aldermanic nature is much the same all the world over, and dearly loves to be well wined and dined; but just now, the object is to prove its self-denial by affecting a zeal for economy. There are abundant reasons at the present juncture, however, why the course adopted is the best and wisest one. Their Excellencies have kindly superadded a reception of their own, at which they are sure to receive a cordial greeting from the people of Toronto in a hall of their own.

Mr. Justice Casault's judgment in the Bonaventure election case deserves to be carefully read by all who desire to form a clear and conclusive opinion upon the legality or illegality of clerical interference. It is a model of lucidity, and sums up with trenchant force most of the arguments of those who have opposed this form of intimidation extra-judicially. During this particular contest, two *curés* declared from the pulpit that the people "must not vote for the Liberal party, and they (the clergy) menaced them with the refusal of the sacraments," and, in so doing, at least one of them claimed to have the authority of his Bishop. Being himself a Roman Catholic and a French Canadian, the learned Judge knew well the potency of such a threat uttered against the disobedient. "There is a difference too striking," he observes, "between the instructions which a priest gives to his flock on the obligations which religion imposes, even in the exercise of their political rights, in the character, the degrees, and the appreciation of the faults they may commit, and on the consequences attached to them by their religion, and a threat to refuse them that pardon for the faults which their faith teaches them to be necessary for the salvation of their souls from an eternity of misery. . . . he tells them that, in order to escape the penalties which their sins deserve, they will have need of his intervention, *which he will refuse if they vote for a certain political party.*" Mr. Justice Casault has no difficulty in deciding that this is the very worst form intimidation can possibly assume, and he further notices the deadly blow at the political franchise struck by the offence. He cites the decision of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, in the Longford case, and refers also to the Galway judgment of 1859. Referring to the absurd plea that the Articles of Capitulation, signed at Quebec and Montreal, gave special privileges to the clergy, he disproves it by quoting the particular article. The language of the Quebec Election law is too sweeping and comprehensive to shelter any doubt that every form of intimidation, clerical or lay, is illegal. It forbids the threatening of "any injury, damage, prejudice, or loss of employment," or "in any manner having recourse to intimidation against any person to induce or force such person to vote, or to abstain from voting," &c. There can be no doubt, therefore, about the law, as may be easily shown: the Articles of Capitulation grant toleration of the Roman Catholic religion only "in so far as the laws of England permit;" secondly, and, as a necessary inference, any Canadian law on the subject must be interpreted according to English precedent; and thirdly, there being a stringent law in Quebec against every form of intimidation, and as the English decisions are entirely in favour of including clerical intimidation under the general term, as the species of a genus, such intimidation is illegal in Quebec. There is no escaping the force of this argument; and no judge in Quebec, except perhaps Judge Routhier, could possibly dispute its validity. The *Globe*, in commenting upon

Mr. Justice Casault's judgment, does not attempt to deny the legal position assumed; yet mark its words:—"We deprecate the employment of legal measures for the punishment in ecclesiastics of what would be no wrong in the case of laymen. The law knows and ought to know no such distinction as clergy, and it is attaching too much importance to what is said in the pulpit to declare that what would be allowable on the lips of other persons shall be an absolute wrong on his." Could a more transparent fallacy be stated than is involved in this dictum? The *Globe* speaks of the impropriety of punishing a clergymen for an act which it must admit to be illegal! Who makes the distinction, if it be not our contemporary himself? The law declares that whoever, in any manner, uses intimidation against his fellow, commits an offence against the law; it has further decided that in this matter, there is *no* distinction between cleric and lay. The guilty man, whether priest, landlord, employer of labour, or belonging to any other class of the community, comes within its purview. Clerical intimidation can be committed only by a clergyman; no layman can possibly commit the offence, and therefore the *Globe* is simply talking nonsense in the above sentences. Suppose a landlord had brought himself within the meaning of the statute by threatening eviction, who would listen to the plea that no distinction should be made between a landlord and a tenant, and, therefore, that a landlord should not be amenable to the law for what would be no offence in the case of the tenant? What would be thought of such rubbish by any rational man, not the slave of prejudice—class prejudice of the unworthiest description. Yet such is the position actually assumed by our contemporary. Let us take a parallel analogy from history. When Henry IV. or Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Philip IV. of France, or John of England, were excommunicated and their territories placed under an interdict, how would it have sounded to urge, "You have no right to complain, much less to raise your arms against the Lord's anointed, because that can be no wrong, if done by a Pope, which would be no wrong, if done by yourself"? In fact, the argument, if argument it can be called, carries its own refutation with it. So far from the complaint of a distinction between cleric and laymen being just, not only is there no such distinction, for all are equal in the sight of the law, but our contemporary and those who agree with him are the only men who argue in favour of setting class above class. They desire to exempt the clergy from punishment for an offence for which they are quite ready to make the layman answerable. That offence is undue influence or intimidation; it is of different kinds and assumes divers forms; but in essential character they are the same—they prevent, or are designed to prevent, the free action of the voter, and, in so doing, are mortal foes to free representative government. Hence whether a man be priest or landlord, employer of labour or any other, whether he denounces awful penalties, temporal and eternal, threatens eviction, discharge from employment, or physical injury and death, matters little, so long as his act constitutes the legal offence of intimidation. In each case, the same illegality has been committed, and if any distinction be made at all, the clergyman is a sinner of the guiltiest type. How effective his spiritual threats are, Mr. Justice Casault has told us; and because, as a French Roman Catholic, he has the best opportunity of knowing that whereof he speaks, we prefer his authoritative statement to all the flippant rhetoric, inspired of a puny ecclesiasticism, which finds its most fitting conduit pipe in the clerico-political columns of the *Globe*.

Of Dominion affairs there is little worthy of note. The journals have a scanty supply of topics and, therefore, naturally resort to playful reminiscences of the past, seasoned with the usual sauce of slander and vituperation—they give us gall mingled with vinegar to drink. Parliament meets on the 8th proximo, and then perhaps we may enjoy a respite from the feeble wrestlings of the vacation. The Hon. Mr. Laflamme's election for Jacques Cartier was from the first assured, though his majority was scarcely even respectable. In his battle with the *curés*, the victory rested with him, although he was badly beaten on the actual field in dispute—the parishes. Lachine, which the Opposition press has associated with his name, did marvellous things for him, and, on the whole, it would not be out of the way to call him the member for the Canal. In the County of Cardwell, an election made necessary by the lamented death of the Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron has resulted in the return of Mr. Dalton McCarthy

by a majority of over two hundred. This is a large increase over the vote by which Mr. Cameron was returned in 1874; but it is scarcely a proof of the vaunted Conservative reaction. It must not be forgotten that the late member, notwithstanding his well-deserved reputation as a jurist and public speaker, had to bear the full weight of public indignation, then at the boiling point, "anent" the Pacific Scandal. The large majorities and the victories, about which so great a pother is raised, are simply proofs that the fever of the time, which issued in the fall of Sir John Macdonald, has spent its force, and left the patients feeble, yet clothed in their right mind. It is not so much a reaction, as a natural "reversion," to use a Darwinian term, and the first phase of it is comparative ease and indifference. When health is perfectly restored, we shall be able to judge how far the country has been improved by its attack; in short, whether it is prepared to enter upon a new state of existence or to fall back into the party slough which was the proximate cause of the disease. Mr. Dalton McCarthy appears to be a man of promise and genuine ability; and those, even among his opponents, who desire a "strong Opposition"—and they all affect to do so—should welcome him as a rising member of it.

The death of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Quebec, has caused a vacancy which has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Mr. Letellier de St. Just. The late Minister of Agriculture appears to be generally acceptable to both parties, and there can be no doubt that he possesses qualities, social and intellectual, which render him peculiarly fitted for the post of honour. Even the *Minerve*, which cannot admit that any good can come out of the Grit Nazareth, is disposed to think that he will make a passable Governor. It is but fair to our irreconcilable contemporary to say that he only feels a measure of resignation to M. Letellier, because his appointment is an escape from the detestable rule of M. Thibaudeau or M. Cauchon. As usual, the well-worn objection is urged against the elevation of a Minister, and the old proof of Mr. Mackenzie's *penchant* for nominations from his political family circle, are reprinted with an addition. It is not very clear on what grounds this objection is pressed. As a matter of history, Mr. Mackenzie is only following the uniform practice of Sir John Macdonald. No matter what public man received the Lieutenant-Governorship from the hands of the Premier, it would have been found necessary to find or devise some cause of complaint. Had the appointee been an outsider, it would have at once been obvious that he had been bribed by a promise of the first lucrative office in Mr. Mackenzie's gift. No such allegation is feasible in M. Letellier's case, and, therefore, it has become necessary to "furbish up the rusty tools" in the Opposition armoury which have already been whet and ground and polished so often. There are many reasons why it is exceedingly proper that the higher offices in the gift of the Crown should be filled from the ranks of the Privy Council. Ministers are naturally better acquainted with the talents, the aptitudes, the strength, and the weakness of a colleague, than they can possibly be with any one with whom their intercourse is less constant and intimate. Such an objection was never raised in England to the appointment of Lord Elgin, Lord Mayo, Lord Dufferin, Lord Salisbury, and a host of others. It is not merely puerile in itself, but absolutely disingenuous and factious, to growl at every appointment made by one's political opponents, be it good or bad. Such, however, is the constant practice in Canada; party men, whether they are called Reformers or Conservatives, seem incapable of candour or generosity towards those they oppose.

The session of the Ontario Legislature opens so soon, that there seems little object in attempting to foreshadow the measures announced in Lieutenant-Governor Macdonald's speech. The more so, as the scattered hints contained in some of the Reform journals are not only meagre but come to us without the stamp of authority. There are at least to be bills touching exemptions, amending the Municipal Act, consolidating the school laws, and one or two others of less importance. It is astonishing to note how much of our local legislation, year after year, resolves itself into tinkering—patching up old laws rather than enacting new. Ministers appear to meet the House with parboiled eggs which are neither good for eating nor hatching. And when they are produced, so little time is allowed

for examining their merits, that at the ensuing session, all the old work must be done over again. Legislation appears to be so irksome to the Government that they only attempt it with the points of their fingers; what is accomplished is only feebly done, and perhaps, from the confusion it causes, had better have been left wholly undone. Private Bills, especially, suffer severely from the undignified haste to close the session which appears to be growing on Mr. Mowat and his colleagues. This year the announcement was made that there would not only be a late meeting of the House, but also a short one. Now although the prorogation of the Legislature rests with the Crown in theory, the length or shortness of the session depends upon the will of the House, and we are not aware of any special prescience possessed by Ministers by which they can forecast its duration months in advance—unless it be the consciousness of poverty in their own programme. Procrastination in meeting the Legislature, coupled with haste to get rid of it, would not be tolerated by any dignified or high-spirited body of men. Perhaps Mr. Mowat, who knows hon. members better than we do, has some reason for believing that as a body, they are neither dignified nor high-spirited.

There is no unity or coherence in Ontario Legislation. Measures are badly, not to say clumsily prepared, because they are knocked together in haste and without reflection or polish. Every Minister must have his little hobby-horse, and the consequence is that Bills are brought in which should have been left until they were better digested, and served upon the table of the House like the ill-assorted collection of viands supplied at feasts where each guest provides his share. We have no desire to utter a harsh word concerning Mr. Mowat, whom even opponents hold in deserved esteem; yet it certainly would seem that he scarcely holds the reins with the firm grip of a Premier. Every puny whipster, provided his will or his assurance be powerful, wins too easy an advantage over him. His subordinates in office are permitted, as the Hon. Mr. Fraser did in the matter of church exemption, to utter *outré* opinions without regard to ministerial responsibility; and in the management of the House, the Attorney-General lacks firmness, and therefore fails to exert his legitimate authority in legislation—*le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas.* It would certainly be unfortunate if Mr. Mowat were to be always stubborn and unyielding, but it is an excess on the other side to be too compliant. The chances are that if a Minister, ordinarily suave and conciliatory, attempts to be firm, it will be in the wrong place; that he will insist upon matters of little moment, and refuse substantial improvements which, were the inflexible mood over, he would at once see the propriety of adopting. It cannot be insisted upon too often, that the Government is responsible for the entire legislation of the session, and that if crude and ill-digested Acts receive the Royal assent, the blame rests entirely upon Ministers, and especially upon a Premier who is, at the same time, the chief law officer of the Province. In the absence of a second Chamber, careful legislation in the Assembly is an essential necessity, and, therefore, if the careless ambiguity which has hitherto characterized it in Ontario is to be avoided, time must be given for the keenest criticism and the most mature reflection. Above all, Mr. Mowat should remember that the character of the statutes for a year is the best index to the capacity or incapacity of a Government.

It would be premature, in the absence of adequate evidence, to pronounce upon the unfortunate dispute between the authorities of the Grand Trunk Railway and its employees in the mechanical department. The claims of the men may be reasonable or they may not; but no one can have the slightest difficulty in giving a decided opinion upon the manner in which the strife was begun and carried on. In the first place, it appears to most people highly unpatriotic to obey the imperious mandate of an alien authority. The order to strike came from the United States, and it is within the bounds of possibility that it was inspired by "Commodore" Vanderbilt himself. The railway "rings" of the United States have the deepest interest in crippling our chief trunk line. The competition of last summer has no doubt aggravated them sorely, and they are not likely to be scrupulous about the means to be employed in retaliation. The inclination to throw obstacles in our way was plainly evident in the customs regulation by which it was hoped to prevent Montreal from sending freight in unbroken bulk, and without transhipment,

across the frontier and down the Hudson. The strike assumes a serious aspect in its possible bearing, some day or other, upon the national defences. If there be a power in the United States whose fiat, like that of the General of the Jesuits, or the head of the Carbonari, is binding upon our railway engineers, then our neighbours have a most powerful weapon of war ready to hand. At one moment the entire east of the Dominion was inaccessible to us; we were cut off from communication with the seat of government and with the sea through our own territory, except by the most tedious modes of travel; and in the event of a Fenian raid or the sudden outbreak of war, the movement and massing of troops would be a matter of the utmost difficulty. Now, without prejudging their cause in this particular instance, it may not be unfair to ask—Has any body of men the right, on personal grounds, thus to paralyze the strong arm of the Dominion? It will be remembered that at the gas stokers' strike in London, the decision was clear and explicit. For several nights London was left without lamp-lights, at the mercy of the criminal class, and the Courts decided then, in every case, where the public safety or even the general good was concerned, the State was entitled to a voice in the matter and had a right to intervene as a third party between employers and employed. So in the case under consideration. The engineers appear to have forgotten that it was not against the Grand Trunk alone that they struck, but against the entire community. The loss entailed upon the Grand Trunk will amount certainly to hundreds of thousands of dollars; but if it should turn out that they were in the wrong, they are not entitled to any sympathy. But the certain damage inflicted upon the people who have done nothing to deserve the loss and suffering is incalculable. Not to speak further of the public security from riot and invasion, there was the immense injury done to trade at a time when it could be borne with the least equanimity, and besides that, physical inconvenience and public breaches of the peace—the immediate work of the strikers themselves. In order to take the Company unawares, instead of giving due notice of their intention to throw up their situations, the engineers sedulously concealed the hour of the strike until the last practicable moment. Nor was that all. For the public—at any rate for the infirm, the women and children committed to their charge—they might have had some consideration. They had none; so soon as the appointed hour struck, they blew off the steam, quenched the fires, and left those who had never injured them miles from their destination, or even from the nearest station, exposed to the tender mercies of a night of drifting snow and cutting wind. No gratitude is due to them if death has not resulted, or if the seeds of disease and mortality have not been sown in many a feeble frame. Finally, not content with all this, they boldly defied the law by open breaches of the peace, brutal assaults, wholesale intimidation, and the wanton destruction of property. We are not living in the days of the Luddites, and it remains to be seen whether the State may thus be set at nought with impunity. We believe that the strike as begun, not to speak of its progress, was, *ab initio*, illegal on grounds of public policy, altogether apart from the deeds of violence which followed. So far as the latter are concerned there can be no question; either the law must be sternly enforced, or these men are superior to its power and authority. It may not be amiss to ask the Minister of Justice to give such consideration to the subject as may seem necessary, especially to that branch of it which relates to the rights of the State to protect the interests of the entire people, when they are deeply concerned in disputes between employers and employed. The greater part of the loss and suffering has been entailed upon the people, not upon the railway company, and it is for the Dominion Parliament to decide to what redress they are entitled, and what measures may be devised to prevent the recurrence of similar wars upon society in the future.

Judgment was given on the twenty-ninth of December on the rule argued in term, calling upon the Hon. George Brown to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of Court. The contempt, as our readers are aware, was committed in the publication of a gross and outrageous attack upon Mr. Justice Wilson, because he had characterized in fitting terms of indignation what is known as the "Big Push" letter. The learned Chief Justice, in a judgment exceedingly clear, elaborate, and

to our mind, conclusive — at least in so far as Mr. Brown's offence is concerned— gave his opinion that the rule should be made absolute. Mr. Justice Morrison, on the other hand, was of opinion that Mr. Wilkinson had no *locus standi* in the matter, and also that, apart from that consideration, it would be unwise in the Court to take cognizance of such an assault upon the dignity of the Bench, violent and unjustifiable though it was. He, therefore, pronounced for the discharge of the rule. On the whole there is no reason to regret the result, because two advantages are gained by it—the opinion of the Court has been delivered on the character of Mr. Brown's act, and, besides that, Mr. Brown is deprived of the advantage of posing in the attitude of a martyr or of declaring that the Bench has been so craven as to give him *carte blanche* to outrage all sense of propriety and decency, as he did in the article complained of. Upon the differences of opinion between the Chief-Justice Harrison and Mr. Justice Morrison on the technical questions involved, it would be unbecoming to utter a word. All that the public and all that independent journalists have to do with is Mr. Brown's part in the matter; whether Mr. Wilkinson was justified in making the application, and whether the Court, having the matter before them, could take cognizance of the contempt, are matters of no concern at all to the public. The sole question, and it is one of vital importance in more respects than one, has been already decided by the press and people, and is now authoritatively pronounced upon by the Bench; it is whether, not merely the dignity and independence of the judiciary are to be sustained, but whether the personal character, the motives, the honesty, and the honour of our judges are to be at the mercy of the professional libeller, the domineering despot of a political faction. Shall Mr. Brown be permitted with impunity to asperse and vilify the Bench as he has maligned statesmen, priests, nuns, journalists—in short, every one who has stood in his way or refused to yield to his dictation? Even now, after confessing that his tirade was founded in great part upon a false assumption, he repeats the contempt and glories in his shame. Mr. Justice Wilson's well-merited strictures on the "big push" letter are, only a day after the delivery of these judgments, stigmatized as an "unjust and insolent attack," in which Mr. Brown was "maligned," "an escapade" which he ventures to predict will not be witnessed "on the Canadian Bench for some time to come." *Parta victoria est*, instead of *peccavi!*

Having crushed the proud, the dictator is ready to spare the vanquished, if they will only consent to be dragged at his chariot wheels. "We hope to be able," he says, "in future to speak always of the Ontario Bench in those terms of high respect and consideration which has been our invariable habit in times past." Mr. Brown's wealth of generosity is greater than the resources of his memory, or he would remember what he wrote about six judges—the entire Common Law Bench—when they declined to do his bidding in the matter of the "double shuffle."

In commenting upon the difference of opinion between the Judges, the *Globe* asserts that "Mr. Justice Morrison, on the other hand, firmly protests against the despotic doctrines of the Chief-Justice; he takes a much more reasonable view of the powers of the Bench and the rights of the people." Mr. Justice Morrison's own words will disprove this statement:—"My opinion is not based upon the ground that the publication is not a contempt of the Court, for I fully concur in the law in that respect as expressed by the learned Chief-Justice, as well as his observations upon the character and tendency of the libellous matter it contains." Now, what confidence can be reposed in the naked assertion of a man about a transaction which was intended to be kept dark, "private," and scrupulously hidden away amongst the ugly secrets of party, when we find his commentary upon a judgment in one column distinctly contradicted by a sentence from the judgment itself in another column of his journal? Chief-Justice Harrison's words are: "Of the many publications which appear in the reports as attacks upon the Bench, I know of none worse than the article now before us. It is not only full of vituperation, but assumes fiction to be fact, and on the strength of a foundation thus—in part at least—constructed, mercilessly assails a judge of great experience, acknowledged ability, and undoubted integrity, who, in the fearless discharge of official duty, felt constrained to

use language which, although strong, cannot fairly be said to be irrelevant to the matter before the Court. The Judge thus assailed is, in short, charged with being so ignorant or vicious as to disregard evidence, so corrupt as to distort evidence, so corrupt as to suppress evidence, and so lost to all sense of propriety as to utter deliberate falsehoods in his official judgment." In this description of "the character and tendency of the libellous matter," Mr. Justice Morrison "fully concurred," in common, we venture to affirm, with the vast majority of the people, including nine-tenths of Mr. Brown's own press and party.

Throughout the whole of the "big push" transaction Mr. Brown has been guilty of a series of blunders. First, there was the letter itself, written, doubtless, without reflection under the urgent and exciting necessities of a close electoral contest, in which the odds appeared to be against him; secondly, the publication of a defence which was only a *quasi* denial, and did not amount to disproof; thirdly, the savage and vindictive attack upon Mr. Justice Wilson, which momentary rage and chagrin alone can palliate; fourthly, his selection of himself as his own lawyer, a mistake from which a well-known aphorism should have saved him. It is of no use now to attempt an outcry about the "liberty of the press." Like other liberties, it has its limits as well as its responsibilities. The worst enemy of all liberty is he who abuses it to the verge of licentiousness and makes it a cloak of maliciousness. The editor of the *Globe* is the last man in Canada whom any right-minded person would select as the champion of freedom for the press. For years he has made a trade of libelling, vituperation, and slander, and a painful history might be written of the reputations he has endeavoured to injure, and the hearts he has wounded, from the days of Robert Baldwin, down to those of his pupil and relative, Adam Wilson. Figuratively speaking, it has always been his sweetest delight "to bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk." With him the liberty of the press means precisely what some clerics understand by the liberty of the church—freedom and immunity for himself, the liberty to do how and what he pleases as he pleases; for others, the privilege of doing as they please, if it be what pleases him. His defence of clerical intimidation is natural, because it is the counterpart of his own. According to the theory, there are two parties who must not be interfered with, whatever they may utter; the first is made up of the clergy; the second, of their champion—when it suits his purpose—the Hon. Geo. Brown. Both are, and of right ought to be, above and superior to the law of the land.

It is no pleasure to give expression to these opinions, and only their cogency and the necessity which duty appears to lay upon us, compels their utterance. It appears evident, not merely to us, but to the wisest and best of Mr. Brown's party, that whatever service he may have done in the past, he has outlived his usefulness. He is no longer the leader of his party, and, although he possesses its most powerful mouth-piece in the press, his journal ought surely to be the servant, and not the master of that party. No one who knows Mr. Brown will believe that he is devoid of sterling principle, and that, at bottom, there is a strong substratum of integrity. Unfortunately he is swayed too much by impulse, by the desire to rule at all hazards, and by an obstinacy which clings tenaciously to the assertion that whatever he has once done is right. The days of dictation and coercion are over; no future "boss" can ever occupy the unique position of Boss Brown. Journalists and the party have begun to discover that instead of carrying Cæsar and his fortunes, they are bearing Jonah to the imminent danger of party shipwreck, and it is useless now to attempt the prolongation of the dictatorial term by savage attacks upon the Bench. The people of Ontario are jealous for the honour and dignity of their judges; reposing the most complete confidence in their ability and integrity, the popular voice will always be raised in its loudest tones against unjust and ungenerous attacks upon them. Fair and temperate criticism is always a privilege of the journalist, but not a a method of attack, conceived in malice and couched in the language of Billingsgate.

It is idle to speculate upon the outcome in the United States. A short time since it seemed as if the final return of Hayes was determined upon at all hazards; at present the chances appear to favour Tilden. The attempt to set up counter-charges of intimi-

dation by the Democrats, so as to balance the palpable proofs of fraud in the disputed States, appears to have failed; at any rate they are not substantiated to the required extent. Another plan was to endeavour to deprive Tilden of the votes of the Cotton States, by adducing proofs of coercion, but that appears to have been dropped, either because it had no foundation of fact to rest upon, or because it was too evident a confession of weakness on the part of the Republicans. The Congressional Committees, which have been lately at work in Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, ought to arrive at the truth as to the exact amount both of fraud and intimidation. The Senate Committee is, of course, mainly Republican, and the House Committee Democratic; but each contains members of the opposite party, so that between the two there ought to be the material, at any rate, for arriving at a proximately accurate conclusion. The House Committee has completed its labours, with what result has not transpired, and until the entire investigation, with its results, is published, there can be no certainty about the ultimate decision as to the Presidency. Should both Houses agree that Tilden has been deprived of the electoral vote of Louisiana by the most audacious and systematic fraud, there is an end to the perplexity. But if, on the other hand, the Senate should take one view of the matter, and the House another, a constitutional struggle of a very serious kind may ensue. On the 14th of February the votes are to be counted by the President of the Senate in presence of both Houses, and it has been hinted that the Democratic representatives, should the Republicans express an intention of "counting in" Hayes at all hazards, will absent themselves so as to render the constitutional count impossible. This would appear to be an undignified course, and if the party seriously intends to pursue it, it can only be as a *dernier ressort*. An additional difficulty arises from the fact that the Governor of Oregon has given his certificate to two Republicans and one Democrat, the latter replacing the third Republican elected, who is an office-holder, and consequently ineligible. This Democrat's vote would elect Tilden and, therefore, he is not likely to be admitted by the Senate without a struggle. The contested election therefore, bristles with constitutional difficulties. Is the joint rule still in force? If the count be not made on St. Valentine's Day, may the House at once proceed to elect a President under the Constitution? Which is to decide between the rival tickets from Louisiana, Florida, and Oregon, the House, the Senate, or both together? Should the 4th of March arrive and the question be still *en delibère* will the election then be in the hands of the new House which comes into being on that day? Even if they have the legal right to elect, could the inauguration of the new President be legally performed on any other day than that prescribed by the Constitution? For the present our neighbours must possess their souls in patience, and we need make but one further remark. It will make considerable difference to the Democrats whether this House or its successor shall have the final word in the matter. In the new House the Democratic majority will be very small—only eight it would appear. Now, narrow as that margin is it would be sufficient, if the vote resembled an ordinary division; but it does not, because each State has but one vote and the Republicans will have a majority of States.

The Eastern question is also involved in obscurity at the present moment. The telegrams received day after day are so contradictory and perplexing that there is no knowing what to believe. It seems clear that the Marquis of Salisbury's decision of character has told upon both the combatants. Russia has yielded as much as she possibly can yield on the question of armed occupation. The Czar has protested all along that he had no sinister objects in view in undertaking the cause of the oppressed Slav population, and at the present time he appears to have conceded almost every point which has hitherto separated England from Russia. Lord Salisbury and Gen. Ignatieff seem to be acting cordially together, and no difference of importance has hitherto arisen to disturb the *entente cordiale*. All the difficulties which have hitherto arisen have been caused by the crass obstinacy and mulishness of the Porte. The new Grand Vizier has been amusing the Empire with his new Constitution, and we are far from contending that Midhat Pasha is altogether insincere in his desire to make it work reasonably well; but the idea of establishing representative government in such a country as Turkey is almost ludicrous

in the eyes of Western nations. At this moment the attitude of the Porte is the only obstacle to a temporary settlement of the Eastern question. The rulers of Turkey seem utterly impervious to reason, notwithstanding the certainty that, if they choose to remain recalcitrant, nothing is left them but a single-handed combat with Russia. The Sultan has been made fully aware that no assistance will be forthcoming from England if the reasonable demands of the Conference are peremptorily rejected. Little reliance can be placed on the telegrams which confuse the reader morning after morning. The rumoured conversation between the Sultan and Lord Salisbury is evidently apocryphal, but, coupled with the removal of the British fleet, for safer wintering, from Besika Bay to the Piræus, it has a certain verisimilitude. It is clear that Prince Bismarck made a true diagnosis of the state of affairs when he declared in the Reichstag that there was no danger of any war save a local one. Russia occupies, at present, the vantage ground. She has surrendered even the design of occupying Bulgaria alone, she has declared her willingness to accept any guarantees for the enforcement of reforms in the Slavic Provinces, and she is in agreement with all the Powers upon the nature and extent of these reforms. If, then, Turkey should at length determine to reject the plan adopted by the Conference, Russia may enter the field, not to realize any views or ambitions of her own, avowed or unvowed, but as the agent—in a word, the sword of all Europe. The month's prolongation of armistice will enable the Powers to mature their scheme; it will give Turkey ample time for reflection, and now it is more than likely that before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, on the 8th of February, the question of peace or war will be definitively settled.

The ecclesiastical policy of the French Cabinet has proved fatal to it. The sections of the Left appear ready to submit to much that does not meet their approval on purely political grounds, but, in ecclesiastical matters, they are uncompromising and, it may be added, unreasonable. M. Dufaure's Government proposed that a sum of sixty thousand dollars should be voted to raise the stipends of the poorer clergy some twenty dollars per head. This seems a very modest demand, and the Left, who have reasonable hope of converting this class to their opinions, appears to have acted unwisely in rejecting that portion of the Budget. Another trouble arose from the determination of the Government not to grant military honours at the funeral of any member of the Legion of Honour who should be buried without religious ceremonies. They finally proposed that these honours should only be paid at the graves of soldiers, and paid to them without distinction. M. Dufaure was defeated, and, singular to say, owing to a misunderstanding in making an official announcement, M. Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, also got into disgrace, though he was the special representative of the Left. Matters were thus further complicated. The victorious majority soon discovered that they had pressed matters too far; the Marshal-President, who has not merely peculiar constitutional ideas of his own, but the power of enforcing them, was obstinate, and, perhaps, in the end, M. Dufaure would have got back to office. Fortunately a substitute was found in the person of M. Jules Simon, who agrees, in the main, with the Left on matters ecclesiastical. The politics of Italy have been barren of interest of late. When the Left succeeded to power, and Signor Depretis replaced Signor Minghetti, great changes were anticipated in the internal government of the kingdom. These hopes or fears have been disappointed, for the Left has faithfully adhered to what may now be termed the traditional policy of Cavour and Ricasoli. At the general election, lately held, the Government obtained the sweeping majority of something like four hundred—a success so overwhelming as to be scarcely preferable to defeat. It is impossible that so vast a following can long keep together; the power of cohesion is not equal to that of disintegration, and in all probability, the greatest parliamentary victory achieved in modern times, will prove most disastrous to the victors.

The second of December last was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III.—the beginning of many sorrows. Since that memorable day there have been, besides the contest with Denmark about the Duchies, four great sanguinary wars in Europe—the Crimean war, the war waged by France and Italy upon Austria, the Austro-Prussian war, and the Franco-

German. Two great nationalities have arisen —Italy and Germany; one power has been extinguished definitively — the temporal power of the Pope. In America the most disastrous of wars, a civil war, waged with desperate valour, and marked by an appalling sacrifice of human life, ended in the overthrow of the slave power. In Canada also a new nation has been born, but without the effusion of blood, which has already grown up to a lusty youth, in whose veins the tide of life beats high with hopes and aspirations to be realized in the far-distant future. Looking forward, in Europe especially, the prospect is not cheering. There is the Turk who is sick unto death, and yet refuses to die, France eager for her war of revenge, Russia jealous and hostile to Germany. On this day of good will, when we all wish each other "a happy new year," we can well understand the Sultan exclaiming to a perplexed brother potentate:

"Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Di dederint."

January 1st, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE INTERCOLONIAL. A historical sketch of the Inception, Location, Construction, and Completion of the line of Railway; by Sandford Fleming, C. E., Engineer-in-Chief of the Newfoundland, Intercolonial, and Canadian Pacific Railways.

This work, which may be looked upon as the final report of the Engineer-in-Chief, with regard to the completion of the great work so ably carried out by him, is very comprehensive in its history of the whole scheme, from its inception in 1832, until its completion in 1876. The first explorations with a view to a line of railway between Canada and the Maritime Provinces, appear to have been made in 1836, on the part of New Brunswick, by Messrs. Smith and Hatheway, and of Quebec, by Captain Yule, R. E. These were made in connection with a projected line of railway from the city of Quebec to St. Andrews, on the Bay of Fundy; and were followed by more detailed explorations under the charge of Captain Yule, resulting in the adoption of a line of about 300 miles in length, from Point Levis, crossing the upper waters of the river St. John, thence in the direction of Mars Hill, after passing which, with a great bend, it took a south-easterly course, to St. Andrews. This line was located through a tract of country which was then held to be entirely within British territory. Attention to the project was aroused in the United States. The State of Maine created disturbances in connection with the boundary question, by taking possession of lands and forming settlements within the then British territory. Protracted negotiations took place between the Government of Great Britain and the United States, resulting in a final settlement of boundaries by the Ashburton Treaty, which gave to the latter power a large tract of country, including that over which about one-third of the route of the Quebec and St. Andrews line had been located. The settlement of the boundary by that treaty, in 1842, had therefore a most important bearing on the location of an Intercolonial Railway connecting the Canadas with the Maritime Provinces, and caused the abandonment of anything in the shape of a direct line, and the final adoption of a much longer route.

Between the time of Captain Yule's surveys and that of the final location of the railway, several schemes were projected and extensive surveys were made, amongst which were those of Captain Piper, Mr. Henderson, and Major Robinson, of the Royal Engineers. Major Robinson made a final report in 1848, recommending a route from Halifax to Truro, passing over the Cobequid Mountains, thence by the Gulf Shore, to the river Miramichi, thence by the Nipissiguit river, to the Bay Chaleur, and along the coast to the Metapedia, up its valley to the St. Lawrence, and thence along that river to Rivière du Loup and Point Levis, giving a line 635 miles in length, at an estimated cost of £5,000,000, sterling.

In 1863, Mr. Sandford Fleming was appointed by the Imperial Government, and by the Governments of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, to take charge of the surveys for an Intercolonial line. In 1864, the surveys

were in full operation, and early in 1865 a report was made, "setting forth the routes surveyed, and such projected lines as seemed worthy of notice." In all, fifteen different lines and combinations of lines, projected in various directions through the country, were compared. These are fully described in the present work, and are illustrated on a map accompanying it. The lines were grouped under three distinct heads, designated the "Frontier," "Central," and "Bay Chaleur" routes, the result of the survey being in favour of the last named.

The British North America Act, uniting the Provinces in the Dominion, came into force on the 1st July, 1867, and immediately after, the Engineer-in-Chief received instructions from the Government to make the necessary surveys for the final location of the proposed line. During the progress of the work, local controversies, differences, and difficulties arose in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with regard to the route to be finally adopted on certain portions of the line in each Province, changes being urged in some instances on account of local works undertaken previously, and in others on account of connections being made with important mineral districts, where mining operations were in progress. To these difficulties were added the strongly expressed desire of the British Government in favour of a northerly route, touching at several points on the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, as the best for the line as a work of military defence, and in view of the future importance of a harbour on the Bay Chaleur. All these details had to be considered before the final location of the line was made; and in the final selection of the route concessions had to be made, resulting in deviations which would not have approved themselves to the judgment of the Chief Engineer, viewing the subject from merely an engineering standpoint.

The railway, as constructed, extends for 178 miles through the Province of Quebec; crossing into New Brunswick at the River Restigouche, the length in that Province is 241½ miles. At the River Missiguash it passes into Nova Scotia, and terminates at Truro, 80 miles from the frontier of the Province. It there joins the line constructed, previous to Confederation, between Truro and Halifax, having a length of 60 miles. The whole length of the Intercolonial, between its termini at Rivière du Loup and Halifax, is 559½ miles, and up to the date of the publication of Mr. Fleming's book, the total expenditure thereon had been $21,569,136.79, on all services, including branch lines and rolling-stock. The average excavation per mile is stated to have been 32,210 cubic yards, and the average masonry used 410 cubic yards. On the whole line more than 200,000 cubic yards of masonry have been built, and the total excavation amounts to sixteen millions of cubic yards, from nine to ten per cent. of it being rock. The greatest altitude attained by the line is at Lake Malfait, in Quebec, 108 miles from Rivière du Loup, where it rises to 743 feet above the sea. In the Cobequid Mountains, in Nova Scotia, the line attains an altitude of 610 feet above the sea; and the highest elevation in New Brunswick is at Bartibogue, 514 feet above the sea level.

For 90 miles from Rivière du Loup the railway is within a short distance of the St. Lawrence, and the country is closely settled, the line passing several towns and villages, as Isle Verte, Trois Pistoles, St. Simon, Bic, Rimouski, St. Luce, St. Flavie, and Métis. In the neighbourhood of Lake Metapedia there is said to be a large area of good farming land. From near Lake Metapedia the line follows the valleys of the Metapedia and Restigouche Rivers to the Bay Chaleur, the shore of which it skirts, sometimes touching the beach, though generally about a mile therefrom, until it reaches Bathurst. It then leaves the shore in order to cross the promontory between Bathurst and Miramichi. The country here is slightly rolling, and comprises clayey, gravelly, peaty, and rocky soil. The rocks in the Restigouche district belong mostly to the Gaspé limestone series of the Upper Silurian. From Miramichi the line follows a comparatively straight course to Moncton, where it connects with the branch to St. John. Along this portion of the route the country is generally wild, though important settlements are not far distant. The distance from Moncton to Truro is 124¾ miles, and in this section occur the most crooked alignment, the greatest extent of curvature, the sharpest curves, the highest bridge, the deepest embankment, the steepest grade, and the second highest summit on the railway. Between Moncton and the Cobequid range the line crosses three belts of lower carboniferous rocks and two of the middle coal formation. The well-known Springhill coal-field is situated on the most southerly of the belts of the middle coal formation. On the southerly site of the Cobequid range a large vein of carbonates and oxides of iron is being worked by the Steel Company of Canada, and the construction of the Intercolonial and the branch to Pictou places the coal region midway between and within easy reach of two all but inexhaustible coal-fields.

With regard to the construction of the railway, it is fortunate for the country that the Engineer selected was a man well versed in the effects of the climate of Canada on such works. In his preliminary report, in 1865, he laid down certain principles of construction, adapted to meet all contingencies likely to result from winter cold, and snow, and these were adhered to throughout, except in a few cases where they were altered or opposed through the

want of experience of the Commissioners appointed to supervise the carrying out of the work.

The leading features of these principles of construction may be briefly enumerated as follows :—

1. Thorough drainage, and good ballasting.
2. Substantial masonry, and iron bridges.
3. The regulation of the widths of cuttings, so as to provide against the accumulation of snow.
4. Embankments, instead of trestle structures and open bridges.
5. Tunnels and pipe culverts, in lieu of the ordinary open or covered culverts crossing under railways, where such structures were practicable.
6. Steel rails, with fish or scabbard joints throughout, instead of iron rails.

Many other details of construction might be enumerated with regard to foundations, bridges, culverts, water-supply, and other matters, which are fully gone into by Mr. Fleming, and which indicate the solid and thoroughly permanent character of the work. These are, perhaps, chiefly interesting to the Engineering profession, but at the same time it must be a satisfaction to the people of the Dominion to be able to read for themselves evidence of the careful construction and solid character of this great national Railway, and to remember that the construction of our other national line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, is under the control of the same able Chief.

The maps accompanying the book illustrate the history of the earlier surveys; the disastrous effect of the settlement of the boundary question; and the positions of the heights of land, and the water-sheds referred to in the chapters detailing the difficulties in connection with the earlier locations of the line. The plates are good, and illustrate the character of the culverts and the more important bridge structures throughout, showing the difficulties met with in connection with their foundations, and the means successfully adopted to obviate them. On the whole the book is one that must be highly interesting to the non-professional as well as to the professional reader.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE LATE HON. RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Member of the Legislative Council of the First Parliament of Upper Canada. Edited by Rev. C. E. Cartwright. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

We have here the memoir and some interesting literary remains of one of the first pioneers of British civilization in the Province of Ontario. The Hon. Richard Cartwright, the grandfather of our present Finance Minister, was born in the year of the taking of Quebec, and died in the year of Waterloo. The life consists of a funeral sermon preached by the late Bishop Strachan, who, in Mr. Cartwright found, at first, a generous patron, and afterwards a life-long friend. The subject of this memoir, was born at Albany, New York, and early conceived the design of entering the ministry, a purpose thwarted by the outbreak of the American War. The young student of Hebrew and Greek immediately took his side, which was that of His Majesty, and soon after accompanied Colonel Butler to Canada, in the capacity of one of the Queen's Rangers. After the war, the church being now out of the question, and the bar distasteful, Mr. Cartwright turned his attention to business. Still, the clerical bent never left him, as Dr. Strachan remarks in the memoir, "although Mr. Cartwright had found it necessary to relinquish his views of becoming a Minister of the Gospel, yet he indulged always in a serious turn of mind, and a strong predilection for the sacred character." But the U. E. Loyalist was no religious dreamer; he had physical difficulties to overcome, which would have dissipated the visions of the most enraptured mystic. The sturdy common-sense, the indomitable energy of the man, and his enlightened views on economic questions, made of him a prominent figure in that primitive state of society. He was soldier, merchant, shipbuilder, magistrate, preacher, and legislative councillor—in all a strong, good man, whose constant aim was the patient and thorough discharge of duty. At any time Mr. Richard Cartwright would have made his mark, and the record of his life is not only interesting, but valuable also in the highest degree. In the collection of letters, state papers, &c., which by the way are admirably classified, the modern politician will find no small amount of instruction, and the Canadian historian some valuable *mémoires pour servir*.

LEWIS'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS. By Richard Lewis. Toronto: Belford Bros., Publishers.

Of making many books there is no end, or the desirable limit would long ago have been reached in the department of "Readers," "Reciters," and "Elocutionists." The causes of their superabundance are not far to seek; their manufacture is, for the most part, very simple, and they command a large sale in these days when charity, that covers the multitude of sins, has made that of amateur reading so generally public. These books may be compiled with the laudable intention of improving the quality of such reading, or with the doubtful one of increasing its quantity; but it is manifest that they are bought generally, less for their instruction in elocution than for their "selections." It therefore becomes a matter for wonder that these are frequently so grotesquely ill adapted

to their purpose, or so lamentably hackneyed. Mr. Lewis's little book is perhaps less deserving of censure in this respect than the generality of its class. Though few, its selections are varied, and most of them well suited to their present objects ; while, familiar as they are in themselves, they have not been worn threadbare in padding out previous volumes of this kind. We are glad to see liberal use made of Bret Harte, whose writings give opportunities for most effective rendering. There is no elocutionary purpose to be served by the introduction of stupid vulgarity in Dutch dialect, and good taste would certainly dictate its rejection. The most useful part of the book is that which deals with articulation and the general cultivation of the voice. The exercises proposed by Mr. Lewis, with these objects in view, have the merit of being practicable and simple, and are described clearly and without a maze of technicalities. Some of them, indeed, we are disposed to think a little far-fetched; especially that which is recommended for inducing habits of carefulness in the sounding of syllables; *i. e.* to read them backwards: "Thus, a 'powerful government is respected,' read backwards—ted-pec-res is ment-vern-go (gu) ful-er-pow a." Besides the introductory "Hints and Suggestions," Mr. Lewis has appended at the foot of each page in the selections notes for the guidance of the reader. Most of them appear to be based on the assumption that he will be devoid of any such aid from nature as common-sense ; but some, on the contrary, give him directions which would require a good deal of ingenuity to carry out. He is told, for instance, to read the line—

"When he awoke it was already night,"

with "a bewildered, but angry air." This hint may be valuable, but it is just a little bewildering.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA ; OR FROM PALL MALL TO THE PUNJAUB. By F. Drew Gay, Special Correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Toronto : Belford Brothers, 1877.

Nowadays the press supplies those materials for History, which used to lie hid in the old chronicles of Domesday Book, Froissart, and had to be dug out from them with more toil than it requires to win coal or to wash diamonds. And when the dry bones were obtained, it needed all the scholarship and skill of a Hume, a Lingard, a Macaulay, or a Froude, to clothe them invitingly with flesh, and to dress up the antiquated skeleton in so shapely a guise, as to induce people to read History for its own sake, and not as a mere piece of duty or obligation. The historian of the future need not dread his task, as the work will be ready to his hand, and his chief labour will be to reject what is fabulous or exaggerated in colouring, to select what makes for truth and exactness, and then judgmatically to weigh the facts thus obtained, and present them to the world as an impartial view of the men, and manners, and actions of the period. Towards the fulfilment of this end, nothing can come in more usefully than the volumes published from time to time by the different newspaper correspondents, detailing the "moving accidents by flood and field" incidental to their calling. These are now becoming so numerous as to suggest the question—*Quæ regio in terrâ nostri non plena laboris?* The first formulating of the system of regular newspaper correspondence from head-quarters, is due to the English *Times* during the Crimean War, when the magic pen of Dr. Russell contrived to invest with the appearance of truth, what was in reality the most unfair piece of romancing ever palmed off upon an always too credulous public as an accurate chronicle of a war and a siege at whose incidents "all the world wondered." Since that day no public event of importance at home or abroad, that was likely to have any bearing either upon the present or the future history of an empire or a nation, has been allowed to want, not its chronicler, but its chroniclers ; and as these were men confessedly representing different parties in politics, and often —as in the case of the Œcumenical Council—in religion, the productions of their facile pens cannot but greatly assist the future historian. Of course, all such works labour under several disadvantages, not the least of which are : that much of the interest attaching to the subjects on which they write is ephemeral, and, therefore, likely to die away with the appearance of the paper in which the letters first appear; secondly, that the subject-matter is written up in a manner too sketchy and familiar to be worth the trouble and expense of reproducing; and thirdly, that the subject itself is often not worth any consideration, after the lapse of a few weeks or at most a month. These objections, however, can hardly be predicated, in their integrity at least, of the work under notice. The visit of the Prince of Wales to India was one of too great political importance not to form an episode in the future history of England, we may say of the world. So vital are the interests at stake in conciliating the various peoples of our Indian Empire, that the temporary sojourn there of the eldest son of the Ruler over that vast portion of the British possessions, could not fail to be replete with events full of political significance, of adventures worthy of being noted down for the good of posterity, and of descriptions of nature, manners, and customs, that could not but throw great light upon the past history of the localities visited, as well as stereotype the actual state of affairs at the time of the Prince's visit, when the "kings barbaric" appeared in all the bravery of their "pearl and gold," and clothed in robes of enchantment

spots and scenes on which nature had already lavished her richest gifts. It is, therefore, with no slight satisfaction that we welcome Mr. F. Drew Gay's book, as a valuable contribution towards the future history of British India. At the time of the Royal tour, the letters which appeared in the columns of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the journal which Mr. Gay represented as special correspondent, attracted nearly, if not quite as much notice as those written by Dr. Russell to the *Times*, owing to the vividness of their style and the evident care which the writer had taken to ensure that his correspondence should be original, accurate in all its details, and lifelike in its portraiture. By republishing them in a collected and revised form, he has now brought them within the reach of every reader, and we imagine that they will not be least acceptable in Canada, the scene of so many royal visits, and perhaps, the most loyal of all England's colonies. To Messrs. Belford Brothers we owe the edition under review, nor is it too much to say that, as far as typography and get-up are concerned, the book will compare favourably with most works issued in the Old Country or in the States. The illustrations form the only faulty portion of the work, being coarse and indistinct, showing either hurry in working them off or inferiority on the part of the artist—perhaps a little of both. We may also notice that Mr. Gay's name appears as Mr. J. Drew Gay on the title-page, and Mr. F. Drew Gay on the outside boards, a little piece of carelessness which we merely notice, as a hint to both printers and publishers to do their very best to turn out absolutely faultless editions of every work they take in hand, so as to render it impossible for either Yankees or John Bulls to be even hypercritical.

MYSTIC LONDON. By the Rev. Charles Maurice Davies. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

Mystic London, indeed! Well, it is no fault of Mr. Davies if, henceforth, London life presents no occult phases with which the diligent reader of his works will not be acquainted at a glance!

On the track of the "latest thing" in murders, or the "neatest thing" in table-turning, or the "sweetest thing" in spirit-hands, addicted, unfortunately, to playing fast and loose with their appointments (presumably, like Dickens's never-to-be-forgotten charity boy, who left in the middle of service, on account of "religious engagements elsewhere"); scenting out here an astrologer, there a man with health oozing out of his stubby finger tips, while five shilling fees ooze in return out of his patients grateful palms; rattling in a hansom to a barmaid show one day, and trudging on foot along the chalky roads of Epsom downs the next night; where will not this peripatetic philosopher hurry us, and where may we expect to be landed at last? Certainly if there existed a veritable practical trap-door in some remote part of Seven Dials, by which one might visit his Infernal Majesty's lugubrious regions, Mr. Davies would—well, perhaps not go down himself, but assuredly be found, note-book in hand, sniffing the sulphur at the brink, and making pen photographs of the hardier spirits who dared the steep descent. For it is his specialty to go to those places, and to see those sights, which, now-a-days, every one likes to read of, and no one cares to take the trouble to see. There *is* a pleasure in drawing up to the fire and giving a sort of slate-pencil-drawn-through-the-teeth kind of shiver, when we read of blue-nosed individuals standing on a spring plank in mid-winter, and holding up one clammy foot in the chill morning air like a meditative stork, preparatory to a Christmas dip in the Serpentine. And, on the whole, the sensible nineteenth-century reader prefers to go through the ordeal of getting up before day-break to see this sight, vicariously, and to enjoy the sensation we speak of when the tale is presented in the moist inner fold of his newspaper, or the crisper leaves of a handy little volume such as that now before us. We cannot help feeling for Mr. Davies, when Mr. Greenwood performed his celebrated feat, and defrauded the poor-law officials of a night's lodging, and an extra allowance of "toke" and "skilly," as an "amateur casual." How his brothers of the pen must have envied him! The pea-soup-like bath which formed the Rubicon, needful to be passed before the casual ward opened its doors and spread its hard couches for the journalistic pauper, must have seemed to them an anointing chrism that would cling to his locks forever, like the "divinity that doth hedge a king." Our author has wisely attempted no unseemly competition with that midwinter night's adventure. He has, it is true, depicted a lunatics' ball, but his genius did not soar to the pitch of getting committed to Colney Hatch himself for a short term, and learning by experience what such an institution is like from the inside.

Mr. Davies is not a little egotistical, no very glaring fault in a writer on light subjects, especially when, as is generally the case, the egotism is sufficiently conspicuous to hinder it from becoming misleading. Feeling himself, as it were, the eye by which several thousands of people will, in a short time, be looking at the scene with him, be it an east-end slum, an open air meeting, or a dark *séance;* knowing, moreover, that the majority of his readers will catch, from the tone of *his* narrative, the opinion he himself holds, it seems almost impossible for him not to be conscious of a certain power behind himself, as of a shareholder at a stormy meeting, who has the pleasing con-

sciousness that he holds enough proxies in his coat-tail pocket to swamp all opposition. Changing our metaphor a little, we may compare him to a transparent pair of spectacles of slightly tinted glass, so that the field of vision is, as it were, tinged, and we see not only the actual state of things, but the actual state of things *plus* Mr. Davies, which adds a quasi-dramatic interest to the descriptive portions of his work.

More than once, in reading his papers, we have reflected how intently man seems bent in the present day on studying the lowest and most degraded forms of life. Dickens probes deep into a den of thieves, and finds there hearts as falsely true as that knightly soul whose "faith unfaithful" rounds off one of Tennyson's most epigrammatic verses. He finds love in the hovel and dusty footed along the weary road sides, love as deep and self-sacrificing as any that ever swept the Athenian stage, and carried with it in its stately mimicry, the sympathetic tears and laughter of all who could be touched at the sight of sisterly or daughterly affection struggling hopelessly against an iron fate. He picks out a monthly nurse, snuffy, old, ugly, and hard-hearted—and lo! her bad habit of drinking makes even a Good Templar smile forbearingly; her vulgarity becomes humour; her bad manners are sublimed in the "hiccough of an angel who had previously slightly partaken of gin." Victor Hugo does not disdain to seek a lower depth; *his* height of self-abnegation is reached while fishing in the sewers of Paris. We repeat, how modern all this is! Never, before the era of Revolutions, do you find that eager scanning of the turbidest pools of human sin and sorrow, one of the latest outcomes of which now lies before us. Philanthropists, of course, studied a little here and relieved a trifle there; a statistician, an enlightened traveller, threw a gleam of light now and then upon the unrecorded history of the masses; a yet fuller light breaks upon us when we dive with Roderick Random into the underground cellars of old London, or when, out of the pages of Pepys, the hungry seamen and dockyard labourers clamour anew for their long deferred back pay. But, in those days, there was no going out of the way to seek these unpleasant and unsavoury facts; like a dark shadow blotting out a gay tapestry, they flitted across the joyous routine of court life, or obtruded themselves, a shrill wailing note, cutting athwart the pomp of martial music or the harmless piping and fiddling on the village green. None sought them out; a book such as this is would have found no public in the days of Lord Chesterfield; it is essentially a product of that deeper and sterner view of life we have all taken since first the *sans-culottes* shook the thrones of the world, and those who had no bread took to remedying their affairs by hanging the bakers. Possibly, (for is not all history a repetition?) in bygone days a similar state of things may have existed, and some priest of Isis may have risen at gray of morning, hired a hack chariot, and driven along the avenues of Karnac or Memphis, between rows of Sphinxes (rakish with the air of having been up all night, and their porphyry flanks glistening with the dews of the Libyan desert) to watch the amphibious Egyptian hobble-dehoy "peel" off his rags, and share the waters of the Nile with the gregarious crocodile and the obtuse hippopotamus. If, in addition to all this, he published accounts of his private interviews with one Moses (a foreigner, but who talked Egyptian with perfect grace and precision), and left his reader in a delightful state of doubt as to whether he thought this Moses a prophet, a conjuror, or a cheat, or something betwixt and between, and partaking of all their natures, the parallel would be almost complete, and we do not doubt that the good folks of Luxor read his lucubrations on "Mystic Memphis," with as much amusement and interest as we have certainly derived from "Mystic London."

AZALEA: A Novel. By Cecil Clayton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

It requires a special gift to write a novel of any sort, and a still more special gift to write one in which the scenes of fashionable London society shall be introduced by the writer, as though he were accustomed to mix in them day by day during the season. If this special gift is absent, the descriptions are apt to savour of the columns of the *Morning Post* or the New York *Herald*, and to be redolent simply of flunkeyism and the *disjecta membra* of the gossip served out by Jeames, after the wax-lights have burned down, and the heel-taps of the champagne bottles have been consumed by the liveried "gentlemen in waiting." Mr. Cecil Clayton, unfortunately for his reputation and for those who have invested fifty cents in the purchase of *Azalea*—improperly styled, *a Novel*—has not this special gift. Though filled with all the usual French words, without the use of which it is supposed the manners of the "Upper Ten Thousand" cannot be adequately described; though affecting accuracy as to the names of foreign hotels, and the scenery of thoroughly well-known and most commonplace continental localities, such as Ostend and Ems—the characters at whose gaming-table are too glaringly copied from Frith's celebrated picture on the same subject, for any one but the author to suppose originality was aimed at;—though padded with little bits about art, picked out of the guides to the South Kensington Museum or the National Gallery; though

passimented here and there with the false adulteries of the spurious metaphysics and the brummagem science talked by boarding-school misses in Grosvenor-square or Belgravia; and though redolent of snobbery as to the unfashionable—because Anglo-Indian—inhabitants of Westbourne Grove; Mr. Clayton nowhere conveys the idea that he has ever penetrated further into the mysteries of aristocratic life than the servants-hall of some "shoddy" millionaire-contractor, or approached nearer the boudoir of the lady of quality than the work-room of her maid. A would-be "blue" converted Jewess, her Hebrew origin redeemed by its extensive gilding; a poor attempt at a dilettante country squire, whose highest virtue is that he is a harmless nonentity, too indolent to injure any one but himself; a weakly-forcible parson, with a "rugged, plain, even ugly countenance," who had been muff enough to let the squire filch his lady-love away from him and yet was content; a specimen of an Etonian Oxford man, a first-class classic of sordid, money-grubbing mind, and therefore a fit match for his Hebrew cousin; a mild Colonel, a mawkish, we had almost written a maudlin baronet, both rejected lovers of the Israelitish heroine; a very commonplace aunt, and a hoydenish Madge Lifford, who first elopes with and then runs away from a life-guardsman, and afterwards consoles the maudlin baronet by marrying him, make up the cast of a story, the most commonplace and insipid imaginable. Not a single incident in the tale rises beyond mediocrity, most of them hardly reach even that standard. Indeed, except to gratify the author's itch for appearing in print, we fail to perceive any reason for the publication of such a milk-and-water production. Of course it is harmless; it is too stupid to be otherwise; and even were it spiced with a suspicion of immorality, the author's utter inability to clothe this, in most modern novels, often too attractive element, would act, not as a complete antidote to the poison—for an antidote implies taking the deleterious stuff—but as a thorough preventive against the envenomed cup being even sipped, as we are sure that the attempt at getting over the first few pages will be to induce in our readers, as it did in ourselves, the most profound sleep. For that and that only we are grateful to Mr. Clayton, and now that we think of it, the *raison d'être* of his work must be to serve as a narcotic for over-wrought brains.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CANADIAN ALMANACK; for the Year 1877. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. By W. D. Howells. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

LEWIS'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS; adapted for Public and Private Entertainments. By Richard Lewis. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: Harper Bros., 1876.

A SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY, MYTHOLOGY, AND GEOGRAPHY. Abridged from the Larger Dictionary. By William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. With illustrations. New York: Harper Bros., 1877.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, with a Study of the Relations of living and extinct Faunas, as elucidating the past changes of the Earth's Surface. By Alfred Russell Wallace, author of the "Malay Acrhipelago." In two volumes. With maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros., 1876.

AZALEA: A Novel. By Cecil Clayton, author of "Effie's Game." New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers, 1877.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA; or, From Pall Mall to the Punjaub. By J. Drew Gay, Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph." Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

THE PRATTLER; a Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

THE PEARL FOUNTAIN, and other Fairy Tales. By Bridget and Julia Kavanagh. With thirty illustrations by J. Moyr Smith. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly Review* opens with an article by Mr. Chamberlain, sometime Mayor, and presently M.P. for Birmingham, on "Lapland; with some notes on Swedish Licensing." There is a good deal of interest in the description of the *terra incognita* of the Lapps; the scenery and the sport appear to be unexceptionable; although the difficulties of travel are formidable enough to deter any large number of tourists from following in Mr. Chamberlain's track. The latter portion of the paper is of more practical interest, and deserves the attention of temperance reformers. The Swedish municipalities have decided against the prohibitory system as visionary and impracticable; and in one case, that of Gothenburg, an original system has been adopted. All the licensed houses have been purchased, and the entire profits from the sale of liquors go into the coffers of the municipality. Every house is made an eating-house, and drinking without eating is discouraged. The manager of each tavern, who is under the strictest supervision, receives the profits accruing from the sale of food and beer, but the proceeds of the spirit sales go entirely and without deduction into the public chest. The manager, therefore, has no interest in pressing brandy upon his customers, and he has the deepest interest in keeping his house orderly; the result is that drunkenness has materially diminished, and the Swedes are so satisfied with the experiment, that they are about to try it on a much larger scale at Stockholm.

"Cross and Crescent," a paper by Mr. Frederick Harrison, is eminently characteristic of that vigorous essayist. Its tone is thoroughly judicial, and the considerations presented are so ably put, that both the friends and enemies of the Turk have claimed it as their own. Starting with the assertion that "the existing rule of the Porte is scandalously evil, and its system abominably corrupt," Mr. Harrison proceeds to enquire whether it is England's duty to interfere; and if so, why? This leads to an examination of the actual responsibility of the Powers, and the writer then exposes the absurdity of the *status quo* proposal. "It is mere self-deception," he says, "for Englishmen of the absolute *lassez-faire* school to repeat, that this country cannot undertake to set the world to rights, and must simply decline to interfere with Turkey. The *status quo* in the East does not mean not interfering. It means interfering to maintain a very active but veiled support. Ever since the Crimean War, at least, the existence of Turkey has been due to the fact that the Western powers oppose the extinction of the Porte; to the conviction, above all, that the whole strength of England would be thrown into the scale before the Turks should be driven into the Bosphorus. The one direct question of the day is this: 'Is England prepared to recognize and renew this standing engagement, and especially is she willing to renew it without conditions?'" To sum up the writer's general views in a few words is not an easy task, so thoughtfully are all the features of the case presented. His voice is in favour of real but qualified interference, because "the dangers of the *status quo* are distinctly greater than the dangers of action." There are three things to be dealt with in Mr. Harrison's opinion, and to these he directs attention in detail—"the need to satisfy (without war), the just agitation in Russia; the need to restore peace to the provinces of Turkey; the need to force the Porte to change its system, or to reduce the area of its scandalous misgovernment."

Mr. Edward Freeman's Essay on "The Law of Honour" is an analysis, historical and otherwise, of the so-called code of gentility, in which he compares it with the law of the land and also with the law of morality. His examples of honour are William Rufus and Francis I., and his conclusions are altogether adverse to the so-called law of honour, which he defines to be simply deference to the opinions of a particular class. Mr. Pater's "Study of Dionysus" is an elaborate examination, chiefly æsthetic, of the worship of the god of the vine, and its influence on art in Greece and Rome, and during the period of the Renaissance. In "Arthur Schopenhauer," by Franz Hueffer, is given an able sketch of the life and philosophical work of the great German pessimist; on the whole the picture is not attractive, but eminently sad; nevertheless the vindication of Schopenhauer's method is well worth attentive consideration. Mr. Bryce's object in his paper on "Russia and Turkey" is to vindicate Russia from the charge of making territorial aggrandizement her settled policy. This he does by examining her annexations during the century, both in Europe and Asia. He believes that England has made a great mistake in permitting the Czars to constitute themselves the peculiar champions of the Christian population in Turkey: "The mistake of England has been in leaving to Russia all these years, and more especially since the insurrection broke out in Herzegovina, the sole championship (real or apparent) of good government and the welfare of

the Christian population in Turkey." A "Mediæval Spanish Writer," by Mrs. Ward, is an extremely entertaining account, with illustrative extracts, of a Chauceresque writer, Juan Ruiz, Archpriest (or rural dean) of Hita, who flourished early in the fourteenth century.

In the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Gladstone pleads the cause of Greece to the consideration of the powers, now that they have undertaken the solution of the Oriental difficulty. "The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem" is so moderate in tone as to elicit approbation from the *Saturday Review*, and from journals which have stigmatized the ex-Premier as a Russophilist. The paper opens with an account of a meeting at Athens, by which, "probably for the first time during two thousand years, the silence of the Pnyx was broken a few weeks ago." Judging from the speeches of Professors Kokkinos and Papparrhigopoulos (how odd these Romaic proper names look in Roman type!), the Greeks would appear to be dissatisfied that the Powers have not rewarded their pacific policy by some effort to redress the wrongs which their subject brethren of Thessaly and Epirus suffer at the hands of the Porte. Mr. Gladstone makes an earnest and forcible appeal on their behalf, in which he gives a complete account of the people, and a brief sketch of the history of Greece from the destruction of the Byzantine Empire in 1453. Mr. Francis Peek's paper on "Intemperance: its Prevalence, Effects, and Remedy," deals with an important and serious social problem in a temperate manner. A large portion of it is necessarily taken up with facts, figures, and inferences regarding the vice of drunkenness in England, and the results are appalling enough. Coming to the question "whether anything can be done to remedy this evil by parliamentary action, and, if so, whether the present is a case in which Government ought to interfere," the writer dismisses summarily some of the more superficial arguments of the *laissez faire* party. He believes that drunkenness bears a direct proportion to the number of drinking-shops; yet he does not favour Prohibition or even the Permissive Bill, on the ground that even if these were justifiable they would inevitably fail in practice. He favours the Gothenburg plan, but suggests a number of reforms tending to diminish the traffic and set rigid limits to its exercise.

Mr. Appleton concludes his critical examination of Mr. Matthew Arnold's prose writings, in "A Plea for Metaphysic." The writer contends that whilst Mr. Arnold took the true metaphysical view, driven to it by the exigencies of his polemic against the Liberal Philistine in "Culture and Anarchy," and against the Religious Philistine in "St. Paul and Protestantism," he has fallen off from that point of view, and become unsatisfactory and weak in "Literature and Dogma," and "God and the Bible." In short, that although Mr. Arnold fancies that he has emerged from the region of metaphysic, he has not really done so, but only got "out of the region of good metaphysic, into the region of bad metaphysic, of idols and illusions, such the Philistine knows and rejoices in"—in fact, that "he has descended to the Philistine's level." Mr. Newton's paper on "Greek Inscriptions," will be read with interest by students of epigraphy, inasmuch as it unfolds the chief results of modern research up to the present time. Mr. Fitch asserts, in "Universities and the Training of Teachers," that no means of instructing teachers of the higher schools have yet been adopted, and urges Oxford and Cambridge to take the matter in hand. The third part of Dr. Elam's "Automatism and Evolution," is as vigorous and telling as its predecessors. In the present instalment he assails the doctrine of the infinite variability of species, and takes much the same ground as Mr. St. George Mivart, although some of his positions have a novel appearance. Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin, all come in for some trenchant criticism, but the writer is especially hard upon the inconsistencies of Professor Huxley. The Rev. Bosworth Smith, the author of "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," puts in a plea in favour of Islam, which is exceedingly interesting and opportune at this time, when less than justice is being done to the teachings of the Arabian prophet, and to their influence on religion and civilization.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FOR the present festive season of the year, Mrs. Morrison has very appropriately been providing her patrons with a feast of good things. Mr. Gilbert's fairy piece, "The Palace of Truth," as a Christmas spectacle; the Fifth Avenue Company from New York; Janauschek; and Neilson, make a goodly list for one month's entertainment. To begin with the last named, the production of Shakspere's "Twelfth Night," with Miss Neilson as *Viola*, is the most noteworthy event we have to chronicle. This fine comedy is but rarely produced on the

modern stage—much less often indeed than it deserves to be. It is many years since it was last played in Toronto; on which occasion Mrs. Morrison, then Charlotte Nickinson, personated the heroine. The last notable production in London was something like a quarter of a century ago, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of the late Charles Kean. The cast on that occasion was a remarkable one. Mrs. Charles Kean appeared as *Viola;* Mr. Bartley, the greatest Falstaff of his day, as *Sir Toby Belch;* Mr. Meadows, an actor then unequalled in his particular line, as *Malvolio* (and a wonderful piece of acting it was); Harley, prince of Shaksperean Jesters, as the *Clown;* Mr. Cathcart, the gentleman who played here last year with Barry Sullivan, and who at the time we speak of was in his prime, and a very good actor, as *Sebastian;* the inimitable Keeley, as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek;* and his equally inimitable wife, as *Maria.* With such a cast the play could not be otherwise than a success; it had a long run and brought plenty of money into the treasury. A noteworthy point in the stage-setting was the garden scene, which was an exact reproduction, even to the positions of the different characters, of Mr. Leslie's well-known picture.

The *Viola* of Miss Neilson is somewhat difficult to characterize. It pleased us less than any other part we have seen this lady in. Her conception throughout was a radically false one. *Viola*, on her first entrance, has just escaped a shipwreck, in which she supposes her only brother, *Sebastian*, to have been drowned; in the following scene, disguised as a page, she falls in love with the *Duke*, who himself is in love with *Olivia*. Under these circumstances, *Viola* would naturally deem her love a hopeless one; and this feeling, coupled with her grief for her brother's loss, would make her prevailing mood, especially when alone, one of melancholy and depression. In Miss Neilson's hands, however, the general idea one gets of her is that of a pert, self-satisfied boy. It is true that at times, as in her discourse with the *Duke*, in which occurs the passage respecting patience "smiling at grief," earnestness and feeling are manifested, but they seem to be merely assumed for the nonce as a surface veneer covering real levity, rather than hidden depths revealed through an assumed disguise, in a moment of confidence.

The other characters in which Miss Neilson appeared, were *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons." Her *Juliet*, we regret to say, manifested some signs of deterioration. The actress's physical resources are apparently not so great as they were; her voice is not so strong, or, at least, in level passages, does not seem to have so much of that carrying quality which on former occasions made her lightest tones audible in every part of the house. Other defects which have crept into the performance since it was seen here two years ago, are a tendency to over-elaboration and a straining after novelty. This was especially noticeable in the balcony scene, where the actress's changes of attitude and position were so frequent as almost to make the spectator himself feel restless and uncomfortable. Miss Neilson has played *Juliet*, we believe, considerably over a thousand times; and where a part is performed so frequently by an artist who makes it a subject of constant study, and who is continually adding a touch here and another there, the inevitable result is to overload it with detail. This result is especially to be dreaded in a part like *Juliet*, which contains so much in itself as to need but little elaboration. Moreover, some of the novelties added in the present instance, were the reverse of improvements: the throwing down of flowers on her lover at the close of the balcony scene savoured of clap-trap; the cutting short of the antechamber scene in the third act, so as to make it end with the parting of the lovers, rendered the subsequent portion, with father, mother, and nurse, far less effective; and the interpolation of the tableau of *Juliet's* tomb, between the fourth and fifth acts, was a poor piece of sensationalism. Only to think of it; "Romeo and Juliet" a vehicle for spectacle! But the worst of the novelties—the excision of the great scene in the third act, where the nurse brings Juliet the news of Tybalt's death at the hands of Romeo—remains to be animadverted upon. This scene is the crisis of the play, and the turning-point in the development of Juliet's character. Hitherto her existence has been the careless and happy one of a child; now the hard and terrible realities of life begin to press in upon her with a force which for the time is overwhelming. The result is to change the light-hearted and loving girl into a self-reliant, courageous, and devoted woman. Moreover, apart from its connection with what goes before and what comes after, the scene is, in dramatic power and in the scope which it affords for acting, the grandest in the play, next after the potion scene, and on Miss Neilson's last visit was acted by her with a power in every way worthy of it. To omit such a scene as this is simply an outrage on all dramatic propriety; it would be hardly less excusable to omit the play scene from "Hamlet." It is painful to be obliged to write such things of so great an actress as Miss Neilson, the more so because the blemishes which we have felt it our duty to point out, serve to mar a performance which, notwithstanding, is still, in all probability, the greatest piece of acting to be witnessed on the English-speaking stage of to-day.

It is a relief to have done with fault-finding, and we can turn with unalloyed pleasure to the other Snaksperean character pourtrayed by Miss Neilson. Her *Rosalind* is indeed the

perfection of romantic comedy. Here, at least, there is no falling off, but, on the contrary, a visible improvement, where improvement might have been thought hardly possible. Her *Pauline* remains much the same as before. In this we like her better in the second and fifth acts, rather than in the tempestuous scenes of the third and fourth, which now, as formerly, are of too tragic a cast. In the love passages in the second act, especially, her acting was exquisitely touching in its purity and depth of feeling, and moistened many an eye among the vast audience which greeted her on her farewell night.

Mr. Plympton, who accompanied Miss Neilson, is a young actor of considerable promise. His support was satisfactory throughout, his acting, though never rising to greatness, being generally spirited and intelligent. Mrs. Morrison's stock company also afforded fair assistance. Mr. Rogers was remarkably good as *Touchstone*, and as the *Clown* in "Twelfth Night;" Mr. Gregory was capital as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, but murdered the part of *Capulet;* Mrs. Marlowe, as *Audrey*, repeated a well-known success, though with some exaggeration in the last scene, but was hardly sprightly enough as *Maria;* Mr. Sambrook showed great improvement as *Mercutio*, but is utterly unsuited to *Malvolio*, a part for which Mr. Rogers is much better adapted. Mrs. Allen is always careful and conscientious, and acted *Olivia* satisfactorily. The best piece of acting of the week, however, aside from Miss Neilson, was unquestionably the *Sir Toby Belch* of Mr. Couldock, a masterly and thoroughly Shaksperean impersonation of the roystering old knight. Miss Neilson, in taking leave of her audience on the last night, announced that she should return to Toronto before leaving for England in April, when she would produce Shakspere's great play of Cymbeline.

Madame Janauschek, who appeared at the beginning of last month, played four parts—*Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, in a fine translation of Schiller's noble drama; *Deborah*, in Mosenthal's play of that name, better known as "Leah, the Forsaken;" *Lady Dedlock*, and *Madame Hortense*, in an adaption of Dickens's "Bleak House;" and *Lady Macbeth*. Madame Janauschek was born in Bohemia, and is of the Czech nationality, a name less frequently heard formerly than in the present era of Pan-Slavist agitation. The actress is considerably past her meridian, but is still so unquestionably great as to inspire a regret at not having seen her in her younger days. She possesses in an eminent degree the two characteristic "notes" of the true tragic style—repose of manner, and reserve of force. She very rarely appears to raise her voice above the ordinary speaking tone; she does not, as is the fashion with many American tragediennes (so called) make the lungs do duty for the heart and brain. Her elocution, too, is so wonderfully good as almost to make one forget her rather pronounced foreign accent. These qualities, and a certain grandeur of manner, go to make up the most characteristic property of her acting as a whole—impressiveness. The several parts assumed by her were all so nearly on a level that it would be difficult to describe one as better than another; as *Madame Hortense* she even showed herself a perfect mistress of the art of character-acting. Perhaps, however, the passage in which she was greatest was the last act of "Mary Stuart." We never heard anything on the stage more thrilling than her utterance of the brief prayer in this scene; and the mingled solemnity and pathos of the whole preparation for her terrible fate were impressive to the last degree, so that the spectators were awed into an almost deathlike stillness. In the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" she more nearly reproduced the mystery of sleep than any other actress we remember, so that one might almost imagine that she *was* asleep. In some other respects, however, her rendering of this scene was inferior to that of Mrs. Scott Siddons. In "Bleak House" she gave us another extremely beautiful piece of acting, in the scene where she discloses to her daughter the secret of her birth. The part of *Deborah* is a very unpleasant one, notwithstanding that it affords considerable scope for the actress. Madame Janauschek was equally fine in the terrible scene where she curses her recreant lover, and in the affecting scene of reconciliation at the end. It is to be regretted that the audiences during her engagement were not large, a circumstance no doubt due to the fact of her being almost unknown in Toronto.

The Fifth Avenue Company, who appeared in "Pique" and "Divorce," were somewhat disappointing. We have so recently given our opinion of "Pique," that it is unnecessary to say anything here respecting this fine drama. The performance as a whole was markedly inferior to that of Mr. McDowell's Company. Miss Coombs, in the first act at least, looked the part of the society belle, *Mabel Renfrew;* and in the highly dramatic scene with her husband, in the second act, showed considerable force. But her voice and utterance, in level passages, are terribly monotonous, at times almost degenerating into a drone. The lady who created the most favourable impression was Miss Gilman, as the servant girl, *Raitch*. Her performance was wonderfully bright, vivacious, and clever; but she over-acted the part, and consequently made it artificial, a fault which should of all things be avoided in such a character.

The Christmas spectacular piece, Mr. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," through slight in texture, is bright and witty. It was very well put

on the stage, the first scene in particular being very pretty, Incidental to the piece was some remarkably agile, though not particularly graceful, dancing by M'dlles Bonfanti and De Vere, of New York fame.

The management of the Royal Opera House has again succumbed to financial pressure, and the theatre has passed into the hands of the proprietor, Mr. French, who announces his intention of becoming his own manager. The principal piece produced during the month was "Monte Christo." The adaptation from Dumas' wonderful romance, was mainly for spectabular purposes, and in this view was successful; the carnival scene at the close being particularly good. Mr. Warner, as *Monte Christo*, and Miss Miles as *Mercedes*, were good; and the *Caderousse* of Mr. Ketchum, though not free from exaggeration, was exceedingly humourous. The Christmas spectacle was "Undine," in which Miss Miles filled the part of the heroine charmingly. Incidental to the piece were, the Japanese, Sanboro, in his wonderful performances on the tight ahd slack ropes; and the Austins, in their clever military drill. Miss Paynter, also sang a couple of songs acceptably. This promising young actress has a remarkably fine mezzo-soprano voice, which deserves careful cultivation; in which case we can bespeak for her a high place in the future as a singer.

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey, is about, says the *Athenæum*, to publish a work on the great hill-ranges of Colorado, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho. The work, profusely illustrated, will be published simultaneously in English, French, and German.

The first volume of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" is completed and will be published immediately in London, and also by the Messrs. Appleton, in New York. It forms the sixth volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy." It is a subject for much regret that Mr. Spencer's health is not what his friends would wish it to be, and that it may be some months before he will be able to be at work again.

A work entitled "Charles Kingsley: his Letters, and Memoir of his Life," has just appeared in London, from the press of H. S. King & Co. It is in two volumes, and contains two steel portraits and numerous illustrations; also a fac-simile of his handwriting. The work is edited by his widow.

Captain Nares is writing an account of the Arctic Expedition which recently returned to England.

A new drama by Tennyson, entitled "Harold," has just been published in London by Messrs. H. S. King & Co. A Canadian copyright edition is also in preparation.

Captain Burnaby's work, the appearance of which has been looked for with interest for some time, has just been published in London, under the title "A Ride to Khiva; Travels and Adventures in Central Asia." There does not seem to be anything particularly new in it; but portions are of much importance as bearing upon the present complication in Europe. Captain Burnaby reports that the Russian officers with whom he associated all look on war with England in Asia as only a question of time, "while the Cossacks' day-dreams are of the plunder of India." He learned too that in Tashkend, also, war is looked upon "as certain soon to happen, the Russian inhabitants of that city talking about India as a mine of wealth, from which they would be able to replenish their empty purses."

Mr. William Black's new novel, founded, in part at least, on his recent American experiences, will appear with the new year, in the London *Examiner*.

Mr. Motley, the American historian, is writing an historical novel. It will appear simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, probably in the spring.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have just published an American edition of Mr. A. R. Wallace's "Geographical Distribution of Animals," a work which has been pronounced worthy of a place on the shelf beside Lyell's "Principles of Geology" and Darwin's "Origin of Species."

The January number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an article by Goldwin Smith on "The Ascent of Man."

Messrs. Appleton have nearly ready for publication the autobiography of the Hon. W. H. Seward, with a later memoir by his son, Frederick W. Seward, late Assistant Secretary of State. The work will be sold by subscription only.

The Rev. J. M. Capes has in preparation an "Essay on the Growth of the Musical Scale and of Modern Harmony," in which he will show, as he believes, for the first time, "that both the one and the other are the natural development of the musical idea in the collective consciousness of musicians of successive ages, under the irresistible influence of the facts of atmospheric vibration."

Mr. A. H. Dymond, M.P., formerly editor of the London *Morning Star*, and now of the *Toronto Globe*, was recently unanimously elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club, on the motion of Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., seconded by Sir Louis Mallet.

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THE CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 2.] WHOLE NUMBER LXII. [VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

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Dresden
Drummondville, W.
Dungannon
Dundas
Dunnville
Durham
Elora
Embro'
Erin
Exeter
Fenelon Falls
Fergus
Fingal
Flesherton
Font Hill
Forest
Fort Erie
Frelighsburg
Galt
Gananoque
Garafraxa
Georgetown
Georgina
Glenallan
Goderich
Granby
Grimsby
Guelph
Haliburton
Hamilton
Harriston
Hastings
Hawkesbury
Hespeler
Hull
Huntingdon
Ingersoll
Inverness
Iroquois
Joliette
Keene
Kemptville
Kincardine
Kingston
Kingsville
Kirkfield
Knowlton
Lachine
Lachute
Lanark
Laprairie
L'Assomption
Leamington
Leeds
Lennoxville
Levis
Lilley's Corners
Lindsay
Listowel
London
L'Orignal
Lucan
Lucknow
Lyn
Madoc
Manchester
Markham
Meaford
Melbourne
Merrickville
Millbrook
Mille Roches
Milton, West
Mitchell
Montmagny
Montreal
Morpeth
Morrisburg
Mount Brydges
Mount Forest
Muir
Murray Bay
Napanee
Newboro'
Newburgh
Newbury
Newcastle
New Edinburgh
New Hamburg
Newmarket
Niagara
North Gower
Norwich
Norwood
Oakville
Odessa
Oil Springs
Omemee
Onslow
Orangeville
Orillia
Orono
Osceola
Oshawa
Ottawa
Otterville
Owen Sound
Paisley
Pakenham
Paris
Pembroke
Penetanguishene
Perth
Peterboro'
Petrolia
Picton
Plantagenet
Point St. Charles
Portage du Fort
Port Burwell
Port Colborne
Port Dalhousie
Port Dover
Port Hope
Port Robinson
Port Rowan
Port Stanley
Port Elgin
Prescott
Preston
Prince Albert
Princeton
Quebec
Renfrew
Richmond, East
Richmond, West
Richmond Hill
Rimouski
Riviere du Loup en bas
Rockingham
Rondeau
Rosemont
St. Andrews, East
St. Catharines, West
St. Cesaire
St. Hyacinthe
St. Jacobs
St. Jerome
St. John's, East
St. Mary's, Blanchard
St. Paul's Bay
St. Roch de Quebec
St. Thomas, West
Sandwich
Sarnia
Saugeen
Scarboro'
Seaforth
Seneca
Sherbrooke
Simcoe
Smith's Falls
Smithville
Sorel
South
Sparta
Stanst
Stayner
Stirling
Stouffville
Stratford
Strathroy
Streetsville
Teeswater
Thornhill
Thorold
Three Rivers
Thurso
Tilsonburgl
Toronto
Trenton
Uxbridge
Valleyfield
Vankleek Hill
Vienna
Vittoria
Walkerton
Wallaceburg
Wardsville
Waterdown
Waterford
Waterloo, East
Waterloo, West
Welland
Wellesley
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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA,
January, 1877.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. II.] FEBRUARY, 1877. [No. 2.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEDDING IN MAY.

THERE was one person to whom the news of Cecil Travers's engagement came as a great shock, and that was Gretchen Rudenbach.

It was in a letter from Wattie that Gretchen first heard of it, for Cecil himself was too full of his new happiness to give a thought to the poor little music-teacher in Pimlico.

When Gretchen had finished reading Wattie Ellison's letter, she laid her head down upon the table-cloth, all among her poor little breakfast array, her cup of weak tea, and her untempting-looking bread-and-butter, and cried bitterly.

In the middle of these tears, in came Miss Pinkin.

Miss Pinkin wore a black front, and a tulle cap decorated with small lilac bows and tied under the chin with white gauze ribbons, and she was enveloped in a silk shawl of an old-fashioned pattern and colour, very tightly drawn around her spare figure; she had a thin, angular face, and was altogether an austere-looking woman.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed this ancient virgin, lifting up both hands in amazement at the discovery of Gretchen in her woe. "What on earth are you crying your eyes out for?" Gretchen wiped her eyes, but made no answer.

"I know very well what you are crying for," continued Miss Pinkin, glancing severely at the open letter on the table. "You are crying about a piece of news that ought to give you a great deal of pleasure, if you had a well-regulated mind. I, too, have had a letter from Miss Augusta Ellison, my old pupil, and she tells me that Mr. Cecil Travers is engaged to be married to Miss Blair of Sotherne. You ought to be very much pleased, you foolish girl, instead of crying like a waterspout, and laying your head down in your bread-and-butter plate, which isn't cleanly."

Gretchen, at this well-merited reproach, lifted her head and pushed away the bread-and-butter to a safe distance.

"Because a young gentleman, *far* above you in station, has been kind to you when you were ill and homeless, you have been so silly as to allow your thoughts to dwell upon him in an indecorous manner."

"You should not say that, Miss Pinkin."

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"But I must say so, Gretchen. When you were put under my charge, I determined to do my duty by you as if you were a young relative of my own. I must tell you that it is indecorous for a female to think of the other sex at all. I have never done so myself," added Miss Pinkin, virtuously drawing herself up with conscious pride. "Throughout my life I have made it a rule to myself to avoid rather than seek the other sex; and look at me!" Gretchen did look at her, and mentally reflected that possibly the other sex had also found it more prudent to avoid than to seek that hard-featured visage. "Look at me," she continued; "honoured, respected, and esteemed by all the gentlemen; you would wish to be so too at my age, would you not, Gretchen?"

"I should wish to be loved too," said the girl in a low voice.

"Hush, hush, my dear! I am shocked at you!" cried Miss Pinkin, throwing up her hands. "A girl should never mention such a word in connection with a gentleman. Come, dry your eyes, and be thankful that it was only I that found you with such improper tears in them. What would people think to find you weeping over Mr. Cecil Travers's engagement? why, it would be shocking!"

"I am not ashamed of loving him," said Gretchen, with scarlet cheeks; he is the only person in the world who has ever shown me any kindness; but for him I should have starved and died. If I did not love him, I should be a monster of ingratitude; but you make a mistake, Miss Pinkin, in thinking that I have lifted my eyes above my station. I have never dared to do so. I was crying because if he marries I shall hardly ever see him; but I am very glad to hear good news about him, and I hope he will be very happy." The last words were spoken, for all her bravery, with a little choke in them, as Gretchen prepared herself to put on her bonnet and go out on her daily rounds. And Miss Pinkin, although she thought her words most strange and forward, and turned up her eyes in wonder at what on earth the young women of the present day were coming to, yet felt a pang of pity as she watched the girl pass out, patiently and humbly carrying her roll of music under her arm, with her sad white face bent downwards, and her eyes still swollen with tears.

Late that night, when her work was all over, and long after Miss Pinkin overhead was snoring the sonorous snores of the just, Gretchen Rudenbach sat up, by the light of her one candle, writing to the man whom she was not ashamed to own that she loved —a laborious letter, much pondered over, and all written in fine, delicate German-looking characters—the only foreign things about her were her name and her handwriting—a letter in which she invoked every good gift in heaven and earth upon her benefactor, and prayed that the good God would bless him and make him happy, as he deserved to be; and then she told him that she would never forget him, however many years she might live, but always remember him morning and evening in her prayers. She told him that she knew the woman he loved must be good and beautiful, and it made her, Gretchen, glad to think how happy and proud of his love his chosen bride must be; and lastly she told him that if ever he was sad, or sorry, or in trouble, if he would come to her, he would always find in her a devoted and faithful friend, who would at any time give her life to serve him and to comfort him.

Poor little high-flown letter; yetwith truth and earnestness breathing out from every line! it was written with so many prayers and tears, and with such simple devotion of a love that only asked to spend itself, and expected nothing in return!

And Cecil Travers read it with a smile thought first he would show it to Juliet, and then, with a better feeling, decided not to show it to anyone, but tore it to pieces and threw it into the fire, and then—forgot to answer it! Meanwhile the preparations for Juliet's wedding went on apace. As it would be only six months after poor Georgie's death, it was, of course, to be a very quiet affair, but still it was impossible, on an estate like Sotherne, to prevent a certain amount of feasting and rejoicing among the tenantry and labourers. A dinner for all classes in tents on the lawn, and a tenants' ball and fireworks in the evening, were unavoidable on such an occasion; and although Juliet herself would not be there, she had nevertheless all the settling and arranging to do beforehand.

And her trousseau was also, of course, in progress. Here she found an invaluable ally in her stepmother who was quite in her

element, and who was allowed to order silks, satins, and laces to her heart's content.

Time went on; Juliet was too busy to be unhappy; and she was too thorough a woman not to take an interest in the hundred and one details of her wedding preparations. She wrote her orders to tradesmen, her letters to friends, her list of guests—everything, in short, that was necessary to be done—with a sort of dazed, bewildered feeling of unreality running through it all. It was as if she were doing it for some one else, and not for herself. A sort of stagnation was in her heart; she was not happy, neither was she unhappy; she was simply very busy, too busy to think; and, even had she the time, there was throughout a dumb stupor in her mind, as if her feeling, thinking powers were extinct.

This lasted till four days before her wedding, and then an event happened which taught her painfully that her capacity for suffering was as keen as ever.

A box arrived for her. Is was no uncommon event, for presents from acquaintances came to her every day now. But when Higgs brought in this particular box, Juliet knew, almost before she looked at the travel-stained direction, that it came from India.

"Take it up to my room, and unfasten it, Higgs," she said calmly to the man, whilst all the time her heart beat painfully.

In a few minutes she went upstairs, and locked her door. The box, with its lid off, was in the middle of the room. She knelt down in front of it; at the very top lay a note addressed to her in a large well-known handwriting. The envelope, simply directed to "Miss Blair," and without stamp or post-mark, seemed to bring him very near to her; it was as if his hand had only just laid it there. With a miserable hopelessness she opened it and read:—

My dear Juliet,—I send you a few trifles that I have chosen for you with great care, remembering the things you used to admire. Perhaps when this reaches you, you will be Juliet Blair no longer. May every blessing, and every joy that heaven and earth can give, be yours! In all probability I shall never meet you again, and I dare say I shall not trouble you with many letters; but I shall often think of you, dear child, oftener perhaps than you would imagine it possible. You have been a little harsh to me, Juliet. I will not blame or reproach you—you were probably full of your new happiness—it was not intentional, I know—you forgot—but oh, child, you might have written me *one* line—the coldest would have been less cold than your silence.

Yours always,
HUGH FLEMING.

The letter dropped from her fingers.

What did he mean? how could she have written to him, who had never written to her? in what had she been harsh to him.

Harsh! and to *him*, her love, her heart's darling! how could such a thing have been possible?

With set white lips, and lines of painful bewilderment on her forehead, she knelt, staring blankly in front of her.

Dimly, vaguely, there dawned upon her the possibility of the existence of some horrible misunderstanding between them; he had not forgotten her, he still thought of her with affection, and yet he accused her of forgetting, and he reproached her?—for what?

Was it possible that, in spite of his silence, his coldness, his desertion of her, he loved her even now?

But of what avail? was it not too late? With a low cry of despair she buried her face in her hands. Of what use were all her vague hopes and speculations now—now that it was too late?

Presently she roused herself to look at the contents of the box; one after another she drew out richly-chased gold and silver ornaments, gorgeous-coloured cashmeres heavy with embroidery, and rare specimens of old Oriental china. All were lovely and in excellent taste—things, as he had said, that he knew she would like; yet Juliet turned away from the glittering array with positive disgust; the spicy odor of the sandal-wood shavings in which they had been packed, and which is so peculiarly Indian, made her turn sick and faint.

Why had he sent them? why had he written? Believing herself forgotten and scorned, she had been able to reconcile herself almost cheerfully to the life that was before her. But how was she to bear it, if by some dreadful, incomprehensible mistake, she was to discover that he loved her after all?

And again she puzzled and pondered, until her head ached with her thoughts, wondering what it was he meant, why he reproached her with silence and with harshness; to what did he allude? and she could

in no way understand or answer these questions to herself.

There is an old superstition, of which probably on this occasion both bride and bridegroom were unaware, that a marriage in the "Virgin's month," the month of May, is unlucky.

And, certainly, the weather, to begin with, appeared anxious to carry out the old saying.

The 20th of May, Juliet Blair's wedding-day, was ushered in with a fine cheerless drizzle which by nine o'clock had settled down into a steady downpour.

Nevertheless, at as early an hour as five in the morning, a small person, cloaked and bonneted, and bearing a waterproof, an umbrella, and a little handbag containing a parcel of roughly-cut sandwiches and some ginger-bread nuts, came creeping cautiously down the stairs of a certain house in Pimlico.

At an angle of the stairs a door suddenly flew open, and an awful apparation—Miss Pinkin in her night-gown, with a frilled nightcap, and minus the black front—stood in a threatening attitude on the landing.

"Merciful heavens! what on earth are you doing? where in the name of common-sense are you going at five o'clock in the morning, disturbing honest folk in their beds? have you lost your wits, Gretchen Rudenbach?"

"I am going out," answered that damsel humbly, yet with a sort of doggedness which quiet-mannered people often evince.

"Going out! at five o'clock! are you going to climb the lamp-posts to put out the gas-lights, pray?" which sneering display of ignorance concerning the habits of the London lamplighter caused Miss Rudenbach to smile.

"No, I am going to spend the day in the country, Miss Pinkin; don't keep me standing here—I shall lose my train."

"*Where* are you going, may I ask?" and every frill on Miss Pinkin's night-cap seemed to stand erect with outraged virtue.

"To see a friend," answered the girl defiantly.

"Humph!" snorted Miss Pinkin; "you'll come to harm, Gretchen, as sure as my name is Sarah Anne Pinkin. I wash my hands of you. A friend, indeed! as if I did not know where you were going! go your way. You'll come to harm, mark my words!" and shaking a warning finger at her refractory lodger, Miss Pinkin flounced back into the privacy of her bedroom.

Gretchen crept out alone into the deserted streets—to find a cheerless leaden sky, that harmonized well with the girl's own sad thoughts, and wet, muddy pavements, through which her ill-made boots splashed laboriously as she plodded along them. At so early an hour neither cabs nor omnibuses were stirring, and Gretchen had come out prepared to walk to the station. Her way lay across Hyde Park. The path was wet and sloppy; the wind drove the fine grey drizzle straight into her face, and blew her shabby little black bonnet half off her head; and she had a difficulty in keeping up the umbrella. As she struggled painfully along, a solitary figure, coming from the opposite direction, passed her half-way in the middle of the Park.

Passed, and then looked back at her, and with a start recognised her.

"You! Gretchen!"

"Yes, it is I," said Gretchen, shrinking a little aside as David Anderson's honest but rough face peered down under her umbrella.

"But where on earth are you going at this hour?"

"I am going to the station to catch an early train; please don't stop me, I have no time to lose," she answered irritably, and hurrying on; but David Anderson kept pace beside her.

"I cannot let you walk alone; I will go with you," he said, gently taking her bag out of her hand, and steadying the fluttering umbrella over her head with his stronger hand.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going into the country to spend the day; If I were to ask you so many questions, you would not like it. Pray, where are *you* going, and where do you come from?"

David Anderson, who, truth to tell, was coming home in the early morning from a very late and very riotous party at the lodgings of a friend, a late member of the now dispersed "Melodious Minstrels" society, found the question somewhat difficult to answer, and walked along by her side in snubbed silence.

How Gretchen hated this enforced companionship! There *was* a time when she had been almost fond of David Anderson;

but of late she had learned to regard him with aversion and disgust. She looked at him through Cecil Travers's eyes; she remembered that Cis had called him underbred, a snob and a boor, and that he had made her promise that she would never be so foolish as to throw herself away upon a man so thoroughly inferior to herself. On arriving at the Great Western Terminus, Gretchen insisted on taking her ticket herself, while she had sent David away to secure a place for her in a second-class carriage. She did not want him to know where she was bound.

Poor David lingered ruefully by the carriage door till the train went off, hoping in vain for some kind word of thanks that would repay him for his wet walk; but Gretchen only gave him a careless nod as she was carried off, and the great rough fellow turned away with a deep sigh and something very like tears in his eyes.

It was the old story of cross-purposes everywhere. Elinor is in love with Charles, who does not even know it, but is sighing out his soul for Lady Blanche, who is as far above his reach as the moon, and who, moreover, nourishes a secret affection for young Dandy in the Guards, whilst that young gentleman, cruelly careless of the girl he might have for asking, is passionately and hoplessly smitten with pretty Mrs. Lowndes, who has four children and a prosy husband, and who snubs young Dandy heartlessly, being herself bent on the fascination of some one else; and so on—the wrong man is forever pairing off with the wrong woman, till one is tempted to look upon the whole well-worn subject of love and its delights as the creation of a few high-flown and ignorant poetical gentlemen, and to ask, if it be indeed true that "marriages are made in heaven," why it is that, being confessedly for the most part such utter failures, the unconscious victims of these unsuccessful arrangements above are not allowed a readjustment of matters on earth? What a game of Puss-in-the-corner we should have, to be sure!

"Can you tell me the way to Sotherne Church, please?" asks Gretchen of the porter, as she landed shivering in the rain on the little wayside station platform, and the train that has brought her disappears slowly in the distance.

"Straight on, miss,"—when does anyone give one any other direction to findone's way than that inevitable "straight on?"—"straight on as fur as you can see, and you'll come to the church; it will be wet walking for you miss," added the man, softened, perhaps, by the pretty, gentle face and the big, sad blue eyes.

The road, of course, was anything but "straight;" it wound about like a serpent between its wet green hedges, and there were innumerable cross-roads intersecting it in every direction, so that Gretchen had to ask several times, and had some difficulty in finding her way.

Eventually, however, after about two miles' walk along the sloppiest and wettest of country lanes, she arrived at the village and at the church.

Even at this early hour—it was but nine o'clock—it was evident that some unusual event was about to happen. The place was all astir, several triumphant arches of greenery had been erected across the road, and the village carpenters were still at work tying up the last branch of lilac, and tin-tacking securely the last breadth of bunting. Flags were flying from the public houses and principal houses in the village, whilst the inhabitants in their Sunday clothes stood about in groups talking eagerly and excitedly of the coming festivities. The church doors were wide open, and Gretchen entered unmolested and took up her position in a sheltered nook close to the door, behind a stone pillar.

Some women were laying red cloth down the aisle, and presently, with a little commotion, the Vicar's bustling little wife came in with a big basket of flowers on her arm, with which she proceeded to decorate the altar.

Gretchen watched her with greedy eyes. What would she not have given to help her! she had a half-thought of going forward to offer her assistance; but shyness and prudence kept her back.

As Mrs. Dawson passed down the church again, she glanced sharply at the girl sitting alone, half-concealed behind the pillar. She knew every woman and girl in the parish of Sotherne, and in most of the parishes round, and Gretchen's face was strange to her; besides, she evidently belonged to a better class than any of the farmers' daughters about. Gretchen blushed deeply as she felt herself the object of such close scrutiny; and as she noticed the blush on the pretty,

delicate features, and the downcast blue eyes, and the bent, smooth brown head, with its poor but perfectly lady-like covering, something of the real state of the case flashed through the mind of the clergyman's wife.

"Come down from town by the first train to see Cis Travers married!" was her mental reflection. "Well, men *are* wretches, but I did think Cis Travers was too soft for that kind of thing—he is not half good enough for Juliet in any way, and now it appears he has not even been devoted to her! It all comes of his father's letting him be knocking about London so long by himself; it's a shocking bad thing for boys"—with a rapid thought of her own stalwart sons. "I shall be careful not to let Tom and Charlie be turned out in London with nothing to do. Poor girl!" added the Vicar's wife to herself pityingly, as she trudged rapidly down the churchyard path to the vicarage gate; "she looked modest and gentle enough; I dare say he has made her very unhappy—the wretch! Well, I don't think I shall say anything about it to the Vicar; he would be wanting to come out and reclaim her before breakfast, and that would make us all late; and besides, he would be sure to call her "brazen woman" or "daughter of sin," or some horribly coarse name to her face, and that would do more harm than good: good men are so hard on women! and they never have any discrimination to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate—no, I will say nothing about it; besides, I really know nothing, it is only my own suspicions." So saying, good little Mrs. Dawson, who, like many—alas, not most!—Christian women, had all a woman's tenderness towards a sorrowing fellow-woman, from whatever source her sorrows might come, shook off her wet cloak and stamped her muddy little toes in the vicarage porch, and went in to pour out her husband's tea, with never a word to that excellent but somewhat severe divine about the little strange girl who sat shivering in the church hard by, and who seemed to Mrs. Dawson's eyes to be the living impersonation of Cis Travers's London wickednesses—wickednesses of which you and I, my reader, know him to be guiltless.

I am not going to describe Juliet Blair's wedding. Weddings are but dismal things at best, and if anyone has a partiality for reading detailed accounts of them, of the demeanour and aspect of the "blushing bride," of the elaborate costumes of herself and her bridesmaids, and her friends' presents on the interesting occasion, they have but to study the last *Court Journal*, where such scenes are weekly set forth in far better language and with far more knowledge of the subject than I should be at all likely to display.

Juliet Blair's wedding was exactly alike anyone else's. There was the same fluttering in of well-dressed wedding guests, bustling backwards and forwards in and out of the pews to exchange whispered greetings with each other. The same gathering of prettily-dressed and moderately good-looking bridesmaids at the bottom of the church. The same awkward interval of suspense whilst the bride was anxiously awaited, during which Cis stood first on one leg, then on the other, and gnawed nervously at the ends of his straw-coloured kid gloves in the same helpless-looking way that every bridegroom invariably does, suggesting irresistibly the idea that, but for the best man—in this case a very young Oxford friend—he must inevitably turn and flee. The best man, with a big button-hole flower, looks jaunty and self-important, as if the success of the whole ceremony depended mainly upon his exertions, although a passing thought of the speech which he will have to make by-and-by sends an occasional cold shudder down his back. Then the bride comes in on Sir George Ellison's arm, for, as she has no near relative, he, as an old friend of her father's, is to give her away. And there is the same scuffle of everybody getting into their places that always happens, and the ceremony proceeds with the same sniffles and snuffles from that female portion of the spectators who are invariably affected to tears without any known cause on such occasions.

There was nothing at all peculiar or striking in Juliet Blair's wedding; but to Gretchen Rudenbach, craning forward and straining her eyes and ears to catch every sight and every sound, it was a wedding different from every other wedding.

Presently the organ burst joyfully into the Wedding March, and the bride and bridegroom came down the aisle together, the school children flung flowers down before them as they came, and Gretchen pressed

forward with the rest, Down at the bridegroom's feet there fell a little bunch of lilies of the valley that only last night had been fastened together in Covent Garden Market, and the next moment they were crushed —poor, innocent white blossoms !—beneath his heel.

And looking at his wife's face, cold, impassive, and almost despairing, Cis Travers, with a start, caught sight of a face beyond it, eager, yearning, wet with tears, and quivering with emotion, and in that moment the young bridegroom felt vaguely which it was of these two women that loved him best.

In another second Gretchen had shrunk back into her sheltering corner, and Cis was tucking his wife's white satin train into the carriage ; whilst she, with her heart on the other side of the world, was saying to herself—

" It is too late now—too late ! Oh, Hugh ! Oh, my darling, why did you ever leave me ?"

CHAPTER XIX.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

FIVE years after ! Oh blissful license of the story-teller, to whom it is allowed thus to make free with Father Time ! Five years of weariness, of dullness, of disappointment ! What would not some of us give to be rid of five years with as many words !

Only think of it. . . . Five hot stuffy summers, made unbearable perchance with toilings in close City rooms all day, and with harder toilings still in west-end ballrooms by night—five biting winters of nipping frosts and Christmas bills—five backward springs of drizzling rains and driving east winds ! Think of all the vexations, bodily and spiritual, that five years must inevitably bring to all of us, and then say whether you would not gladly shake them off your memory like a night's bad dream, and wake to begin afresh—whether you would not joyfully wipe off old scores, old griefs, old sins, and, with new hopes and new chances, begin again to write down the story of your life upon a blank and unsullied page.

Oh Rip Van Winkle, most blessed among men, how gladly would some of us follow your example, and outsleep, since we can scarcely manage to outlive, the unloveliness of some of the years of our lives !

Well, to the story-teller it is allowed to do this wonderful feat—to say that so many years out of the lives of those he has created shall be spirited away. Never mind how many—be it five, fifteen, or fifty—he has but to say the word, and hey, presto ! it is done.

So it is that I begin again with—five years after !

Five years ! during which my different characters have all been toiling painfully through the dullnesses and disappointments of uneventful lives, through which I will not condemn you, my reader, to follow them.

Now let us find them all out again, and see what changes these five years have worked in them.

It is five years, then—five years since Gretchen Rudenbach sat shivering in Sotherne parish church to watch a bridal party pass in and out, and to no one have these years brought greater changes than to the little music-teacher.

Gretchen is " Mdlle. Rudenbach " now, and well known to the fashionable and musical world. She has left the little house in Pimlico, and, carrying Miss Pinkin with her as companion and chaperone, has migrated to a semi-detached villa in Victoria villas, Notting Hill.

It is highly improbable that Gretchen's musical talents, which were very considerable, and her industry, which was untiring, would alone have wrought this great improvement in her worldly prospects.

Seldom, indeed, do talent and industry, if unaccompanied by luck and interest, lead to the summit of any professional tree.

Gretchen's rise of fortune came about in this way. There was a certain Lady Caroline Skinflint, who lived in Wilton Crescent, and who was an acknowledged leader of the fashionable world. Lady Caroline was a younger daughter of the late Duke of Belgravia, which sufficiently explains the undoubtedness of her position. In her unmarried days, being unattractive in person and unpleasing in manner, she had been nobody in particular, for the maiden aunt even of a duke is not accounted of great social importance ; but when, at the somewhat advanced age of thirty-eight, she escaped

at length from the maternal thraldom of the Dowager Duchess, and took unto herself her bosom's lord in the person of the Honourable Theophilus Skinflint, whose brains were even if possible smaller than his income, Lady Caroline straightway became a very important personage indeed.

To be asked or not asked to Lady Caroline's musical soirees became almost a social test of respectability, whilst bland indeed were the smiles the world vouchsafed to those blessed few who were admitted into the sacred inner circle of her *petits dîners* or *réunions intimes*.

Lady Caroline gave herself out as a patron of music; not that she in reality knew or cared much about it, but that, as she would have told you, it is always necessary to take up something, and so she took up music.

In pursuance of these views, she gave annually four musical evening parties, into which she endeavoured, and in a great measure succeeded, to cram a very large number of persons into very moderate-sized rooms at the minimum of expenditure that was possible.

It was after sending out some hundred or so of cards for one of these entertainments that Lady Caroline cast about to seek for the utmost amount of cheap musical talent that she could lay hands upon wherewith to entertain her invited guests.

Happening one day to run up into the drawing-room of her latest *protégée* and bosom friend *pro tem.*, Mrs. Harrington Spotts, whose pedigree was short, but whose purse she found conveniently long, Lady Caroline discovered, not that lady herself, but her little girl, and, what was more to the purpose, the little girl's music-mistress, who was playing over a sonata of Beethoven to her pupil.

Lady Caroline withdrew herself behind the *portière* and listened, struck by the masterly touch of the performance.

"Brava! brava!" she cried, clapping her hands and coming forward into the room as the last chords sounded. "You play very nicely, young lady—who are you?"

"She is Miss Rudenbach, my music-governess," answered the juvenile daughter of the house of Harrington Spotts, whilst Gretchen rose blushing from the piano.

"Rudenbach? a German name, eh? I am Lady Caroline Skinflint—don't be afraid, my dear;" this was added with reassuring condescension, as though the mere sound of the patrician name were calculated to strike awe into the breast of a German music-teacher; but Gretchen, who, dreadful to relate, had never heard of her ladyship, was not particularly impressed either with awe or admiration.

"What do you charge for playing at musical parties?" continued the lady, rushing at once to the point.

"I—I really don't know," stammered Gretchen, for she had never done such a thing in her life.

Lady Caroline was not blind to the chance thus presented to her.

"Ah, I see," she said; "you have never played out—ah! well, you are very young, and not of course by any means perfect in your art—that is not to be expected; but you have a good touch, and your playing pleases me. I am a patron of music, and am going to have a musical party next week, on the 14th; if you like to come and play at it for me, it would be a very good opening for you, and will probably get you several new pupils."

"Your ladyship is very kind, if you think I could play well enough," murmured Gretchen, gratefully and doubtfully.

"Well, of course, as you are not a regular professional, you must not expect me to pay you anything, but I will recommend you to all my friends; that is to say, if you play to my satisfaction,—and you will get your supper." So for her supper Gretchen was engaged. "Recollect, you are to play as often as I want you to play, and let me have a list of the things you can do best by Monday at latest, that I may get my programmes printed."

And Lady Caroline went her way, and boasted to her friends and acquaintances of the wonderful young pianiste she had secured for the fourteenth. "Quite a second Arabella Goddard, I assure you," she said, "and with more feeling; she is considered the rising light in the musical world—quite young and a perfect genius!"

By the fourteenth everybody was talking about the new star, whose performances they were to listen to in Wilton Crescent, and whom of course nobody had ever heard of before. Lady Caroline chuckled to herself with delight when she reflected upon the piece of wonderful good fortune which had enabled her to discover this brilliant

performer, and her own shrewdness in securing her services for nothing!

The evening arrived, and Gretchen, in her pearl grey merino with the soft folds of a white muslin fichu up to her throat, and a simple little white flower in her hair, looking more Quaker-like and innocent than ever among all the bare shoulders and painted cheeks and golden-dyed hair of full-dressed Belgravia, and adding, by her singularly modest appearance, considerably to the effect she produced, sat down amid a dead silence to play her first piece.

She was not at all nervous, and she played splendidly, quite surpassing even Lady Caroline's hopes of her; she felt herself upon her mettle, and was conscious that most of her future success as a musician probably depended upon how she acquitted herself on this occasion.

The result was beyond her expectations. There was a perfect storm of applause as she finished, and many people crowded round the piano to be introduced to her.

A great professional singer, whose kindness of heart is well known to be equal to her talent, and who was present "as a friend," which meant of course that she would probably volunteer to sing something for her hostess later on in the evening, spoke most kindly to our little Gretchen, and was so taken by her gentleness and simplicity that she became from that day forward one of her best and staunchest friends.

In point of fact, Gretchen's fortune was made. Engagements to play at evening parties, for which she soon learned to charge five guineas, flowed in upon her from all quarters; pupils, no longer little girls in their first stages, but grown-up young ladies, came to her in greater numbers than she could well manage to teach, and by-and-by she raised her terms to a guinea a lesson, and moved to her prettily-furnished villa at Notting Hill, where her own friends came to visit her, and Miss Pinkin no longer dared to snub her, or to prophesy evil of her.

And the best of it all for Lady Caroline Skinflint was that, remembering to whom she owed her prosperity, Gretchen Rudenbach always played at the parties of her patroness upon the same terms upon which she had on the first occasion engaged her; that is to say, for nothing—and her supper!

It was evening. Gretchen had finished her modest repast, and leaving Miss Pinkin to lock up the wine and to give sundry orders to a refractory housemaid, she had retired to her little flower-scented drawing-room.

The room was nearly dark, the windows wide open, and the white muslin curtains fluttered in the evening breeze; a bush of white lilac in the little suburban garden outside kept tapping against the panes, and filled the air with a delicious fresh scent. There was a flower-stand well filled in one corner, more flowers in vases on the mantelpiece, a general air of prettiness and comfort over the whole room. Gretchen sat at the piano in the half light, and played over some passages of the sonata that she was going to perform at a musical party that evening.

Some one came running up the steps of the house, opened the door, and, unannounced, stepped into the little drawing-room.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Cis Travers, just laying one hand for an instant on the musician's arm as he passed her, and then sinking down on to a sofa on the other side of the piano. And Gretchen, with a nod, went on with her playing.

Cis Travers has altered considerably since we last saw him on his wedding morning. He has grown much older and more manly-looking; and at the same time has lost the look of boyish frankness which was at that time a charm in his face, and which has been replaced by a peevish, discontented expression which is scarcely pleasant to behold.

Gretchen played on to the end of her andante, whilst Cis lay with his feet on the sofa, and his hands thrown back behind his yellow head. When she had finished, she twisted herself round on the music-stool.

"What have you come to me for this evening?" she asked, in her gentle voice.

"Oh, worried to death as usual! My wife has gone to the opera—we had to dine at seven o'clock; fancy that in June! and it is twice a-week at least that it happens. What is a man to do with himself, left all alone in an empty house at eight o'clock?"

"Why don't you go with Mrs. Travers, then?"

"I? my dear little girl! you know I detest it! The only music I like is yours, Gretchen," he added, stretching out his

hand to her. Probably in the half-light Gretchen did not see it, for she made no responding movement.

"Still," she continued gently, "it is a pity such a lovely woman as Mrs. Travers should always go out without her husband, alone—or with other men."

"Do not lecture me, Gretchen; I came here to be consoled, and not scolded. I am so fortunate in finding you at home, too."

"I shall not be able to stop long, I am afraid. I shall have to go and dress very soon. I am going out to a musical party. Is it nine o'clock yet?"

"Twenty minutes to—there's lots of time; don't be running away just yet. My life is very lonely, and it does me good to talk to you. Juliet has her friends and her parties; she does not care a farthing what becomes of me. She never did care in the least about me—never from the first," added Cis, with irritation.

Gretchen made no answer; the fingers of her left hand ran lightly over the keys of the piano, and her lip quivered, unseen, in the darkening twilight. It was very sad to her to hear Cis talk like that. Although she had always loved this man, with all his weaknesses and follies, to which she was by no means blind, it gave her no pleasure to hear that he was not happy, and that the love he had once felt for his beautiful wife was turned into bitterness and peevish discontent.

Gretchen had one of those pure and unselfish natures that love goodness for its own sake. She would far rather have heard that Cis was perfectly happy in his domestic relations than have had to listen to all the miserable complaints which testified to such flattering confidence in herself.

"Do you remember," continued Cis presently, "do you remember the old days when I used to meet you in Wigmore Street, and we walked together to Bloomsbury Square?"

"I remember very well," answered Gretchen, to whom every one of those interviews was as distinctly present as if they had happened only yesterday.

"I think I was a fool in those days!" said Cis with a sigh; "I imagined myself violently in love with a woman who has done nothing but scorn me all my life, and all the while there was an affectionate little heart close by which I might have had for the asking, I believe—eh, Gretchen?"

"What rubbish you are talking!" cried Gretchen, jumping up so hurriedly that she upset the music-stool, and shutting up the piano with a slam. It was a mercy that there was too little light to see how scarlet her cheeks had turned.

Cis was accustomed to give way to these little flights of sentimentalism at times; and Gretchen, who knew how little he had really cared about her in those "old days," of which he was wont now to make so much, found such speeches particularly trying to bear.

"I must go and dress," she said, striking a match and lighting the candles, lest Cis should relapse into the "twilight mood."

"Wait one minute; I have really something to ask of you," said Cis, sitting upright on the sofa.

"Well, make haste," said Gretchen, in the most practical voice; adding immediately, lest he should think her unkind, "I shall be so glad to do anything for you, as you know well."

"My wife is going to give a musical party—will you come and play at it?" said Cis.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gretchen in sudden dismay, while her blue eyes looked at him with a sort of horror; for what woman can bear the thought of meeting face to face that other more successful woman who fills the place she has wished to occupy herself? "I cannot do that—pray don't ask me."

"Why not? It is not I who ask you—she will. She was talking of whom she should get to perform at this party to-night at dinner, and some one recommended you. I think it was Lady Caroline Skinflint."

"Lady Caroline is a very kind friend to me, but do not ask me to go to your wife's house. I—I should not like it," she said, hesitatingly.

"But I should like it so much, Gretchen," pleaded Cis, whose vanity, always a weak point with him, was flattered by her evident distress. "Do go, to please me."

"I will think it over, but I had much rather not. I do not see why you want me to go—you can always come and see me here; and now I must go—good night." She held out her hand to him for an instant, and left him, and Cis sauntered down idly to his club.

He was not exactly in love with Gretchen, but it pleased him to think that she was very fond of him. And just as in old times, from sheer idleness and insouciance,

he had slipped into a sort of semi-sentimental flirtation with her, which had meant nothing but selfish self-indulgence to himself, but which had brought a great deal of trouble to the girl whose friend he professed to be, so now he had let himself slide with the stream into much the same position with her. To be the sport of fate, the victim of circumstances, was Cecil Travers's character in everything. He had good instincts, but he was too indolent to act up to them—he could be generous and even energetic in fits and starts, but he had no strength, either moral or physical—he was neither bad nor vicious, he was simply utterly and deplorably weak.

Gretchen, to whom fortunately five years, without robbing her of any of her gentle modesty, had nevertheless brought some knowledge of the world—without ever ceasing to love and honour the man who had done so much for her when she was poor and homeless, had nevertheless lost much of the admiration and almost adoration with which she had regarded him in old days. Her idol had stepped down somewhat from his pedestal, and Gretchen's heart, which was of that essentially feminine and gentle type which loves only the more because it pities and sees failings in that which it loves, felt no contempt for Cis, only a great yearning to make him happier and better.

It was unspeakably painful to her that he should talk so openly even to herself about the unhappiness of his married life, and the want of love between himself and his wife; it was painful, it was even shocking to her, and yet it was passing sweet to think that he should turn for comfort to her in his troubles.

For of course Gretchen took his part. Of course she felt anger and hatred towards the wife whose history she did not know, and whose proud beauty she had only once beheld.

Women, generally even the best of them, are cruelly severe towards each other. They are the harshest of censors, the most unjust of judges—for they condemn unheard. Gretchen heard vaguely in the outskirts of that great world into which she herself went in such a humble manner, that Mrs. Travers was a woman of fashion, was much admired and much sought after, and she at once formed her own conclusions. To her, Cecil's wife was a heartless coquette, given over to dissipation and worldliness and love of dress, who neglected her husband, and made his home wretched in order to indulge freely in her own frivolous pursuits.

To go to the house of this woman, who had not only taken Cecil irretrievably away from her, but who did not value that which she had won, seemed a very dreadful ordeal to Gretchen. Nevertheless, Cis had asked her to go—had said it would give him pleasure to hear her play at his house. To give Cis pleasure, Gretchen would have gladly walked barefoot from Notting Hill to Grosvenor Street. So it came to pass that when Mrs. Travers, in a little monogramed and perfumed note, presented her compliments to Mdlle. Rudenbach, and would be glad to know if she would be able to play for her on Thursday, the 20th inst., and what were Mdlle. Rudenbach's terms, &c.,—Gretchen in reply stated that she would be very happy to play at Mrs. Travers's evening party on the 26th, and begged to enclose her terms.

CHAPTER XX.

BENEATH A SMILING FACE.

VERY seldom indeed, in these days, did the old-fashioned iron gates at the end of the avenue at Sotherne Court open to receive their young mistress.

Mrs. Travers would not live in the home of her childhood. Now and then she would come down for a couple of days, or stop there a night, to break the journey to or from Scotland, but she could bear no permanent residence there.

Sotherne Court was a haunted house to her—haunted by ghosts of the past, which, under the present circumstances of her life, it was simply impossible for her to face.

Into the two months that Hugh Fleming had made Sotherne Court his home, had been crowded enough of associations and memories to fill every nook and corner of the old house.

There it was that he had stood as he had listened to her singing—in that chair he had been accustomed to sit in the evening—down that walk in the shrubbery it was that they had wandered together—under that tree they had sat together; there was not a

room in the house, or a path in the garden, where she could not conjure up his image. Before her marriage she had loved these memories, but now they had become absolutely hateful to her.

So the old house was left in undisturbed possession of Mrs. Blair and the servants.

This was a better state of things than Mrs. Blair had dared to hope for. Juliet had not been unkind to her stepmother, and Cis had always been favourably disposed towards her. As they did not intend to live at Sotherne themselves, there seemed no reason why Mrs. Blair should not continue to make it her home. So Mrs. Blair lived there on all the fat of the land.

She asked her own friends, French acquaintances, principally of her ante-nuptial days, to stay with her, greatly to old Higg's disgust, who was loud in his grumblings against the "dirty furrin French folk," as he insisted on calling a perfectly unobjectionable Monsieur and Madame Gambert, who were frequently guests at Sotherne.

Mrs. Blair played the country lady to these and other admiring friends, gave little dinner-parties for their entertainment, drove them out to see the show places in the neighbourhood in the ancient landau, drawn by two remarkably fat and lazy old horses, and did the honours of Sotherne Court generally, as if the whole place belonged to her.

Higgs hated Mrs. Blair and her friends; the new state of things was abhorrent to him; but, like a brave man, he stuck to his post manfully. As long as he had breath and life, Higgs declared he would stay at Sotherne to serve his dear young mistress, and to prevent the old place from going to rack and ruin in the hands of a parcel of strangers. Higgs was a thorn in Mrs. Blair's side—he was for ever doing things in direct opposition to her wishes. He often refused, respectfully but firmly, to obey her orders, stating that his duties to Mrs. Travers prevented him from doing so.

"Very sorry, Ma'am, but my conscience wouldn't allow me no peace if I were to give out that old silver tea service," was the sort of remark he was wont to make; "seeing that my mistress is away, and I left in charge, as it were, of her property—anything to oblige you, marm, I am sure, but I must do my duty *fust!*"

And Mrs. Blair might entreat, or threaten or storm, it was all of no avail. Higgs would jingle his keys as if to say "Don't you wish you might get it!" and go off to his pantry chuckling over her discomfiture.

Mrs. Blair would have given a great deal for Higgs to leave, and in pursuance of that object she made herself as ungracious and unpleasant to him as she possibly could; but unluckily Higgs saw through it, and was well determined not to give her that supreme triumph.

"She thinks as how I'll give warning," said the old man to himself; "she won't find Ebenezer Higgs so easy to move. I'll stay here till I drop sooner than go, if it's only to spite her! I ain't *her* servant and *she* can't give me the sack!" And so the only result of the feud between them was that Higgs made himself more intensely disagreeable than ever, and on hearing shortly after the dispute concerning the silver tea service that Mrs. Blair expected some friends to stay with her for Christmas, he took the opportunity of declaring that the dining-room grate was breaking to pieces, and had the whole fire-place taken out and sent off to the ironmonger's to be renewed; so that the company had to use the breakfast-room, and Mrs. Blair had to postpone a dinner-party which she had intended giving in honour of her guests.

Of course all these things were very trying; but still, on the whole, Mrs. Blair was by no means dissatisfied with her lot in life. Day after day she congratulated herself upon the successful termination of all her hopes and plans. How well everything had turned out, and how different everything would have been if she had not stopped that letter from Colonel Fleming! Of course Juliet would never have married Cis—that odious guardian would have come back, and she herself would have been turned adrift upon the world with a very small income, whereas now everything had ended for the best. She had a comfortable and luxurious home and plenty of servants, whom she neither kept nor paid to wait upon her; she had no expenses, and her position in the country as Mr. Blair's widow was everything that she could wish. And as to Juliet, she of course was perfectly happy—probably much happier than if she had been allowed to marry her Colonel; no one would ever know anything about that letter now, and Mrs. Blair felt convinced that she had done right, perfectly right, in suppressing it. After all,

the result had justified the means. All's well that ends well.

Of her nearest neighbours and connections, the Traverses of Broadley, Mrs. Blair saw but very little. Five years had not passed away without working sundry changes for them.

Mary was married to a well-to-do squire in the next county, and Flora had shot up into a tall thin wisp of a girl of sixteen, with a face like Georgie's, but with a promise of more beauty than had ever belonged to her dead sister. And between the squire and the sad past, Time had already begun to spread his cobweb veil. Slowly, but surely, Georgie's memory became—not forgotten—for when can a father ever forget his dead child?—but vaguer and more indistinct; the bitterness went out of the recollection of her, and only the sweet savour of her goodness and gentleness left its halo around her early grave.

The home gap was slowly filling up again, as all such gaps do—God forbid that they should not. However wide the breach that is made, however hopeless the blank may be, the strangeness and the agony of it does in time wear off—the wound may leave its scars, but the open sore heals up.

Squire Travers was indeed no longer the same man he used to be—he was more subdued and patient in manner, less irritable, and less given to strong language; but he no longer now gave way to fits of melancholy and depression.

He had been very pleased at his son's marriage, and that event had certainly been the first thing that had roused him from the utter prostration that had followed upon his daughter's death.

Then, although, as he had himself said, he would never again keep the hounds, yet, after two winters had passed away, the old hunting instinct had awoke again, and when the third season came round he had found himself quite unable to resist it.

When he had stood looking out of the window one afternoon in November for some time, and then had suddenly turned round and said to his wife, "I think I shall potter out on Sunbeam to-morrow morning—I hear the hounds meet at Cosby Farm," the speech had been hailed by Mrs. Travers as very good news indeed. After that he went out regularly, far or near, a little shamefacedly at first, lest anyone should think him heartless to his daughter's memory, but by-and-by with all the keenness and zest revived; besides, Wattie had set his mind at ease.

"She would have liked you to go out again, I know," he had said to him, and the Squire had silently pressed his hand.

"It would have made her miserable to think that you had given up hunting, and it does her no good, poor darling," continued Wattie; "and besides, you have Flora to think of."

Yes, there was Flora; for her sake it was desirable that her father should go out with her instead of leaving her, as had lately happened, to the care of the groom—for Flora, like Georgie, "had it in her," and no considerations could stop her from slinking off after the hounds whenever they came within reasonable distance.

There was one thing that the Squire could not be too particular about with his younger daughter, and that was in the matter of the horses she rode. No half-broken, untried animal should ever carry a daughter of his again; every horse Flora mounted was well trained and broken in for a lady's riding, and warranted free from all sorts of vices. The Squire, too, gave long prices for them.

Flora, who was quite as fearless and bold as her sister ever had been, sometimes resented this extra care that was taken of her; but one look from Wattie Ellison was generally sufficient to make her silent and submissive.

It was by no means an unhappy scene that was going on one mild winter's morning in the paddock at the back of the house. A number of hurdles had been set up at equal distances round the field, and Flora, mounted on a splendid young thoroughbred horse which her father had just bought for her, was careering round, taking the hurdles one after the other in steeple-chase fashion, whilst her father and Wattie, Davis the groom, and poor old Chanticleer, stood together in a group in the centre.

"Why, papa, you look like the showman at Astley's!" cried Flora, as with flushed cheeks she trotted up to them after her exploits. "There you stand twisting about and flourishing your whip. I ought to have on pink skirts and spangles, and then we might get up a regular circus. Fancy you jumping through a paper hoop, papa!" and Flora laughed merrily with all a younger child's sauciness and impudence.

"You would look uncommonly well in spangles, I have no doubt, Flora," said Wattie, patting her horse's neck, and looking up admiringly at her; upon which Flora made a pass at his hat with her whip, which of course she missed, and then shook her fist at him with such a happy laugh, and looking so pretty the while, that, child as she was, there seemed to be some foundation for the county gossip, which reported that Wattie Ellison was only waiting till Flora should be eighteen to transfer openly to her the affection which he had formerly given to her sister.

That this was the Squire's dearest wish cannot be denied. He was so devoted to Wattie, that his poverty and small income were as nothing to him; he had calculated that he could give Flora enough to live on comfortably, and to secure this once-despised young man as his son-in-law was now one of his greatest hopes.

So the Squire took to hunting again, and Flora became his constant companion. Her mother shook her head lugubriously, and prophesied all sorts of evil things, but in the long run she was too pleased to see her husband more like his old self again to be very much disturbed, especially as Amy's education engrossed a good deal of her time; and as that young lady showed no tendency whatever for hunting tastes, she was able to carry out all her theories about the training of young ladies in a satisfactory manner in the person of her youngest daughter.

During the course of that same third winter, when the Squire took again to his hunting, an event happened which plunged the whole family into great grief for several days. This was the death of faithful old Chanticleer.

One morning the old hound refused the bread and milk which Flora had never once forgotten to give him every day in obedience to Georgie's dying wishes, and presently he hobbled up to her, for he had become very lame and infirm, and, lying down on the corner of her dress, licked her hand once, and then turned over on his side and died without a struggle.

It was as if the last link with Georgie had been cut away—the old dog had for her sake become a general favourite, and even Mrs. Travers was upset at his sudden death. But after that, and save for that distressing incident, things altogether had fallen back into peaceful and happy grooves at Broadley House.

And Juliet—how had it fared with Juliet during these first five years of her married life?

The first year after their wedding Mr. and Mrs. Travers spent in travelling abroad, and it was during these travels, and after she had been married more than three months, that Juliet at length found courage to write to Colonel Fleming.

It was but a note, merely a few lines; thanking him for his wedding presents to her, and expressing her admiration of them; and then with a trembling hand she added:

"You have accused me of harshness and coldness towards you, and of silence. Of the two former I am certainly guiltless, and of the latter I cannot understand that *you* should accuse *me*"—words which, when he read them, puzzled and bewildered him beyond description.

After their year abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Travers came home, but not to Sotherne; they bought a large house in Upper Grosvenor Street, and there established themselves.

For her beauty, her wealth, and her talent, Mrs. Travers soon gained a reputation in the London world; no one was so well dressed, or rode such good horses—no one drove such a perfect pair of ponies in the morning, or reclined in such a well-appointed barouche in the afternoon; her dinners were faultless; her evening parties, filled with the *élite* of London society, were invariable successes; she was courted, flattered, admired, and sought after; she had everything that money, and youth, and beauty could give her, and yet—and yet the woman was miserable.

For, to begin with, Juliet was daily discovering how true her own instincts had been when she had told Cis Travers long ago that they never could be happy together—that they were totally unsuited for each other, that her life and her mind were in no way similar to his, and that she and he must for ever go along different paths.

Juliet began to realise that most painful of all positions for a wife—that her husband was inferior to herself. He was her inferior in everything—in mind, in refinement, and

in character. She had known it long ago—all her life, indeed—but she had not certainly understood until she was married to him how irksome and how unbearable such a reversal of the fitness of things would be to her.

She did not dislike her husband; far from it. She was indeed fond of him in a sort of way; but she derived no comfort or support to herself from his society.

She was forever bending down to his level, trying to enter into his thoughts and feelings, whilst he could not in the smallest degree sympathise with or understand hers.

After a time Cis became dimly conscious that things were not as they should be between them; he could not understand the cause of it, but he began vaguely to perceive the effects, and with the natural weakness of his character, instead of making the best of the unalterable, he turned it into a perpetual subject of grumbling and complaint.

He became fretful and peevish, and was for ever reproaching his wife with her coldness and want of affection, until Juliet one day, fairly exasperated, turned round upon him, and reminded him that she had told him before she married him that she did not love him, and that, having chosen to take her without affection, he had no right to reproach her for the want of it now.

After that, Cis let his wife pretty well alone, and took to going to Gretchen Rudenbach to pour out his troubles. Gretchen could understand him, he thought, with that fine vanity which always makes a man think himself understood by the woman who loves and admires him, although probably she has fifty times less comprehension of his true character than the woman who has not affection enough for him to make her blind to his faults.

And Juliet went her own way. She had now but one object in her life—to forget; and if there is one thing more unattainable than any other unattainable thing that is beyond our reach, it is that same gift of forgetfulness! Hard indeed it is to find where we may drain a draught of the waters of Lethe!

The bitter thought of what might have been, in comparison with what is, is one that it is almost impossible to shut entirely out of our minds.

To a man, hard mental work does perhaps sometimes succeed in keeping at arm's length the ghosts of past joys and the tortures of unavailing regret; but a woman can seldom hope for such a safe and wholesome discipline. To her no sort of work is open but the unending toil of pleasure; and pleasure which cannot occupy the brain has no power whatever to stifle recollection.

It was in vain that Juliet Travers plunged into a whirl of dissipation which lasted day and night, and for which she had no natural taste; in vain that she filled up every waking hour with engagement after engagement, that she surrounded herself with friends and acquaintances of the most frivolous type, who served, it is true, to amuse her, but who often disgusted her at the same time with their worldly shallowness. For a time, indeed, her thoughts might be distracted by what was going on around her; but wherever she went, and whatever she was doing, it was seldom indeed that the image of Hugh Fleming was entirely out of her mind.

She did her very best to stifle the ever-present thought of him—every feeling of honour and of duty urged her to do so; and yet the task became daily more and more impossible to her.

I am conscious that my heroine does not come out well at this period of her life; but I am not placing her before you as a perfect character, but as a woman full of faults and failings, who was tempest-tossed on a stormy sea, and who was groping her way helplessly, and not very successfully, through the darkness.

Juliet was no saint—she was very human indeed; and at this time of her life her better instincts and nobler qualities were certainly somewhat obscured.

She became very reckless—reckless of good and evil, and very bitter against her life.

Had there been anything in it to reconcile her to it, it might not have been so.

Had she had children, everything would probably have become different to her; but she had no child, and daily her husband, whom she had never loved, drifted farther and farther away from her. No one was dear to her; even the memory of her lost love, which had been so chillingly thrown back upon her, was so filled with bitter hu-

miliation and wounded pride, that it had no power to soften her.

There is not perhaps a more dangerous and soul-degrading state of things than for a woman who has naturally a warm heart and quick impulsive feelings to be thus stranded, with every natural channel dried up wherein her affections should flow.

Failing love, such a woman often seeks to fill up the blank with admiration and flattery, thus perverting all the best and highest feelings of her nature.

And failing love—the one thing she yearned for unavailingly—there was no lack of admiration and adulation for the beautiful Mrs. Travers.

She grasped at them eagerly, hungrily; without these things, empty and unsatisfying as they were, she often felt that she should die; they served to drown her longings, and to keep at bay those other miserable thoughts which were for ever assailing her.

Therefore it was that Mrs. Travers hurried restlessly from place to place—that as soon as Goodwood week had brought the London season to a close, she must needs go to Homburg or Baden for a month, then back again to spend the autumn months in large country houses filled with the acqaintances of the season, where London life was but repeated *al fresco*, then generally to Paris for Christmas time, or down into Leicestershire with her hunters for a couple of months' hunting until the time for the season came round again.

In all these arrangements Cis for the most part acquiesced. Juliet always had the upper hand, and had, moreover, been so long accustomed to be absolute mistress, that it would have required a far stronger character than his to have dictated to her in these matters.

Juliet did not drag him about unwillingly; if he liked, he could come with her—if not, he might go elsewhere, wherever he liked; it was quite immaterial to her—she had always plenty of friends to go with her. So it often happened that she was staying alone at this or that country house, whilst Cis, who neither hunted nor shot, and therefore found himself very much bored in the country, would be sauntering up and down the King's Road at Brighton by himself, or else living as a bachelor in Grosvenor Street, and spending the best part of his idle days in Gretchen Rudenbach's drawing-room.

Often in a house full of well-dressed and fashionable women, Juliet Travers would be the very life and soul of the party, the centre round which all the men staying in the house would gather. Often, after an evening, when, resplendent in costly jewels and rare laces, she had fascinated every one by her beauty and by her conversation, her host and hostess would agree that no party was complete without so gifted and talented a guest; the men would sing her praises long and loud in the smoking-room; whilst the women gathered in knots in each other's bedrooms, filled with all the spite and envy that small-minded women always feel to any one of their own sex who outshines them, would pick her mercilessly to pieces, or "damn with faint praise" the woman they had possibly parted from a minute before with clinging kisses and soft-voiced murmurs of endearing words.

And meanwhile the object of all this admiration and envy, with all her satins and diamonds flung aside, would be kneeling dishevelled by her bedside, shaken with convulsive sobs, and pressing to her lips with despairing moans a yellow faded note and a soiled and stiffened glove.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT HOME AGAIN.

IT is a breathlessly hot night in early June, the hour is midnight, the scene is the crush-room of the Covent Garden Opera-house.

It is a popular night; the last strains of Gounod's "Faust" have but lately died away; behind the scenes, according to a well-known and time-honoured tradition, the injured but forgiven Marguerite, who has just been wafted up to heaven by ingenious machinery among blue muslin clouds, together with the too fascinating Faust and the scarlet-tinted Mephistopheles, are all supposed to be sitting amicably together refreshing themselves with oysters and bottled stout, whilst in the front of the house the audience are crowding down the staircase and out into the entrance in search of their carriages. Not a very active search either.

Now and then somebody's carriage is loudly proclaimed to be "stopping the way," and one or two people rush frantically out in violent haste; but for the most part the well-dressed, bright-coloured throng stands contentedly looking about, in no hurry to be gone, nodding at distant and unget-at-able acquaintances over each other's heads, or merely staring at each other curiously or admiringly as occasion may demand.

Standing a good way back from the staircase, and very much jammed in between a fat paterfamilias with his flock behind him, and two pretty-looking well-dressed women who are chattering together in front of him, stands a man who is evidently alone and almost a stranger to the scene in which he finds himself.

He looks vaguely round upon the crowd, and sees not one familiar face, not one kindly smile, not one friendly nod. Yes, there a remembered face goes by, and stares blankly, unknowingly at him as it passes—he is forgotten!

"This is solitude—this is to be alone," he mutters to himself with a half cynical smile; "and people call this coming 'home!'" he added, and the smile died away into a sigh.

He is a striking-looking man, still in the prime of life, tall and upright, but with many hard lines which care as well as time have traced upon his bronzed and weather-beaten face. A certain superiority about the man, and a certain stamp of birth and breeding, cause the two women who are in front of him to turn round more than once to glance up at him.

"Who is that?" whispers one.

"I don't know," replies the other in the same tone; "he looks like somebody, but I don't know that I ever saw him before."

And then they forget him, and go on with their chattering aloud.

Suddenly a name spoken by one of them arrests the stranger's attention.

"Don't you know who that is? Why, that is the beautiful Mrs Travers, who is making such a sensation this season."

"Which—the dark one?"

"Yes, the tall dark woman, with the diamonds and the black Spanish lace thrown over her head."

"How lovely she is!"

"Yes, lovely enough. That little fair woman with her is Mrs. Dalmaine, her great friend. Don't you remember the scandal there was about *her* two seasons ago?"

"Oh, perfectly; you don't mean to say she is here still! Why, there was to have been a divorce."

"Oh, it was all hushed up, and she goes about under Mrs. Travers's wing now, so I suppose she is all right."

"And is that Mrs. Travers's husband who is offering her his arm?"

"Lor' no, my dear! the husband never shows. They say he is a muff, or a misanthrope, or a savant, or something of that kind," answered the other; at all events, he is never with his wife; that good-looking fellow is Lord George Mannersley—he has been dancing attendance upon her all the season; she never goes anywhere without him. It is really quite *dreadful* the way some married women go on! If you and I were to do such things, my dear, everybody would cut us; but just because she is rich and the fashion, nobody seems to think anything of it. They say Lord George is over head and ears in love with her, and gives her such splendid presents; isn't it *shocking!* And Mrs. Robertson told me the other day that she had it from Lady Walters, who is very intimate with her, that she knows for a *fact*—hush, it would never do to say it aloud, but——, and the rest of the communication was delivered in a whisper. It was probably something very spicy, for the two ladies giggled, and then shook their heads with a little sham horror over it, as if to say "Very sad, but how delightful a bit of scandal is! and even if it does take away an innocent woman's character, what does it signify, so long as it affords us a little amusement!"

And Hugh Fleming, standing behind them, an unwilling listener, heard it all.

Heard it; and then, following the direction of their eyes, saw her once again.

She was standing a little way up the staircase, leaning somewhat languidly against the wall; the woman who had been pointed out as Mrs. Dalmaine—a bright, lively little blonde, with a too straw-coloured chignon, and a suspicion of blackening about the eyebrows and eyelashes, stood chattering away merrily beside her, whilst in front of her, holding her fan, and fanning her at times with it, stood a remarkably handsome young man, with the deepest blue eyes, and the blackest of curly heads, and a long mous-

tache. He was talking, seemingly, to Mrs. Dalmaine; but his eyes were riveted on the lovely face of Mrs. Travers. She took but little part in the conversation; every now and then smiled, or put in a word or two, and at every instant she bowed her head gracefully to some one or other of her friends among the stream of people who passed along down the staircase.

She looked tired and slightly bored, and when "Mrs. Travers's carriage" was shouted from below, and her footman appeared at the doorway, she took Lord George Mannersley's arm with alacrity, as if glad to be off.

Her name was so well known as a London beauty that not a few pressed forward to look at her as she passed out, and amongst them Colonel Fleming, too, pushed to the front rank. He stood close by the door through which she went out. He saw her sweet face, with all, and more than all, its well-remembered beauty, yet with a certain gravity and a certain hardness in the lines that were new to it; he had time to note the wistful, unsatisfied look in her dark eyes, and he heard her voice as she came past him.

"Won't you come to my rooms to supper? Do!" Lord George was saying to her, entreatingly. "There is no reason why you should not. We have got Mrs. Dalmaine, and Castleton is sure to drop in to make a fourth. Don't be so cruel as to refuse."

"I am afraid I must," she answered, flushing a little at his eagerness. "I am very tired to-night; I had rather go home."

And then she passed close by him. There was a flash of the diamonds in her hair, and on her bosom; a whiff of the perfume from her bouquet; her rich black satin draperies brushed against his feet as she went by—he could have put out his hand to hold her back, she was so near—so near—and yet, alas! so very far.

Her carriage rolled away, and Hugh Fleming turned out alone into the crowded, squalid street.

It was thus that he had met her again—the woman who had been his dream and his ideal ever since he had left her! The same, yet no longer the same—no longer the girl he remembered with the light of truth and candour in her eyes, with the best and highest instincts of womanhood shining out of her ever-varying face, but a woman who already wore the mask of hardness and worldliness, whose eyes had grown cold and unloving, whose laughter as she passed by him, had sounded hollow and unreal.

And worse even than this—she was a woman whose doings had become talked and gossiped about, whose bosom friend was said to be of dubious reputation; whilst already the breath of scandal had coupled her own name with that of the worthless young profligate on whose arm he had seen her leaning.

Bitter, most bitter, were Hugh Fleming's reflections as he paced slowly along towards his club and thought on these things.

What had changed her? What had happened to her? Was this the result of the loveless marriage which he himself had urged upon her? Or was there other and deeper mischief still going on?

Still pondering on these things, Hugh Fleming stood back for an instant at a crossing in Berkeley Square, as a brougham drawn by a showy-looking pair of horses, dashed by him.

It was Mrs. Travers's carriage. By the light of the lamps as it passed, he could see that Mrs. Dalmaine was no longer there; she had probably been dropped at her own house. There were only two people in the carriage—Mrs. Travers herself, and by her side Lord George Mannersley's handsome head bending forward and talking eagerly and animatedly to her.

Colonel Fleming saw them both perfectly, and then the brougham dashed by, and left him standing alone in the darkness of the empty street.

And as he stood there, there raged at his heart, one of the original savage instincts which education and civilization have no power to destroy in a man's breast—a fierce, murderous, maddening jealousy.

Women are supposed to have a monopoly of this same vice of jealousy; but the jealousy of a woman—far more easily aroused, it is true—finds its vent in small spite, and malice, and back-biting. But for the good, strong, unadulterated flavour of the passion, commend me to the jealousy, just and excusable, of a man towards that other man who seeks to injure the fair fame of the woman whom he loves.

A man who is a prey to such a jealousy becomes, for the time, a savage or a wild beast.

As Hugh Fleming stood there, looking after Juliet's departing brougham, he could gladly, eagerly, joyfully have strangled the man who was sitting in it beside her. He would have blessed you or anyone else who would have given him the opportunity of trampling that dark clustering hair in the mud of the gutter, and of quenching forever the light in those deep blue eyes that, all unconscious of the murderous thoughts so near them, were feasting themselves on Juliet's beauty.

"And it was for this that I gave her up! My God, for this!" he muttered below his breath, as he strode on with all the fierce turmoil of bitter hatred surging within him.

Mrs. Travers's house in Upper Grosvenor Street was a *chef d'œuvre* of good taste and luxury. No money had been stinted in its furnishing and decoration; nothing had been spared that could add either to the refinement or to the comfort of every room in the house.

In Juliet Travers's drawing-room there were no masses of gilding, no heavy painted cornices, no crimson satin damask, no blaze of colour and vulgarity; no trace, in short, of the upholsterer's and the house-decorator's hand, to bewilder or to oppress you with suffocating grandeur.

Everywhere was harmony and fitness; sober colouring and fastidiousness of taste; rich dark draperies; luxurious couches; valuable pictures in Venetian frames mellowed by the glow of age, priceless old china, delicate Sevres or quaintest Bristol and Worcester, set out by careful hands upon dark shelves and brackets; book-cases filled with every book that a lover of art or literature could desire; the piano covered with the best and highest style of music; whilst the reviews and magazines of the day found their places in a general and rather pleasant litter on tables.

Nothing indicates so well the character of a woman as the room in which she is accustomed to live. Not all the emptiness of Juliet Travers's present mode of life, not all the frivolity of most of her daily associates, could wholly obliterate that refinement of taste, that keen appreciation of all that is beautiful and improving to the mind, which a thoroughly well-educated woman, whatever may be her surroundings, retains more or less throughout her life.

Juliet's drawing-room in Grosvenor Street was like an essay on her own character—the good things were all there, but they were all left in disorder and confusion.

She is sitting at the writing-table on the morning after the opera, her pen in her hand, and a pile of invitation cards beside her, which Mrs. Dalmaine, at the corner of the table, is busy filling up, ticking the names off a long paper list as she does so, whilst Juliet leans back in her chair, and stares idly out of the window.

"How lazy you are, Juliet!" says Mrs. Dalmaine, who, we may as well charitably remark *en passant*, had never been anywhere near the precincts of the Divorce Court; although for a fast young woman with an old husband, she had certainly done as many foolish and imprudent things as had sufficed to give a certain colour to sundry slanderous and utterly untrue reports about her. "How lazy you are! Here you are, sitting staring at nothing, like a love-sick damsel, whilst I am slaving away in your service! Are the Blackwoods to be asked? What do you want a lot of old fogies filling up the rooms for? When I give a musical crush, if ever I do, I won't have a single woman over fifty in the room. What is the good of them? They are not ornamental, and they take up just the room of two ordinary people—these old women do so run to fat!"

"Nevertheless, I think I must ask the Blackwoods, Rosa," answered Juliet, with a smile; "they are old friends of my father's, and it is often difficult to show civility to old fashioned people."

"Well, certainly it is doing them off cheap, so here goes their card. By the way, have you had an answer from your professionals yet—that Miss Rudenbach?"

"Yes, here is her note—she comes. I cannot think what made Cecil of all people recommend her! he seemed quite eager about my engaging her—he hates music, you know!"

"Ah, my dear, you never can tell a man's motives!" answered Mrs. Dalmaine, with a knowing little nod, at she ran her pen through the Blackwood's name on the list in front of her. "You should never enquire too closely into a husband's fancies—you never can tell what the quietest of them are up to!"

"Nonsense!" said Juliet, rather impatiently. "Have you finished that list, Rosa? Well, here is the next—the men."

"Ah, how delightful! how I love men!" cried the little woman, applying herself with diligence to study the paper presented to her. "Dear, delicious beings! not half of them will come, you know, Juliet; they never do, even to your parties, and you get more than most people. You will only get your own lovers—about a dozen or so."

"What rubbish you do talk! I have no lovers, Rosa, I wish you would not say such things," said Juliet, frowning a little angrily.

"No? Oh, I am sorry I used the word—what shall I call them—admirers—slaves—sweethearts? What do you call Lord George, for instance; a mixture of all three?"

"I am sick of Lord George!" cried Juliet, impatiently jumping up from the table and scattering her writing things on to the floor.

"And yet you would miss his attentions sorely if he withdrew them!" said Mrs. Dalmaine, who was not wanting in shrewdness. "My dear girl, don't be absurd. We all know that you don't care a farthing for Lord George, but he is the best-looking man about town, and it gives you a *prestige* to be seen about with him, and all the women are dying with rage and envy of you. Believe me," continued Mrs. Dalmaine, looking up solemnly at her friend, and speaking emphatically and slowly, as if she was laying down some grand moral maxim, "believe me, there is no finer position in life than that of a woman who has succeeded in exciting the envy and the hatred of nine out of every ten of the women of her acquaintance—it's the finest position, Juliet: think what a success among the men it implies."

Juliet could not help laughing. "What morals you have, Rosa! and the best of it is, I really think you believe in what you sy."

"Why, of course I do," answered Mrs. Dalmaine, opening her eyes. "Why should I not? haven't I gone through it all, and don't I know what horrors those hateful women who never have any admirers themselves say of one, and haven't I got the whip hand of them all for ever? because I don't care one brass farthing what they say, and they know it. Don't you be a goose, Juliet; you keep your Lord George—you will find him very useful."

"Well, there he is!" said Juliet, as a hansom dashed up to the door; "so now I shall begin by making use of him to take you into the park this morning. I really cannot go, and you must both come back to luncheon. How d'ye do, Lord George? You and Mrs. Dalmaine must excuse my going out with you this morning, as I am so busy. Come back and lunch with me by-and-by, and you will find me in an idle and gossipping mood; just now I am up to my eyes in sending out invitations for my next musical."

Of course there was an outcry at the idea of Juliet's not going with them, but it ended, as such disputes always did, in Juliet's getting her own way; and her two friends went out together, Mrs. Dalmaine nothing loth to parade her handsome cavalier in the park, and Juliet was left alone.

After they had been gone about twenty minutes, however, the bright sunshine and fresh breeze looked so tempting that she remembered some trifling thing she wanted at a shop in Audley Street, and put on her bonnet to walk round to it.

Going downstairs she tapped at her husband's study door, and receiving no answer looked in. Cis lay at full length on the sofa fast asleep, with a novel open on his chest. He opened his eyes as his wife came in, and began grumbling at being awakened.

"How lazy you are, Cis!" said Juliet, with scarce-concealed contempt, for her husband often spent his mornings thus. "Get up, and put on your hat, and come out with me."

"What should I go out with you for? You have got that horrid Dalmaine woman with you. She always laughs at me."

"Don't abuse my friends, please! Besides, she is not here now. I am going out for ten minutes by myself; won't you come, Cis?" she added, in a conciliatory tone, laying her hand gently on his shoulder.

But Cis shook her off impatiently. "You don't really want me—it is all sham; you don't care a farthing about me!" and he turned sulkily away from her.

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Cis!" said Juliet, stamping her foot; and she slammed the door angrily behind her, and went out alone.

This was all the companionship she got out of her husband! Fretful sulks and re-

proaches whenever she made the slightest advances to him. Was it not better to go her own way, and to leave him completely alone? Some impulse, she had not known what, had impelled her to turn to him this morning; perhaps it was Mrs. Dalmaine's worldly theories, or perhaps the frequent recurrence of those visits from Lord George Mannersley; but something, some good feeling, some better instinct, had prompted her for once to seek out her husband, and this had been the result of it!

Sore at heart, wounded in her pride and in her best feelings, Juliet walked along in the bright morning sunshine, feeling very acutely what an utter mistake her whole life had been, how completely alone and unloved she was! Unavailing regrets, hopeless memories, rose bitterly in her heart. Half unconsciously, the name of Hugh Fleming escaped from her heart, and found utterance on her lips; and, as it did so, she turned the corner of the street—and met him face to face!

(*To be continued.*)

HEARTS AND EYES.

A MAID whose sunny gladness
From heart to glances flies;
A sister with a sadness
Deep-dwelling in her eyes:—
Which pleaseth you? The gladness,
Or the sadness?
The laughter, or the sighs?

If the laughing be but laughter
From a life that is a jest,
With no silent thinking after,
With no inly cherished guest
To charm away some sadness
And give gladness
To a sorrow-clouded breast;—

If the sighs be but that sighing
May such dainty sorrow show
As is heedless of heart-crying,
Or unutterable woe;—
Then this is not the gladness
Or the sadness
Of souls that I would know!

Nay,—rather give me blending
Of the smiling and the sighs,
A cheerful heart contending
With all sorrows that arise;
There's need of no mock sadness,
And true gladness
Must brighten more than eyes!

A. W. G.

Toronto.

THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE, AND OUR DUTY TOWARDS IT.*

BY J. H. LONG, B. A.

THE forces which are at work in stamping their impress on our age, may be reduced, I think, to the following:—First, a great and wide-spread intellectual activity; secondly, a spirit of utilitarianism; thirdly, a strong tendency towards liberalism; fourthly, a striving after consolidation. The third and fourth of these will, on consideration, be found to spring from the first; indeed, the last three may be said, in a certain sense, to be but developments of the first; but it may perhaps be better to consider the four separately. Besides these great moving principles, there are, no doubt, many others busy around us, each fulfilling its own office in the great work of building up the character of our times; yet these latter forces are either so unimportant in their results, or so closely allied in their nature to the preceding four, as fairly to be left out of consideration.

First, then, the present is an age of great and wide-spread intellectual activity. The art which Fust and Guttenberg and Schöffer, four centuries ago, inaugurated in their little printing-shop at Mainz, has grown and flourished, and has become the mighty power which it is to-day. How the world has changed in the last few centuries! Until we see with our own eyes the old parchments, we can hardly make ourselves believe that the kings and emperors and old heroes, whose marvellous exploits were the wonder of our childhood, could barely sign their names, that, in fact, they preferred in most cases, the homely and withal rather easy expedient of "Bill Sykes, his mark."

I read, a short time ago, of the death of a man somewhere in the north country, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and four years. It was quite possible, observed some editor, that this man, who died but the other day, might have been patted on the head, in his early youth, by some old man who had conversed with some of those who had taken part in the defence against the Armada. How close this bridging over of great intervals of time by linked lives brings us to the centuries that are gone! We can almost hear the loud alarm bells of London, telling to the stout city bands that the Spanish fleet is off the coast; we can almost hear the roar of the foreign guns, and the whistling of the wind through the cordage; we seem to catch the reflection in the sky of all the beacon-lights that flamed along the Kentish cliffs,—yes, even far away to the northward, "as the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle!" And yet, at that time, the man who could do more than read his English Bible or write his name, was a learned man. The cry which now arises from this and other lands, is the cry for knowledge; the subject which engrosses the minds of the greatest thinkers of the day, is the providing of suitable means of education—education not confined to the few nor to the wealthy, but finding its way into every cottage and hamlet of the land. Frequently, indeed, do we hear the statement made that, at present, there seems to be too great a "rage" for education; that everything is sacrificed to the "mania" for schools; the cultivation of moral qualities, home-training, and so forth, being subordinated to the acquisition of mere book-learning.

There may be a certain amount of truth in this statement: it may be a fact that, in many instances, scholars are pushed forward beyond their capabilities; that physical strength is sacrificed to mental acuteness; that home duties are neglected—but these results arise, not so much from over-education, as from misdirected and one-sided education. When we learn that real education

* Extracts from an Address delivered before the County of Brant Teachers' Association, October 20th, 1876.

has a wider scope than the preparation for "Intermediate" or "Teachers'" Examinations; when we are thoroughly persuaded that its aim is to make the pupil, not a mere hydraulic machine for taking in a certain amount of knowledge, and for giving the major part of this knowledge forth at periodical intervals, but, on the contrary, a lover of learning and a cultured member of society; then we shall hear fewer of these complaints.

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This leads us to the consideration of the second great trait of the present age: its spirit of utilitarianism. The present is utilitarian in the strictest sense of the word: all things seem to be valued for what they will actually bring in the market of life; for the stamp, in fact, which they bear upon their face. This utilitarianism is seen in all departments of human knowledge and social life. It is equally discernible in learning, in the arts, in literature, in politics. In learning, this tendency displays itself in the disposition to banish, or, at least, curtail, the influence of Classics, and to substitute in their place the Natural Sciences, Modern Languages, and Mathematics, the study of which branches, the advocates of this new programme say—and among the names of those favouring the change are such men as Robert Lowe, himself a classical scholar—is more in accord with the wants and spirit of the times. No doubt in many of the great Public Schools in England, such as Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and Rugby, there has prevailed for a very long time a curriculum devoted almost entirely to Classics—a curriculum whose formation was due partly to the Middle-Age fondness for Latin, as being not only the vehicle of all intercourse among learned men, but also the language of the Church; partly to the Reformers' predilection for Greek; and partly to the insular character of the English mind. There is no one who does not rejoice to see the course of study more equally arranged; yet it is extremely difficult to understand how, unless one is destined to be an engineer or a chemist, the study of the Mathematics or the Sciences is of any more practical use than the study of any other department. In fact, leaving out of consideration the training which the mind receives from any course of study, if there be an unpractical department in the world, that department is the mathematics; for one does occasionally meet with a classical or modern foreign quotation, and he may have thereby an opportunity of airing his linguistic attainments; but do five men in a hundred ever employ, in ordinary life, any higher mathematical process than the rule for simple interest?

There is such a thing as making a University degenerate into a mere workshop, in which men are prepared technically for some particular walk of life: it behoves all lover of real scholarship to deprecate this tendency.

The great bulk of the learning and research of the present day is directed towards scientific objects: where one savant is found poring over the dusty copy of some old chronicler, a score may be seen testing the nature of a certain mineral, or analysing the property of a newly discovered gas. Every energy of man seems bent upon the development of inventions and processes which may utilize the forces of nature; which may, in fact, yield him direct practical advantage. Have you ever visited a "Patent Office"? I think a Patent Office would make a splendid subject for a novel. You might regard it in several lights. For example, you might adopt the melancholy strain, and look upon the whole establishment as a vast mausoleum of shattered hopes and life-long ambitions, introducing graphic sketches of nights passed in vain endeavours to invent a "patent adjustable fly-trap," or a cylinder churn, worked without the slightest exertion on the part of the victim, and warranted to make butter out of each and every species o fmaterial. Or the high-soaring eloquent strain might be indulged in,—the mighty triumphs, in the past, of genius over inert matter, the anticipation of the brilliant future, when railroad trains shall be propelled through the air by electricity, introducing appropriate quotations, such as: "This is but as the dawn which speaks of the noontide yet to be," and so on; and, then, it would be the easiest thing in the world to make up a nice plot, as for instance the story with modifications related by Mark Twain, in which an inventor falls in love with a beautiful young lady; they become engaged; he displays to her wondering gaze an elaborate carpet machine, and is lovingly explaining the intricacies of it, when, lo and behold! the contrivance, from some cause

or another—it is discovered afterwards that the catastrophe was owing to the machinations of a hated rival to whom her cruel parents had promised the fair one in marriage—suddenly starts into motion; the young man's coat is entangled in the wheels; and, in the course of a few seconds, amid the shrieks of his betrothed, he comes out inextricably interwoven with the warp and woof of a fine Brussels carpet, so that the friends of the departed have to bury him by sections, as it were,—fourteen yards in one section, five yards in another, and I forget how many in a third;—and then the young lady, of course—but why pursue the painful subject further? Suffice it to say that those operations which, in the good old times of which we read, required long and tedious manual labour to accomplish, are now performed with scarcely any exertion, and in a tithe of the time. Why, only think of it! There are men now living, during whose lifetime more knowledge of nature and her laws has been amassed, a larger number of inventions have been made, and useful processes discovered, than during all the centuries from the birth of Christ to the present time!

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The fourth and last great characteristic trait of the present age is the striving after consolidation, or centralization of power. This tendency results (as has been already stated), from the prevailing spirit of utilitarianism and liberalism; it is, in fact, the mark of a progressive civilization. Men see that it is their interest to combine, that, in fine, "Union gives strength;" they form companies, therefore, or associations for the carrying out of their various schemes. Especially in political life has this centralizing of power made itself felt during the past quarter of a century. Last year, in the Teuto-Wald, where, eighteen hundred years ago, the bones of the legions of Varus lay whitening in the wind, was unveiled the great Hermann Denkbild, or memorial to Arminius—this giant figure of the old German hero, who freed the Fatherland from the incursions of the Romans, and united under his leadership the various forest tribes of Middle Europe, fittingly typifying the knitting together of all the scattered German States into a mighty Kaiserreich, stretching from the farther borders of Pomerania to where the old spire of Strasbourg, as it reaches to the clouds, looks down upon the Frankish plains.

Again, the unification of Italy is an accomplished fact: the "Lame Lion of Caprera" has lived to see his darling dream realized; one flag—the flag of a united Italy—*does* float on all her towers, from where the Alps frown o'er Como and Maggiore, and from where the Queen of the Adriatic gazes wistfully backward through the ages at the greatness that is gone, far away to where the southmost point of Sicily juts out into the blue waters of the Middle Sea.

Canada, also, has become a Dominion whose limits are the oceans which bound a continent. Great minds are even looking forward to the day when all the parts of our vast Empire—an empire like that city of the olden time "whose burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme, that their proud, imperial city stretched its hand through every clime"—shall be united by still closer bonds, and when in truth, and not only in name, the dweller on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Murray shall be as fully a British subject as he is whose home overlooks the Thames. Whether this scheme be practicable, or whether it be but the dream of an overwrought imagination—and if it be practicable, who can doubt that this world-wide Confederation would be but the prelude to other unions of peoples bound by ties of kindred, of language, and of faith; an earnest of that time—

> "When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?"—

whatever be our opinion in regard to the scheme itself, the very broaching of it shows the direction in which public opinion is running.

At this moment the Servians are struggling against the Turks, not so much that they may be free from Moslem rule, as that they may gather around them the fragments, scattered as yet, of a South-Sclavonic Empire.

That this co-operation in all their undertakings is one of the great causes which enable the men of the present day to carry out such vast enterprises as are being continually brought under our notice, no one will deny; but whether this tendency towards concentration of power does not destroy that noble feeling of self-confidence and

thatind ividuality of character which are so essential to all true greatness, is an open question. Whether, for example, the various States of Germany have not lost, since their absorption into the Empire, that self-reliant spirit and that love of liberty and nationality which they before possessed; and whether this loss, if there be a loss, is compensated for by the feeling of increased strength and security, and by the consequent impetus which Art and Science have received, is a problem which time alone can solve.

This, then, is the age in which we live, the stage on which we play, for good or for evil, our little parts in the great drama of history.

It is related that a Roman Emperor and a Pope wished to change the gender of a Latin noun, but that with all the temporal and ecclesiastical force at their command, they were unable to do so; and although it may be possible for a Napoleon to mould the world of his own day almost at his will, yet to ordinary mortals, the world is as they find it, not as they would have it to be. And yet, as a general rule, how dissatisfied many (most, I might say) of us are with everything around us! Dissatisfaction, repining, covetousness, in fact, seems to me to be the sin *par excellence* of the major part of the human race; we are just like the landsman, viewing the beautiful ship as she rides upon the waters, and wishing he were one of her crew, bound for a long voyage to a distant clime, while, leaning over the vessel's side, is the sea-boy, gazing through a mist of tears at the white cottages on the shore, his heart full of complainings against the lot which is hurrying him far away. We are, in truth,

"Forever thinking joys that are sordid, dull, and full of pain;
While those that glitter from afar, hold all the pleasure, all the gain."

There are, however, fortunately, some persons who are not of this nature, who take things as they come, and are thankful for them. This class, it is a lamentable fact, are not very numerous. The world is made up chiefly of two great classes: those who unduly magnify all belonging to themselves, or with which they have to do, disparaging, of course, in equal ratio, everything in connection with everybody else; and those who, rushing into the opposite extreme, disparage all their own surroundings, the age in which they happen to live, the land of their birth, and so on, and who look with longing eyes upon just those things of which they happen not to be the possessors. We all meet daily, individuals of the former, as we all meet daily, individuals of the latter, type. As in every matter, the man of culture and truly liberal views will choose the middle path. It is quite possible to believe in the infinite capabilities of the human race, it is quite possible to be an optimist, and yet to look back with feelings of the deepest reverence upon the footsteps of our fathers; it is quite possible to say with Tennyson,

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns;"

and yet, while we say this, to gaze with deepest admiration upon what, without the aid of those legacies which we have inherited, the past has accomplished.

Notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, the present age is the best in which we could possibly have lived. I think this statement is true; and if so, it is very important to bear in our own minds, and to impress upon the minds of our pupils, that, up to this nineteenth century, there has been no era which, had we had our choice, we should have preferred to the present, as an era into which our lifetime might have been inserted. I presume we are all patriotic enough to extend this still further, and say that there is no land in which, had our wishes been consulted, we should have preferred to have been born. With a few exceptions, we have all the advantages possessed by any former age; we have ample access to all the stores of knowledge which preceding ages have been slowly gathering in; we are, in truth, "heirs of all the ages." Just think of this! An exhibition of Arts and Sciences, as they exist now—such an exhibition, for example, as the present ones at Philadelphia and at Brussels—is a display of the results of all the wisdom and experience of the past six thousand years. We employ in our daily life hundreds of articles and processes, the very names of which were unknown to our great grandfathers. It is a mistake to suppose that the world is retrograding, that

the race is degenerating, even physically. We are better, and wiser, and stronger than those who preceded us; just as those who follow us will be better, and wiser, and stronger than we. "The good old days," around which lingers such a halo of romance, are simply the days that are gone: days which, when they were present, were but too often full only of pain, and sorrow, and disappointment. We all know with what feelings of sadness we look back upon our school-days, as we remember that they are gone forever; yet when these very days were present, we used to count, with notches on a stick, the weeks, and sometimes even the hours, until we should be freed from "the horrid school." Why, as some review has observed, all who have seen mediæval armour could not fail to have been struck with the smallness of it: a modern British regiment could not be encased in armour from the Tower; the men are too large for it. The swords which these doughty warriors were wont to wield, and with which, Homeric fashion, to threaten vengeance on all who might incur their displeasure, are found to be too light for modern hands. The feats of the "knights of yore," or of ancient heroes, would now be considered to be, in most cases, not at all wonderful. No old worthy ever swam like Captain Webb; no ancient athlete could stand before a modern bruiser; no soldier fought better, for no soldier could fight better, than the men of Sedan, of the Alma, or of Gettysburg. The cricket and rowing of even one hundred years ago were child's-play compared with those exercises as practised now.

These considerations are indeed matters of great congratulation; and it cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of the pupils of Ontario that they (as pupils) are possessed of advantages which, in all probability,—as our Inspector, Mr. Buchan, observed—no pupils do enjoy, or ever have enjoyed. But, with the possession of these advantages, comes, of course, a corresponding responsibility; and if the responsibility attached to the pupils be great, how much greater is the responsibility resting upon the teachers of Ontario! For, notwithstanding all the apparent and real prosperity of this age, notwithstanding all our enlightenment and the progress which we are making, there are dangers at hand that cannot be too carefully avoided. The forces to which I have called your attention must be held in check, if we would escape these dangers; for we well know that all tendencies, however good intrinsically, are, when allowed to go on unbridled, productive of evil results.

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What are the restraining influences, then, which are to preserve us from a like fate? I answer: religion and education in its true sense. Of religion I shall not speak. The poet says:—

"Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail!
But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.
Half-grown as yet, a child and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas of the brain
Of demons? Fiery hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place:
She is the second, not the first.
A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain, and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child,
For she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom, heavenly of the soul!"

There are, I have just said, two restraining influences: religion and education in its true sense. The three public media, as it were, by which religion and education are diffused, are the Pulpit, the Press, and the School. The first of these, the Pulpit, though it has lost, perhaps, none of its actual power as the years have rolled by, yet has lost power, comparatively, that is, when viewed alongside of the two latter, viz., the Press and the School. There was a time, as we have all read, when the priesthood were almost the sole source of light to the nation; when the lamp of learning was kept burning—dimly, it is true, but still burning—only in some quiet cloister; while the printing-shop of the age was the old "Scriptorium" where were penned, with years of patient care, those quaint old missals and legendary chronicles which speak to us still, from within their curious tracery, so eloquently of the mediæval times. These days are gone forever; both the ministry and

the profession of teaching have each its clearly defined work, and it is as well that the lines separating the two callings should be distinctly drawn.

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To the schools, then, of Canada, and of the Empire at large, will the people look, if the youth of the future are to be better than the youth of the past. And schools are, it may be said, almost without qualification, what teachers make them. We are all delighted that Ontario has taken so good a stand in the educational exhibit of the world's fair; and we are all congratulating ourselves on the fact that the school system of Ontario is equal, if not superior, to that of the Great Republic, not excepting even the systems of the Quaker and old Bay States, the two strongholds of education in the Union. Yet with all our laurels to glory over, and with all the superficiality in such matters of which—and to a certain extent justly—we accuse the Americans, there are several points in which we might, with great profit, draw lessons from our cousins across the lines. If there are two characteristics of the American which are more strongly marked than any others, these are, I imagine, the following:—first, a great amount of "push" or "life;" and secondly, a constant endeavour to blend the ornamental with the practical, a neatness or "nattiness" (to use the word) in the ordinary avocations of life. Almost the highest praise which an American can bestow upon a fellow-creature, is that he is a "live man;" and if there is anything which an ordinary American detests it is slowness, sleepiness, want of "snap." Now we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in some of the schools of our country—Common and High—a certain amount of this sleepiness, this lack of energy, this easy-going, *laisses-faire* disposition, *does* exist among both scholars and teachers. A drowsy, "Sleepy-Hollow" air seems to love to linger around too many schools; and, as we enter them, the words of Tennyson about the "Lotos-eaters," unconsciously come to our lips:—

"In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

Now when such a state of things exists, there is *primâ facie* evidence that there is something radically wrong in the system of teaching; for although individual scholars are possessed of different capabilities, yet taking scholars in the aggregate, there is a considerable uniformity in the quality of the raw material.

The thing which strikes the visitor upon entering an American school—I speak chiefly of High Schools—is the spirit of practical energy, the great vitality, in fact, which seems to pervade the very atmosphere. I do not believe in scholars being worked to death. I think that, at the present time, there are very many attending our Universities, Normal, High, and Public Schools, who, through overwork and its attendant evils, are sowing seeds which will bear in after years a fatal harvest. But I do believe in real, "live," conscientious work when work is going on, whether at home or in class, whether on the part of the teacher or of the taught. Why, one great good to be gained from a thorough course of study, at school or at college, is the learning how to work, to work rapidly and thoroughly, not as mere machines, but rationally, and to the point. And yet there are thousands of pupils who remain over their books for years, but who never learn even how to study. Many teachers, moreover, seem in no mood to awaken their scholars out of this chronic state of lethargy. Is it not asserted that, even in the highest circles, there exists an alarming amount of indifference to the stern realities of life? Is it not recorded in the columns of the *Globe* that our Toronto Normal School is, in some respects, at least, not just the thing? As for our Provincial University, an undergraduate is not very long within its walls, before he discovers that a great many hours can be employed much more profitably to himself in the library or in his own study, than in the lecture-room.

If teachers can only, by their earnestness combined of course with a reasonable amount of common-sense, render study attractive, and not repulsive, they will have less cause to complain of the inertness and lack of interest on the part of pupils. "For," as Horace Mann has observed, "it is as natural for a young person to like to learn new facts and form new ideas, as it is for him to like honey;" but even honey becomes disagreeable when poured upon the top of the head, instead of being taken in by nature's own appointed way.

The second great lesson which we may

learn from American and foreign schools in general is the blending of the ornamental with the practical, the relieving of the dulness and harshness of our schools and school-system by a touch of taste; the enlargement, in fact, in certain directions, of our course of training. In his "Lectures on Architecture," John Ruskin says: "What person of sense would ever think of decorating railroad stations; or who would prefer to enter a shop with gilded cornices and frescoed walls to one perfectly plain?" But then, fortunately, John Ruskin is considered by a great many persons well qualified to judge, as being something like the sage of Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle, a strange medley of eccentricity and prejudice; and notwithstanding his voice, people *do* decorate railroad stations, and not only railroad stations but even butchers' stalls and vegetable markets, and other equally useful but equally commonplace edifices; and what is more, it is by no means difficult to find persons who actually appreciate these decorations.

We have all, I doubt not, wandered on a summer's day in and out through the never-ending labyrinth of the streets of a great city, seeing for miles and miles nothing but brick and mortar and stone, until at last, completely worn out, we have reached a little square of trees and green grass and flowers, with perhaps a fountain throwing its spray far over the sward at our feet—a little oasis, in fact, in a desert of houses—a gift which Nature has dropped from the skies amidst all the prosaic realities of cabs and organ-grinders and fruit-stands. How refreshing everything looks! How the poor toilers in the heated courts and alleys seem to drink in the beauties of the flowers and green leaves! It is wonderful what a little taste will do! It is wonderful how susceptible the rudest and worst of us are to the influence of beautiful sights and sounds and ideas! Our Canadian schools, both within and without, frequently bear the aspect of a cold, inhospitable prison. The school-houses in American and in many other foreign cities and towns, share with the public buildings, with the private houses, with the streets and parks, that measure of ornamentation which the local patriotism and liberality of the citizens supply, and which not only adds much to the appearance of their towns, but also acts as an every-day educator to the whole population.

Music is on our Educational programme; but so far as its influence goes, it may be considered a dead letter. Far from this being the case in foreign schools, in many of them the pupils are called to order, dismissed to classes, and in fact "manipulated," to the sound of music. I do not believe in what is commonly known as, "learning made easy;" but I do hold that mere book-learning is not all; that, in fine, girls and boys have other faculties to be developed besides the ability to calculate or to learn derivations. This fact, Americans and Germans and other nationalities, with their drill and their cricket-field, with their boating and their botanical excursions, their gymnasiums, their music and glee-clubs, their drawing-classes, and their decorations, seem to have discovered. What Canada needs in her educational system is, in fact, "Culture." This word, as Mr. Buchan remarked when here last, is a very hard word to define clearly and fully; and yet we have all a tolerably accurate conception of what is meant by a "cultured man." The negatives seem, in this case, to bring out the idea better than the positives. For example, no one would call a narrow-minded bigot a man of culture, however pleasing his address might be; nor would he apply the term to any one, however learned and liberal-minded, who was rude and boorish in his manners. The word "culture," then, seems to be synonymous with education, not the mere getting up of books, as we are too prone to understand it, but in its true, all-embracing sense: it means the cultivation of all the endowments of man—the mental faculties, the moral attributes, the physical powers, the finer tastes and feelings.

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This culture will act, I think, in two ways: the opening up to the mind of broad, unprejudiced views; and the producing in us of real refinement.

It has been said that the one aim of all religion, and of all education apart from religion, is to promote the virtue of Christian charity, that is, to make us unbiassed in our judgments, open to conviction, free from those unreasoning prejudices which seem to be the peculiar heritage of the vulgar and the unlearned. We cannot lay too much stress upon the necessity, yes, the

duty, of having ourselves and imparting to our scholars, broad, fair notions about men and things, that we and they may be able to estimate correctly our position in the world, and to grapple boldly with its living issues.

The tendency of the day is, as I have said, to the diffusion of broad and liberal views, and of respect for the opinions of others in place of the dogmatic assertion of our own. The Greeks and Romans, as we all know, termed those who were not of their race or their way of speaking, "barbarians"; the Spaniards (as, in Spain, in the Netherlands, and in Mexico, many an old room, with its chains and its oubliette, will testify,) were wont, during the middle ages, to exhaust their superfluous ingenuity in the invention of curious methods of torture. The English Church persecuted the Covenanters and the Dissenters in general, and the latter persecuted the Church of England, all parties, moreover, considering the unfortunate Israelites as their just and lawful prey; what is worse than all, New England —good, honest Puritans as her children were—could not resist the temptation to hang witches upon the Old Elm of Boston Common. Happily this state of affairs has passed away forever. It seems incredible, however, that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and in a civilized land, some persons of every creed are still to be found whose intolerance in matters ecclesiastical and secular, differs from the intolerance of their mediæval ancestors only in this, that they lack opportunities to show its intensity. It is incredible for two reasons: first, because charity and self-abnegation were the great life-long lessons taught by the one Perfect Man, who was also the Prince of Peace: for are not His words, these? "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her?" and secondly, because it is as true now as when first uttered, that the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

But again, true culture produces a taste for the beautiful and the noble in all their varied forms, in a word, for true refinement. We in Canada do not as yet possess the means of cultivating the æsthetic faculties as do those who dwell in older and more favoured lands. It must be easy for the Italian, cradled beneath skies that smiled upon the dawn of painting and her sister arts, when these awakened from their night of ages; playing, as a boy, under the shadow of the marble which the touch of a Michael Angelo had bidden leap into life; familiar with each picture, sprung from the genius of a Raphael or a Da Vinci, in those glorious old cathedrals that lie scattered so lavishly over the length and breadth of Italy, that fairest land of all the earth; lulled to sleep by those wondrous melodies that float across her every lake and inlet, and awakened by the echo of those melodies still lingering on her mountain-peaks;—to such an one, to love and reverence painting and sculpture and music and poetry must be an easy task. But with us, living in a land round which there lingers no halo of romance caught from the days of chivalry, seeing but seldom a work of the great masters in the realm of art, the case is far different. Canada does indeed possess one treasure—a treasure not appreciated as it should be, —I mean the City of Quebec, that quaint old Gallic town which, as Lord Dufferin has said, has no compeer from Cape Horn to the Frozen Sea. A new country must of necessity be occupied chiefly with the development of forest and soil and mine. It has no time, neither has it opportunities, for the cultivation, to any great extent, of those qualities which constitute the artist, the poet, the sculptor. One great cause of the refinement of sentiment and taste (not, unfortunately, of morals), and of the extreme politeness, which cannot fail to strike a Canadian traveller as distinctive traits of the peoples of Southern Europe, is to be found in their daily surroundings; for, as has been said, "The greater part of our lives is spent in learning to use our eyes," and "our ears too" might also have been added. And yet how many people go through this beautiful world with eyes and ears only partially open! To some men, the sight of a magnificent temple, or a marvellous picture, or even a glorious landscape, calls up no feelings of admiration or enthusiasm. They are like the man of whom Wordsworth says:

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more;"

or like the visitors at the Genoese Museum, as the story is related by Mark Twain, who, when a letter written by Columbus was shown them, exhibited no emotion

save at the badness of the chirography. And there are in the world some men who are just as prosaic and commonplace as this. On these persons education will have no effect, except in so far as it builds up a sound practical mind. In the case, however, of most men who go through life without ever having the spark of enthusiasm or imagination or love for the noble and the beautiful, kindled into a flame, however feeble, and who lose thereby one of the greatest and purest sources of pleasure which the world affords,—for man is, and was intended to be, not a mere dull, ponderous machine, but a finely organized, sentient being,—in the case of such men the defect is more in early training and surroundings, than in want of proper natural gifts.

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But even if we cannot find time to prepare, satisfactorily to ourselves, our pupils for the intermediate and other examinations; even if it be a forlorn hope to attempt to aid them in their literary and other associations; even if we find it utterly impossible to take part in their physical exercises;—and although I do not believe in the undue prominence given to physical exercises in some English schools (for we know that at Rugby or at Eton, the captain of the Eleven is quite as important a personage as the "Dux" of the school);—yet, in order to bear the strain which such a series of examinations and inspections as those to which the pupils of Ontario are now subjected, it is evident that the latter must have some more engrossing and violent exercise than a long walk; for a long walk taken, as many do take it, alone, is to most persons, not a rest for the mind, but simply an opportunity, under the guise of relaxation, of brooding over the morrow's work. Even if we cannot accomplish all or any of these things, we can at least teach our pupils, by example and by precept, to be honourable, open, and patriotic in their conduct; and gentlemanly, considerate, and kind in their bearing. We can cultivate among them an *esprit de corps* which shall make them take pride in their school, and all its belongings. We can encourage them, in fact, in deserving and in winning that noblest of all titles, a title whose lustre gains nought from the addition of the Star and Garter, or the Cross of St. Michael and St. George, that grand old English title of "gentleman." Refinement does not hurt anyone, provided it be true and not pretended refinement; for although it is quite possible that men like Jim Bludso, who "held her nozzle agen the bank till the last galoot got ashore," and "whose ghost," as a consequence, "went up alone in the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*," may be great unwashed heroes; yet we know that the men who, in the trenches of Sebastopol, fought side by side with the commonest soldiers of the line; the men who were ever at the head of their columns in the tangled woods before Coomassie: the men who now, far away in the Northern seas,

> "Where the stars in the skies, with their great wild eyes,
> Peer out through the Northern Lights;
> And the Polar Bear, with a curious stare,
> Looks down from the frozen heights,"

are pushing ever on and on, bound to nail the Union Jack to the Pole,—we know that these men are the gentlemen of Britain.

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The task, then, before the teachers of Ontario, is to train up the youth of the land, to educate them in the full sense of the word, not alone mentally, but also, to a certain degree, morally, æsthetically, physically. In this work we cannot all be Arnolds or Pestalozzis, but we can ever, as the poet says, "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things;" we cannot all be the master-hands fitted to adorn the frescoed ceiling or fashion the marble bust, but we can all, even the humblest of us, square and adjust the stones without which the frescoes and the marbles would not find a place.

WE THINK OF THEE, O GOD.

WE think of Thee, O God, we think of Thee,
When friendship languishes, when love expires,
And disappointment waits on our desires—
When Hope in sombre robes herself attires,
We think of Thee.

We think of Thee, O God, we think of Thee,
When dire calamities our homes invade,
When prospects erewhile bright begin to fade,
And Sympathy denies her gracious aid,
We think of Thee.

We think of Thee, O God, we think of Thee,
When listening to the mighty thunder's crash,
Or viewing with alarm the lightning's flash
As clouds with clouds antagonistic clash,
We think of Thee.

Ah, yes, 'tis even then we think of Thee,
When that Thou dost Thy mighty power display,
And storms and tempests conjure up dismay,
Veiling in gloom the brightness of the day,
'Tis then we think of Thee.

But while our pleasures and our friendships last,
And love experiences no wintry blast
To sere the green leaves of our hopeful spring;
Whilst o'er our heads a cloudless sky appears,
And nought disturbs our peace or wakes our fears,
Then gratitude and thankfulness take wing.

Let home be pleasant—plenteously supplied
With comforts, to the myriad poor denied—
Little we mind from whence those blessings flow,
But live as if life were perpetual day,
Forgetting that Time's follower is Decay,
And final destiny, sweet peace or woe.

Ottawa. WILLIAM MILLS.

THE ART ASPECTS OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY FIDELIS.

TWO things appear to have been generally conceded respecting the art exhibit at the late Centennial Exhibition;—the first, that it fell far behind the other features of the Exposition; and the second, that, inferior as it was, it excited the interest of the "sovereign people" to an extent far greater than any one had anticipated. Go when one would, early in the morning or late in the afternoon, a steady stream of visitors was always pouring into Memorial Hall; and the halls, and especially the corridors, were filled with a surging, swaying crowd, among whom one often had just to submit to be carried along with the stream, surveying the higher pictures above the heads of the people, and awaiting a favourable chance to get near the lower ones. Of course, to any one accustomed to the abundant opportunities for leisurely contemplation which one has in the permanent galleries of Europe, this mode of picture seeing presented rather an unpleasant contrast to past experience,—but looking at it from a social point of view, it was certainly a hopeful sign of growing American culture, to see the interest and delight with which these crowds of western farmers and eastern artisans pressed in to gaze, in sincere though somewhat uncomprehending admiration, at pictures and statues, which, from the nature of their subjects, were evidently often sore puzzles to the average American mind. And although the exhibition, taken as a whole, was anything but a fair representation of the modern art of Europe at least, still it is not often that we in America have an opportunity of seeing so many fairly good and interesting pictures as were to be found there;—in the midst, it is true, of yards upon yards of something less than mediocrity.

Among the art aspects of the Centennial, especially as regarded America, Memorial Hall itself was no insignificant feature. The pale stones of which it is built, in the distance resembling marble, and its chaste Grecian architecture recall the beautiful Glyptothek and Propylæa of Munich, though perhaps the symbolical eagles at the corners suggest rather too strongly the "spread eagle" of not very pleasant associations. The massive, though somewhat severe granite figure of an American soldier, apparently standing sentry before it, harmonized very well with the building, and the two spirited bronze groups, at the corners—a fine naval group for the Lincoln monument, and Wolf's "Dead Lioness"—formed worthy accessories to the *tout ensemble*. But when one entered the building, expectation was rather damped at the outset by the grotesque colossal figure,—modelled in plaster by an Italian sculptor,—of "Washington soaring to heaven on the American eagle"—the benign father of his country apparently emerging from the back of the "bird of freedom." And it must be admitted, that, with a few exceptions, the statuary was very mediocre. These exceptions were, strangely enough, chiefly American and English, the Italian statuary, which formed the larger proportion, being mainly characterized by mere prettiness and grace—seldom indeed rising to any nobility of conception. Salomi's "Daughter of Zion," Pozzi's "Youth of Michael Angelo," Barcaglia's "Love Blinds," and Calvi's "Angelic Lover" helped to sustain the fame of the land of Canova and Michael Angelo; but, for the rest, the exhibit of sculpture chiefly consisted of figures of pretty children in all imaginable attitudes;—"First Griefs," "First Misfortunes," "Playing Cat's Cradle," and so on, *ad infinitum*, many very graceful, and all showing good technical skill. As a work of art worthy of the name, Story's "Medea," or "Semiramis," Gibson's "Aphrodite," or "California" is worth a hundred of them. Among the American statuary, Connelly's spirited group, "Honour arresting the Triumph of Death," his

"Thetis" and "Lady Clare" and "Helen of Troy," Story's "Medea," Miss Foley's "Jeremiah," and Rogers's "Ruth" and "Nydia,"* were among the most striking. Nydia, the blind flower-girl of Pompeii, in the act of listening for the sounds that foretold the coming catastrophe, is a graceful and charming figure—one of the best examples of Rogers's chisel. Gibson's "Aphrodite," and a bust of West by Chantrey, were the gems of the British collection of sculpture, which was very much smaller than her exhibit in the sister art. France and Belgium had each a respectable collection in marble and bronze, but those of Russia, Spain, Germany, and Austria were very small, while Norway and Sweden were each represented by one or two respectable statues, and one of the Australian colonies had, in the main building, a very graceful figure from Greek legend.

In the department of painting, the British collection was the only one worthy of an International Exhibition, and the American people fully appreciate the honour that Great Britain has done to their Centennial in sending so much of her best work, and nothing else. It was no small demonstration of friendliness to send across three thousand miles of stormy sea, historical pictures like Frith's "Marriage of the Princess of Wales," and Sir George Hayter's portrait of Her Majesty in her coronation robes, as well as the pictures of deceased artists, lent by the Royal Academy, which if lost could never be replaced. If other nations had followed Britain's example, the Art Gallery would have been infinitely less fatiguing and infinitely more interesting. The eight galleries —large and small—as signed to Great Britain contained a tolerably complete representation of her various schools of art, from Reynolds and Gainsborough down to the latest development of the modern Pre-Raphaelites. The visitor could study, within reasonable compass the characteristic style of each of her great painters, from the bold masive manner of Etty and Fuseli to the minute realistic finish of Wilkie and Frith and Faed, and the quaint rococo pictures of Alma Tadema. To those who had known the most recent school of English paintings only by name, it was a rare pleasure to see and judge for themselves, paintings which have been the subject of so much and such diverse criticism, as the works of the latest English painters.

Of the older English painters, the most poorly represented were, perhaps, Reynolds and Gainsborough,—the former being shown only in a portrait of himself, and the latter in a portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, which is far from being one of his best, and in a landscape which is more an average specimen of his landscape-painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence was very fairly shown in a portrait of the first Lord Ashburton, and a large painting representing the three first partners of the Baring House. Constable, Opie, and Sir Henry Raeburn were each represented by one picture, and Northcote, by a quaint and interesting painting of a Royal Baby-Marriage—that of the young Prince Richard, second son of Edward the Fourth, with the infant daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1478—this being one of the pictures lent by Her Majesty the Queen. West was well shown in two large pictures, the one "Christ Blessing Little Children;" the other especially interesting to Canadians,—the "Death of General Wolfe;" and Sir David Wilkie, by two pictures showing well his power of facial expression, solidity of colour, and careful finish,—"Reading the *Gazette*," and "Boys digging for a Rat." Of more recent deceased painters, Mulready was shown, not very adequately, in a picture of "The Village Buffoon," and Mason, one of the most poetic and spirited of English painters, by a characteristic subject, "Wind on the Wolds." Leslie was represented by a picture of "May-day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth," and there were no less than five very good specimens of Sir Edwin Landseer, a portrait, two studies of lions, and two of his inimitable monkey pictures—the "Travelled Monkey" and the "Sick Monkey,"—the latter of which, with its mingled humour and pathos, and the almost human expression in the dumb creature's eyes, called forth enthusiastic admiration, and rivetted many a gazer to the spot for a much longer time than was sufficient for more pretentious pictures. The splendour of the conception and colouring of Maclise was well seen in a large painting of the "Banquet

* "Ruth" and "Nydia" are the property of a gentleman well known in Canada, Dr. James Douglas, late of Quebec, by whom they were exhibited. The "Dying Cleopatra" by Miss Edmonia Lewis deserves especial notice, the artist being the daughter of an Indian and a Negro, born in Greenbush, United States, of course in circumstances which did not seem favourable to developing genius for plastic art.

Scene from Macbeth," which is, however, a trifle theatrical in its effect: one of his minor paintings, "The Wood Ranger," gave an example of a different kind. Turner was inadequately represented by a landscape,—"Dolbadden Castle,"—a painting in his colder and heavier style; but the Loan Collection in New York contained a far more characteristic example in his later manner, the well known "Slave-ship." A landscape by Creswick and a marine painting by Stanfield completed the fine collection of deceased English masters, which would have been still more interesting had the pictures been arranged chronologically, so as to indicate progressive development.

Among the works of living artists, those of Frith, Fildes, Elmore, Leighton, Gilbert, Cole, Cope, Faed, Lewis, Calderon, Orchardson, M'Whirter, Val Prinsep, Rivière and Alma Tadema were the most interesting and conspicuous. Frith's celebrated "Railway Station," was, of course, greatly admired by the average visitor; but his "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," which is of very little interest as a work of art, was the show picture of the exhibition, and usually so surrounded by a crowd, that, in order to see it at all, one had to form part of the *queue* which was always passing before it. It was partly, of course, owing to the royal and partly to the human interest of the subject that its wonderfully painted velvet draperies, its "sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls," attracted such enthusiastic admiration from democratic Americans, who pressed the sorely vexed policeman in charge with endless questions as to the identity of the royal personages and noble lords and ladies whom it pourtrayed. A plan of the painting hung at a little distance, which was carefully studied by those who had more time at command. A striking contrast to this picture, in every respect, was Fildes's "Applicants for admission to a Casual Ward," whose stern, but pathetic presentation of a very different side of human life,—the sad waifs and strays without food or shelter from the cold, snowy night—was a powerful charity sermon in itself. "Betty,"* by the same painter, was in a different key:—a charming youthful figure, full of rural freshness, life, and motion. Cope's "Taming of the Shrew," and "Marriage of Griselda," were splendid in colouring and spirited in conception, but lacking in atmosphere and ideality. This fault, at least, none could find with the soft, exquisite landscapes of Cole, his "Noon" and his "Misty Morning," in which last, the light breaking through the early summer mists falls with a dewy freshness on the velvety verdure of English fields, over which stretch the long shadows of noble trees. Not less poetical as a marine painting, is Colin Hunter's "Trawlers waiting for the Darkness," in which we seem to stand, in the fast growing dusk, beside the rude boats and weather-beaten fishermen, and almost to hear the soft lapping of the water gleaming through the twilight, while we feel the mysterious poetic charm of the actual scene brought to bear upon us by the magic of the painter's art.

The pictures of Frederick Leighton are also marked by an ideality and poetry that seem written on the fine, thoughtful face of the painter, which looks down from a portrait by George Watts. The "Summer Moon," familiar to many beforehand through engravings, and the "Eastern Slinger," are both highly poetical in colouring and treatment; and the "Interior of a Jew's house in Damascus" is at once delicate and rich in its oriental splendour. Oriental subjects seem to be the favourite field of not a few of the modern painters. Alfred Elmore had two striking pictures from eastern life, and a weird, powerful painting of Burger's "Lenore." This last picture presented a sharp contrast to an equally striking one which hung not far off,—Rivière's "Circe," in which, in daintiest colouring, as gay as "Lenore" is dark and ghostly, we have the leering crowd of lean and sharp-nosed swine rushing with a grotesquely human expression of eager devotion to the feet of the sorceress, who regards them with a haughty, disdainful look of careless mastery. "War-time," by the same artist, represents a touching incident of the war of La Vendée,—a tiny, barefooted boy, found sitting amid the ruins of his desolate home by soldiers who, under all their military trappings, show that they have human hearts to feel for the lonely child. "Baith Faither

*This picture has been rather coarsely but spiritedly chromo-lithographed, with two commonplace lines by way of motto. It represents a milk-maid wading through the dewy grass,—her pail half filled with ox-eye daisies.

and Mither," by Thomas Faed, was worthy of the painter of "The Mitherless Bairn," and, by its exquisite beauty and truth to nature, touched the heart of every observer who had one. It represents a simple Scottish cottage interior, in which a cobbler, with the homely implements of his craft around him, and spectacles pushed up from his kind, thoughtful brow, is pulling the last mitten on to the hand of a sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked little maiden of six, who surveys the operation with great satisfaction, while the eldest girl stands behind with a little brother in each hand, all ready for school, and another chubby little fellow is giving a parting hug to his favourite puppy, the mother of which regards him and it with maternal solicitude. The absence of the human mother, of course, explains the meaning of the title. So unmistakably real and natural is the picture that one wonders how the painter ever managed to transfer it so perfectly from life to canvas.

In historical paintings by living artists, the "Battle of Naseby," and the "First Prince of Wales," by Sir John Gilbert; the "Night before Bosworth," by Roberts, and Topham's "Fall of Rienzi," were perhaps the most noteworthy; and in landscape, Brett's "Morning among the Granite Boulders," M'Whirter's "Scotch Mountains and Glens," and Moore's "Storm coming on at Sunset in Wales," were each striking in different ways. M'Whirter's disconsolate donkey, "Out in the Cold," was a general favourite, and has been chromo-lithographed over the title "No One to Love Me." "Mistress Dorothy," by George A. Storey, is a remarkably fine female head and bust, apparently a portrait of a noble-looking English girl in a riding habit. "Pamela," by Frith, is a charming picture, though the waxen paleness of the face is almost too strongly contrasted with the black and white drapery. Holman Hunt had only his own portrait. Millais was very poorly represented by one of his little girls—far from one of his best—and a life-like portrait of him by Watts. A graceful picture—"Celia's Arbour"—represented George Leslie, one of the newest academicians, and a rising artist. There were of course several specimens of the pre-Raphaelite school, easily distinguished by their stiff backgrounds, quaint costumes, and strong individual tones of colour. Wallis's "Stone-breaker" was the most exaggerated specimen of the school, and the most dismal. Poynter, Val C. Prinsep, and Alma Tadema, belong rather to what may be called the antique school. Poynter's "Golden Age," though not wanting in charm of colouring, is a very ordinary picture, disguised under a fanciful name. "Fruit-gathering" would have described it much more definitely. Val C. Prinsep's "Death of Cleopatra," is an interesting picture, but Alma Tadema's quaint rococo paintings attracted more attention than any of the new painters. His pictures are almost affectedly archaic, even when he does not choose specially ancient subjects. They are certainly clever studies from the antique or from *bric-a-brac*, but they seem to want reality as a whole, and their very daintiness of finish somewhat interferes with breadth of effect. A characteristic specimen of his is "The Mummy," representing a mummied corpse in an Egyptian dwelling, with every accessory carefully studied from Egyptian remains. Another is "The Convalescent," which appears to be a scene in an Eastern harem or zenana. A black ayah or nurse is reading from a scroll to the fair invalid, reclining among her luxurious cushions. His "History of an Honest Wife," in water-colour, is a still more curious example of his peculiar style, which appeals to the fancy much more than to the imagination.

It is hardly necessary to say that the English water-colour paintings were not less charming than the oils, for in no country has water-colour drawing been carried to so great perfection. Callow's soft, mellow, Italian Lakes and Venetian Canals; Willis's "Cattle," and Taylor's "Highland Ferry-boat," were among the most enjoyable; and two exquisite portraits, by Thorburn, of the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Constance Grosvenor, were charming pictures, seeming to do full justice to the beauty of the originals. Sir John Gilbert had an interesting picture—"Francis the First in the Workshop of Benvenuto Cellini,"—showing the same power of conception and strength of colouring which appear in his oil-paintings. He is said by a good judge, Mr. Philip Hamerton, to approach nearer to Rubens than any other English painter.

After a study of the two hundred and

fifty pictures in the British Department, the rest of the Art Exhibition need not detain us long. A hurried look at the Canadian room shewed us that our leading artists were by no means fully and fairly represented, and also reminded us that Canadian art suffers inevitably from the bare newness of the country, and the almost utter lack of the picturesque elements which the old world derives from mediæval and classic antiquity. Still, we have much of the beauty and grandeur of nature—glorious sunsets, waterfalls, lakes, rivers, and mountains—and not least, abundance of human subjects, even though they lack the picturesque setting of oriental and mediæval architecture, and the characteristic costumes of older lands. One branch of art, which has been comparatively little touched by our artists, was well represented by a spirited little picture by Mr. A. Vogt, representing a horse with his head protruded from his stable window, "Taking a Breath of Morning Air." A writer in the *Tribune* Guide thus passes judgment, in a few words, fairly enough: "Among the best, are several by Verner, and a few misty and golden autumn landscapes. Thus far, Canadian art does not keep pace with the development of the Dominion in other respects."

After Great Britain, Austria, Spain, and Germany presented the most interesting exhibitions. In the Austrian collection, the great attraction was Makart's immense canvas, representing "Venice paying Homage to Caterina Cornaro," after her presentation of the Kingdom of Cyprus to the republic. The painter seems to have caught the very spirit of the Venetian school in the massive vigour and rich and mellow colouring of his picture, which well pourtrays the mediæval splendour of the Bride of the Adriatic. Fine as the picture undoubtedly is, however, it has some faults of drawing, and is more calculated to charm the eye than to touch the heart.* Some vigorously painted Tyrolese, Swiss, and Styrian landscapes, and some native peasant pictures, were among the most noticeable. A member of the noble house of Lichtenfels sent three landscapes —all for sale—and a Viennese Countess sent her own portrait, painted by herself. On the whole, the Austrian landscapes seemed characterized by a savage sombreness, rather than the sunny warmth which one would expect from that semi-southern land.

Among the German pictures, the historical and domestic subjects, the animal pictures, and a few landscapes, as for instance, Ruth's "Argentières", Eschke's "Coast of Capri," and Gebhardt's "Lake of Constance," were among the most interesting. In the first class, Schrader's "Queen Elizabeth signing the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots" is, perhaps, the finest picture, though some will prefer the pleasanter subject of "Lady Jane Grey's triumph over Bishop Gardiner," finely treated by Folingsby of Munich, who has well given the expression of calm, sweet dignity and trustfulness on the face of the princess, and of sullen discomfiture on that of the bishop. The "First Proof Sheet" is a suggestive picture of the infancy of printing. One of the most striking and notable pictures there was Dietrich's "Faust and Marguerite." The scene is placed in the prison, at the moment when Margaret has made her choice to remain and die, rather than yield to Faust's entreaties to escape with him through the aid of Mephistopheles, who stands grimly in the background, lantern in hand, while Faust covers his face in despair, and Margaret,—her luxuriant golden tresses thrown back,—raises her tearful eyes and her fettered hands to heaven in an ecstacy of faith and fervent prayer. There were two "Capitulations of Sedan," one of which, Count Harach's, was poetical and dramatic in treatment, but both were untrue to fact, and in bad taste for an occasion representing international good-will. Bismarck and "*Unser Fritz*" were not absent, of course, from the walls, and there were some charming pictures from German life, of which "The Gossips" by Meyer von Bremen, Boser's "Orphans," and Kretzschmer's "Buying the Cradle," were among the best. An admirable German picture, "Toning the Bell," which was shown in a "Loan Collection" in the Annexe gallery, gave a vivid representation of an interesting episode in village life. There was one Scripture subject, and only one—"Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen," by Prof. Plockhorst, of Berlin.

Spain and Sweden occupied opposite

* Two other smaller pictures of Makart's—the "Abundance of the Earth," and the "Abundance of the Sea,"—both characterised by the same broad treatment and rich colouring,—were exhibited in a small loan collection attached to the American department.

sides of one large room, and presented a striking contrast, the subjects of the one being nearly all religious, ecclesiastical, or historical, while those of the other were chiefly open air views of forest or mountain or waterfall, intermingled with a few characteristic pictures from Swedish life. Of these Bergh's and Rydberg's landscapes were the most remarkable, and Nordenberg's, Herzberg's, and Miss Ribbing's pictures of rural life the most naïf and interesting. Nordenberg's "Wedding in a Swedish country Church" is a charming little picture. The simple interior of the little Lutheran church, the benignant looking pastor, the sweet-faced little bride, blushing and serious under her high gilt marriage crown, the bashful-looking bridegroom, the "old folks" and little brothers and sisters in the background, are all so naturally painted that we feel as if we were spectators of a real ceremony, and linger before the painting as we do not feel inclined to do before far more ambitious canvasses. It is worthy of note that the representation of female artists is greater in proportion from the country of Frederika Bremer than from any other, namely, twenty out of seventy-five, and that they are hardly, if at all, behind their masculine *collaborateurs* in the conception and execution of their chosen subjects. The Norwegian pictures naturally partook of the same character as the Swedish, though somewhat more hard and stern. Norwegian fjords and glaciers, very realistically delineated, predominated. The "Midnight Sun,"* by Frantz Boc, and a "Summer Day at a Mountain Tarn," were among the most poetical and pleasing. The Danish collection was very small and unimportant, which is somewhat surprising, as in ceramic art and silver, Denmark made an exceedingly good display.

The Spanish collection showed that art is not dead in the country of Murillo, of whom it had one example; though some of the Spanish painters best known in America, such as Zamacois and Madrazo,† were entirely unrepresented. The most important pictures were from the Museum of Fine Arts, Madrid, and those which deservedly attracted most attention were a very simple and impressive "Landing of the Puritans," by Gisbert (a curious subject for a Spaniard), and Vallés' "Insanity of Donna Juana de Castile." In this picture the figure of the queen, who points with finger on lip to the dead husband whom she believes to be only sleeping, is full of dignity and pathos, and the sorrowful respectful sympathy of the entering courtiers is admirably expressed. There was also a touching picture, by Maureta, of "Torquato Tasso retiring to the Monastery of San Onofrio," to which the stricken poet is welcomed with the loving and compassionate sympathy that marks every countenance, from the prior who receives him, down to the youngest monk who looks on. A "Landing of Columbus," by Puebla, was striking, but rather theatrical than strong in conception and colouring. Saints and pictures of cathedrals abounded, as was to be expected.

In the Russian collection were some interesting pictures, interesting, however, rather from their human than their artistic interest. A "Storm on the Black Sea," and a "Shower in the Crimean Mountains," both by Aivazowsky were vigorous pictures, as also was "Moonlight on the Black Sea," by the same artist. "In the Carnival," "A Sunday Tea Party" and "Blessing the Bride before Marriage," were interesting illustrations of Russian life; though in the latter the costume and accessories were very conventional and common place. The "Amulet Seller," "Peasant Girl making her Toilet," and the "Game at Morro," and "Carnival Week in the Country" were among the most noteworthy illustrations of life in a country of which we know comparatively little.

The French pictures were very disappointing, showing hardly any of the greatest names of French Art. There was not a single specimen of Cabanel or Bouguereau, or Meissonier, or Millet; nothing from Horace Vernet, or Jules Breton, or Sobrichon, who were all, however, well represented at the Loan Collection in New York. The great sensational picture was, of course, Becker's "Rizpah,"—a picture as repulsive as it was, in a certain sense, powerful. Certainly the theatrical *pose* of the infuriated and muscular woman who fights a ferocious eagle with uplifted club, is as far as possible from the conception of the sad and lonely watcher by the dead naturally suggested by one of the most pathetic of Scripture stories; while the painful realism of the dead bodies

* Recently exhibited in Toronto.

† Two portraits by Madrazo were, however, exhibited in the small loan collection in the Annexe.

in the background is too horrible to permit of any of the pleasure-giving elements which the most tragic work of art should be capable of conveying. An equestrian portrait by Duran, of "Mademoiselle Croizette," challenged observation more from its size than from any other pre-eminence, though the lady is pretty and her figure and dress graceful and stylish. Schenck's pictures of sheep are spirited and natural, and "The Death of Julius Cæsar" by Clément, has power. For the rest, while there were some pretty and a few clever pictures, there were many indifferent ones, and none to make a lasting impression or tempt to detailed description.

Belgium and the Netherlands made hardly a more satisfactory appearance than France, indeed there were more decidedly inferior pictures, although there were also a few which attracted no little attention. Foremost among these was the "Christian Martyr" of Slingeneyer, representing a young man peacefully sleeping in a prison cell, through the open door of which is seen the crowded amphitheatre without, and a rather exaggerated ray of light falls across his recumbent figure and tranquil face. A noticeable defect which rather spoils the *vraisemblance* of an otherwise fine picture, is the tenacity with which he holds the cross on his breast, while in a slumber so profound that neither the light nor the noise awakes him, and when, consequently, the muscles would naturally be relaxed. The "Night of St. Bartholomew," by the same painter, is a vivid reminder of the scenes of that awful time. Stallaert's "Cellar of Diomede—a scene at the destruction of Pompeii—" is another painfully vivid picture which, though a little sensational, rivets the attention to the doomed group awaiting, in different attitudes of silent despair, the inevitable destruction. The locality is copied from the ruins, so that the accessories of the picture have a local accuracy. Tschaggeny's horses deserve notice, and Miss Van den Broeck's carefully painted pictures—"A Flemish House in A. D. 1600," and "The Visit" are distinguished by much ability and by the faithful realism which has generally characterised the art of the Low Countries.

Italy, the cradle of the arts, falls behind all her neighbours, and was as disappointing in Memorial Hall as in the Main Building. The weight of her old prestige seems to crush down any life she may have at present. Copies from old masters, sent by picture-dealers, chiefly abounded, and there was not a single original painting which left any vivid impression. Italian art, so far as it exists, seems to go chiefly into sculpture and mosaic. Some very large and curious mosaics and tapestries were exhibited by the Pope, but these only excite the wonder that it should be thought worth while, in the native home of painting, to expend so much labour on works, which, after incalculable trouble and time, have only the effect of a hard and crude oil-painting.

We have but little space left for the art of the United States, the representation of which, on the whole, must be considered most creditable to a new country celebrating its first Centennial. Still there was a strange mixture, and it is impossible not to wish that a little more rigidity had been exercised as to admission, unless, indeed, the bad were admitted as foils to the good. Here we have the poetic, idealized mountain landscapes of Church,—who might be called the American Turner; the bold, rugged precipices and cañons of Bierstadt, which seem almost real on the canvas; fresh breezy summer pictures of lake and woodland, or mellow, misty, autumn scenes by Shattuck, and Whittredge, and Hill, and Hart, and McEntee; Gifford's soft dreamy sunsets and twilights from the Nile and the Golden Horn, from Italian lakes and Venetian lagoons and American mountains. And, side by side with these, were such allegorical nightmares as "The New Republic," and "Influence of Electricity on Human Culture," which last, it has been truly said, was like nothing else ever exhibited. Though the art of the United States appears to excel chiefly in the direction of landscapes, as is natural, there were not a few good figure subjects also. Foremost among these were portraits by Washington Allston, Gilbert Stewart, and Anna M. Lea, and eastern subjects by F. A. Bridgeman. "The Nubian Story Teller," by this artist, is full of oriental richness of colouring, combined with spirited and graceful conception. The Nubian slave is entertaining, with her wonderful tales, the inmates of an eastern harem, from the luxurious recumbent beauties, to the children who have crept close to listen. The picture recalls one of Alma Tadema's, but it is less stiff and more natural. Eastman Johnston's "Old Kentucky Home" was

one of the finest pictures in the whole collection. The negro musician and his auditors are life itself, and every detail is given with the utmost faithfulness to nature. Rothermel's "Battle of Gettysburg," a *great* work in point of *size*, is as painful as it was misplaced on an occasion of Centennial unity and rejoicing. Among the landscapes that gave most pleasure to the observer, we recall especially Church's "Chimborazo," Bierstadt's "Western Kansas" and "California Trees," Whittredge's "Rocky Mountains," Hill's "Donner Lake," Kensett's is Lake George" and "New Hampshire "cenery," Shattuck's "White Hills," De Haas's marine paintings, and Gifford's Venetian and Egyptian pictures, and "Twilight in the Adirondacks." There can hardly be any doubt that the influence of the present exhibition will communicate a great impetus to American art, which has now had its strong and its weak points brought pointedly into comparison with those of the art of other lands. Thoughtful American artists will see and endeavour to make up for their defects, and, even as regards the comparatively uncomprehending people, some sense of what is relatively good and bad in art will begin to filter through. The exhibits of the various American art schools, particularly that of the Cincinnati Academy of Design, give good hope that sound principles of art are really beginning to mould the taste and the decorative efforts of the American people. As their nearest neighbours we must rejoice, for their influence cannot fail to affect ourselves.

Space forbids any detailed notice of the crude infantine art of Portugal, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, and the Argentine Republic, though their exhibits are ethnologically interesting, as showing how the artistic element struggles up to light amidst all the disadvantages of a predominating ecclesiasticism, conventional imitation, and the most rudimentary perception of the true harmonies of form and colour. Even Hawaii has a little landscape art, in pictures, not to be despised, of volcanoes, islands, and lagoons, to show that the Hawaiian, if not the New Zealander, is getting ready to paint the "ruins of London Bridge." And though Japan, with all her wonderful progress, has as yet no pictorial art deserving of the name, her more natural forms in porcelain painting and wood-carving, show that in the "land of the Mikado," a true stock of art is beginning to grow. China, alone, remains, in this, hopelessly stationary and conventional.

The loan exhibition of pictures—chiefly foreign ones—at New York, should have been noticed in the present connection, as it was New York's contribution to the Centennial, and contained admirable specimens of the best Spanish, French, and German painters, who were entirely unrepresented in the Philadelphia Exhibition. But limited space makes this impossible, for the present at least, though the splendid collection exhibited as the property of American citizens bears ample testimony to the fact, that there are no more generous and appreciative patrons of European art than are to be found in the United States.

One thing remains to be noticed in the aspect of modern art presented by the Centennial Exhibition, taken as a whole; and that is the small proportion of what is properly called "religious art," in the works of living painters. One cause of this may be that art has in a great measure ceased to be considered, as in mediæval times, the "handmaid of religion," but is looked upon rather as something belonging to quite a different sphere—a medium for representing merely the varied phases of outward life. Another cause may be that art, like every department of human thought, has been affected by the general tendency of the age to concentrate attention on the material and physical, almost to the exclusion of the higher and nobler realities of which materialism can take no cognizance. Even the lands of Giotto and Fra Angelico, of Albert Durer and Overbeck, have little to show in the way of their earlier successes. But the materialization of art, so to speak—perhaps it would be more correct to say its *paganistic* tendency—is most apparent in the French school and in that school of English art which is akin to the poetry of Swinburne and Rossetti and Morris. Even the English pre-Raphaelites are at a long remove from Fra Angelico and Perugino. There is much of material and outward beauty, with but little of the inward and spiritual shining through—much of the mere external glories of form and colour, little of the "light that never was on land or sea." Without a higher inspiration than it shows at present, our modern art can hardly pro-

duce anything worthy to live beside the pure spiritual conceptions of early painters, which, even when rude in execution and faulty in colouring, are even yet, to all receptive minds, a source of purifying and ennobling influence.

But we may hope that the pendulum has reached its limit of farthest oscillation, and that a reaction is at hand. We may trust, with a thoughtful writer on "A Living Faith," that a fuller, nobler, firmer faith than ever is to emerge from the present chaos of opinion, to be the portion of the coming age, and that "art is to receive a higher inspiration than ever before."

THE PATH OF LIFE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

AN Alpine road, bestrewn with stones and briar,
Too hard of climbing to be trodden much,
And lonelier as higher.

For he who treads must have no loves nor fears,
Save fear to swerve, and love of God's own truth,—
He must not pause for tears,

Nor turn aside for crag or precipice,
And, if the path be blurred, shrink no to carve
A footway through the ice.

And if he fail a thousand tongues will say,
"Out on the faint-heart, to attempt to climb,
And to turn back half-way!"

The very lips will flout—"Vainglorious!
He scale the holy heights!" which would have smiled
On him victorious.

And if, poor soul, despairing, failing Fame,
He seek his lower life and humbler friends,
They will not know his name.

But if he should attain, and passing by
The flower along the path, upreaching, grasp
The amaranth on high!

Then, howsoever weary with the ascent,
And howsoever faint, his soul shall know
What all the labour meant.

And the low earth with all its little themes
Shall look so low and little, he will muse
How they could vex his dreams.

For there, on the clear height,—the climbing done,—
He sees, unshrouded by the mists of earth,
The true face of the sun!

ROY CAMPBELL'S NIGHT IN A CEDAR SWAMP.

BY R. W. DOUGLAS, TORONTO.

MANY years ago a vast "cedar swamp," as it was termed in local parlance, though it was made up chiefly of pine, fir, and hemlock, with a few cedar trees, and with creepers innumerable, stretched across part of the northern portion of Ontario.

Only a mere skeleton of it now remains, yet sufficient to give the traveller some idea of what it must have been in its pristine state, before the advent of the settler. The axe certainly has made sad work with its dimensions—lopped this corner off, curtailed it yonder, until very little of it is left. Yet that little will require a more than ordinary amount of labour to reclaim it from its wildness.

Its overthrown, rotting timber; its dark boggy pools, never empty; its masses of impenetrable underbrush; will defy the enterprising farmer for many a day to come, notwithstanding the many improved inventions for clearing farms which have been constructed in the last few years.

At the time of which I write, it was, however, many miles in length and breadth, and must have covered a very large area of country; affording within its gloomy arches a home for many wild animals. The beaver had constructed his wonderful home in security and peace, the deer leisurely had wandered knowing no fear, and there bears and wolves had ranged in solitude from time immemorial. But a change had come, and the encroachments of the stronger animal, man, were slowly yet certainly driving them farther and deeper into its shades, and would infallibly, in the years to come, follow them to the last corner.

In the winter, when the bogs and the pools were frozen over, hunters would make their way for many a mile within its fastnesses, bringing therefrom very often the wherewithal to sustain their families through the dreary winter's cold. This swamp soon became known as the best hunting ground in the province, and numbers congregated every season to enjoy the sport, or perhaps supply passing needs. Very many would enter its confines who were little versed in woodcraft, seeking to emulate the backwoodsman who stalked with impunity through its devious arcades; and many are the incidents recorded where these have lost their way, and wandered till on the very verge of despair, before again striking the clearings. Indeed as raw settlers from the "old country" became more numerous, these incidents multiplied, until the swamp got to possess a certain notoriety of its own. One year it is related, a new settler—one, of course, unused to the backwoods—lost his way and became thoroughly bewildered, and although every possible effort was made by his friends to find him, he was not discovered for nearly three days; and when they came up with him he was found lying against the roots of a fallen tree, almost famished and utterly exhausted. He had lain himself down there to perish, thoroughly convinced that it was useless to try any further to extricate himself. So bewildered was he that he was unable to make a straight course, and did nothing but describe a wide circle over and over again, repassing and recognizing objects which he had already left behind him probably thrice before.

It was shortly after the occurrence of this incident that another took place, though in a different season—the summer—one in which it is ten times more difficult to thread one's way in the forest, owing to the luxuriant undergrowth of tangled shrubs, plants, and creepers of every description, and the pools of dark water and mire, to avoid which the traveller or hunter is forced to make such a zigzag way that every faculty is required to maintain anything like a direct course; and the hero in the little drama—a mere lad—will have cause to remember for

many a long day, his lonely vigil in the trackless swamp, when he knew not in what direction lay his home.

The thoughts and feelings called into sudden and violent action in a person of tender years, cannot but render the fearful moment one never to be forgotten; and although the event took place far back in the childhood of a now aged man, the horror of that time still thrills his blood when he reflects upon it, and is still so vivid in his memory, that its occurrence might have been of comparatively recent date.

Roy Campbell, a youth of sixteen years or thereabouts, resided with his parents upon a partially cleared farm near the southerly boundary of the "cedar swamp." He was a child of a sensitive and solitary disposition, little given to idling his time in the company of boisterous associates, yet singularly fond of doing it without their aid, in companionless rambles about the country, with no other aim than sight-seeing. Instead of cheerfully acquiescing in his father's demands for assistance in the life of drudgery which had to be borne until the farm was placed under cultivation, Roy submitted with a bad grace, and seized every opportunity he could obtain, to enjoy his favourite pursuit. In this he was aided and abetted by his mother, who had been ever indulgent to her only child, as mothers very frequently are when their "joys" are not too numerous; and so Roy got off more readily and oftener than he otherwise would have done.

As I have said, the paramount object of these pedestrian excursions was sight-seeing —generally to view some interesting object in the vicinity—though he was careful always to take along with him his father's musket, probably as a safe-guard against some chance encounter with bears, but more likely in emulation of the professional hunters, whose wayward and wild life Roy longed to embrace.

Roy's inquiring eyes were early turned swampward, though for a long time his mother's oft repeated and grim caution, that "he would certainly get lost and be eaten by bears and wolves if he ever went in there," had an abiding influence. But as the boy grew older and had exhausted his field of discovery, he began to cast longing glances towards the forbidden ground. It seemed to him sometimes, as he walked along its margin, that he would never be at peace until he had tracked those sombre solitudes, and seen with his own restless boy's eyes all the wonders which he had heard his father and others speak of. And then, besides, he might shoot a bear—who could tell? Would it not indeed be pleasant and comfortable to possess a bear-skin rug to lay upon the bare boards before his bed? Yes; but luxuries like this cost something. Roy thought he had the wherewithal to put down in exchange for it—daring!

One day while out upon one of his excursions, chance led him to call at his uncle's house, which was some four miles from his home, and he saw there what excited his ambition to its utmost bounds, and was the direct cause of his making the attempt to thread the devious ways of the cedar swamp.

His cousin George, a boy not much older than himself, while with his father in one of the back fields of the farm, had, under the paternal eye, shot and killed a young bear. When he saw Roy he brought the skin forth in great glee, and dangled it exultingly before his cousin's eyes, in the admiring presence of parents and brothers, and asked Roy with an air of triumph when he would accomplish anything like that. George had suddenly leaped into manhood—he had shot a bear—and as he possessed a good deal of superciliousness, for a lad, he felt inclined to look down upon Roy as from some lofty eminence built up by valour and bravery greater by far than his unfortunate cousin could ever hope to command. Roy noticed the very evident air of superiority which his cousin George affected, and though, with characteristic quietness, he submitted to it meekly, as if it entirely escaped his observation, yet none the less did it chafe him inwardly, until it resulted in a firm resolve that the boasted achievement should be at least equalled, if not surpassed, by himself before that shaggy hide was dry. This determination was rendered still more inexorable by the parting words of his cousin: "Be careful you do not meet with a bear." Roy did not answer this friendly piece of counsel, but bade him "good bye" with his accustomed cheerfulness, and wended his way home.

All the distance Roy deliberated upon the feasibility of making a bold strike into the cedar swamp. He had now another

object in his mind's eye than mere sight-seeing: he would dare Bruin in his own den and deprive him of his coveted hide, and that too with no eye but that of the wilderness bent upon him, with no hand near to succour if his own failed him; for he would show his cousin, come what would, that cowardice was not an ignoble feature in his nature. Was killing a cub in an open field, with an admiring father within safe distance in case of danger, any notable feat to brag about? Roy thought not.

Thus ruminating, and engaging in endless imaginary conflicts with the savage denizens of the swamp, which stretched away in gloomy grandeur before his sight, Roy grew so daring that, in mere wantonness of presumption, he ventured some distance within the belt of trees, and skirted it until he came opposite his father's farm. It was then very late in the afternoon, so he reluctantly returned and sought the clearings and his home, not very well content to leave his project till some future opportunity.

Some days supervened ere Roy could put his contemplated adventure into execution. Instead of this delay serving to cool down the "Dutch courage" raised in the excitement of the moment when it was first planned, as might have been expected, seeing he had plenty of time to think over the obvious dangers and difficulties which would necessarily be incurred in an expedition of the kind, the contrary was the case; and the more he thought upon them, the nobler it seemed to overcome them. Instead of their existence overbalancing his boyish ambition and his desire for glory, they made him all the more eager to be gone.

And so, when a beautiful sunny afternoon came at last, when he could devote his time to whatsoever he pleased, it found him ready to take to the woods.

Roy shouldered his father's musket, the companion of many a lonely walk, shortly after he had finished his dinner, and taking an extra supply of powder, and some heavy buckshot instead of the small grains he usually carried, started straight for the cedar swamp. At last he was actually off. Big with designs upon the life of some great, though luckless wild creature, that had its abode far from the daylight of the clearings, Roy found even the short space that lay between his home and the boundary of the cedar swamp, all too long and tiresome, and he was glad when it was at length crossed, and he found himself within the shadow of the trees. What an exultant feeling swept over him as he realized at last the yearnings of many a past hour. How it thrilled his boyish heart as he pictured his joyous return covered with hard-won glory, and lay at his mother's feet the shaggy trophy won in a battle fought far from every help. Would his cousin crow over him then? Not he; his own deed of prowess would seem so insignificant in comparison that he would certainly hide his head for very shame.

Roy tightened his grasp upon his musket, and went on, carefully picking his footsteps as the débris upon the ground increased, peering into every deeper shade that he passed. The work did not seem so difficult after all, as he had anticipated, and he made rapid progress among the tangled underbrush, fallen tree-trunks, and murky pools which beset the way at every step. Roy was fresh and nimble, and the summer's afternoon was bright and clear, and he possessed, withal, some experience in threading his way in the bush.

As he pursued his course, keeping all the while a careful look-out, the aspect of the swamp began to change, and the low cedar and hemlock trees gave place to lofty pines, with a sprinkling of lowlier trees heavily laden with dense dark foliage. Here too it began to grow darker, and the awful stillness that reigned was enhanced by the soft sighing of the summer's breeze through the tree-tops, the low hum of insects, and the chirpings of a few little birds, who seemed to be following him for very companionship sake.

Still he kept up a firm heart, and went on deeper and deeper, though at times, as the forest got blacker and more lonely, he was powerless to repress a chill or two from creeping coldly down his spine.

After some time he came to a bright bank, like an oasis in a desert, covered with moss and the "winter-green" plant. As the red berries of the latter hung temptingly before him, Roy, who was very fond of the fruit, stopped for awhile to gather some. Before starting again, he took a hasty survey of the surroundings. On every hand, dark, massive, tree-trunks shot far up towards heaven, their tops bathed in a flood of sunlight, while their bases were buried in per-

petual gloom. Pools of water gleamed here and there, though they were less frequent than before. The underbrush, very thick and tangled near the clearings, had almost entirely disappeared, leaving the forest aisles comparatively clear. It was upon the ground that confusion reigned pre-eminent. Fallen giants in every stage of decay lay rotting everywhere. Most of these had probably been blown down in some ancient storm of more than usual violence, as great trunks, half-buried in earth, lay in inextricable disorder in every position, so decayed that a touch, almost, would crumble them away, and thickly covered with variegated coloured moss and light green plants. Here and there also could be seen upon the ground a bright circular patch marked out by a stray sunbeam, which had stolen from overhead through the foliage.

Just as Roy was about to set out again, a fearful screech smote his ears and re-echoed dismally through the wilds. Heavens! what could that be? It startled him so fearfully that it was some moments ere he recovered himself. He had never heard such a weird cry before. He grasped his musket to be prepared in case of emergency, and tried to muster up some courage, for alien tremblings had seized his legs which almost bereft him of strength altogether.

He looked about him for the cause of this commotion, and was somewhat reassured by observing a large bird about fifty yards away, rise slowly from the earth with heavy flapping wings. As it cleared the tree-tops, it gave vent to another blood-curdling scream and then sailed majestically off. Roy laughed at himself when he found that it had been only a crane which had given him such a scare; nevertheless, it was some time ere he shook off the disagreeable sensation it had caused him.

When he had recovered himself, he started again into the swamp, vigilantly looking out for some sign of Bruin. There were no indications that bears were in the neighbourhood yet,—nothing more startling than the bird rewarded his keen sight. Once, however, he came upon a deer, but before he had time to level his gun, it had started off through the forest like a thought, and was soon lost to view among the trees.

Roy pursued his course until the aspect of the swamp again changed. Still he met no bear. He had travelled already a very long distance and began to get very tired. He had now more difficult work to make his way, as he had left the very tall trees and the firmer ground behind, and had come to a region of short, dense, scrubby firs, contorted into many a weird fantastic form, growing out of a cold, boggy marsh. Several times already he had lost his footing and sunk deeply into the cold slough, yet dauntedly and determinedly he still pushed forward—where?

Did it strike Roy then that he would have more difficulty than the mere obstacles which slough, and thicket, and fallen trees had presented, when striving to retrace his steps? It probably did not, or surely he would not have ventured so far—possibly he was too much taken up with one idea to think of anything else. If it did, however, he might have thought of guiding himself back by the help of the sun, which was now declining far to the westward. Still it was hard to return unsuccessful, and it would be many weeks before he could get another half-holiday—holidays were not given so plentifully in those days—and the chance of distinguishing himself would be lost for the present. He thought he would try a little further before turning back.

He went on and on, comforting himself at intervals by saying he would just go a few steps further; which, repeated over and over again, made it in reality a good stiff distance. He peered cautiously into every thicket, thinking Bruin might be lurking in some of them; he cocked his musket a hundred times as he approached as many suspicious places—but they were all vacant.

In point of fact, Bruin was strangely perverse that afternoon, and seemed to keep out of our young hunter's path purposely. At any rate, no shaggy hide appeared to Roy throughout his weary quest. But notwithstanding the absence of Bruin, a danger hung over the boy's head he had little calculated upon; and the first intimation of it was when, almost wearied to death, wet and hungry, he was about to retrace his steps homeward—unsuccessful—a long, low growl, unmistakably like thunder, ominously broke upon his ear.

When he had started early in the afternoon, the summer's day was clear, calm, and lovely; indeed, the sun was still shining; yet like many a beautiful summer's day, the beautiful might be merely usher to the ter-

rible. Again Roy heard the distant growl, more confirmed this time—a storm was certainly coming.

A great fear came into his heart as he began to realise his lonely position. Without a moment's hesitation he started swiftly to the right-about, jaded and weary as he was, and with his face directed towards home, made as rapid progress as he was capable of in that direction, But O! how infinitely slow was that progress. He felt almost a crawling snail; rotten logs, mire, thickets, impeded his steps, until it seemed as if his desperate attempts must end in utter exhaustion.

Out of breath at last he stopped a moment—but only for a moment—for before he had drawn half a dozen inspirations, his haunting fear drove him onwards again with more speed than ever.

The storm came on apace—the forest darkened—the thunder grew louder. Fitful gusts of wind began to sweep among the branches, and the tree-tops to sway and moan above him. Nightfall was near at hand, and the way grew darker every instant, yet Roy hurried desperately on, wishing with all his heart that he had been more mindful of his mother's words, and had never come hither. On, on, he flew, meeting with many mishaps, yet mindful of nothing so long as he got another step nearer home; now he would be floundering in a bog, up to his ankles in mire and water, now crashing through a thicket, heedless of his clothing, now among the fallen trees, now again splash into another bog, until the hopeless work brought the tears into his eyes.

He held on, however, though now very slowly, looking vainly for the clearings. The storm was just at hand, and Roy could see no indications that the terrific swamp grew one whit less dense—all was dark, lonely, and forbidding, as if he were still in the heart of those desolate solitudes. On, on, getting more exhausted at every step, went Roy, with a sad, despairing heart; his home and cheerful supper and, probably as much thought of as anything else, his tame rabbits, he began to fear would know him not that night.

Where was he? Surely near the clearings somewhere? He came to a dead stand. The howl of the blast through the tree-tops, and the roll of the thunder, made him the only answer. It began to dawn upon him that he was lost—that the trackless swamp, more dismal now than Bunyan's dark valley, had closed its maws upon him, and might never again open them.

And now the long threatening storm burst—burst in all its wildness and grandeur, and the rain came down in torrents as if the very flood-gates of Heaven were drained. The tree under which Roy stood afforded him no protection whatever, and he was drenched in an instant. He tried, however, to screen the lock of his gun, for if that were rendered wet and useless, he might be torn to pieces by some wild animal, if indeed he survived the horrors of the night itself. The wilderness grew dark as midnight, but it was lighted up every instant by the lurid lightning. The thunder burst at intervals, the blast roared and screamed on its wild way, and in all this frightful turmoil, half dead with loneliness, shivering with fear, and drenched to the skin, was poor, lost Roy Campbell. Mother, home, all the old, familiar, pleasant associations of his childhood, seemed vanishing away in some half forgotten past and lost to him forever. He might meet his mother in heaven! He had not thought of that.

With the thought of heaven came another also, that the beneficent Being who filled that blest abode, and the world as well, who held the storm in the hollow of His hand, and directed the elements, might stretch forth His succouring arm towards even poor, sinful, disobedient Roy, if he would ask Him.

Forthwith, the poor lad sank down upon his knees there beneath the huge tree, with the pitiless storm beating upon him, and repeated an almost forgotten prayer his mother had taught him in his infancy, and adding afterward a few words (framed with fear and trembling) of his own, for help—he hoped the good God would show him the way to his home, and keep the wild beasts away.

Brief as was this prayer for aid, it was poured forth with far more earnestness than prayers usually are—it came directly from his fearful, despairing heart. With the consciousness that he was in the keeping of a great, good Being who surely would hearken when His name was called, came a feeling which had in it some leaven of resignation. There can be no human soul, no matter what extremity it be in, so utterly

despairing, so pressed and sodden down by misery, that the outgush of heartfelt prayer will afford it no gleam of consolation. Roy felt relieved; there came to him again a strength which enabled him to look beyond the terrible present, and he felt certain there would open for him an avenue of escape ere another day closed, from what direction he knew not, nor cared, so long as it lead homeward.

Meanwhile the storm grew fiercer every moment and the wind increased almost to a hurricane. A large tree close at hand was torn up and went crashing to the ground rather uncomfortably close to Roy; crash followed crash every instant as other forest giants throughout the swamp shared a like fate; the one which towered above Roy creaked and groaned in mighty travail, but yet held firm. Oh, would the storm never end! Night had long since fallen, and he was surrounded by a darkness which could almost be felt, so intense was it rendered by the lightning.

During an unusually bright flash that seemed to quiver and burn for some instants ere it went out, Roy beheld, off to the left, what appeared to be a break in the forest in that direction. Had God answered his prayer thus quickly and unexpectedly, and were the clearings indeed so near at hand after all? Why he might have been home long ago. Filled with sudden energy he started immediately towards the spot, guiding himself by the intermittent flashes. He soon, far too soon, reached the edge of a clearing—not made by man.

Reader, have you ever beheld what is termed in the backwoods the "burn barrens?" If so, you will have a faint conception of the terrible, desolate scene here presented before Roy's bewildered sight. Terrible to view at all times, how doubly fearful must it have seemed to our young hunter, seen by the light of the vivid lightnings playing above it? Hope died within Roy's breast as his stunned senses realized the truth.

Far, far as eye could reach, the green foliaged forest was swept away. Upon the ground lay one compressed mass of half burnt trees strewed and mixed with matted brushes and briars, ten or fifteen feet in length, and which extended for miles apparently, without a break. Standing at intervals over this sea of desolation, like gaunt spectres keeping everlasting vigil beside the ruin of what they once held dear, were white blasted stems of what had once been monarchs of the forest. Alas! their stately heads were now bowed in the ruin at their feet, and the forlorn trunks, shapeless and lifeless, were turned into staring monuments.

Roy had heard his father speak of these "barrens," who had once been to their edge, but few except the professional hunter had ever ventured so far into the forest, and none had ever crossed them.

Years before Roy had been born, a fire had swept through the then unbroken forest (doubtless started by some wandering Indian hunter), and had in a few weeks of drouth burnt over an area of several miles. Successive years had afterward added their quota of brushes, and briars, and creeping plants to the already fearful confusion, until at length the whole was netted into a compact barrier which would resist the utmost efforts of the daring traveller or hunter to pierce.

This, then, was the clearing which had awakened new hope in Roy's heart? It lay outspread in all its loneliness and forbidding gloom, to add one more drop to the overflowing cup of his misery.

The storm was now, however, rapidly wearing itself out, and Roy, sick at heart, turned away from that worse desolation, and sought kindlier shelter again among the trees. What should he do next? It was useless to wander farther in the darkness. He suddenly bethought himself of a plan for passing the night. This he proceeded at once to put into execution, by groping with his hands from one tree to another, until he found one with branches sufficiently strong to bear his weight, and with a trunk too slim to afford any wandering bear an easy access to a supper. Such an one he was able soon to find, and in a few moments was comfortably seated among the branches, with his musket resting upon some limbs above him. The moment it was daylight, he thought, he would renew his efforts to reach the clearings.

The rain had now wholly ceased, and the wind had almost died away—the thunder yet rolled in the distance at intervals, and the lightning still blazed out; but the storm was passed. Silence succeeded in Roy's immediate vicinity, broken only by the fall

of the rain drops from the dripping foliage.

This sudden lull in the strife of the elements brought upon Roy an inexpressible sense of loneliness—he felt himself, for a time, to be the only living, shivering animal in a vast grave.

The silence did not continue very long, however; soon the inhabitants of the forest betook themselves from shelter, and then the varied chant which would end only with the day-dawn, began from far and near. From his perch among the branches, Roy could hear the cry of the great wood owl; the plaintive voice of the whip-poor-will calling to its mate, perchance lost as Roy was, in the storm; the deep monotone of the frogs; and, most terrible of all, the far-off howl of a pack of wolves came indistinctly through the reaches of forest.

The last remnant of the storm had been swept away, and the stars burned resplendently in the heavens, throwing a pale misty light athwart the branches. Roy could observe them through the foliage above him, sparkling clear and distinct from their far-off homes in heaven, and wondered if, when he died, he would fly away and be amongst the shining ones there. He had heard his mother say once that the good went up to heaven in their shining robes, and lived forever with God. Would he not try and be very good when he was at home once more?

But the companionship of the stars did not recompense him for the loss of his supper (which he keenly felt), nor did it appease his craving to be home. An unappeasable yearning arose for his mother's smile and caress, which he had never felt before. Home had been to him as to an innumerable multitude of others, simply the place of residence where he was always to be borne with; the acknowledged scion of affection, though feeling little of it himself; yet all the while, unconsciously, the subtle tendrils of association had been winding round his heart, until an occasion like the present cut through his impassiveness with a sharp thrust, and the luxuriance of the inner growth was laid bare for the first time. Roy felt all this, and infinitely more, as he sat listening to the lonely forest sounds, yearning sadly for home.

The night-wind arose gently as the moments went by, and soughed mournfully through the pine branches all night long, though Roy heard it not after a time. It lulled him with its sad melody into quieter thoughts, and at length into sleep. Tired nature asserted herself, and Roy slept. Wolves might howl far away in the distant fastnesses, bears might prowl beneath him, night breezes sigh their mournful requiem around him, yet all were unheeded, unheard, and unfeared. Propped securely in the branches, with his legs hanging downwards, he slept, and nothing disturbed him: he might have been in his little bed at home, for all cognizance he had of his surroundings.

The sun was glancing over the tree-tops ere he awoke (which was with a start), and came nearly falling from his perch. His limbs were numb and ached with pain—the effects of his exertions, and the wetting and the subsequent exposure he had undergone.

It did not come clearly upon him at once where he was, or, at least that he was not in his homely though comfortable room at home, and he came near sliding off his perch in the manner of sliding from underneath the quilts of his bed. But he saved himself in time, and awoke at the same moment to an acute realization of the events of the preceding day.

He remembered too he was lost—lost in the heart of a vast and trackless forest, and this did not tend to increase the exhilaration of spirits which a youth is apt to feel after a night's sleep.

However, something must be done at once. The early morning's sun was bathing the higher tree-tops in glory, and somehow Roy thought it was rising from the wrong direction. The sun was either rising from the west, or he was completely turned round with regard to the points of the compass. He decided in favour of the latter conjecture and commenced to descend from his perch. His change of position gave him a view of the ground at the foot of the tree, and at the same moment a glimpse of a shaggy skin quite unlike that which ought to belong to a tree. Roy hurriedly yet softly reascended to the spot he had vacated, and then peered down cautiously through the branches. He was not mistaken—a large brown bear was prowling underneath.

Now Roy, lost as you are, show the metal you are made of. Shrink, and you deserve your fate; and your braggart cousin possesses more real courage than you.

Roy had no intention of shrinking, however, and quickly bringing his musket forward, he poured fresh powder from the horn into the pan; then taking steady aim over a projecting branch, discharged a heavy load of buckshot full upon Bruin's back. It would have required a grizzly to withstand that murderous onslaught; and the brown bear, weaker than his cousin of the far west, sank down dead. Roy subsequently found that his spine was broken.

Roy lost no time in descending the tree after his successful shot. The bear was quite dead when he reached it, and Roy, notwithstanding his perilous position, was so tenacious of his purpose that he resolved to skin the animal before setting out for home, and carry the hide with him. Brave Roy! Rather heavy you will find that shaggy skin ere you see your mother's familiar roof again.

Our young hunter was soon through with his task, and after tying up the skin with some cord he had in his pocket, into a roll, he encircled it with one strong arm, his gun in the other, and weak and faint as he felt, was prepared to tread the mazy forest in search of home.

Happily for Roy the day was clear, and he could guide himself by the sun, which would afford some chance for him. He had entered the swamp from the south-east, so that, if his strength held out, by walking far enough towards the sun's present position, he would emerge from the forest somewhere along its south-eastern boundary.

He felt hopeful, and the fact that he had been successful with the bear, added stimulus to his fast failing strength, and might keep him up long.

To detail at length the vicissitudes which befel Roy ere he finally emerged from the forest is unnecessary. It proved a long, long tramp to the wearied boy, and many times he was tempted to abandon the bear-skin to its fate, though always withheld by the thought of his cousin's triumph. He struggled on, heaven knew how, resting at intervals, until high noon. No trace of the clearing could yet be discerned; the same unbroken sweep of forest lay quiet and lonely in the hot summer's day. Every step he took, seemed to Roy to carry him further from the direction in which he had conceived his home to lie, and which was the very opposite to the one he had been long pursuing, yet he resolutely mastered the feeling and kept on.

About three o'clock in the afternoon his strength was rapidly giving out; he felt that he could go little further. He had now to stop and rest every half-dozen steps. Must he, indeed, give way at last? There seemed to be no help for it; his weary limbs would carry him no farther. But Oh! it was terrible to perish alone, with no human eye near to see, no human heart to pity. Tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks—boys will end their lives in tears; his past life came in distinct review before him, bringing sad memories of infinite shortcomings. Might he not have been a better boy if he only had tried? Might he not have been as obedient, as truthful, almost as virtuous as a certain character in Holy Writ, whom his mother had, time out of mind, held up to him as a worthy model? He might, but alas, the past could never be lived over again—what had gone was gone forever.

Hark! what was that breaking indistinctly upon the still air? He listened attentively. Had he been mistaken? He listened again, long and earnestly; still nothing could be heard but the pulsations of his own eager heart. He dragged on a little further and again fancied he heard the sounds; but farther listening brought no break in the dreary silence. He must have been mistaken. Hark again!—no!—yes! surely yes! Joy unspeakable, those must be the regular strokes of an axe, though far, far away in the forest. Roy's thin blood leaped in his veins—he was saved. Strength, though feeble, came with the excitement, and enabled him to push towards the glad sounds, which all the while were becoming more and more confirmed as he proceeded.

Half an hour afterward, a miserable, bedrabbled, ragged, famished spectre appeared before a farmer cutting poles just within the borders of the cedar swamp. Roy was indeed saved, and the stern lesson taught him when he was alone and lost in the wilds of nature, will not pass from him until the spark of existence goes out in the night of death.

HORACE FOR LADIES.

TO PYRRHA.

Lib. 1, Carm. 5.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.

I.

WHAT fair Adonis, 'dewed with liquid odours,
Woos thee, my Pyrrha, in some rose-leaved grot?
For whose soft eyes you bind your tawny tresses
In classic coil, with gem adornèd not.

Alas! how oft will he bewail you fickle,
And ebbing happiness and storm-dark seas,
Who now with love's blind faith believes you constant,
Because at present clinging to his knees;
Who, ignorant of the deceitful gale,
Knows not that even now love's torch begins to pale.

The sacred walls of Neptune's shrine
Show, by the tablet hung above,
That him I worship more than wine
Or love.

Hamilton. NEMO.

II.

With what handsome swell who serves the Queen,
Are you flirting, widow, now;
And for whom does the fragrant bandoline
Hold down those braids of glossy sheen
Beside that ivory brow?

With whom do you sit in the pleasant gloom
Of your crimson opera box;
For whom by your side is there always room,
And a look of vexation you assume
When some other dandy knocks?

Poor young officer, faultless swell,
Lad with embroidered shirt,
One of these days you'll know too well
That 'tis a most unpleasant sell
To be spoons on that heartless flirt.

Hangs in my hall a hat, once gay,
Which I had not worn a month
When I ran in the rain to buy a bouquet,
That, as soon as I'd gone, she gave away
To Brooks of the Onety-oneth.

Ottawa. EMMA E.

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT.

OF the present prevalence of Crime nothing will here be said. On this point there is, unhappily, no difference of opinion amongst intelligent persons. Nor is there any difference in the painfulness of the conviction concerning it, save what exists in the varying susceptibilities of different minds.

Neither will much be said of any former or existing methods of the Treatment of Crime. Those methods, so far as they are fit to be called methods and are practically enforced, *are all radically vicious*. Some, of course, are worse, and some not so bad. Some, at times and places, are infused with a better spirit by their administrators, when, by lucky accident, worthy administrators happen to be appointed to conduct them; and some are often administered more scandalously than the principles of the methods demand. Nor is this merely the writer's indictment of the existing systems of the Treatment of Crime. If it were, it could be expected to carry little weight. It is an indictment that, in one form or another, is now finding frequent presentment, and to whose justice multitudes of witnesses are attesting. The spectacles often witnessed in our lower Courts; the narratives of not altogether hardened and apparently truthful convicts; the glimpses occasionally caught of the interior life of prisons; the judgments of large-minded men and women who have most carefully studied the matter; the sad confessions of the most experienced and competent prison officers; and, still more, the alarming prevalence of every shade and degree of crime, all combine to show that, thus far, society has utterly failed to hit upon the true method of dealing with offenders against its peace and dignity, even if its present systems do not, as many are confident, tend to the aggravation rather than the alleviation of the difficulty.

What, then, is to be done? Despair! Far otherwise. The first thing evidently is for the wise and humane men and women—the educationists and philanthropists—of christendom to address themselves anew to the whole subject, discovering thereby wherein society has erred in this regard, and discovering also, possibly, a more excellent way open to, and inviting it. Doing this, there will quickly be recognized and profoundly felt, the necessity of instantly and utterly divorcing the whole subject of penal administration from partisan politics. Never was there a sadder mistake, and certainly there have been few more flagrant public sins, than the allowance of any connection between the treatment of crime and the triumph of any particular party, or pet political theory. Against such parties in their appropriate sphere nothing is here said. They are well enough, perhaps indispensable, there. But the abatement and reform of criminality no more belongs to their sphere than the making of a watch to a blacksmith's, or the amputation of an arm to a butcher's. As a matter of fact, moreover, wherever politics and crime have come in contact, the results have been the greater debasement of the former, and an indefinite increase of the latter. But *cela va sans dire.*

Another conclusion to which, it is believed, a new and more careful consideration of the subject would lead—and here is touched the root principle of all right-thinking and right-acting concerning it—is, that all persons are to be regarded *as the wards of society*, to whom it owes certain duties, and over whom it may exercise a certain control. This wardship the wisest and strongest do every day practically acknowledge, demanding, in one way or another, protection to life, liberty, and property. No single man can withstand a mob; nor can any set up a government of his own without anarchy. To the poor, the weak, the obtuse, society owes a more intimate and tender regard. This, too, is confessed in the many institutions and regulations for their benefit—the homes for the indigent, the hospitals for the infirm, the appointment of counsel for the accused when they are unable to procure it, and the open school-house

inviting all who will to enter and drink at the perennial fountain of knowledge. To those who will not avail themselves of the opportunities it offers, it has the right within certain limits to say, "*You shall.*" And it *uses* that right, too. It will not, and it ought not to allow one smitten with infectious disease to move freely about the streets, and in public vehicles. It compels, with well-nigh universal approval, the vaccination of every child. It orders the removal of every nuisance that threatens the public health, or the serious depreciation of private property. It will not permit the insane and irresponsible to go at large, but puts them where they can harm neither themselves nor others, and have the best chance of recovering the normal use of their faculties. And so it may, with even greater propriety than it enforces any sanitary regulation, *compel the education*—up to a certain point—of every young person under its control. Not only has society an entire right to enforce education—*i. e.*, if it have a right to maintain its own existence—but various considerations urgently demand it. To some, as to children not knowing what they need, and indisposed to seek it if they do, compulsory education may seem like unwarrantable interference with parental authority and personal freedom. But to all right-thinking persons, and especially to all who know how largely ignorance ministers to crime, there can be no question as to its rightfulness or necessity. It is involved, let it be repeated, in the right of self-protection. It is demanded by Christian benevolence. It is equally demanded by sound economy. For not merely is every educated person a possibly greater productive energy, but it is positively far cheaper to educate than to punish or restrain. School-houses and teachers are less expensive than courts and prisons.

Nor do I limit education, whether voluntary or compulsory, to an acquaintance with what is sometimes termed the three Rs—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. How ineffective such knowledge is, unless supplemented with somewhat far more comprehensive and influential upon character and conduct, is very apparent. True, it lies at the basis of all worthy education—is the door to the elysian fields of genuine culture and noble living. But if it stop there, or if education be restricted to the intellectual faculties, how little is done! Nay, with what a power for evil, and a power almost certain to be exercised, are those thus educated, endowed. The greatest and most successful criminals of certain classes—burglars, forgers, counterfeiters, and the like—are persons of this precise sort; of highly educated brains, of very plausible appearance, expert in various arts, familiar with all the results of modern science which can be made available for their nefarious purposes, and exhibiting ability and assiduity which, rightly directed, would have won them ample fortune and wide repute. By education I mean *the development of all the powers of human nature*—physical, intellectual, moral, affectional, religious, and any other, if other there be. And as to these, as everywhere else, the principle of gradation applies—it being the office of some to serve and of others to rule—so it is in their appropriate and natural relations that they should be developed, none usurping the function of any other, nor consenting to have its own prerogatives invaded. Only where this is done is produced the noblest type of character, self-poised, self-reliant, and self-sufficing. Be it that such education, unfolding intellect, exalting conscience, enthroning love, is, with all circumstances favoring, exceedingly difficult. Be it that, for those subjected to more untoward influences and from whom the criminal class is so largely recruited, it is at present impossible. It is still the *ideal* which every teacher, parent, community, or state is bound constantly to regard, and towards which each is equally bound to strive. If it cannot be fully reached, that is no reason why it should not be approached as nearly as human weakness will permit. In any thing else than such education, enlarging, strengthening, and uplifting the whole being, there is little hope for humanity. All therefore, who in any manner are doing aught in this direction, laboring, perchance quite unnoticed and out of sight, at the foundations of personal and social welfare, are doing a work whose usefulness and importance cannot be surpassed. I salute all such. They are deserving well of men: it is certain they are honored of God.

But spite of all educational, and reformatory, and repressive influences now operative, how large and apparently increasing is the criminal class! In spite of all such influ-

ences that can be, or that are *likely* to be brought to bear, how large is that class certain to be for a long time to come! Seldom, if ever, since the settlement of the continent, have outrages of all sorts been so frequent and so bold amongst us. Seldom, if ever, has the gallows had more victims than within the last five years; and never have jails and pentitentiaries been so crowded as at the present moment. According to the estimate of competent authorities on this subject, there are confined in the various prisons of the United States not far from 100,000 persons; or nearly one in 450 of the population. But a large part of these are petty offenders, sentenced for from thirty days to a twelvemonth; so that this great number by no means includes all who are incarcerated during the year. It would, probably, be rather an under than an overestimate to say that the sum total of these reaches 120,000 persons, or something more than one in every four hundred of the inhabitants. In the province of Ontario the ratio of criminals does not greatly differ; there having been committed during the last official year somewhat over 10,000 persons in all, of whom 6,261 were convicted of more or less heinous offences. Of these 120,000 criminals in the United States, it is safe to say that not less than 80,000 are annually discharged; while of the probable average of 7,000 or 8,000 denizens of the Ontario prisons, there were discharged last year 5,558—a few by executive clemency, but most by the expiration of their sentences.

And the question to which I have been endeavouring to lead up is, In what condition are all these convicts, enough to constitute a large city, discharged? Prepared, by the training they have received, to earn an honest livelihood, and to act a worthy part in the world? More determined wisely to control themselves, and, by help of man's charity and God's blessing, to build up a better character, and, as far as may be, retrieve an unhappy past? Alas! for our Christianity, alas! for our civilization, that the answer to these questions must be so emphatic a negative; that, as before intimated, the testimony is so concurrent as to be almost universal, that not one convict in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, is in any respect bettered by his prison experience, but that the great, the overwhelming majority are still more depraved and hardened by it! To the question, "What percentage of prisoners do you think leave this institution with clearer perceptions of duty, and a stronger purpose to lead upright and useful lives?" a large-hearted and sound-minded friend of mine, who had had twenty-five years' experience as a prison contractor, after some hesitation, replied—"I wish I could think of one who has gone out of this place a better man, in my judgment, than when he came into it: but while I cannot remember one who seems to me to have done so, I can recall scores, not to say hundreds, that I am sure graduated hence more reckless and defiant than when sent here." Yet that prison is thought to compare not unfavourably with most others—is sometimes spoken of in eulogistic terms. As a rule, therefore, these thousands of criminals are annually discharged *to prey upon society* as they can or must, until they are again caught in the toils of law, and once more doomed to prison, or, it may be, to the gallows.

But why should they be thus discharged? Surely it would be far *cheaper* for the community to keep them in confinement, if that were the only or the chief consideration involved. Surely it would be better for the prisoners to be restrained from outrage by superior physical power, than, with the continuance of opportunity, to sink deeper and deeper in criminality, saying nothing of perpetuating their class, and of debauching those about them. Not thus do we deal with the intellectually insane, who, as a class, are far less dangerous to the community. Them we confine in secure asylums—*prisons*, if one chooses so to call them—under the charge of those who have made their type of disease a special study, and whose dominant characteristics best fit them to deal with such unfortunates. To discharge them until they have given to all in contact with them, and who are competent to form an opinion of their condition, the most satisfactory evidences of sanity, or harmlessness, would be considered one of the gravest offences which the authorities of such asylums could commit. Popular indignation would speedily effect their deposition from office, if it inflicted no severer penalty. But can any one tell why society should not deal with the morally insane *on the same principle?* Certainly crime, whatever view

may be taken of it, is, in a sense, moral insanity. No one, however fully responsible, can be in a *right* mind when guilty of it. The highest moral authority tells us that the sinner is not himself—that he comes to himself when he opens his eyes to his degradation, and repents of his folly. Observe, I do not ask why society should not deal with the morally insane in the *same method*, but on the *same principle*, that it employs with the mentally diseased. Methods are formal, and are ever changing—must ever change according to the exigencies in which they are to be applied. Principles are immutable and eternal. If we assume the forenamed principle, which means simply that the protection of society and the reformation of the offender are the only objects to be sought in the treatment of crime—a principle which, at this late date, can hardly need vindication—some very grave, if not revolutionary conclusions seem to follow.

Primarily, as respects both time and importance, it necessitates the acknowledgment of a principle from which many at the outset violently recoil, but which, the more it is considered, the more reasonable and vital it appears. It is the principle of *indefinite sentences*, *i. e.*, sentences of unfixed duration at the time they are pronounced, and whose exact limits are to be determined by the fitness or unfitness of the prisoner to be set at liberty.

But if the culprit's sentence should not be somewhat broadly determined by statute, and, in the exercise of a wise discretion, be exactly decided at the time of conviction, and by the judge before whom he is tried, when, and by whom, it may well be asked, should it be? By almost universal consent has the prerogative of annexing penalties to violated laws been assigned to legislative authority—what is sometimes called "the assembled wisdom" of the Province or State. This branch of a government, fairly embodying the civilization of a country, largely exempt from narrow prejudices, and acting in a wholly impersonal manner, is supposed to be best qualified to discharge this duty within somewhat broad boundaries; while the judicial authority, having cognizance of all the facts and circumstances extenuating or aggravating, and trained to weigh evidence, and to distinguish between incidentals and essentials, is best qualified to apportion exactly the penalty due the transgresso. And were it the object of criminal jurisprudence to inflict a punishment precisely correspondent to the general estimate of the offence—to weigh out a pound of retribution for a pound of guilt—perhaps this would be as good a way of accomplishing it as could easily be discovered. But if it be, or should be, the object of such jurisprudence to protect society and benefit the culprit, then it seems as though hardly any method more clumsy or ineffectual could well be devised.

Suppose, then, a state were to resolve on making trial of the principle suggested, viz., of treating its morally insane as it already does its mentally diseased. It would at once enact laws with indeterminate penalties, and authorize judges to pronounce sentences accordingly. It would seek out as it could, a sufficient number, say from seven to fifteen, not of intellectual weaklings, unable to detect the difference between pretence and reality, nor of moral imbeciles ready to capitulate to a snivel or a tear, but of the strongest, wisest, best men and women within its borders, or whose services it could command from elsewhere—living embodiments of culture, firmness, uprightness, and love—to constitute a Board which should have the general charge of all the unfortunates that had, from any cause, fallen under the ban of the law. To such a Board, aided by the wardens, teachers, and moral experts they would call to their aid, would be assigned the responsible and delicate duty of determining the duration of the convict's imprisonment. And that its decision would be that every criminal should be detained in custody just so long as is necessary to emancipate him, by educational and moral influences, from the domination of an evil temper, and build up in him a character that would fit him for a decent discharge of the duties of life, there can be little doubt. To discharge him one day sooner, or to detain him one day longer, would be an equal injury to the prisoner and the public.

As before intimated, however, so radical a change in our penal administration seems to many, at first blush, of more than doubtful utility. They would themselves shrink from assuming, and they would equally shrink from conferring upon others, so large and irresponsible a power over the freedom and discipline of any portion of their fellows as such a Board would be called to exercise But without pausing now to point out how

large is the discretionary power of the same sort now vested in judges and chief magistrates,—larger than would be lodged in any single person by the system suggested,—let it be asked if the same objection does not lie against the subjection of the mentally insane to a precisely similar authority? In the latter case it is authority that is, doubtless, susceptible of abuse. What human or divine institution or blessing is not? But what better way of determining a person's sanity has been discovered than to submit the question, with whatever bears upon it, to the judgment of those whose studies and experience have given them the largest knowledge of the subject. So it is conceivable that the power of determining the length of the culprit's imprisonment, entrusted to the discretion of an individual or a Board, might be abused to the disadvantage of the convict, and the injury of society. But that there would be as little danger of such abuse in the one case as in the other, and certainly far less unhappy results than come from existing methods of reaching the same end, must be apparent. Certainly, a Board composed of such men and women as have been described, and guided by wise general statutes, would be as little likely to abuse its trust as any human organization conceivable.

It may be said, also, that the adoption of the principle of indeterminate sentences, would result in leading convicted criminals to seek, not their own real improvement, but the deception of those in authority over them. It would tend, it may be feared, not to make them try to build up worthier characters, but to become more artful and arrant hypocrites. On many, doubtless, it would have this influence. Low and ignorant natures, believing the deception of any body possible, and knowing that their egress from prison was dependent upon the conviction of their guardians of their fitness for freedom, would exert every faculty to *seem* worthy of discharge rather than to *be* so. But is no tendency of this sort discoverable in the methods already in use? Do not all prison officers know that amongst the things to be most carefully guarded against, are the shams and pretences of convicts? Do not Sunday School teachers in prisons know that the alleged conversions of their pupils are, to say the least, often very suspicious? As already stated, however, the charge of criminals in prison, and the determination of their confinement there, on the system proposed, would be confided neither to vulgar-natured partisans, seeing no possibilities of good in any who have once fallen under the law's condemnation, nor to credulous, dull-witted sentimentalists, always seeing a poor, persecuted creature in every atrocious scoundrel; but to the wisest, firmest, most sharp-sighted, yet most generous and philanthropic men and women that can be found and persuaded to engage in this Christ-like work of saving the lost. Would a Board of such, some of whom would be in almost constant communication with the culprit, and all of whom would be more or less expert in judging of evidence and in reading character, be likely to be often deceived? How could it, when eyes, tones, features, gestures, combine to babble in ears that are sharp enough to hear, the secrets of the most interior being? Says Plato, "How can a man be hid?"

But supposing some, aye many, were successful in deceiving the "elect" persons placed in charge of them, and in securing their freedom before they were at all prepared to use it rightly. What would that be compared with what is now all the time going on? viz., the discharge of convicts, amounting in these two North American nations to a hundred thousand per annum, most of whom nobody pretends have one whit improved, many of whom it is confessed have greatly deteriorated during their confinement; and their discharge simply because the terms for which they were sentenced have expired. Which system—saying nothing just here of trying to benefit the offender—seems most likely to promote the welfare of society?—that which retains the criminal until there is some evidence of both purpose and ability to lead a better life; or that which asks no questions, and seems to have no care, but sends the culprit forth, if he will, to continue his depredations, and deepen his depravity. Could one choose, in which community would one cast one's lot—in that which had adopted the former method, or in that which still adhered to "the good (?) old way"?

Besides, we are now practising in a small way, the very principle commended. That is, in Canada, in the United States, and in nearly all civilized countries, it is put within the power of every convict under sentence for a long period to shorten very materially

his confinement. Obedience to prison regulations, faithful performance of assigned tasks, manifest penitence for the past and good purpose for the future are permitted, according to well understood rules, very considerably to abbreviate protracted terms of imprisonment. Thus the criminal is, at once, taught that the day of his liberation must depend largely upon himself, and inspired—*i. e.* if inspirable—with a laudable ambition to hasten its approach. It is the testimony of many prison officers that the adoption of this regulation has had a most salutary influence upon the convicts, dissipating the off-cherished ideas that society is their foe, and the prison a torture-chamber, and appealing to that strongest element of human nature—Hope—without an appeal to which no man was ever lifted in the scale of being. But if the principle urged in this essay be practicable in this small way, can any good reason be given why it is not equally practicable on a much larger scale?

It may be further objected that the theory of indeterminate sentences, making the length of the convict's imprisonment depend so largely upon himself, wholly ignores the idea of *punishment*. That it does so is not denied. It accepts the ancient word, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." It acknowledges that man cannot measure the degree of guilt involved in any transgression; and that, accordingly, he cannot measure the retribution which it deserves. For one to commit an offence often involves a vastly greater turpitude than for another to perpetrate precisely the same act. The educated, well-connected, prosperous man is not to be judged by the same standard as is the ignorant, badly-related, poverty-stricken wretch. "He that knoweth the Master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes; while he that knoweth it not shall be beaten with few stripes." But while this theory makes no provision for *punishment*, it makes the most effective provision for *restraint* long enough to develop a decent character, and thus to secure society from further onslaught from the same source. Whether this shall require six months or twenty years makes little difference so far as the principle is concerned. Nay, if the entire lifetime be insufficient for this work, then on grounds alike of strictest justice and of purest mercy, it provides that the restraint shall be life-lasting.

Of course the proposed system would take from the executive authority all power, and relieve it from all importunity to pardon offenders. And what a relief would this be to governors of provinces and states, few of whom have made a careful study of the subject of crime, and scarcely any of whom can know from personal observation anything of a convict's fitness for freedom. It would vest such power in the Board of Commissioners before mentioned, embracing governor, minister of justice, and judges, as well as high officers of penal institutions, earnest reformers, and wise philanthrophists. And to such a Board, hedged about with all desirable legal restrictions, yet clothed with a large discretion, and as exempt from all improper biases as human beings can ordinarily be expected to be, might safely be entrusted the power, not of pardoning legal transgressors, but of determining when the moral patient was fit to be discharged from the Bethesda to which the mercy of the community had consigned him. For it must not be forgotten—as has all along been implied—that essential to this theory of the treatment of crime is the employment within the prison of all the curative and strengthening agencies that the wit of man has devised, and the experience of man justified. There must reign therein an *authority* that knows how to secure obedience without cruelty or tyranny, and without further impairing the criminal's self-respect. There must be a wholesome *rigor of regimen* which, while not injuring the bodily health, or offending the bodily sense, would make a sojourn therein quite undelightful to appetite. There must be *industry*, wisely regulated and strictly enforced; at once teaching the art and nourishing the taste for useful occupation. There must be *instruction*,—as, alas! in so few prisons there now is—adapted to capacity, filling the mind with new and nobler thoughts, and opening to it the whole vast domain of knowledge. There must be *inspiration*, quickening the moral sense, making ashamed of past misdemeanors, and begetting aspiration for a nobler future. And, finally, there must be tender *sympathy*, stooping to the lowest, recognizing angelic possibilities therein, and seeking to lift up and save.

While, then, there seems to be no valid

objection to the general principle advocated in this essay—viz., the treatment of criminals as morally insane, to be kept in confinement until fit for discharge—the arguments in its favor are numerous and cogent. Some of them have been hinted at as we have proceeded. To emphasize these and others, in conclusion, may be neither uninteresting nor useless.

It supersedes the law of brute force so long, and still so largely prevalent, by the law of love. It asserts that "all revenge is crime," and, in a community in full possession of all its faculties, and professedly dominated by the higher sentiments, a far more heinous crime than in the poor wretch, ignorant, passionate, and inflamed with drink which he has had ample opportunity of procuring. It declares that all restraint upon the criminal

> "must consult his good;
> Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
> And Love look in upon his solitude."

It introduces into penal legislation and administration the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. It makes the State not merely the ruler but the protector and friend of the people; and thus commands for it both their sincere respect and hearty affection.

It removes all scruples of jurors against convicting offenders, and thus secures a greater certainty of restraint and more continuous treatment: and in all grave criminal trials—especially where their penalty is capital—the natural hesitation of humane and conscientious men constitutes one of the greatest hindrances to conviction. As the law now stands, many a murderer goes unwhipt of justice simply because there is in some illogical or quirky mind in the jury-box, the faintest possibility of his innocence of the offence charged.

It removes the question of the length of detention and treatment from the court-room and the hour of trial, where strife for victory often supersedes the endeavor for justice, and where jurors and judges are sometimes found not wholly exempt from prejudice and passion, and relegates it to a quieter apartment, and a serener hour, more favorable certainly to a correct appreciation of the culprit's motives and character. Under such circumstances, a greater success may be achieved in getting at the long antecedent causes which have led to the offence, and the exact state of mind in which it was committed; and thus in arriving at just conclusions as to the measure of guilt, and the proper treatment it requires.

It appeals for reformatory purposes to the most powerful motive of the human heart—*the love of liberty*. To secure or preserve this what, in all ages and lands, have not men been willing to do, and bear, and sacrifice? It was the universal instinct that Patrick Henry voiced when he cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death." Yet slavery or imprisonment becomes tolerable when cheered with the hope of approaching, or ultimate freedom. And how much more tolerable does it become with the assurance that one may greatly contribute to the coming of one's liberation from bondage! Give a convict such assurance, and what patience under confinement, and what animation to hasten his emancipation do you inspire! What co-oporation on his part do you secure in the difficult work of his thorough reformation and development! You have then the best of all allies in the holy work of saving a man.

If the treatment advocated succeed in its purpose of reforming the prisoner, it returns him to society at the proper moment, and under the most favorable circumstances. Before fully discharging him it tests his power of self-control by granting him a temporary and partial freedom, under a more or less vigilant surveillance. It finds for him such a place, and establishes him in such relations as will not only not weaken his good purposes, nor try him beyond his strength, but will stimulate and help him, until, finally, he is as fully qualified to mingle unrestrainedly among his fellows as the majority of men that now do so. But if need be, this system authorizes the retention of the prisoner as long as he lives; or the retention of such authority over him as protects society and the culprit himself from his ungovernable passions. And in thus retaining the hopelessly weak and the incorrigibly wicked under wise control, it is guided by equal righteousness and beneficence.

Of the practicability of the adoption of this principle in the treatment of crime there could seem to be little doubt. That it would be likely to affect favorably the unfortunate and the wicked immured in prisons may be assumed by all who admit that

kindness is mightier than its opposite—by all who deny that "one can be worse for having a father who grieves, or a mother who weeps and prays for him in his sin, rather than curses him and casts him off." The slight approaches that have been made to this system in various localities—enabling good conduct while in prison to abbreviate confinement, and, notably, "the three years' law" in Michigan, authorizing the detention of certain classes of offenders for three years, or their earlier discharge if there be sufficient grounds for supposing they will afterward do well—seem to warrant the most favorable conclusion.

Of the necessity of the adoption of this principle — that is if our prisons are ever to be reformatory, and not mere penal institutions—there could seem to be just as little question by any competent mind that has carefully studied the subject. Until this is done the first step will not be taken towards an ideal prison system; but society will continue still further to deprave and harden those who have once rendered themselves obnoxious to legal penalties.

Seeing, then, on the one hand, how sadly faulty and unsatisfactory is our present method—if method we can be said to have—of dealing with crime; that instead of really checking it, or even aiming at its extinction, it seems in some respects as though designed to promote it, outraging society by turning loose so many thousands of unreformed offenders every year; and recognising, on the other hand, that here is a method commended by some of the most profound thinkers and effective workers in the department of penal jurisprudence, which certainly can be no worse than the method it would supplant; which, unless all the acknowledged principles of human nature, and all just deductions therefrom are to go for nought, must be vastly its superior, must we not be persuaded that the time has fully come for some experiment in this direction to be tried? Can a civilized, not to say a Christian community reconcile it with its conscience, or with its conceptions of an enlightened political economy, to allow its criminal administration to go on as ours is now going? Could Parliament when it meets in Ottawa do a more humane or useful work than earnestly to take up, and conscientiously study this whole matter? Perhaps it might not—it is too much to suppose that it would—arrive at wholly satisfactory conclusions in regard to it in a single session. But it might do something. It might take the initiatory steps in a path leading to better results than most men yet dare to dream. Should any member of that body, reading this esssay, be prompted to introduce the subject to its consideration, how ample would be the compensation for writing it! M.

SUNRISE.

I SAW the shining-limbed Apollo stand,
Exultant, on the rim of Orient,
And well and mightily his bow he bent,
And unseen-swift the arrow left his hand.
Far on it sped, as did those elder ones
That long ago shed plague upon the Greek—
Far on—and pierced the side of Night, who weak
And out of breath with fright, fled to his sons,
The nether ghosts; and lo! his jewelled robe,
No more did shade a sleep-encircled world;
And thereupon the faëry legions furled
The silk of silence, and the wheeling globe
Spun freer on its grand, accustomed way,
While all things living rose to hail the day.

H. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

II.

STELLA.

WHEN Jonathan Swift, a young man of twenty-two, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, went to live with Sir William Temple, Esther Johnson, afterwards so widely celebrated under the name of Stella, formed part of the household at Moor Park. Mr. Forster tells us that she must then have been seven years old, but Swift always speaks of her as only six. Being delicate in her childhood, she was probably more infantine in size and manner than is usual at her age; and in spite of the real or pretended dislike to children which Swift was afterwards fond of parading, her pretty baby ways and baby talk made an indelible impression on his heart. Her position in the Temple establishment has been almost as much debated as that of her friend and tutor. Swift's account of her parentage is brief. "Her father," he says, "was the younger son of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast in her birth." This account was not received altogether without question; and at one time it was imagined that she might have been the daughter of Sir William Temple. "The birth of Stella," says Sir Walter Scott, "has been carefully investigated with the hopes of discovering something that might render a mysterious and romantic history yet more remarkable; but there is no sound reason for supposing that she had other parents than her reputed father and mother." He adds that "her mother was a woman of acute and penetrating talents, the friend and companion of Lady Giffard, Temple's favourite sister, and cherished by her with particular respect and regard till the end of her life." The plain truth, however, seems to be, that Mrs. Bridget Johnson, who had been left a widow in poor circumstances, with two little girls, was "waiting gentlewoman" to Lady Giffard. Swift expressly says that she was of lower degree than her husband, but in those days, when class distinctions were much wider and more rigidly observed than now, and women of gentle birth and refined education did not conceive it any degradation to be the personal attendants of ladies of rank, such a situation would have been considered an honourable provision for a poor gentlewoman. Lady Giffard, who, after a romantic courtship, had married Sir William Giffard on his death-bed, always lived with her brother, Sir William Temple; and Esther Johnson and her younger sister were brought up at Moor Park. Temple in his will calls Esther "my sister's servant." Mr. Forster says her service could not have implied anything menial; and he could find no evidence that she ever waited on any one but herself. Temple's words, however, appear sufficiently indicative of her place in the household to excuse Macaulay and others for calling her "a waiting-maid;" though we may believe that nothing "menial" was required of her, and that she was habitually treated with that condescending indulgence which great people often show to those favourite dependents whose situation renders any assumption of equality impossible.

It is unnecessary to say much here about the vexed question of Swift's position at Moor Park. We may be very sure that he would not have submitted to be treated as a lackey for a single day; but we may be equally sure that a "raw, inexperienced youth," as he calls himself, an Irish student who had no honours of distinguished scholarship to show, poor, obscure, and without the use and habit of society, could only have been treated as a humble dependent by the high-bred and courtly Sir William Temple; till by degrees his great abilities, and the force and energy of his character, won for him some consideration and respect. John Temple's statement that Swift was never allowed to sit at table with Sir William, has been treated as a malicious falsehood, invented after the Temple family had quarrelled with him. But when it is remembered

that the great philosopher, Locke, at the age of thirty-five, when he was tutor to Lord Ashley's son, and "peculiarly esteemed," as we learn from a letter of Lady Masham's, "not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family," sat at the side table with the chaplain, according to the custom of the time, we may be satisfied that no unpardonable insult or degradation was inflicted on Swift, a youth not much more than twenty, who had as yet done nothing to distinguish himself, if he had to take his meals at some second table, where little Esther and her mother, with Mrs. Dingley and "the little parson cousin," or whoever chanced to be chaplain at Moor Park, shared his repast.

Whatever degree of service or dependence was attached to Swift's residence at Moor Park, there is plenty of proof that it bitterly galled his haughty spirit; and after a few months he made an attempt to break from it, returning to Ireland under some pretence of being ordered by his physicians to try the effects of his native air, as a remedy for that constitutional ill-health which had begun to show itself in attacks of violent headaches, vertigo, and deafness.

In a letter, honourable to both Swift and his patron, Sir William Temple recommended him for some employment to Sir Robert Southwell, Secretary of State for Ireland, and mentions that he has "a just pretence" to a Fellowship in Trinity College. Apparently, however, he received no encouragement to remain in Ireland, for he soon returned to Moor Park, and "growing" he says, "into some confidence with Sir William, was often trusted with matters of great importance."

The next four years he continued at Moor Park, acting as Sir William Temple's secretary, amanuensis, and reader. He is said to have spent ten hours a day in writing or study, only stopping at intervals of two hours to take exercise by running up a hill half a mile from the house and back again. He wrote several poetical compositions at this time, and at the request of Sir William and Lady Temple attempted Pindaric Odes after the manner of Cowley, till his efforts to woo "the high heroic muse" were nipped in the bud by Dryden's stern verdict, "Young man, you will never be a poet!"

But in the midst of all this variety of work Swift found time to make a playfellow, pet, and pupil of little Esther Johnson. He has told us that she was sickly in her childhood, and at one time, as it seems, supposed to be dying by all but Swift, for when writing in his "Journal" of Sir Andrew Fountaine's illness, he says he does not think he will die, "because he has the seeds of life in him, which I found in poor dearest Ppt many years ago when she was ill." On hearing while he is in England that she is not well, he fancies himself watching his little favourite's sick bed at Moor Park, and repeats in the "Journal" the old caressing words with which he used to soothe the sick child's restlessness—"O poo Ppt, lay down oo head aden! Faith I do love oo!"

Pretty, intelligent, and docile, she was petted and indulged by the whole Moor Park household. "Every one," says Scott, "took an interest in the progress of her education." Swift taught her to write, and she learned to imitate perfectly the peculiarities of his bold and marked hand. He tells her in the "Journal," that Harley, on seeing the address on one of her letters, asked how long he had learned the trick of writing letters to himself,—he said he could have sworn it was Swift's hand. "Ford said the same, and others, I remember, have said so, too, formerly. I think I was little M. D.'s writing-master."

He was not only her writing-master, but the master of her heart and mind, and moulded her character as well as her handwriting. Nothing in romance is more tender, more touching, than the love between this proud, sardonic young man, and this gentle, sweet-natured, trusting child. He attached himself to her with all the strength of his deep and passionate nature, and she returned his affection with all the love of her innocent little heart—a love that was to ripen into the life-long devotion of the faithful woman. He concocted for their exclusive use "the little language," the mysteries of which are more fully revealed by Mr. Forster than they ever were before. It was partly formed out of a child's imperfect utterances, such as we may conclude Esther's were when Swift first knew her, partly out of a combination of letters employed as a cabalistic cipher for names and words; the whole making a fanciful fantastic gibberish never used except in his intercourse with Esther Johnson, and only to be found in his letters to her and her shadow, Mrs. Dingley. A few specimens of this unique language may be given here, though we shall have to recur to it again.

"A sousand melly, melly New Years to deelest michar M. D. Pay God Almighty bless oo, and send oo ever happy. I hove M. D. Ppt bettle zan ever, if possibere; hove poo Pdfr. Nite own dee litt M. D.; deelest michar Ppt. Nite poodeerichar. God bless oo ever, and hove Pdfr; poo Pdfr. Nauti nauti nauti—will oo never do it aden? No-ooo—no-ooo—well, kiss and be friends—sause see im a dood dall in odle sings."

In this "little language" they talked to each other, interchanged childish confidences, and kept up a thousand playful mysteries only known to themselves—

> "A pair of friends when she was seven,
> And he was twenty-two."

To Swift's fiery and perturbed spirit, hiding under much pretence of cold and sarcastic indifference, an intense desire for sympathy and affection; humiliated by a sense of dependence; placed, as he believed, far below his deserts; and chafing at every slight, real or imaginary, the trusting, unquestioning love and allegiance of this charming little child, with all its innocent and unconscious flattery, seems to have been the very medicine most needed—the sweetest and most healing of anodynes. It met and satisfied some of the deepest wants of his nature, and unsealed a fountain of pure tenderness which, as long as Esther Johnson lived, kept one spot in his heart fresh and green. Even her childish lispings, which her delicate health and consequent petting seem to have made her keep up longer than baby-talk is usually retained, had a charm for him which never fled; and while he was helping to sway the destinies of Europe, and writing in his "Journal" of events of wide-world importance and their actors, the "little language," with its whimsical prattle and fantastical endearments is continually intermixed. When he tells her of his project for an Academy that should improve and fix the standard of the English language, he cannot help adding—"'Faith we never will improve it as much as F.W." (Foolish Wench, one of his pet names for Esther,) "has done; sall we? No 'faith; oors is char gamgridge!" (charming language.)

After remaining four years at Moor Park, Swift committed the greatest mistake of his life, and out of a born diplomatist and politician, made a discontented, irreverent, scoffing priest—some have called him a ribald and blasphemous one—who, without Rabelais' excuse, delighted like him in bringing to the light all of weak and vile that hides in the recesses of human nature, or of the imagination. He had got nothing from King William but the offer of a troop of horse, and when that was refused, the promise of a prebend in Canterbury or Westminster. Sir William Temple had either been unable or unwilling to help his career as he had expected, and he began to look on the Church as his only resource. He thought it easier, he said, to provide for ten men in the Church than one in a civil employment. It is evident, however, from his after career, that he had other views than those of mere ecclesiastical preferment. There was not then so great a gulf between clerical and lay functions. "Important diplomatic service," says Mr. Forster, "was still rendered by churchmen; the place of secretary was often at their disposal, and a bishop held a cabinet office in the succeeding reign." Swift's daring and ambition were boundless, and he may have dreamed of one day wielding such power in the state as those great ecclesiastics whose names are famous or infamous in history, had wielded. To share the lot of "those little illiterate, contemptible hedge-parsons, sons of weavers, tailors, pedlers, or millers," would have been intolerable and impossible to him. He has described such a parson in "Baucis and Philemon," with his threadbare, dusty cassock, his shambling, awkward gait, and demure, dejected look—

> "Selling a goose at the next town,
> Decently hid beneath his gown."*

And in the "Grand Question Debated," in which he amply revenged whatever slights he had seen the Gown receive from the Sword, he makes the gallant captain say—

> "Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
> A hundred to one but it covers a clown."

The part of Chaucer's "poor parson of a town," or Goldsmith's "village pastor," was not one which Swift either would or could have filled. To be a parson at all he

* Swift's unpublished MS. of "Baucis & Philemon."

doubtless thought bad enough, to be a poor country parson was worse, but to be a poor country parson in Kilroot, that *ultima thule* of civilization to which he had been banished, was bad in the superlative degree. He did not endure his exile long, but returned to Sir William Temple, who had learned from his absence to estimate his value more correctly; and, "with better prospect of interest than before," as he wrote to Miss Waring, he took up his abode at Moor Park till the King's promised prebend should be vacant.

He found his little pupil and playfellow, Esther, grown into perfect health, and one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London; her hair blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. "I had some share in her education," he says, "by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue, from which she never swervéd in any one action or moment of her life." She was in truth his own creation, the living poem in which all his finest and most delicate emotions were embodied, the only work of grace and beauty he ever attempted, after Dryden's oracular voice had pronounced that he would never be a poet. He beheld her beauty, her sweetness, her attractive charms, as some enthusiastic artist beholds the *chef d'œuvre* of his life, on which he has laboured for years, touching and retouching it with loving fingers till it lives and glows into perfect beauty under his eyes. And this fair work of his was no soulless, heartless statue or picture, but a living, breathing, loving woman, who with all her pretty, piquante ways, and playful sauciness, was yet as submissive in his hands as if she had no being but what her master gave her. No wonder that she was ever to him the fairest spirit on earth, and that he never speaks of her without praise and admiration.

Moor Park was an oasis of fertility and culture surrounded by heath and furze, in a wild and lonely part of Surrey nearly forty miles from London. Here Sir William Temple had built a country mansion, and laid out the grounds and gardens in the Dutch style, then so much admired, with canals, clipped trees, formal parterres, terraces, and summer-houses. He was a great and successful cultivator of fruit, and his grapes and peaches were at that time unequalled in England. He had called the place Moor Park after an estate of that name belonging to the Duchess of Bedford (celebrated by Donne), which he had admired in his youth, and where there was then, he says "the perfectest figure of a garden he ever saw at home or abroad." Here in his old age, the philosophic statesman, whom Leigh Hunt calls "a mild Epicurean, that is to say temperate and reflecting, and fonder of his garden and the friends about him than of anything else in the world," found the rural retirement he had longed for. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed it, and it is Temple's philosophy, not Swift's, which speaks in the lines—

> "You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
> Your garden's better worth your nobler pain."

When he died his heart, as he had directed, was buried under the sun-dial in his garden.

Swift always remembered Moor Park with affection, and he imitated its gardens on a small scale at Laracor. He remembered in his old age the great elm in the hollow ground just before the house, on which he had carved a Latin verse commending its shade to the care of Temple's descendants. No doubt he had often sat under its boughs with Esther Johnson, and perhaps on some other favorite tree he had carved her name and his own. On its formal terraces, in its quaint trim gardens, by the banks of its silvery canals, he had played and prattled with his little favorite in her childish days, and in later years walked and talked with her—still in the little language—as she grew into graceful lovely maidenhood. Day after day he had confided to her listening ear his hopes and ambitions, his disappointments and vexations, or read with her such works of historian, sage, and poet, as he thought best fitted to form her bright and sympathetic intelligence into his ideal of a perfect woman. We do not know much of the books she studied under his superintendence, but he must have had abundance to choose from in the library of Moor Park. We may be sure he taught her something of history, and gave her, through translations, some knowledge of his favorite Greek and Latin classics. It has been said that he was a great reader of

the old French romances of chivalry, and as they presented love in a high heroic light, far removed from the passions of earth, he may have permitted Esther to read them also. With the poems of Cowley she must have been familiar. Swift, who had admired his "language of the heart" in boyhood, had taken his Odes as models for his first attempts at poetry, by Sir William Temple's advice; and we may take it for granted that besides these, the "Garden," the "Wish," "The Old Man of Verona," and other pieces of mild Epicureanism, were often quoted and applauded at Moor Park. Dryden's peremptory manner of clapping an extinguisher on his poetic genius, was deeply resented by Swift; we know that he took his revenge in the "Battle of the Books," and it is likely enough that his approval of Collier's attack on the immorality of Dryden's plays was made all the stronger from his disgust at the old poet's hasty verdict: at any rate we may be tolerably certain that Dryden's works were not among the books he recommended to his young pupil. Shakspere was so little understood and appreciated then, that Dryden's coarse travesty of "The Tempest" was applauded as an immense improvement on the original, and Scott says Swift never alludes to his writings. Mr. Forster, however, shows a strong resemblance between a passage in the "Battle of the Books," on the fantastic forms of clouds, and one in Antony and Cleopatra; and there is an allusion to Fluellin in his well-known letter to Tisdall. Chaucer seems to have been a favorite of his, and closely studied. We cannot imagine him giving the girl he had brought up to look on love as a degrading and unholy thing, "Romeo and Juliet," but he may have allowed her to read "The Patient Griselda." Scott saw an edition of Milton's Poems with explanatory notes in Swift's handwriting, and inscribed—"The Gift of Dr. Jonathan Swift to Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, May 1703." It is not supposed, however, that he confined their conversations to grave and serious themes; no doubt he mingled L'Allegro with Il Penseroso, and enlivened his lessons with the witty and humorous talk in which he delighted and excelled, with quips and cranks, and puns, and rhymes, mixed whimsically with his beloved "little language," and not without touches of that grim satire which from his earliest youth and in his gayest moments belonged to him.

"Never," wrote Swift, in his brief memorial notice of Esther Johnson, "was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation." Clever men appear to have enjoyed her society; and Swift alludes to this in one of his birthday addresses to her—

> "See at her levee crowding swains
> Whom Stella freely entertains
> With breeding, humour, wit, and sense."

In writing of her to Tisdall he says, that, though he had conversed much with persons of her sex of the first rank, he had nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense or a truer judgment of men and things. Elsewhere he writes: "Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, soon found her out, and assured me that if he had not left the kingdom soon after, he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship.... All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company."

Yet Sir Walter Scott thought that she must have been deficient in some of the most ordinary points of information. "The marginal notes in the 'Milton' he presented to her," says Scott, "could only have been useful to persons of very indifferent education; and, as it is not likely that Swift took the trouble of writing them merely for Mrs. Dingley's illumination, the inference plainly must be that, far from a learned lady, Stella was neither well informed nor well educated."

But here Scott seems to have written a little in Macaulay's vein when he speaks of some piece of erudition as being known to every school-boy; for, even in these days of the "higher education" for women, there may possibly be young ladies of twenty to whom some of Swift's notes, referred to by Scott, would not be altogether needless. The probability, however, is that the notes were written for Esther's benefit years before, and given to her as a memorial of the days when she studied "Milton" with Swift under the elms of Moor Park. There

seems, indeed, no reason to doubt that Stella, though not a Hypatia or a Madame Dacier, was a woman of rare mental gifts, as well as of unusual personal charms.

These last years of Swift's residence at Moor Park were probably some of the happiest he ever knew. His hopes were yet nearly as high as his ambition; he was learning to know his powers, had written the "Battle of the Books," and was writing the "Tale of a Tub;" he was rising constantly in the favour of Sir William Temple, and in the consideration of those men of rank and talent who visited Moor Park, and growing more intimate with Congreve and other London wits of the day; and he had the perfect love, sympathy, and admiration of Esther Johnson to heighten the joy of every success and triumph, and to soften the pain of every defeat and disappointment. That he did not "make love" to her, as the word love is usually understood between men and women, we think certain; but by every sign of tender affection, by the subtle flattery of ceaseless care and consideration, by the mastery of his intellect and the spell of his genius, by all that could most surely win and keep a woman's heart, he won and kept the heart of Esther Johnson.

Still the dark and misanthropic humours which were born with him were often in the ascendant. Earlier than this he had called himself, in an address to his muse,

> "An abandoned wretch by hopes forsook;
> Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
> Assigned for life to unremitting grief."

And boasted as his best defence,

> "That scorn of fools by fools mistook for pride,
> That hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

That lash was now freely used in his "Tale of a Tub," which has been characterized as "a declaration of war against half Christendom;" later he was to write "Gulliver's Travels," "an indictment against all mankind."

On the death of Sir William Temple, Swift, still in hopes of a prebendary, removed to London, and occupied himself with editing Temple's literary remains. About the same time Esther Johnson, then only eighteen, also left Moor Park, and with her friend, Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, took lodgings in the Village of Farnham. Her mother was now married to a Mr. Moses, steward to the Temple property, but, with her younger daughter, still continued to live with Lady Giffard. Sir William Temple, however, had left Esther a legacy of a thousand pounds, worth nearly three times as much then as it is now, and she was, therefore, comparatively independent. Mrs. Dingley, whose name is so closely associated with that of Stella, was one of the numerous dependents and retainers whom the Temples, after the fashion of great houses of old, had gathered round them. She was a woman of a commonplace, but highly respectable character, many years older than Esther, who had known her from infancy. She had some small property of which Swift undertook the management, as he probably did of Esther Johnson's also; and, from all that followed, we may reasonably infer that it was by his advice Esther so early took up an independent position, with Mrs. Dingley as companion and chaperon. Through this arrangement he might occasionally come down from London to see "little M. D.," and perhaps it was on his return from one of his visits to her that he took that long walk of thirty-eight miles, from Farnham to London, of which he reminds her in the "Journal." That as soon as Swift had secured some settled position in life, Esther, with her friend and duenna, should make her home near his, we believe to have been already a settled thing.

Finding the expected prebendary long in coming, Swift accepted an invitation from Lord Berkeley, then going over to Ireland as one of the Lords Justices, to accompany him as his chaplain and secretary. We know, from his writings both in prose and verse, with what contempt he regarded the position of chaplain in a great man's family. "I will be no man's chaplain!" he exclaimed, when his friend Lord Oxford tried to find out if he would condescend to accept such an office in his household. It was only for the sake of the secretaryship which would connect him with politics that he consented to take the chaplaincy. But the disappointments which followed his ambitious hopes all his life were lying in wait for him. The secretary's place was given to another person, to his great indignation, and as an atonement he was promised the first good living that should be in Lord Berkeley's gift.

But he was again disappointed. The rich deanery of Derry was given away from him on the pretence that he was too young for a dean, and he left the castle in a violent rage, answering the excuses of the earl and his secretary with—"Confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" But a reconciliation was effected; Swift returned to the castle, and the new dean was required to resign to him the vicarage of Laracor and two other small livings united in the same benefice. He continued to reside at the castle chiefly, that he might have an opportunity of studying the politics of the time; and while recommending himself to Lord Berkeley by his political talents and knowledge of affairs, he made himself agreeable to Lady Berkeley and her two young daughters by his lively and witty conversation, and by writing ballads and verses in his own peculiar vein of humour for their amusement. We may be sure that he corresponded with Esther Johnson during his absence, and what a prize those letters would be now. But not one has been preserved. In April, 1701, he returned to England with the Berkeleys, and soon after took his first step towards political distinction by publishing his "Tract on the Dissensions in Athens and Rome."

At this time Swift openly assumed an interest in the affairs of Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. They went over to Ireland by his desire, and in his memorial account of Esther he gives some explanation of his motives for recommending them to do so. Her small fortune, he says, was but a scanty maintenance for one of her spirit in so rich a country as England; all the necessaries of life were at half price in Ireland; money at ten per cent; and great part of her income and that of Mrs. Dingley came from annuities in the funds. Added to these reasons for the change, Sir William Temple had left Esther a leasehold farm in the County Wicklow. "Moved not only by these considerations," Swift continues, "but indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintances in Ireland, I prevailed with her and the other lady, her dear friend and companion, to draw what money they had into Ireland. But when they came over, I happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was then nineteen years of age, and her figure was soon distinguished. The adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal, which, however, soon blew over by her excellent conduct." Mr. Forster accepts this as a perfectly frank, true, and explicit statement, and no doubt it is as far as it goes. That Swift never offered more than friendship to Esther Johnson we believe, but it was a friendship he had taught her to regard as much more exalted and more lasting a tie than love; a friendship to which no change could ever come; for though "time takes off the lustre of virgins in all other eyes," in his she would always be the same—the first and dearest among women. Such a friendship, offered by such a man, might well tempt a woman to give up all other hopes and wishes, and accept it as the strength and happiness of her life. But to Esther Johnson, who had loved and worshipped him from childhood, to whom his least word, his lightest wish, had always been the standard of right and duty, what other result was possible? No doubt she would have purchased his confidence and companionship at any price. But not, we may be sure, with any thought of a "Stella" or an "Astrophel" did she accept the part in life he had allotted her, (it was not till long after that Swift gave her the name of Stella); she thought only of obeying the will of her beloved though despotic master. Whether Esther's mother approved or disapproved of her thus putting herself under Swift's guardianship does not appear, but a few years after we find from the "Journal" that Swift was on friendly terms with her, though he could not go to the house of "that old beast," Lady Giffard, to see her; and also that she corresponded with Esther, and had sent her a present of plum cakes and wax candles. Esther, too, begs Swift to use his interest for "her brother Filby," the husband of her sister Anne, whom Swift had before described as a nice, modest-looking girl.

The removal of Swift's two lady friends to Dublin seems to have excited a great deal of wonder and gossip. But the most scrupulous care was taken to observe all the conventional proprieties. The ladies occupied Swift's lodgings when he was in England, and when he returned they went into lodgings of their own. The two friends went everywhere together, and were never separated for a day. Swift's visits appeared

to be paid to the one as much as to the other, and he carefully divided his attentions between them. His clerical friends seem to have accepted this eccentric union without protest or demur, and Esther's own purity of character, round which it was impossible for any evil reports to linger, soon put scandal to silence; though to the very last some mystery in his relations to this beautiful woman was surmised.

Esther Johnson's circle of acquaintances in Dublin seems to have always continued small. Her chief friends were Archdeacon Walls and his wife, and Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, who was unmarried. She was besides on intimate terms with some other friends of Swift's: Post-master Manley and his wife, and Alderman Stoyte, his wife and daughter. These, with Swift, Esther, and Mrs. Dingley, constituted the club so often spoken of by Swift in his "Journal" and letters, whose members met at each other's houses in the long evenings of autumn and winter, to sup and play cards. When she first came to Dublin, Esther was in the bloom of youth and beauty. Her early intercourse with ladies of rank had given refinement and distinction to her air and manner. "She had a gracefulness," says Swift, "almost more than human, in every motion, word, and action." No wonder that her figure should have been noticed; and that we do not hear of half the impulsive and susceptible young men of the city laying their hearts at her feet, says much for the prudent reserve and quiet dignity of her conduct. We only hear, however, of one son of Erin who was so daring and sanguine as to attempt to break the spell which bound her.

The Reverend William Tisdall was an old acquaintance of Swift's, and had been introduced by him to Esther and her companion. Swift seems to have treated him with that half contemptuous, half insolent tolerance, that "scorn of fools," which he was apt to show to all (except those on whom he had bestowed his affection) who could not meet him on terms of intellectual equality, or command his respect by some mental or moral superiority. "Tisdall was an honest fellow enough," Swift said afterwards, "but, unhappily, had been misled all his life by mistaking his talent, and trying to apply it to wit and literature." All we know of his courtship of Esther Johnson is to be found in Swift's answer to a letter of complaint from Tisdall, which he had received while staying in England in the spring of 1704.

It appears that Tisdall, looking on Swift as Esther's guardian, had written to tell him of his desire to marry her, and asking him to make his suit favourably known to her mother. Those who believe that Swift considered Esther Johnson bound to him for life, may imagine the wrath and indignation he must have felt at Tisdall's presumption. But though at times violently impulsive, Swift was prudent and cautious when he had time for reflection, especially where Esther was concerned. He replied that he could not make any application to Esther's mother without receiving the young lady's permission, under her own or Mrs. Dingley's hand; and also objecting that, in his opinion, Tisdall was not rich enough to make his marriage happy and easy, and it would probably be a clog to his rising in the world. To this Tisdall answered that he was sure of obtaining some good livings, which he named.

That being the case, Swift wrote to say that his objections were removed, and declared he had no other. He had already, he said, told Esther's mother, and spoken of Tisdall with all the advantage he deserved.

But by this time Tisdall seems to have found out that he had no chance of success, and he wrote to Swift accusing him of having used his influence with Esther against, instead of in favour of, his suit, reproaching him with having acted an unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable part, and hinting that Swift had probably pretensions opposed to his own. Swift, in reply, is sarcastic on Tisdall's epithets, and the mystical strain of his letter, implying that he had found out what an attempt had been made to conceal. "I might, with good pretence enough," he continues, "talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at, but my conjecture is that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same as yours; in answer to all which, I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before that if my fortunes and humours served me to think of that state, I should certainly among all persons on earth, make your choice, because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued

but hers; this was the utmost that ever I gave way to. And secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you. Nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune of losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world; since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was not your friend in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequences that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents." But if Swift was "purely passive" how could his letters to Esther show that he was Tisdall's "friend in the whole concern." A few more words, not the least extraordinary part of the letter, have yet to be given. "Nay," writes Swift, as if eagerly anxious to exculpate himself, "I went so far to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think that it could not decently be broken, since I supposed the town had got it on their tongues, and it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit." He may indeed have said something of the kind, partly to keep up his pretence of regarding the matter from a perfectly impartial point of view, partly to punish Esther a little for having, however innocently, been the cause of the vexation the affair had given him. That she never had the slightest idea of accepting Tisdall we fully believe, and no doubt Swift knew this perfectly well. If he had for one instant suspected her of inconstancy, he would have "whistled her down the wind" at once, for Swift was a man, who, like Cæsar, would have divorced his wife, however innocent, if she had even been accused of infidelity.

Mr. Forster, who seems to claim from his readers an absolute belief in Swift's veracity, says that every one who has hitherto written of this passage in his life has attributed to him a grave disingenuousness, but from this, in Mr. Forster's belief, his letter to Tisdall ought to clear him. "Are its expressions," he asks, "capable of other construction than they suggest to an ordinary understanding?"

Yet Scott, who was only less thorough than Mr. Forster in his liking and admiration for Swift, but who was also a keen observer of character, could not help suspecting him of some duplicity or sophistication of the truth, in his conduct to Tisdall. "It requires strong faith," he says, "to put implicit credit in Swift's assertion that his feelings towards Esther Johnson never acted as an impediment to Tisdall's suit. Nor is it in nature to suppose that he could have been indifferent to the thought of one whom he loved 'better than his life a thousand million of times'* passing into the possession of another."

But it is difficult to acquit Swift of showing disingenuousness and the falsehood of suppressing the truth, if nothing worse, in other cases as well as in his letter to Tisdall. He seems to have been more or less guilty of duplicity to both Varina and Vanessa. Steele accused him of insincerity and evasion in his mode of denying his connection with the "Examiner" at the time the first attacks on Steele appeared, and Addison, certainly at first, if not afterwards, agreed with Steele. That Swift had no intention of marrying Esther Johnson we know, and as he probably made no open opposition to a suit which he knew to be fruitless, but remained, as he says, "purely passive," there was not more of what he calls "refinement," or finesse, and *suppressio veri*, in his letter to Tisdall than may be alleged against him in several other instances.

With that letter all we know of Tisdall's courtship of Stella ends. Swift still remained on apparently friendly terms with him, but he never names him without adding some sneer or slighting epithet; and when he wished to express his contempt for Steele, after their quarrel, he calls him "a Tisdall fellow."

LOUISA MURRAY.

* A frequent expression in the "Journal."

CAPTAIN VIVAINE.

AN OPERETTA.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN GEORGE VIVAINE, in command of the English Fort.
CAUGH-NA-WA-GA, the Indian Chief.
ROSE, the Settler's Daughter, in love with Capt. Vivaine.
EDITH, her friend.
NOTT-A-WAS-A-GA, the Indian Princess, in love with Capt. Vivaine.
Other Indians.
Time, about the period of George III.

SCENE I.—A backwood in Canada; English palisaded fort to right, distant view of lake to left. Enter EDITH, walking costume of period, carrying a letter, which she puts down during song.

EDITH, Air "Rataplan."

Oh, but it's sad for a pretty girl like me
To live in the bush where there's scarce a man to see!
Oh, but it's worse when the only man for miles,
Has half-a-dozen maidens hanging on his smiles!
Nottawasaga, the Indian maid,
And Rose, in the cottage adown the forest glade,
He loves them both; and I, all the while,
Prettier than either, may go without a smile.

Rose gives me letters to carry to her beau,
La belle sauvage is always to and fro;
Whilst I, since my little short frocks I outgrew,
Have never a chance to write a *billet-doux*.
Lie there, thou letter! Rose would turn red
If she but knew what I wrote in her stead;
He loves her; and since his bad taste won't love me,
I'll plan it to make these two lovers agree.

Exit EDITH. *Enter* Capt. VIVAINE, scarlet coat, buff facings, and black frogs, long flapped waistcoat reaching over his thighs, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, short sword, powdered hair in pigtail, three-cornered hat, cane, and tassel.

CAPT. VIVAINE (sol.) Air "The Vicar of Bray."

Of all the brave companions
That ever crossed the sea, sir,
To barter blows with foreign foes,
King George's men for me, sir!
Oh, some may talk of Trojan Greeks.
And some of the Crusaders,
But sure am I they all would fly
If *we* were their invaders!
Chorus—Of all the brave companions, etc.

We've thrashed the French a score of times,
We'll thrash them yet again, sir!
And Spain may sweat more gold to get,
But *ours* will be the gain, sir!
We have no fears for their grenadiers,
Though stiff as any poker;
And do but smile at the Indian style—
A simple suit of ochre.
Chorus—Of all the brave companions, etc.

And often as we've thrashed the French,
We've drank their wine right oft'ner;
We sheathe our claws, confound the wars,
Sure wine is a rare soft'ner!
And often as we've poured the wine
Adown our thirsty throttles,
We've kept good track, with a hearty smack,
And a kiss between the bottles.
Chorus—Of all the boon companions
You'd ever want to see, sir,
For early purl or a pretty girl,
King George's men give me, sir!

He picks up and reads the letter.

Enter NOTT-A-WAS-A-GA, in an embroidered blanket, eagle's feathers in her hair, necklet and bracelets of wampum and beads, fringed leggings and mocassins, a bow and arrow in her hand.

Capt. V. hides the letter.

Air "Die Lorelei."

N.—Where is the Pale-face going?
V.— I go to fish in the stream.

N.—(*Pointing rapidly to his dress and sword,*)

Lo were the fish as thick as motes in the bright sunbeam,
This would scare them away, and *that* be too short to reach;
Cannot the white men fish unless the red men teach?

Where is the Pale-face going?
V.— To shoot in the forest shade!

V.—*(Pointing again sarcastically at his accoutrements.)*

How like a crafty hunter my brother is arrayed!
Sombre are all his colours, as one at break of dawn
Seeking a lonely ambush to snare a frightened fawn!

Where is the Pale-face going?
V.— Whither you mayn ot come!

N.—*(Sadly and rapidly.)*

Ah! you go to a meeting unsummoned by fife or drum;
Listen! you must not go!
V.— And who shall say me nay?

N.—*(Mysteriously.)*

Let my brother beware of the wild-cat in his way!

Where is the Pale-face going?

V.—*(Pulling out the letter and kissing it.)*

To seek my love alone
Around my neck in silence to feel her white arms thrown.

(NOTT. makes a gesture of hatred and grasps her knife, he pushes her aside and passes by, turning as he goes.)

Let the wild-cat sharpen her claws on the cedar tree,
Little reck I if she wish to flesh her talons in me!

(NOTT. springs after him and grasps his wrist.)

N. (sol.) Air—"I'll never go roaming with you any more," or "Dublin Bay."

She'll never be waiting for you any more,
Captain, for you, for you,
There's a stain of blood on her low cottage door,
A stain of blood that is new!
And now if you're going to seek those white arms,
Won't you bid your poor red girl adieu?
Just to sweeten her dream, as she floats down the stream,
To death in her little canoe.

(Drops his hand and goes off. VIVAINE catches her by the arm.)

Air—"Die Lorelei."

V.—Where is the maiden going?
N.—*(With irony.)* To join the merry dance!
V.—There's more of grief and madness than joy within your glance!
O stay! O stay, sweet maiden! the meaning I implore
Of that dark threat you uttered of blood upon her door?

V.—Where is the maiden going?

N.—*(Bitterly.)*

To sharpen arrow heads,
And teach my foot the lightness with which the wild cat treads!

V.—*(With an air of relief.)*

Then all the threatened danger you sternly hint to me
Is only woman's vengeance?
N. Is woman's jealousy!

Exit Capt. V.

N. (sol.) *Recitative.*

Wrath and anger and denial!
Failing friends in hour of trial!
Bitter anguish and betrayal,—
All these woes thy heart assail!
Scorn that lips can never utter!
Curses full hearts scarce can mutter,
All these hatreds wait upon thee,
Lo! the Indian's curse is on thee!

When the hidden snares surround thee,
When the hunters ring around thee,
When thy hour of need is direst
Comes the aid that thou requirest,
Then thy vanity shall blind thee,
Thou shalt fling that aid behind thee,
Our great Father's curse is on thee,
And His hatred waits upon thee.

Enter CAUGH-NA-WA-GA in full war paint, blanket, rifle, tomahawk, belt and pouches, feathers in hair, feathered leggings, and beaded mocassins.

Duet.—NOTT. AND CAUGH.—Air—The Protestant Hymn from *"Les Huguenots."*

Arm one, arm all! our foemen fall
As fall the leaves when winter's nigh!
With blood the full lakes run } *Bis.*
Beneath the morning sun }
Our shout rings out to greet the sky!

Great Spirit, frown Thy thunder down
Upon their heads whose fate is nigh!
The hungry flames outburst } *Bis.*
For blood and tears athirst, }
Our scalping shout rings out on high!

Exit CAUGH.—A war-yell is heard.

(NOTT. gradually loses the fire of her expression, and becomes more and more dejected, resting her head in her clasped hands against the trunk of a tree.)

N. (sol.)
And wilt Thou bless the merciless?
And dost Thou love to hear their cry?
To see blood upon our blade, } *Bis.*
The house in ashes laid, }
To hear our scalping shout ring high?

(She drops on her knees. Tableau. Curtain falls.)

SCENE II.—Interior of a settler's cottage. Rose in a white mob-cap, put on coquettishly, Dolly Varden top, padded skirt (rather short), clocked stockings, red high-heeled shoes with buckles, a bib and apron tied on with blue

ribbon. She arranges cups and saucers on a table. A rack of bright tin-ware against the wall.

ROSE (sol.) Air, "Heigho! when will he marry me?"

Oh! my love at the window came tapping one day,
And what was't his captainship's pleasure to say?
"Come pity a poor soldier slain by thine eyes!"
But I waved him away with an air of surprise.
Yet heigho! when will he marry me,
When will he marry me? Heigho!

Since then his tall shadow ne'er darkens my door,
His sword hilt has tapped at my window no more;
I would he were here, if 'twere only to say,
"You're blocking the light, sir; stand out of my way!"
Yet heigho! when will he marry me?
When will he marry me? Heigho!

(While she is singing EDITH enters behind her and listens.)

EDITH (sol.) Air "Io son ricco."

There were two little lovers who did not know their mind,
He thought she was a little coy, *she* thought he was unkind;
So each put a little finger-tip into a little eye,
Pulled down the corners of a mouth, and had a little cry.

She cried "When will he marry me?" but never let him know
That in her foolish little heart she loved her captain so;
He squeezed her hand, then suddenly, at his own pluck dismayed,
Went off again and flirted with a nut-brown Indian maid.

EDITH and ROSE (duet). Air "Reaper's Chorus" (Faust).

R.—Careless, thoughtless Edith, you are much to blame,
Coupling us together, linking name to name.
E.—Dearest Rose forgive me, 'twas a foolish trick!
Yes, I wrote a letter.
R. Edith, tell me quick!
E.—Dearest Rose, I wrote him,—yes and used your name,
Telling him you loved him; was I much to blame?
Trust me, that short letter will have had the power
To bring your handsome captain to your feet this hour.

(ROSE stands apart, and seems overcome with confusion).

EDITH (sol). Air "Market Chorus."—Masaniello.

Oh! what mischief you have done,
Little hand and thoughtless brain;
See, the magic has begun,
Coursing through each throbbing vein.

She's no longer wroth with me,
All her wits to love belong;
Love from her brown eyes doth see,
From her lips love bursts in song.

ROSE (sol). Air "The Cure."

The kettle sings upon the hob,
The fire is burning bright,
And all the pans upon the wall
Are laughing in its light.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! the kettle sings,
The cricket chirps for glee;
My heart too laughs, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CAPT. V. (outside).

Rose is the girl for me!

(ROSE and EDITH run off and hide.)

Enter CAPT. V., and looks round room, behind door, and under table as he sings,

My fondest Rose!—
My darling Rose!—
Come show your pretty face,—
Methought I heard your sweet, sweet voice,—
Come from your hiding place!
Rose!

(*Enter* EDITH, who goes up to him singing.)

—Isn't here; she went down town
An hour or so ago,
To visit poor old widow Brown,
Who's got the lumbago!

CAPT. V. (sol.) Air "The girl I left behind me."

Then tell her I've a task to do
That blinds my eyes to beauty;
I leave this spot, and her,—and *you*
All at the call of duty.
So I'm away at break of day
In search of wounds and glory,
My peace of mind I leave behind,
My task I set before me!

(*Exit* EDITH and enter ROSE, who runs up to him and holds him at arm's length.)

ROSE (sol.) Air "Voici le sabre."

Where goes my darling, my soldier, my darling?
Where goes my captain who stole my heart away?
Why thus deceive me, seeking to leave me?
If thou so false art found, how can a man be bound?
How trust the words he will say?

(Plaintively, unsheathing his sword.)

Thy love is bitter, like thy sword's glitter,
Cold as its sheen and sharp as its blade!

Harsh is the story, it sought not for glory,
But in this peaceful breast, seeking a peaceful rest,
Red in its sheath it is laid !

V. (Sol.) " Love's Chidings."

When I approach thee thou dost reproach me,
Sad are mine eyes that look into thine,
Vain is thy chiding, vain thy deriding,
Is not thy future linked unto mine ?

This very hour, lo ! dangers lower,
Well might the boldest speak with bated breath,
When all around us threat'nings surround us,
And all the air is barbéd full of death.

(He holds out his arms and she runs towards him. At this moment an Indian arrow whistles close to her and sticks in the door. The Captain goes off, supporting Rose on one arm, while with the other he draws a pistol and fires it out of the window. A scream is heard outside. Enter NOTT., blood flowing from a wound in her neck, which she endeavours to staunch with a piece torn from her blanket.)

N. (Sol). Air " When the Swallows homeward fly."

When the hour of death is nigh
When each slow reluctant sigh
Tells of strength that's ebbing fast,
Of a love that dies at last,
O fond heart what cold disdain
Makes thee beat with throbbing pain ?
Scornings from thee, love ! are woe to me,
Woundings for thee, love ! are joy to me !
(*Bis.*)

(She pulls the arrow out of the door and unrolls a scroll wrapped round it, on which some writing is visible.)

Will thy cruelty ne'er relent ?
See the warning that I sent ! (*A war-whoop is heard.*)
Hear the war-whoop of our race
As they track your hiding-place.
O cruel love, what hast thou cost ?
All my sacrifice is lost !
Dying for thee, love, were joy to me.
Dying with thee, love, is joy to me. (*Bis.*)

(She sinks on the floor, and raises herself on one elbow, while she smears the lintel of the door with her blood, singing with faltering accents.)

See,—my prophecy fulfilled. * * *

(She faints—the music finishes the air tenderly, while the curtain falls.)

SCENE III.—The outside of Rose's cottage—a forest glade—a red glare tells of the burning of the fort. Indian yells heard in the distance.

Enter CAUGH. as before, with a new row of scalps at his girdle.

CAUGH. (sol.) Air " The Men of Harlech."

See the sparks in showers ascending,
Hear the yells of triumph blending,
Lo ! our glorious task is ending,
And our woods are free !
Free from plough and spade,
Free from touch of trade,
Free from oxen heavy laden,
Free from hunter, and from maiden
See the sparks, &c.

Lo ! the redd'ning spear-point flashes,
Down the glowing rafter crashes,
And the fort is laid in ashes,
Now our woods are free !
Watch him Indian maid,
Watch where he is laid,
While he sleeps nor dreams of danger,
Watch him with thy love and anger.
Till the sparks in showers ascending,
With the yells of triumph blending,
Wake him to a coward's ending,
And our woods are free !

(NOTT-A-WAS-A-GA appears at the door of the cottage).

N. and C. (duet). Air " What are the wild waves saying ? "

N.—Brother, the wolf one morning
Sprang on a sickly fawn,
Came there no note of warning
Till its soft side was torn ;
The fawn its watch was keeping,
The hunters came that way,
Shall she let them spear him sleeping,
Or warn him to flee away ? } (*Bis.*)

C.—Sister, the braves at midnight
Tracked an old grizzly bear,
Under the moon and starlight,
Straight to its hidden lair ;
A maid her watch was keeping,
The bear crept out that way,
Shall she let him pass, creep, creeping,
Or turn him there to bay ? } (*Bis.*)

(Duet.)
N.—No, no, no ! No, no, no ! It is nobler, greater,
C.—Yes, yes, yes ! Yes, yes, yes ! But our hate is greater,
N.—To lay down one's life for a foe ;
C.—Than the hunter bears to his foe ;
N.—'Tis the voice of our Great Creator,
C.—'Tis the voice of our Great Creator,
N.—"Thy vengeance thou shalt forego !"
C.—" Thy life for the life let go ! " } (*Bis.*)

(NOTT. comes forward calmly, breaks her arrows and casts them on the ground, tears the bandage from her neck, and holds her hands up to heaven).

N. (sol.) Air " Fisherman's Chorus "—Masaniello.

Behold my life-blood slowly flowing,
And yet my pulse beats firmly still;
My soul will pass before the glowing
Of dawn shall touch yon eastern hill.
With care the stake prepare,
Heap up with brush my funeral pyre,
And ring me round with fire.
Come, summon all the tribes within your call,
And let them learn the fault for which I burn.

CAUGH. walks round her with solemn imprecatory gestures.

C. (sol.) Air "Back to our mountains"—"Il Trovatore."

Far away from the shade of the cedar,
Far away from the bush and the shore,
Into the darkness the fire shall lead her,
Lost is the maid! we shall see her no more!

Come from the scene of the struggle and slaughter;
Come from the hunting and come from the shore;
Come all ye braves to the death of our daughter!
Lost is the maid! we shall see her no more!

Exit CAUGH.

Enter Capt. VIVAINE, supporting ROSE. NOTT. motions them to be silent.

NOTT. (sol.) Air "Serenade—Madame Angot."

Have you come hither to dance at your bridal?

(*Points to fort*).

There lie your friends, cheek by jowl with the beast;
While 'mid the shouts that have blest your espousal,
List! the roused wolf growls alone at his feast!

ROSE. Air "Il segretto per esser felice."

(To CAPT. V.) George! let us cast our hopes upon her!
(To NOTT.) Oh, by the love you have borne,
Save him from death and dishonour,
Save *him* from scathing and scorn!

(VIV. to NOTT.) Maid! by the love of your mother!
By your own innocent heart,
Pity the woes of another,
Shield *her* from sorrow and smart!
Sorrow and smart. (*Bis*).

(They both repeat the first verse as a Duet.)

NOTT. (dreamily) Air from "La Grande Duchesse."

(To ROSE.) And would you save him who doth love you?
(To VIVAINE) And would you save her from disdain?
Lo, I will save you both, and prove you
Whether your love be proof to pain.

Say, will you bend your wills unto me,
And own the word I say is true?
Although that word shall prove unto ye,
A bitter sword to pierce you through?

They bow their heads in token of assent. A confused noise is heard outside, as if the Indians were approaching; they sing outside.

Into the darkness the fire shall lead her,
Lost is the maid! we shall see her no more!

As they enter, NOTT. rapidly throws her belt of wampum over CAPT. V.'s neck, and puts one of her bracelets on ROSE'S wrist, then stands fronting them, and holding the CAPTAIN'S hand in hers.

NOTT. (sol.) Air "The Russian Anthem."

Come from the tent,
Come from the boat,
That in the moonlight
Rideth afloat!
Leave all your snares,
Leave fish and lines,
Leave the dark roof of
The windy pines!
Come one and all!
Here at my side
Standeth the bridegroom,
I am the bride!

(CAPT. VIVAINE and ROSE start—and he would contradict her, but she puts her finger to his lips.)

Saved I no foe!
Saved but mine own!
See round his neck is
My wampum thrown!
Swear to me one,
Swear to me all!
That harm nor sorrow
These shall befall!
CAUGH.— Swear I for one!
Other Indians all together. } So swear we all!
Nor harm nor sorrow
These shall befall!

NOTT.—(Her voice sinking.)

Air "The Valse—Dinorah."

Then all at last is ended except one little grace,
And 'tis a very little thing to ask my lord to do,
The first time and the last time, stoop down and kiss my face. (*He stoops and kisses her.*)
And now my loved, my lost one, forgive me, and adieu! (*Dies.*)

Tableau. Curtain.

JOURNALISM IN PETROLEUM GROVE.

"YES," said the commercial traveller, "I've been in the newspaper business myself. Fact is," he continued, gazing thoughtfully at his empty tumbler, "I've been most everything in my time: tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, richman, poorman, beggarman—and all the rest. I've prospected for gold in Nevada, and had a corner in camels once in Egypt. I've weighed sugar on a wharf in Jamaica, and led an insurrection in Chili. I might have succeeded in any of these lines of business if I had stuck at it, and that's what I always felt about journalism."

"Let us hear your experience!" exclaimed several voices.

"Very well, gentlemen, as we have half-an-hour to spare, you shall. But first let's fill up these glasses: my treat—no?—well, we won't quarrel about it. Thank you—I repeat."

We sat in a country inn, a party of five benighted travellers, compelled, by a general strike of engine-drivers along the line of railway, to undertake a drive of eighty miles in midwinter in an open sleigh. We had stopped to feed and rest our horses, and warm our own chilled bodies at one of the hotels which graced "Appleby's Corners," and were seated around a red-hot stove, endeavouring to expel the cold which had invaded our persons with hot whiskey-and-water. A few rustics, the latest lingerers by the tavern fire, sat at the outskirts of our party, silent and thinking hard, after the manner of rustics. Our commercial traveller was a gentleman of Bardolphian features and middle age, who had helped to beguile the tedium of our journey with moving tales of personal adventure. He had a ceaseless flow of animal spirits, a fine sense of humour, and an astounding egoism, which, though it must have been maddening to his intimate friends, was only amusing to casual acquaintances. He was indeed an interesting and uncommon character. If half the events in which he described himself as the central figure had actually happened, his life had been more full of romantic interest than the young Pretender's: if they had not happened, he possessed an imagination which might have produced a second "Robinson Crusoe."

The glasses having been replenished, the commercial traveller, in a rich and mellow voice, proceeded with his story.

"You all know Petroleum Grove?—well no, now I think of it, the name has been changed and you know it under a different title. It was one of those mushroom towns up west, which oil had stimulated into an unhealthy growth. Fifteen years ago it was a rising place, crowded with oil speculators, politicians, editors, and rowdies. When I was just emerging from boyhood I went there to follow the practice of the law. I say "follow" advisedly, for I can't say I ever fairly got up with it. To be plain with you I never was a regular practitioner. I had spent a couple of years in an attorney's office, and, being of a restless disposition, had determined not to wait for a regular call to the bar."

("To judge from his nose," whispered a young gentleman of our party who wore an eye-glass, "I shouldn't think he ever had waited for a call to the bar.")

"I believe there are some people illiberal enough to think that preachers and lawyers, to be of any account, require a regular call, but they weren't particular about forms at the Grove. I was too conscientious for the law. I remember a farmer consulting me once about a question of drainage. I found something about drainage in a second-hand copy of the Consolidated Statutes, which, with the third volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, formed the bulk of my library, and the result of my investigations was, that I advised my client to bring an action against somebody, and he paid me three dollars and went away. About an hour after the Reeve of the township stepped in, and I learnt from him that the statute I had gone on had been repealed, and that my opinion needed reconstruction. I immediately hired a buggy, drove after my client, caught up to him, and told him the

action didn't lie. Now that was conscientious to a degree, I think; but would you believe it, the old ruffian said gruffly that if the action didn't lie the lawyers did, and actually refused to pay my horse-hire, so that my hardly-earned fee went to meet that expense.

"Well, you see, I hadn't all my time taken up with professional duties, and I thought I might as well employ my leisure with writing a little for the Press. There were three newspapers in the Grove. The organ of the Tories, who were then in power, was called *The Constitution;* the opposition paper was the *The Stiletto;* while *The Kaleidoscope*, an independent journal, professed to be a faithful reflection of public opinion. Public opinion at that time, as interpreted by the *Kaleidoscope*, had experienced a sudden change, for it had veered round from the strongest confidence in the administration, to distrust and hatred. Those people—and they are found in every community — who habitually express a cynical disbelief in purity of motives, said that the sudden withdrawal of government advertising from the *Kaleidoscope* accounted for the change.

"However that may be, for several reasons I preferred the independent organ and I determined to call upon the editor and proprietor, Mr. Hamilton Wilcox. I found him in his office pointing out, with the sorrowing air of a man who had given up hoping to get things done rightly in this imperfect world, some printer's errors in the last issue, to the small boy who did the composition and press-work.

"Mr. Wilcox was a sad, mild man, and there was no trace in his personal appearance of the ferocity which pervaded his leading articles.

"I briefly explained the purpose of my visit. I was very young, you know, and I said that I believed I might be of some little service to the general public, if I could give them the benefit of certain very earnest convictions which at that period burned in my bosom.

"The Editor shook his head sadly; he was evidently not a sanguine man. 'You had better not go into journalism,' he said, 'if you have any convictions.'

"I suggested that in a well-balanced mind policy should always govern the expression of opinion; that, to attain a final result, one would be justified in adopting means which might not be altogether to his liking; and that, in a land of free institutions, men might often be compelled to do this.

"'Rather,' said the Editor, with an absent air. Presently he concentrated his energies, and asked me what my particular line of writing was.

"I said that I had cultivated various styles. My own choice lay in favour of speculative and philosophical subjects; metaphysics, or politics in the abstract, would suit me well enough.

"'I don't think the people of this country take stock in abstract politics much,' said the Editor. 'The only man who goes in for pure abstraction in politics is the county member, and what with contracts and Government jobs generally, he has abstracted as much from the public funds as anyone I know of.'

"'Of course,' I answered—I was young and hopeful, and not easily discouraged—'of course, I know the popular mind needs to be educated up to these things. The work must be slow and gradual; in the meantime, I could handle social and literary topics. I have an essay on Milton which I think would take.'

"'Milton was a good poet,' he replied, 'but I think Mark Twain would find a readier response in the Petrolian breast.'

"'Oh, then you think the light, the humourous, the satirical, is what is wanted. There's many a true word spoken in jest, the proverb says, and I believe an earnest man may impress his sentiments on the popular mind by means of the gay as well as the grave, the lively as well as the severe.'

"The Editor smiled. 'You are a persistent young man,' he said; 'but I think very likely, from the facility with which you modify your opinions, that you might be of some assistance to the *Kaleidoscope*. Suppose you try your hand at an article on European politics. You can see the *Times* at the Mechanics' Institute; you may get some hints there.'

"'Thank you, sir; I fancy I don't need the *Times*. I'll be happy to do what I can for you, and as to remuneration——'

"'Pray don't mention it,' said the Editor; and with this successful conclusion of the negotiations, I left.

"I wrote an article on the way Bismarck

was treating the defeated French, a subject of general interest at that time."

(It may here be observed, that as the commercial traveller was speaking of a time some fifteen years ago, there was a neglect of the unity of time, which somewhat marred his narrative. But no one interrupted him, and he went on.)

"I always take the weaker side, and I went in strong for the unfortunate Frenchmen. I said some things then about the German Chancellor which I regret. I did not allow for the difficulties of his position, nor did I sufficiently reflect on the embarrassments which are often thrown around a conscientious statesman by ill-considered criticism in the press.

"The Editor printed the article, and he must have been pleased with it, for he asked me to supply him in future with local items.

"I had been long enough at this employment to acquire a style which, I flattered myself, was about the thing required, when a great event happened in the Grove. The house of the proprietor of the *Constitution* had been destroyed by fire, and by a series of powerful articles he had induced the town council to purchase a fire-engine. They got one at a bargain from a neighbouring city, which had taken to steam fire-engines, and it was to be installed as the Palladium of Petroleum Grove, with great honour. The *Constitution* said, and subsequent incidents led me to agree with it, that this was an event of general interest, and one in which all political feeling should be cast aside. However necessary, it said, parties were to the healthy and vigorous political life of the community, there were occasions on which men of all stripes of politics should unite, and such an occasion, undoubtedly, was the introduction to our thriving town of the noble piece of mechanical art which was to protect from the ravages of the devouring fiend, the life and property of all citizens, irrespective of political convictions.

"We on the *Kaleidoscope* and *Stiletto*, though unable to deny the force of this position, looked with disfavour on the engine enterprise, our houses not having been as yet burnt down.

"Party feeling at that time ran high throughout the country, and in spite of the temperate language of the *Constitution*, there were some hot-headed partisans who were determined to make the business a party affair. So it came about that the introduction of the fire-engine was looked upon as a Tory enterprise, and I dare say that this feeling lent a colour to my report of the proceedings.

"It certainly was strongly objected to, though I cannot now recall the phrases which were considered particularly objectionable. Part of the ceremony was the christening of the engine, and I described that in something like the following terms:

'The enthusiasm reached its climax when Miss Kennethina McCrim, daughter of the justly popular McCrim, chief of the new fire brigade, was hoisted on to a platform made of three beer-barrels and a disused window-shutter, for the purpose of christening the new engine. Out of compliment to the members of the brigade, she was dressed in a bewitching costume, in which red, blue, green, and yellow, the colours of the force, were charmingly blended. In her hand she bore a bottle of the best champagne cider from Holinshed's bar, and, as she broke it over the engine, she was heard to say, in a voice of singular power and purity, 'I christen this machine *The Petroleum Grove United Empire Fire Exterminator*. Long may it squirt!' The powers of the engine (my report went on) were then tested, with the most gratifying results. A stream of water was directed to the summit of the Baptist Church steeple, and, though it failed to get over the top, it carried away the dial of the new clock, apparently without an effort. It is said that a small boy who was standing on the roof of a neighbouring shed was 'fetched' by the stream of water and landed in the next concession. As he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, the members of the brigade have, in the most handsome manner, promised to bear the funeral expenses. We think the *United Empire Fire Exterminator* a grand success. No man need fear the loss of his house by fire, for the Exterminator will not only exterminate every appearance of the devouring element; it will exterminate the whole premises in twenty minutes.'

"There were other things in the report which, I afterwards learnt, caused the impression to get about that I treated the whole affair in a spirit of levity.

"A few days after the paper appeared I sat with the Editor in the office, when a tall man, with a low forehead and a heavy black moustache, walked in. He held in his hand the last issue of the *Kaleidoscope*, and there was a sinister gleam in his eye.

"'Do you run this concern?' he asked scornfully, pointing to the paper in his hand.

"The Editor gently admitted the soft impeachment.

"'Did you get off this?' he inquired again, and I knew by intuition that he referred to my 'local.'

"'Couldn't do it,' said the Editor, hastily. 'There's only one man in this town can write like that, and there he is.'

"I like to have my talents acknowledged, but I felt at the time that this was an unwarrantable attack upon the impersonality of journalism.

"'Oh!' exclaimed the visitor, eyeing me with contempt, 'my name's McCrim.'

"'Mr. McCrim,' said the Editor, 'I'm sorry I can't stay and talk to you; I will leave you to my sub. The fact is I promised to go down and inspect some exceptionally large pumpkins at Smith's. Good-day.'

"The Editor sneaked out and I was alone with the Chief of the Fire Brigade.

"He was not violent. He sat down quietly on the stool left vacant by my colleague, and beguiled the time by squirting tobacco-juice at various carefully-selected spots in the room. After one or two ineffectual attempts to engage him in conciliatory conversation, I picked up an exchange.

"In about a quarter of an hour he rose, and said deliberately, 'There is parties as can sling ink, but there is likewise parties as can sling water,' and having expressed his sentiments, and also all the virtue from his quid of tobacco, and transferred the latter to the empty stove, he rose and left me.

"When the Editor returned I told him I had come to the conclusion that I had no special aptitude for local reporting. In future I would confine myself to the politics of some remote country.

"I heard nothing directly from Mr. McCrim after that, but I found out that my article had created great amusement in the town, and that the laugh got up at the expense of the Conservatives and their engine, was considered as good as the gain of one seat in the county council for the opposition. I also heard that the firemen were silent and gloomy, and talked of revenge.

"At last it came. One night I was awakened from my sleep by a great hubbub outside my house—I rented the upper flat of a building on the main street as an office and lodgings—and as I collected my senses I distinctly heard the cry of 'fire.' I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window. Looking out I saw an excited crowd waving torches and shouting, and amongst them I distinguished the tall form of McCrim, who bellowed orders through a speaking trumpet. 'Where's the fire?' I shrieked from my window. The chief caught sight of me. 'Chimney — your house — get on roof,' issued from the speaking trumpet. Thoroughly alarmed, I hastily drew on my trousers, and, creeping through a back window on to a shed, clambered to the roof of the house.

"Not a trace of light or flame could I discover, except the blazing torches of the howling mob below me. I stood by the chimney in bewilderment, when—whish!—like a sky-rocket a jet of water hissed through the air and struck me with the force of a sledge-hammer. In an instant I was on my back and rolling down the roof. Fortunately the shed intervened between the eaves-trough and the ground; on this I fell with a bump, more shaken than hurt, and crawled back dripping to my bedroom. Whish!—splash!—crash!—the water was pouring through my windows, reducing every pane of glass to atoms. I made for my old gun which stood in the corner of the room, and rushing to the window aimed it directly at the ruffian McCrim. Whish!—the gun was dashed out of my hands, and I was carried off my feet again. I could do nothing against such an enemy as this: I crouched disconsolate under shelter, and waited for my foes to raise the siege.

"After everything I owned was thoroughly saturated, the bombardment ceased, and my enemies withdrew, leading away their infernal artillery with wild and hideous songs of triumph. I left Petroleum Grove the next morning. I wrote to the Editor to say that a place where people so little respected the impersonality of journalism, where a man, for honestly discharging a public duty, was made the victim of an extemporized flood, was shipwrecked, as it were, on his own hearthstone, was not a place where I could breathe with freedom. I also sent him an article in which I commented with severity on the conduct of my persecutors. It has not yet, I believe, appeared in the *Kaleidoscope*, so that I conclude the Editor cared more for his own per-

sonal security than for the cause of public morality, and the constitutional right of every man to wash only when he pleases. And that, gentlemen, is my experience as a journalist."

The story was received with applause, after which the young gentleman with the eye-glass asked the narrator to explain how he came to write in the *Kaleidoscope*, with prophetic ken, of Bismarck's treatment of the defeated French some dozen years before he had defeated them.

To which the commercial traveller replied—"Did I say Bismarck?—Oh, speaking of Bismarck, that reminds me——" when the announcement that the horses were at the door drew the general attention to a different subject, and possibly relieved him from some embarrassment.

ELLIS DALE.

RAIN, AND RAINFALL IN CANADA.

THE influence of rain on our every-day life has been much under-estimated by people generally. When we think that our commerce, our agriculture, and most of our industries, as well as life itself, depend on the equable distribution of rain, we shall begin to estimate its influence at its proper value.

The cause of rain may be briefly stated thus:—Air being heated is capable of absorbing and containing in solution, in an invisible state, a quantity of moisture. The more the air is heated the greater the quantity of vapour it contains. In accordance with a simple law of physics, the heated air being light, rises; and on reaching the upper, and consequently colder, regions, the vapour it contains is condensed and forms a cloud. Buchan says: "Whatever lowers the temperature of the air may be considered as a cause of rain." *

Clouds are continually forming and dissolving, and it is only when the air beneath is so thoroughly saturated that it will not contain any more moisture, or when the clouds are so low that the vapour cannot be absorbed in its descent, that rain falls.

The fall of rain is influenced in many ways, principally by the configuration of the country, and the amount of woodland or forest. A body of vapour-bearing air coming from the sea or over marshy ground, and reaching any hill, is forced up over it; in rising it cools, and the condensation of the moisture forms the clouds which are the cause of rain. This is especially well illustrated in India, where the air carried over a large area of swampy ground, on reaching the Himalayas is suddenly raised by the hills it encounters, and rain descends in torrents, causing a greater precipitation than in any other part of the globe; the rainfall on the Khasia hills being 600 inches annually. The lake region in England affords another example of this. In consequence of the air from the Atlantic meeting with no obstruction till it reaches the hills in Cumberland, it has to part with the greater portion of its moisture before it gets over them, thus causing a rainfall considerably over 100 inches annually, in one place as much as 224 inches. This, compared with the average fall throughout England (which is below 40 inches), affords a good illustration of the influence which the configuration of a country has on its rainfall.

As before stated, the amount of rainfall is also determined to a very large extent by forests. This question is of great interest to Canadians.

Land covered by a forest, being sheltered from the sun and having a bed of decaying leaves, is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the surrounding country, and therefore tends to equalize the temperature of the district. In the summer, being cool, it has the same effect as a range of moun-

* Handybook of Meteorology p. 185.

tains, causing condensation and consequently rain. Examples of the drying up of rivers and streams caused by the destruction of forests, are quite numerous. Among the principal ones are the following:

"The Valley of Aragua in Venezuela is shut in on all sides, and the rivers which water it, having no outlet to the sea, unite and form Lake Tacarigua. This lake, during the last thirty years of the past century, showed a gradual drying up, for which no cause could be assigned. In the beginning of the present century the valley became the theatre of deadly feuds during the war of independence, which lasted twenty-two years. During that time, land remained uncultivated, and forests, which grow so rapidly in the tropics, soon covered a great part of the country. In 1822, Boussingault observed that the waters of the lake had risen, and that much land formerly cultivated was at that time under water. The drying up of the river Scamander in the Troad and the contracting of the Euphrates in its channel, may be referred to as illustrations of the same effect of the cutting down of forests and of diminished vegetation." *

In the Report of Henry J. Wisner, U. S. Consul at Sonneberg, to the Department of State, November, 1873, he states, "The river Elbe, between the years 1787 and 1837—a period of half a century—diminished at Altenbrücke, in Hanover, ten feet in depth, as a direct result of the cutting off of forests in the region where the tributaries have their origin."

At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Portland, August 22nd, 1873, it was resolved to send a memorial to Congress, and to the several State Legislatures, on the importance of promoting the cultivation of timber and the preservation of forests. A committee was formed of some of the most eminent men in America, and a memorial was forwarded to Congress. In it they state: "Besides the economical value of timber for construction, fuel, and the arts, which is obvious without suggestion, and must increase with the growth of the nation, there are questions of climate that appear to have a close relation to the presence or absence of woodland shade. The drying up of rivulets which feed our mill-streams and navigable rivers, and supply our canals; the failure of the sources which supply our cities with pure water; and the growing tendency to floods and drought, resulting from the unequal distribution of the rainfalls since the cutting off of our forests, are subjects of common observation." And again: "There is great danger that, if not provided against, the fearful changes may happen to our largest rivers which have taken place on the Po and other large rivers of Italy, France, and Spain, caused by the destruction of the forests from which came their tributaries. These forests retained the water from the snows and rains of winter and spring, and supplied it gradually during the summer. Since their destruction, the rain falling in the rainy season comes down almost at once, bringing with it earth and stones, deluging the banks of the larger streams, but leaving a very insufficient provision for evaporation, and against the consequent drought of summer. Thus, when the forests about the sources of our great rivers shall be cut away, the water from the melting snows and early rains will be liable to come down in vast floods, overflowing the banks and carrying ruin and destruction in their course; while the affluent streams in summer will diminish or disappear, to the great injury of the country through which they flow."

The freshets which occur throughout this continent in the spring, and more especi ally in our own Dominion, on the Ottawa, —are they due to the destruction of forests? It may, perhaps, be, that the sudden opening of spring and the lack of frosts at night are the causes. It has been often stated, and indeed is well known, that the snow accumulated through the winter in our forests melts more gradually than on the open plains. There is no doubt that the absence of frosts at night would influence the strength and force of the freshets, but that this is the principal cause seems quite improbable.

The influence of weather on mortality forms the subject of an article by Alex. Buchan, M.A., and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, in the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society for July, 1875. The materials used in the discussion are the returns in London of the deaths from the various diseases, as published in the weekly reports of the Registrar-General for England. The

* Handybook of Meteorology. Buchan. p. 88.

weekly deaths from small-pox, scarlatina, measles, and fever were taken from tables published in the annual summaries for the years from 1861 to 1875 inclusive. The figures for all other diseases were extracted from the weekly reports. The meteorological data extend over the same period. The enquiry embraces the thirty years beginning with 1845 and ending with 1874, and are taken as follows: for the ten years 1845-54 from the Greenwich Magnetical and Meteorological observations, and for the twenty years beginning with 1855 and ending with 1874 from the weekly reports of the Registrar-General.

The period during which the maximum rainfall occurs, extending from the beginning of September to the third week of October, is characterized by moist and mild weather, and a steadily declining temperature. In the article it is said that "It will be observed that during this period the temperature of the air during the night is always below the dew point to a greater extent than at any other season of the year, being the season when the nearest dews occur. During this period 21 diseases begin to increase from the annual minimum, 9 show a rapid increase, and 9 others are considerably above the average, 3 of these being at the annual maximum. On the other hand, 6 diseases begin to decline from the maximum; 7 show a rapid decrease; and 27 are greatly under the average, 15 of these being at the annual minimum. This is considered a very healthy period, no fewer than 27 diseases being greatly under the average. In September, being the month in which the maximum rainfall is reached, no disease but scarlatina shows a rapidly increasing death-rate.

Mr. Cator, in a paper on the mortality of London, in connection with the daily weather diagram for 1864, states that "there seems to be no peculiar features in the increase or decrease of mortality, as consequent on the rainfall week by week: but the general high mortality throughout the year seems to be to some extent consequent on the very dry year, and the great scarcity of water in the summer months. This theory is, of course, supported by the increased mortality at the end of last July, which is well known to have been remarkable for its drought."

It would be extremely interesting to work out similar results for Canada. We have the meteorological observations, but it is to be regretted that the registration of deaths has not been sufficiently accurate to serve at any satisfactory conclusions.

It will thus be seen of what vast importance it is that we should obtain accurate results of the rainfall through the Dominion. Canada is very backward in this respect, there being not more than 100 stations in the whole Dominion where records of the rainfall are kept. In the United States almost every State has as many, and some—New York for instance—nearly twice that number.

In England there are 1700 of such stations, and in Denmark there is one observer to about every 12 miles. Nearly all these are volunteer observers. Considering the vast extent of country, the small amount of trouble connected with such observations, and the fact that the meteorological office at Toronto supplies instruments on loan from the Dominion Government, and forms for registering with instructions how to take the observations, it is most surprising that there are so few volunteers for this service in Canada. When we see the important results and the great benefits to be derived from obtaining a series of records of the rainfall throughout the Dominion, and from determining the general laws that could be deduced from such records, we wonder still more.

It is well known that the amount of precipitation regulates the advance of storm centres. In this case it would be of immense advantage to ascertain the law of storms in this respect, as the knowledge of their advance is most necessary to the interests of the commerce of the country. It is also of great interest to farmers that accurate records should be kept and the results published, seeing how much the welfare of their crops depends upon an accurate forecast of the weather.

The total precipitation (including snow as well as rain) in Toronto, of late years, appears to have decreased somewhat from the average of the 28 years ending with 1871, which was 35·619 inches a year.*

Total precipitat'n in	1872..25·238	deficiency	10·381
"	1873..31·612	"	4·007
"	1874...24·344	"	11·275
"	1875.. 29·730	"	5·889

And I am informed that the deficiency in 1876 was about six inches. To what cause this falling off is due, it is hard to say, and to ascertain this it is most important that full returns should be obtained from other stations, to compare with those of Toronto, to see if there is a corresponding general deficiency throughout the country.

In England it has been shown that there is an intimate relation between the diurnal variation of the rainfall and the daily variation of the declination of the magnetic needle. The following results are obtained from the "Proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society," vol. V. No. 12, Session 1865–66 :—

	Daily Rainfall.	Daily oscillations of magnetic needle
Principal maximum	8½ a.m.	10 a.m.
Secondary "	8 p.m.	7½ p.m.
Principal minimum	2 p.m.	1 p.m.
Secondary "	1½ p.m.	8 a.m.

The observations here compared were taken for a period of only eight months. I have compared the diurnal variation of the rainfall in Toronto, taken at the hour at which the rain fell most frequently, with the daily variation of the needle as above, and find the result to be as follows :—In the series of years, 1857 to'70, the hour at which precipitation occurred most frequently was found to be 8 a.m. This coincides exactly with the maximum variation of the magnetic needle, but the minimum of rainfall occurred at 1 a.m., while the principal minimum of the variation of the needle occurs at 1 p.m., and a secondary minimum at 2 a.m.

In the article from which the above observations on the fall of rain during the different hours of the day at Castleton Moor, England, are taken, it is stated that† "no other meteorological phenomenon is at present known having diurnal variations similar to those of rainfall." In looking through the Toronto abstracts, I find that not only does the month of greatest rainfall coincide with the month of greatest pressure, but that the maximum number of hours on which rain fell in the series mentioned above, viz., 8 a.m., coincides exactly with the hour of maximum barometric pressure in the diurnal variations, and the secondary minimum of diurnal variations of pressure occurs about 2 a.m., and coincides with the secondary minimum of the oscillation of the magnetic declination, and consequently with the principal minimum of the number of hours of frequency of rainfall.

The influence of the moon, as dependent on her age, on the amount and frequency of rainfall, has attracted the attention of scientific men in England. Glaishier shows,* from a series of observations extending over a period of 60 years, that the lightest rains occur at about the beginning and end of the lunation, the heaviest from the 21st day to the 26th, and from the 5th to the 9th day. In this conclusion he is partly supported by Mr. Bloxam, who states that "the largest amounts of rainfall occur at dates when the moon gives much light to the earth, and when it is, therefore, probable that she gives heat to the upper strata of the atmosphere. The amount of rainfall increases daily from the last day of lunation to day 9, and it diminishes daily from day 18 to day 29. In the curves given it shows a slight depression about the 15th day. Mr. Glaishier states further: "With respect to the influence of the moon on the fall of rain, which is connected with her influence on the amount of cloud, Professor Loomis, of Yale College, states that, from seven years' observations at Greenwich, he found the amount of cloud to be the greatest when about 19 days old, and least when 25 (that is at the time when the heaviest showers take place and of least frequency), and increasing generally from this day to the maximum, two days before the beginning of the last quarter."

Another correspondent of the same journal (G. Dine, Esq., F.M.S.), however, after giving his reasons, says: "I am, therefore, notwithstanding a strong prejudice to the contrary, obliged to come to the conclusion expressed in my former paper, that the fall of rain is in no way influenced by the changes of the moon or the moon's age." This opinion is formed, not so much from the totals of any particular period of years, as from the very different and often contradictory results obtained from the exami-

* Abstracts and results of magnetical and meteorological observations at the Magnetic Observatory, Toronto, Canada, from 1841 to 1871, inclusive.

† No. 24, vol. III. Proceedings of the Meteorological Society.

* No. 43, vol. IV. of the Proceedings of the Meteorological Society.

nation of the rainfall for different times and different places."

It would be very interesting to investigate the results from the Toronto Observations, in order to see whether any influence appears to be exercised by the moon on rainfall here. This subject I hope to work out in a future paper.

T. H. M.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

Poor Angelo.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONFESSION.

MABEL WESTBROOK stood by the fireside perfectly motionless — a figure struck into stone by the horror of the discovery. Cold and white as marble, and with her great grey eyes fixed and glazed, it was difficult to associate this fair rigidity with the excitable woman of a few moments since. It was as though the consciousness of an awful truth had set an icy hand upon her heart and stopped it.

But the brain was very busy, and the thoughts were crowding on it thick and fast. Brian was dead, she was sure, and Angelo Salmon had killed him in his jealousy. The secret of the four days' silence was explained; it was the awful, inexorable silence of the grave, and her love for the one unselfish man whom she had ever met had brought about his death. Whatever she did was for the worst, and misery as surely followed every act of hers, as the night followed the day. It was her own rashness which had been the cause too —her own impulsive leap towards the one happiness of her life, her own wild wish to let Brian know at once that he had not loved her, and struggled for her in vain. And he was surely dead! Angelo had had no mercy; he had almost vowed revenge when she had parted with him in the valley, and he had followed Brian and struck him down. What a miserable end to three lives that might with self-respect and self-restraint have closed in fair contentment! What a darkness before everything from this day! and what a misery beyond all imagination and endurance! She should go mad presently—there was no help for it. She did not know how deeply and truly her heart was bound up with Brian's, until the awful consciousness was upon her, that he belonged no more to this life. She would be glad to follow him—she would be very glad to die—life and life's duties seemed completely ended now that peace and happiness lay for ever beyond her reach.

If she could give way like a child—if she could only sob and grieve and rave—it would be better for her in those terrible moments that had closed her in with triple bars of steel, but the tears would not come, and the power of moving, talking, weeping was lost. She was spell-bound, as in a dream; only it was the grim reality which had coiled round her with its serpent folds and held her there a prisoner.

If she could from the turmoil of confusion at her brain evolve some plan of action at once, and as a strong man might do—if she could look upon one dear, still

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face—if she could pray to Heaven for help and guidance in her affliction, and not stand motionless with dry, dead lips!

The door opened, was closed again, and Angelo Salmon stood a few paces from her, glaring at her as at an apparition that had come to him in his turn. He was pale and haggard also—the spectre of the man whom we first knew calm and sanguine, at the Hospital of St. Lazarus, and whom a child might have governed then.

"I did not expect to find you waiting for me," said Angelo. Then he caught sight of the steel-framed spectacles in her hands, and shuddered visibly.

"You have found them—you have guessed what has occurred," he groaned forth, as he dropped into a chair and turned his head away from her.

Mabel struggled hard to find her voice, and it came back with the mighty effort which she made.

"Yes—you have killed him!" she gasped forth, as she sank into the arm-chair by the fireside, a weak and prostrate woman. A sense of faintness stole over her, as in the hour when Adam Halfday died for joy, but it did not render her wholly insensible. There was the rushing as of a sea in her ears, and a thick mist rose before her that hid everything. She could hear Angelo's voice, she could feel hot tears and clinging kisses on her hands, but it was not till the mist cleared somewhat that she was conscious of Angelo kneeling at her feet, crouching before her, holding her hands in his nervous clasp, and kissing and crying over them.

"O! Mabel, forgive me—for Heaven's sake, forgive me," were the first words she heard him utter, "I was mad, and knew not what I did. I felt he had blighted my whole life—I *was* mad. Do pity me a little!"

"Let go my hands," Mabel shrieked forth, "you shall not touch me—stand back!"

Angelo obeyed her. He returned to the seat from which he had dashed in distress at her half-swoon, and sat there with his shaking hands clasped together and his face convulsed with grief.

"You have killed him," Mabel moaned, "you have murdered the man I loved, and for whom I would have gladly died—God forgive you, poor wretch, for I never, never can!"

"Mabel—he is not dead—*yet!*"

Mabel had sprung up with a half-stifled cry of joy, but she sank back again at the terrible last word. He saw the effect which he had produced, and was once more bending over her, and speaking very hurriedly.

"He may not die—there are those who think he will get over it, but Heaven will not be as merciful as that to him and me. I can only say, I pray he may recover," he cried, "Oh! Mabel, Mabel, think charitably of me, if you can—it was the madness in me did it. Don't judge me yet—I knew not what I was doing after I had lost you."

"He is not dead yet you say?" said Mabel starting to her feet, her mind fraught with a new purpose.

"Not yet," replied Angelo.

"Take me to him at once. It is the only reparation you can make me," she cried.

"It is with that object I am here."

"Why do we waste time then?" she exclaimed impatiently.

"When you are ready for the journey, you will find me waiting in the hall," said Angelo, "as I used to wait for you night after night, before he came," he added.

"Is it possible there is malice in your heart still?" asked Mabel wonderingly.

"No. I am only thinking of my loss," he answered mournfully.

"At this time!" cried Mabel indignantly, "you!"

Angelo did not answer her; he went moodily from his room to the great hall, where he sat down until she came to him, wrapped in a thick black shawl from which her white face gleamed with keen anxiety.

"This may distress and unnerve you," he murmured, "and you have never been strong."

"I am very firm," was her reply.

They went from the hotel together, and the high wind met them outside in angry gusts and shrieked at them. It was a black night without moon or stars in the dark sky; the gas lights were struggling hard to exist in the breeze, the shops were already closed, and the streets seemed devoid of human life already.

"Which way?" asked Mabel.

"This way—towards the lower part of the town."

"He is there then?"

"He is lying on board ship in the harbour," answered Angelo.

"And you have allowed the woman you professed to care for, to be absent from him all these dreadful days," she said, "you could have taken me to him, and yet you witnessed my suspense with a silence as cruel as yourself."

"I will explain as we proceed," he said, "at present you misjudge me."

Mabel glanced at him. He had altered once more; there was a certain dignity, even a firmness, in his tone, that had not been natural to his character; he looked a stronger man now—like one who had made up his mind as to his future course of action.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HARBOUR.

As they proceeded towards the lower part of the town, signs of human life were visible in the closer streets, the fishermen's voices became noisy in bar-parlours, and harsh Yorkshire "gutturals" issued from shadowy turnings and deep doorways where humanity might be cowering from the wind that came across the sea.

"Tell me all how it happened," said Mabel; "let me know the worst before I see him."

"Very well," he answered slowly, "you wish it and I have to answer you. But," he added in a strange, imploring tone, "think the best of me that you can, for I *was* mad and did not think of myself."

"Are you sorry for the harm you have done?" she asked, "would you recall him to health and strength if it were possible?"

"Yes," he replied, "Heaven knows that."

"Go on. I will think the best of you that I can, then," she said.

He murmured his thanks, and, as they descended the steep decline towards the town and the harbour—dark and dangerous at that hour—he told the story of his jealousy.

"I had been watching you all the morning," he commenced, "I had had strange dreams, in which this Brian Halfday troubled me, and I was warned of him in the waking hours which followed. I knew he was here to take you from me—it came to me suddenly, the awful consciousness that you loved this man, and had loved him months ago. Well, I watched you—I was your spy—you know!"

"Yes," said Mabel; "all this you told me in the valley, where I had hoped that better thoughts had followed your suspicions."

"For you—not for him," he replied. "When I left you, I saw him by chance on the stretch of sand beyond the Spa. He was walking fast towards the town, and I strove to intercept him. With what object I hardly knew—save to upbraid him for what I thought his treachery. He saw me—he was wearing the glasses which you had in your hand a little while ago—and he waited for me to come up with him."

"Yes—yes—go on," said Mabel impatiently.

"If I had not met him then—if we had approached each other in a different manner—what an escape from the tragedy that is upon us," he said, "and for which I am waiting."

"Waiting?"

"When he dies, I surrender as his murderer."

Mabel shuddered.

"There may be hope," she said; "do not tell me life is to close with all these horrors round us. Do not speak of what is to follow his death," she added piteously, "spare me."

Angelo continued his narrative.

"He would not listen to me when we were facing each other on the sands; the place was unsuitable, he said, and people were passing who would be attracted by my angry words. Perhaps he was right not to explain—I don't know now," he added helplessly, "I cannot see what might have been."

He hesitated for an instant, and then went on again, taking a long, deep breath first, as if the ordeal of recital were trying to him, or he was fearful of the effect upon his listener.

"There were boats on the sands, and he suggested we should row out to sea, and talk there without listeners," he continued.

"Was he not afraid, knowing———"

"Knowing I was dangerous," added Angelo; "no, it was his own suggestion. He was very calm, he was anxious to be kind, he was more than anxious to prove that his love for you was deeper and

stronger than my own, and he was full of pity for me. As if I cared for the commiseration of the man who had supplanted me," cried Angelo in a loud, fierce tone, as the scene rose up before him again, "as if it did not put murder in my thoughts to have *his* pity!"

"You are not sorry for your crime—you hate him still," said Mabel, "you look back at this with all your old vindictiveness."

"No, no, it is past," Angelo hastened to say; "I would change places with him now, for your sake, if it were possible. Don't misjudge me."

"You rowed out to sea together," repeated Mabel. "Well?"

"Where he stung me to madness again with his pity," said Angelo speaking very rapidly; "where he told me of his love for you, and thought but little of my own affection. He strove to reason me out of my passion, by telling me that time would soften my disappointment, and you and he would be my friends and counsellors; he spoke as to a child who had been baulked of a holiday, rather than to a man whose one hope of happiness he had plucked up by the roots. I told him this—I cursed him for a traitor—and he answered me at last with that biting tongue of his which stabs like a knife. We quarrelled—and we were a long way out together on this open sea, with only God to watch us!"

"What did you do?" asked Mabel breathlessly.

"I went mad," he muttered.

"Go on please, let me know the very worst," Mabel adjured.

"I told him he should not live to be happy with you," Angelo continued, "and that his life should end, as mine had, in a blank; that I hated him and meant to kill him, if I could. I sprang at him, and he fought for life with me, and presently, I know not how, he went down, like a dead man to the bottom of the boat."

"Great Heaven!" Mabel exclaimed; "and then?"

"And then I knew not what to do; the oars were missing, and I drifted with the tide and his still body, knowing I was a murderer, and had crushed you as well as him."

"Well?"

"I remember little else, until the boat was alongside a collier which was bound for Scarborough harbour. It was almost night upon the sea, and we had been drifting from the coast. We were taken on board, where Brian came round a little, and offered his own explanation to screen me, and I stood like a coward and took no blame upon myself. It had all been an accident, he said—a chance blow, and in the hurry and anxiety of finding ourselves out of our reckoning we had grown careless and clumsy. It was a poor excuse and no one believed us. Brian looked forward to returning with me to the hotel. When we reached Scarborough, however, he was lying in one of the seamen's berths, very sick and faint—a sailor had bandaged his head, but he had become too weak to move. He was conscious of his position, and very anxious to screen the villain that I had been to him. He wished to lie there for an hour or two, he said. He would recompense the captain and sailors for their trouble very handsomely if they would allow him to remain on board ship for a short time longer; and to any inquiries that might be put, if they would intimate he was one of the crew who had got a little hurt during the journey. I left him in haste, I was to return in two hours if he did not come back to the hotel—he would have no doctor sent for—he only wanted rest, he was certain."

"Oh! Why did you not tell me on that night?" cried Mabel. "Could you not see my troubles? Did he not think of me?"

"Yes, but he was afraid of alarming you, and he had a hope of being back at the 'Mastodon' that evening to tell his story in his own way. It was only a question of a few hours, he thought, and I tried hard to think so too. But he did not come back as he had promised."

"What did you do?" asked Mabel, "go on, we are approaching the worst now."

"Yes," he answered, "the very worst."

"You will keep nothing from me. You will not leave Brian to prove to me how false you are?" she said fretfully and suspiciously.

"I have acted for the best since the quarrel," replied Angelo, "do not think me a villain in cold blood, for mercy's sake."

"Well, well," said Mabel, with impatience, "you returned to the ship?"

"Yes, taking with me a friend."

"A friend!" repeated Mabel, and there stole over her a sense of deeper horror, though only a moment since it had seemed impossible that that could be.

"A friend whom I could trust, and to whom I turned in the trouble which had befallen me," Angelo continued, "and we went together to the harbour where the ship was lying."

"And Brian?"

"He was worse. He was delirious and knew us not—and he has been getting weaker since! He has remained unconscious of us all until to-day. Then," added Angelo, "he asked for you, and I promised he should see you."

"And all this time he has remained a prisoner in your hands, and you could not trust one who had the greatest right to know the truth. After all," she added scornfully, you were thinking of your own safety, not of my unhappiness."

"No, no, I was waiting to tell you all—I had no thought for myself," he answered.

"And this man—your friend whom you could trust—has he had the care of Brian, too?"

"Without him I should have been in the hands of justice," said Angelo; "he has done his best to avert the scandal, just as Brian would have wished. He has believed in Brian's getting better—he has been sure of it—and he has had the authority of the doctor for this opinion until to-day. The crew of the collier have sympathised with us and kept silence."

"Bribed by your money," added his companion.

"At all events, Mabel, I have been only silent to spare you. If Brian had recovered it would have been better to hear the truth from his lips—but sinking slowly from this life, you hear the truth from mine, as the law—I swear it—will hear it very soon."

He raised his hands above his head, as if in confirmation of his vow, but Mabel did not reply to him again. They were proceeding along the harbour side, with the dark water on either side of them, and the masts of ships and coasting vessels rising above them dimly defined against the inky blackness of the sky.

"Does he know I am coming to him?" Mabel asked after they had proceeded some distance in silence.

"Yes."

"You promised you would bring me?"

"Yes," he answered for the second time, "and you will be prepared for a great change in him and—be merciful."

"Is the doctor with him?"

"The doctor or my friend."

"Your friend—with him now—do you tell me?" cried Mabel, with astonishment.

"He has hardly left him—you do not know what interest he has shown in Brian's position and my own—and how he has struggled to do the best for all of us. You cannot imagine——"

Mabel caught him by the arm and swung him round with a strength for which he was unprepared, and she unconscious.

"Don't tell me his name is Michael Sewell," she cried.

"Certainly it is not he——"

"Or Captain Seymour. For Heaven's sake, not Captain Seymour, Angelo," she went on hurriedly.

Angelo was surprised, even dismayed.

"Yes—it is Captain Seymour. I had no other friend here. What of him? What can you possibly know against him?" he exclaimed.

"I know Brian's life is not safe with such a villain—and that if you have trusted him you have added to your crimes," cried Mabel; "for it is too late, too late, now. You have been duped, betrayed."

"No, no; you are in error," said Angelo. "All this is a delusion on your part."

"Do you know he hates Brian Halfday?"

"I cannot think so for an instant."

"That he is the husband of Brian's sister?"

"Impossible! There must be some great mistake."

"Ay, there is. And never again will the chance come of righting it," replied Mabel in despair; "for this man is more desperate and revengeful than I fancied. He has laid his plans too cunningly for us to thwart him. We shall find poor Brian dead, or the ship missing from the harbour. Here is the cruel end of it!"

"Let me beg you to calm yourself—to suspend your judgment for a few more minutes," he entreated; "and forgive a wretch like me offering you advice. A few more minutes, please. Here is the place, and here——"

He stopped, looked down into the black

void of water, and then quickly out to the dark harbour's mouth, where the sea was raging. Beyond, in the darkness, there was a red light wildly swinging to and fro, as from the mast of a vessel struggling with the might of wind and wave. Angelo gave a cry like a maniac, and ran towards the end of the pier. Mabel remained motionless, struck again with that deadly stupor which had overcome her once before that night. Here was the cruel end, indeed, and as she had prophesied!

Angelo discovered two or three men, heavily equipped against the storm, standing at the end of the pier, watching the light in the distance.

"Has anything left the harbour?" he inquired.

"Ay, they have gone, the madmen," answered one; "and if they are not at the bottom before morning, it's good luck, not gumption."

"Was it the 'Mary Gray, Sunderland'?" he asked.

"Ay, it was. If you wanted to go aboard her, its lucky eno' you've missed her," said another with a laugh.

"It's the Jock who has been about here so often, Bill," whispered a third. "There's something queer been going on with that craft, and we shall hear more on it anon."

"Brandy," said the first speaker, "or 'bacco? But bust me if they landed any of it here."

"Treachery," muttered Angelo to himself. "My poor injured Mabel was right."

CHAPTER XX.

A SURPRISE.

IT may be recorded for the better comprehension of the incidents that follow, that Michael Sewell was no arch plotter, no mechanical, soulless villain of modern melodrama. In his way, he had meant well once or twice in life, but ill-luck had been invariably against him. He had had no desire to make enemies but was always proud of securing a friend, and what he did, whether for good or evil, he did with all the energy of his nature, which was strong and strange, and difficult of analysis. He was intolerably selfish, and insufferably vain, it was evident to most people with whom Michael Sewell became acquainted; but there were moments of good feeling—even of thorough earnestness—which deceived many folk, and certainly himself amongst the number, as to his natural character. He was passionate and headstrong very often; but he was cool and calculating when the occasion seemed to warrant the full use of his reasoning powers. He would at all times have rather made a friend than an enemy; and he hated Brian because he had failed to impress him, or secure a scrap of his esteem, rather than on account of the harm Brian had done him on one particular occasion, when it would have been convenient to hide in Penton Museum for a day or two. And he had loved Dorcas Halfday in his narrow and shallow fashion. He was flattered by her faith in the deserter, and he had rewarded her constancy by making her his wife, swearing to be true and faithful to the end of time, as he thought he should be in those early days of his affection. If there had been no temptation in the world, he would have jogged along in life very smoothly; but life had been all temptation to him, and he had succumbed to it placidly. He was not twenty-two years of age yet, and there would be plenty time to sow his wild oats and sober down into a respectable member of society. At present, he considered that he had not had his "fling," and life was not worth a button without "flings." He meant no one any harm; he was full of noble aspirations; he had promised Dorcas that Mabel's money should be faithfully restored to her; he had been seized with pity for a day and a half for William Halfday's helpless condition, even, and had taken him to a home, where for ever afterwards the man had been an incumbus; but the evil weeds grew thickly and rapidly in Michael Sewell's heart, and choked every feeble little shoot of goodness which it had ever put forth. He was not going rapidly to the bad, but pitching himself headlong down at it, from the precipice on which he had stood.

Mabel Westbrook judged rightly that this man was to be feared, although he had begun his plotting with the best intentions, and with only a wish to screen Angelo from the consequences of his rash act. He had been prepared to take the case in hand unselfishly; he was not very sorry his brother-

in-law had been hammered about the head with a boat's oar; he had an idea that it served him right, and kept him quiet at a time when he might have made himself extremely obnoxious at the "Mastodon," and especially with charming Mrs. Disney. He believed Brian would recover; and he took into his confidence a doctor who was staying at the hotel, and who, seeing also no danger in Brian's condition, undertook the case for friendship's sake. He had spent his own money freely, as well as Angelo's, in keeping things quiet; and it was only the discovery of a paper in Brian's possession that turned him from a watch-dog to a wolf. This was the copy of a will made by Adam Halfday, of St. Lazarus, and bearing a later date than that by which Dorcas had come into possession of twenty thousand and odd pounds. The copy only—what Brian had done with the original document it was impossible to conjecture. Michael Sewell must discover in some way or other where that will was—he could not face beggary so quietly as this—at any cost he must fight for his position, which would be struck from under him at a blow if this will were proved, or Brian Halfday lived.

If Brian Halfday died, all was well again; and if, in his weakness, he would give up the will, everything might be amicably arranged, he thought; and Brian *was* very weak now!

What was really festering at the bottom of his heart Sewell hardly knew, or he would not dare to confess; but the night was thick about his thoughts, and he felt more desperate than he had ever done. Ruin was so close upon him, that it unnerved him at one moment, and hardened him the next; and it was with a sudden dash at an idea that he had lavished money upon the collier's crew to tempt them to get out of the harbour in the face of the on-coming storm. Brian was worse, and Mabel Westbrook was coming to him. They must all get away, or be implicated in the affair, Michael told the crew; if he were not afraid of the gale, surely they had no occasion to be so; let them be gone out of the clutch of the police, and talk the matter over again when they were at sea.

Hence the vessel had, in the face of danger, put out from the little harbour; and weather-wise folk had shaken their heads, and thought it would have been wiser to keep at anchor till the wind had calmed; but Michael Sewell was of a different opinion. This man had some of the right material of a soldier in him; he loved danger, at least. There was an excitement in this last adventure which had its charm for him; and the waves leaping up the sides of the ship, and breaking over him and the crew, did not damp his spirits. Here were life and action, and he enjoyed them to the uttermost. Presently he should be able to arrange his plans concerning the dying man in the berth below—there was time before him, and they were making for a foreign port. It was more than probable that Brian would come to a natural death ere they were at anchor again; but an hour or two afterwards it occurred to Michael Sewell, suddenly and unpleasantly, that he might be taken off to a better world before his brother-in-law. This he had not bargained for; he had had faith in the ship and the crew, and it remained unshaken in the face of the gale; but it had not entered into his calculations that the pangs and agonies of seasickness would make a premature end of him. He had not thought of sea-sickness for an instant, until it came upon him with a force that completely unnerved him, and reduced him to a log-like condition upon the grimy deck, where he clung to some ropes that were handy there.

It was an ignoble position for the "villain of the story;" and we would have passed it over in respectful silence had it not been for the incidents which hinge upon his bodily prostration.

Michael Sewell was terribly bad, and swore terribly, also, whilst he was bad, and astonished and shocked the sailors, who were great in swearing too. He would take no advice; he would not be interfered with; he would not go down stairs and rest; he would stop up there and die, and be annihilated, he said. Would he take any brandy—yes, he would take as much as he could get of that; and then he called down all the bitter curses in his vocabulary—and it was rich in curses—on the heads of the infernal, heartless devils who had poured that abominable and beastly varnish down his throat, and added still more to the torments by which he was afflicted. If the ship would only go to the bottom at once, he should be glad; they were talking of putting back rather than face the storm, of altering their course and running

for Bridlington; of doing anything rather than brave the storm; but he had not the strength to interfere. Let them do exactly as they pleased, so that he died quickly and without their troubling him. He was sure he was going to die, and the sooner it was over the better for all parties concerned. He had only one charitable wish to add to this: he hoped everybody on board would die too, and so make a neat and tidy job of it.

He was not too ill to be astonished—indeed, the sudden consternation into which he was thrown took away his sickness for a while. Was he in another world already, that a woman should steal to him, kneel down before him, and put her arms round his neck? a woman as drenched with sea-spray as he was, and with black, tangled, wet hair streaming from beneath the hood with which her head was covered. Was it all a dream? or was this really the wife he had left behind in London to take care of house and home, and a horrible father-in-law, until it pleased him to return?

"Michael," said a faint voice in his ear; "my poor Michael!"

Michael opened his eyes, and said, "the devil," at first, and then, "Dorcas."

"Yes—it is I. How ill you are! Why did you venture in this dreadful ship on such a night as this?" she asked. "What does it all mean?"

"What does it all mean? by Heaven, that's just it!" he exclaimed, sitting up in his suprise. "What *does* it mean? How on earth did you get here?"

"You are very ill," she said solicitously, and without replying to his question—possibly studiously evading it, "rest your head upon my bosom, Michael—put your arms round me, or we shall both be washed overboard with this awful sea."

"As soon as it likes. I don't care," he murmured, then he sank back, and Dorcas wept over him, until he sat up again, and scowled at her, and told her not to make that row.

"How did you get here," he added; "why don't you tell me, you fool?"

"I have been very jealous of you, Michael," she confessed, burying her head on his heaving chest—and it was heaving very uncomfortably still—"and you must forgive and scold me presently, not now. I have been driven mad by my suspicions of you—oh! my handsome husband, I have had such unworthy thoughts of you."

"Ah! that is like you women," growled the husband, who would have been handsomer at that juncture had he been less of a bright yellow—but darkness hid the deterioration of his looks from mortal eye.

"I have been following you like a spy for days and days," Dorcas continued; "I have watched your flirtations with that dreadful woman with the dyed hair—I have been truly and completely miserable."

"Serve you right," he answered, "what did you come—to this cursed place for? Oh! my head—I am going now."

"No, no, rest awhile. Don't talk."

"But I will talk," he cried; "what right have you to tell me not to talk? And in the name of everything that's infernal what brought you on board this ship?"

"I have seen you about here so often," she answered, "I thought you and she were arranging to elope together, Michael, and leave me to my desolation, and when you went down stealthily to the harbour this evening, I watched my opportunity and followed you, and hid away till now. And she is not with you, thank Heaven! She never meant to come—tell me that, Michael—please do!"

"Meant to come? I never asked her—never thought of her."

"I am so glad," said Dorcas, bursting into tears.

"Have you been sick?" asked her husband.

"No."

"I wish you had," was his unfeeling remark here; "I wish you felt as I did, for dodging after me like this. I wish——"

Then he lay full length again, and declined further conversation until he felt better.

"I should have killed her if she had stepped on board with you," hissed Dorcas in his ear; "as true as I am a living woman, Michael, I was prepared to kill her, and thrust her into the sea, stab her, if she had crossed my path to-night. But she has not come, and you are here for another purpose altogether."

"Just for a cruise," he muttered.

"In this ship?"

"Yes—but don't lean on me! What are you driving your elbows into my stomach

for? Ain't I ill enough already?" he inquired morosely.

"I am very sorry you are ill. Oh! if we could only get to shore, Michael."

Michael did not answer then. When he had recovered somewhat he sat up at last with a feeling of less nausea and despair, and looked at his wife gloomily.

"I wish you had been drowned before coming here," he said, savagely; "upon my soul I do."

"Why?"

"I don't want you. What will the crew think of us? What's to become of my character?"

"It can all be explained. And Michael," she said, "think how happy I am to be with you again, even in this awful storm. If she had come—if I had failed to kill her——"

"Bosh!" said Michael.

"If I had failed," she went on without heeding his comment, "see here."

She drew a small phial from her pocket, and he stared at it with awakened interest.

"What is that?"

"Poison," she replied.

"You would have taken poison?" he said.

"Yes; I should have been glad to get out of a world where I had lost all that was worth living for," she murmured.

Michael Sewell snatched the phial from the hands of his wife, and placed it carefully in his pocket.

"That stuff is safer with me," he said.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PATIENT.

THE little "Mary Grey" of Sunderland weathered the storm bravely off the Yorkshire coast, and did more justice to her builders than many craft of greater pretensions that went ashore or went down on that unlucky night. The crew of the "Mary Grey" had faith in their ship, and it did not betray them; they would have preferred the shelter of the harbour till the wind changed and the sea was calm; but having once been persuaded and bribed into departure, they had no fear of anything save the discomfort of the voyage. What was to become of their passenger, one Brian Halfday, of whom they had taken charge four days ago, they did not exactly see, and were slightly anxious concerning. They were in a "mess" as regarded that little matter; they had consented to secrecy to oblige a couple of gentlemen who were liberal with their five pound notes, but the affair had assumed ugly proportions of late, and might end in an assize case at York if they were not extremely careful. They did not want any "bother"—and they intended to keep a sharp look out in their own interests, as well as in their newly-discovered patron's. There was more mystery, too, than they had bargained for; and the sudden appearance of a woman on the scene added to the complications of these worthy but thick-headed seamen. They had kept their word, and sailed out of the harbour; but as for making for Rotterdam, or Havre, for the sake of one or two hundred pounds, it was hardly in their calculations. They would be glad to give Flamborough Head a wide berth, and run into Bridlington, and get rid of the sick man as speedily as possible, telling the whole truth, if necessary. If not absolutely necessary, they would prefer a lie, but they were not going to risk anything more, if they could help it.

Probably all might end well, though the chances within the last few hours had been unpleasantly against the supposition. The storm that had tossed the vessel like a cork upon the waves had rocked into sleep the man lying in the grimy berth below deck, had brushed up his faculties on waking, and given him an interest in passing things. He was very weak still, but the consciousness that had returned to him was gathering strength rapidly, and the dark eyes watched every movement of those who flitted by him in the semi-darkness. He was not so weak as in the morning, and a sailor lad who had been his constant nurse told him so with exultation.

This was in the night time, when Michael Sewell was unwell above deck, and his wife was attempting consolation, with indifferent success.

"You're better," said the lad with a grin, as he hung on to anything which was handy to keep his footing whilst he stared at Brian; "and I'm moighty glad."

Brian moved his head slowly in assent.

"I suppose I'm better," he said in a husky whisper; what has it been all about?—let me see."

"You were picked oop——"

"Ah, yes, I remember," he said, interrupting the first speaker after his old fashion. "Don't talk Let me think."

Brian considered the position before he said—

"When I was awake last, boy, Mr. Salmon—that is the man who comes here very often—promised to bring a lady to see me."

"Ay, ay," ejaculated the lad.

"How long was that ago?"

"Oh! hours ago."

"Has she been?"

"She's upstairs—on the deck—I've seed her mysen."

"I am very glad of that," said Brian to himself; and his haggard face brightened at the news.

After considering the position again, Brian beckoned to the boy—who had his foot upon the ladder, with the intention of joining the crew on deck—to come to his side again. Brian's voice was not strong yet, and the wind howled and the timber creaked noisily.

"Tell the lady I am awake now," he said, "and very anxious to see her."

"Roight sir; and the gentleman?"

"Never mind about him at present."

"All roight," said the boy.

"And—here, wait a minute," added Brian, with more crispness of accent than had been observed in him by his new friends up to the present time; "can't this place be set to rights a little?"

The boy burst into a loud laugh.

"Noa, not very loikely—in the storm," he replied.

"What storm?" asked Brian. "Is there a storm?"

"Oi—oy," he said again; and ye've got a foot o' water here already."

"Then—it's not my weak head that makes this berth and that lantern roll and pitch about me. Where are we?"

"It's not easy telling."

"In—let me see—the harbour—at Scarborough."

The boy roared with laughter again. The guesses of the invalid were exceedingly amusing.

"You're at sea," he said; "we shall roon for Bridlington if we can roond the head—I heerd the mate tell Jo so."

"Indeed. And the lady is above there in the storm," whispered Brian huskily, as his voice grew tired and faint; "and away—from me. Its strange. Tell her to come down, please. I am waiting."

The boy made his way towards the ladder which led to the upper deck and the trap which had been closed upon him, and finally forced his way into the wind and rain, and swirling waves of the sea, which came over the ship's side, and a fair proportion of which rushed down the ladder into the murky cabin the instant that the trap was opened.

Brian lay and waited for his lady-love, as a knight of old might have done for her whose pleasure it was to minister to his wounds, in the good old days when "lady-helps" were fashionable. Mabel Westbrook did not come to him so quickly as he had imagined she would; that was also very strange, he thought, if she were above there in the storm. Perhaps there was a delicacy about the matter which he had not sufficiently considered, and she was content to be near him, and yet remain at a respectful distance from him. That idea had not struck him before; but his ideas were limited at present, and the world was altogether foggy. He was better—he was sure he was coming round—he could remember all that had happened from the time he met Angelo Salmon on the sands, and went for a friendly row with him, which, however, had not ended amicably. He knew that Angelo had been repentant long since, and anxious, and almost like a brother to him; he could remember many strange dreams and disordered wakings during the last day or two, with Angelo's face gleaming through them watchfully at all hours of the day and night, and with a distress marked on it which he tried vainly to understand in the fleeting moments when there had been a chance to think.

The ship rocked terribly indeed, and there came to him a new anxiety in the consciousness of Mabel's being on board, and of her being lost with him, and through his fault. If the ship went down with them, what an end to her young life! As if he could not have waited a few more hours before asking Angelo Salmon to bring her to him.

She was coming. The hatches above

were opened quickly for a moment; a woman descended the ladder with difficulty, tottered towards him in his berth, and glared into his white face.

"It is you—Brian!" she exclaimed.

He passed his hand over his forehead with some little effort. Was he dreaming again, and was this one of those miserable transformations peculiar to his dreams? He had expected Mabel Westbrook at his side, and surely this was his sister, whom he had seen last at—ah! he could not recollect that very well at present.

"Dorcas," he murmured, "you here. Did he send for you, then? Would not Mabel come?"

Dorcas remained clinging to the side of the berth, and regarding her brother with the same astonishment.

"I was not sent for. I came on board by stealth, and in the darkness," she answered; "but you—what is the matter?"

"I have met with a little accident," said Brian cautiously; "but am getting better now. Where's Angelo?"

"Angelo Salmon is not here."

"Not on board the collier! Where is he?" said Brian.

"Did you expect any one else?" asked Dorcas anxiously.

"He promised to bring Miss Westbrook to me. I wanted to see her," he added, with a heavy sigh. "But still I am glad she has not come."

Dorcas was a prey to a host of conflicting thoughts; this new mystery was bewildering her, and setting her jealousy in the background. The appearance of her brother, sick and wounded, in the berth of this vessel was unexpected and singular. Did it account for her husband's presence on board, and was there danger to be feared? The sailor lad had delivered his message whilst Michael Sewell was half asleep, or half dead, and she had descended into the cabin to solve the riddle which perplexed her.

"Tell me what has brought you down so low as this," she urged; "for I do not understand."

"You did not expect to find me here?" her brother asked.

"I did not dream of it."

"Why are you with me?"

"I have been following Michael, as you know," she said in reply. "I thought he was going away with that woman at the hotel; and when he came on board, I watched my opportunity, and joined him. But I did him an injustice, Brian. I was very wrong. The woman is not here. He does not care for her a bit."

Brian Halfday did not appear to be moved to any great exhibition of joy at his sister's vindication of the character of her husband—was not even pleased at the fulfilment of his own prophecy as regarded Michal Sewell. He lay there very thoughtful for awhile, with his eyes fixed on the lantern swaying from the roof of the cabin.

"Your husband is here then?" he said at last.

"Yes. And, poor fellow, oh! so ill."

"I thought I had been dreaming of him more than once. And it was he, after all," Brian muttered.

"He is here to see after you, to take care of you in Mr. Salmon's absence," said Dorcas. "Yes, that is it."

"He is exceedingly attentive," replied Brian, almost in his old dry tones.

"And you, who have doubted him so long, Brian," she continued, "will do him justice at the last, as I have done."

Brian murmured something which the raging of the storm did not allow Dorcas to hear. She asked him what he had said, but he did not reply to her question; and the dancing lantern became again an object of great interest.

"Do you see any of my clothes about?" he suddenly inquired.

Dorcas looked round. At the foot of his berth there was a bundle of something, which proved to be the articles of apparel which he had worn on the day of his dispute with Angelo Salmon.

"This is your coat, I think," said Dorcas.

"Is there a pocket-book in it?"

Dorcas prosecuted her researches. Yes, there was a pocket-book.

"Open it."

Dorcas opened it at his request.

"Are there any papers there?"

"No," was the reply.

Brian did not appear surprised or vexed.

"Very likely I left them at the hotel," he said, staring once more at the lantern. "Thank you, Dorcas; that will do."

Dorcas restored the pocket-book, set the coat in its place, and regarded her brother curiously.

"You have not told me how you came to this position," she said.

"Fighting," replied Brian.

"Not—with Michael?"

"No; with Angelo Salmon. I'll tell you all about it when I get better. Meanwhile," he added, "I must rest and think; for I—am awfully—weak."

"Oh, Brian, you *are* ill," cried Dorcas, full of a woman's love and sympathy at once. "What can I do for you?"

"Keep as quiet as you can," was his last injunction before he closed his eyes, as if with the faintness that had come upon him. When he recovered himself—how long a time that was he never knew—Dorcas was at his side bending over him, and bathing his forehead, with Michael Sewell a spectator of the operation.

"How are you, old fellow?" said Michael familiarly, as Brian came back to the working world again.

"Better, thank you," answered Brian, "much better."

CHAPTER XXII.

MICHAEL OFFERS EVERY EXPLANATION.

THE brothers-in-law regarded each other attentively. They were both men on guard, for all their friendly interchange of civilities. The sight of Michael Sewell seemed to restore Brian to consciousness very rapidly, for presently he put his sister's hand aside, and said—

"Thank you, Dorcas, that will do."

"Dorcas thought you were going to die half-an-hour ago," Michael Sewell said, with a forced laugh, "but I told her you were worth half-a-hundred dead ones yet."

Brian smiled at Dorcas and replied—

"I hope so."

"And now you have come to your senses, Brian, I may as well tell you why I am here," Michael continued.

"I don't think it matters much," Brian said, a little restlessly; "I would prefer to sleep, if you will allow me."

"Just as you like—but Dorcas wishes it."

"Yes, Brian, I wish it," said Dorcas for herself.

Brian nodded to Michael by way of permission to proceed. He was chary of speech now, a man who was economizing the little strength that was left in him.

"I did not think I should be able to help to cheer you to-night, Brian, for I have been infernally ill myself—fit to die, by Jove," Michael said; "but the wind has changed and the storm is spent, the mate says, and I have come round wonderfully in the last hour or two."

"Are we near Bridlington?" asked Brian.

Michael Sewell shrugged his shoulders.

"It is hard to tell where we are at present," he replied; "the cursed ship has been blown out of its course, the devil knows where—but we shall make for port as soon as possible."

"That's well," said Brian.

"I shall be glad," said Dorcas, "for there's father to think of: I forgot him altogether when I came on board. I forgot everything."

"Oh! hang your father," said Michael unceremoniously; "don't bother us about him just now. I want to explain to Brian how it is he finds me here, if you will keep your mouth shut for a moment."

"I will not speak again," said Dorcas submissively.

"You must know, Brian, that after your skirmish with young Salmon," Michael continued, "I was taken into his confidence, although I kept myself in the background out of regard to your feelings. I know you did not like me, and I was content to do good by stealth, lest any extra excitement should cause you harm. You understand, I suppose?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you look as if you didn't, with that confounded stare of yours," he said roughly.

Brian turned his eyes to his favourite lantern, which he regarded with attention in lieu of Michael Sewell. He had not thanked his brother-in-law for his kind thought of him, and it had not entered his head to do so, which was ungrateful, to say the least of it, Michael considered.

"We wanted—Angelo and myself," he continued, "to keep the matter dark, and we fancied you would come round in an hour or two, and thank us for the course we had adopted—or rather which we had carried out, according to your first suggestion before you went altogether off your head. So we kept it dark, and Angelo and I—we are staunch friends, I can tell you—have

taken it in turns to watch over you since."

"Where is Angelo now?" asked Brian.

It was his old question to Dorcas. He had a habit of repeating his questions until an answer was obtained, it was evident, and it was a habit to which Michael Sewell objected.

"He's not well. He could not undertake the sea voyage which the doctor recommended for you," was Michael's answer.

"Recommended for me—in this storm?"

"Yes."

"What is the maniac's name?"

"Look here, Brian, it can't possibly matter to you what his name is," Michael said in an aggrieved tone of voice, "and I can't get on if you interrupt me in this fashion. I have done my best for you—I have stood by you when nobody else would—I have undertaken this journey because you should not be left alone—I have been your best friend, when I found you floored completely."

Still Brian Halfday did not thank him, which was particularly remarkable.

"And I'll stand by you to the last, old fellow, forgetting and forgiving all the bygones," he added, laying his hand on Brian's shoulder, "for you are my wife's brother, and one of my kith and kin. You understand that?"

"Yes," responded Brian, shuddering under the friendly touch of his relative by marriage, "but I would prefer Dorcas's looking after me now she is here."

"To be sure," said Michael frankly, "she is the better nurse; I am only a clumsy hand."

"Exactly. I should like to sleep now, if you don't mind," said Brian.

"Why you have just woke up," said Michael in disgust.

"Still, I am tired," answered Brian.

"Very well—do as you like. I shall be glad to get on deck—I feel terribly queer again down here," said Michael.

Michael went above deck and into the fresh air. As he ascended the ladder, Brian felt half disposed to ask another question—the old question as to the reason for Mabel Westbrook's not coming to see him as he had wished—but he checked himself in time. He could not believe in any reply that might be given to him by such a liar as had done him the honour of taking his departure, and hence the question was unnecessary.

Dorcas turned to him after her husband's departure.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you believe in him at last. You see what his real nature is, for the first time."

"Oh, yes, I see what his nature is," replied Brian; "but I am in your hands till I get a little stronger, not his! You will remember that?"

"Yes—but how distrustful you are," she answered.

"Distrust runs in the family, I am afraid," said Brian.

"Ah! I know what you mean," cried Dorcas; "but I do not distrust him now. He has given me his word he meant no harm; it was all a silly flirtation, and more that woman's fault than his, and just because he was so handsome! And he has explained everything to you very clearly, Brian."

"Very clearly, yes," answered Brian; "now let me rest and think the best of him that I can."

"You *will* try?"

"I will try, certainly," Brian said. "Give me some water, please; you will find some in that bottle in the rack there."

He pointed to an ingenious contrivance near his berth for suspending a small water-bottle and glass without danger of spilling the contents, and Dorcas filled the glass and gave it to him. After he had drunk, he turned himself feebly on his side, and closed his eyes, and Dorcas Halfday watched him, and thought of the better times that might be coming to them all with the better understanding of each other.

Brian thought of many things, but Mabel Westbrook would stand first and foremost, and confuse matters. He wanted to reflect upon his present position so far as his weak brain would allow—why he was in that ship at sea, and with what object Michael Sewell had sailed away with him from Scarborough; but though there seemed treachery in the background, and a settled plan which he could not fathom, he preferred to think of Mabel; to wonder when he should see her, and when would be the first opportunity of his communicating with her, and telling her where he was. He should be very glad to meet the light of her full, grey eyes again; to tell her how he had longed for her presence, how unhappy, and restless, and dissatisfied he had been without her, from the first moments of his consciousness. He was

unable to account for Angelo's breach of trust towards him; surely there had been time to deliver the message and bring Mabel to the ship, unless Michael Sewell had betrayed them. That was the solution to it, he believed already; Michael had been searching in his pocket-book, and had discovered and confiscated the copy of Adam Halfday's last will, the original of which Brian had left in charge of the new curator of Penton until he should return to claim it. Was he in any real danger from Michael Sewell's hands? he thought there was nothing to alarm him in the position. The crew were friendly and sympathetic; he was on his guard, and Dorcas was there to look after him. He drifted into sleep whilst endeavouring to marshal his ideas into form, and finding them for ever being disturbed by Mabel Westbrook. What was she thinking of his silence all this while? was his last speculation before the world grew very misty, and he lost himself within it.

When he awoke again, the daylight was about him, the hatches were removed from the entrance to the cabin, and the ship rocked less violently, or else the lantern, now extinguished, had become less volatile. He felt the better and stronger for his sleep, too, and his first thought on waking was that the worst was over, and he should be himself again. Only a day or two more of this weakness and prostration, and then the new life, bright and radiant, and even Angelo Salmon glad to find him well.

He turned in his berth, and discovered Michael Sewell at his bedside as if he had never left it. Michael was examining the water bottle and glass arrangement to which we have alluded, but he faced Brian quickly as the movement of the bed-clothes assured him that the invalid was waking.

"Well," he said, "how are you by this time, Brian?"

"Better," was the reply.

"I'm glad to hear it. Stronger altogether, do you think?"

"Yes, stronger altogether," repeated Brian; "where is Dorcas? I thought she was——"

Then Brian came to a full stop, as if it were not worth while troubling his brother-in-law with the nature of his thoughts.

"Dorcas is feeling the effect of coming on board the ship," said Michael, "and is not so well as she was. How she has stood it all this time, the Lord knows; I don't. But she's sick enough now—and serve her right too," he added.

"Is she on deck?"

"Yes."

"Don't disturb her on my account," said Brian; "I do not require any attendance at present. Is the storm over?"

"Yes, and be d——, but I haven't come to talk about the storm," he replied.

"I would rather you would not talk at all," said Brian quietly; "conversation does me no good in my present state of health."

"But I want to talk to you—and seriously too," said Michael bluntly; "and we may not have another chance."

Brian regarded his sister's husband cautiously and critically; with the absence of Dorcas the manner of the man had changed, and there was a heavy shadow which was significant upon his face.

"Go on," said Brian; "let me hear what you have to say."

"There's no talking business before that foolish wife of mine," Michael Sewell continued; "and this is a serious business, or I am much mistaken. You came to Scarborough with the fixed intention of reducing me to beggary; in some way or other your spies tracked me to the 'Mastodon,' and you followed at their heels. That was not fair or straightforward, and I don't like it."

"I hadn't an idea you were in Yorkshire," Brian replied.

"It's a lie, Brian," said Michael; "and it's no use my pretending to believe what you say. I have proofs to the contrary."

"What are they?"

"When you were very bad—raving, in fact—I thought you would die, and I had better look after your effects and take possession of them before any one else interfered. I opened your pocket-book for one thing," Michael confessed.

"And took away the copy of Adam Halfday's last will," Brian concluded for him.

"I own it," said Michael, "and I will own more than that. If it had been the will itself, I should have taken it, and destroyed it."

"Well," said Brian, "it's a plain acknowledgment, I am glad I left the original behind me."

"I would have destroyed it for your sister's sake as well as my own," Michael said, "to save the misery and excitement

which the production of another will would create. For look here, Brian, I will fight your claim to the death; if I spend every penny in law to defend myself, I will dispute the genuineness of that cursed document inch by inch."

"You will have no case," said Brian calmly.

"Or I'll bolt with the money rather than you shall have it," he remarked.

"It will not be the first time you have bolted," was Brian's caustic response.

It was an unwise answer for a man so much in Michael Sewell's power as he was, and Brian felt that it was so the instant after the taunt had left his lips. He was always saying imprudent or harsh things—it was his old habit strong upon him, and a sign he was getting better, unless this was the ruling habit "strong in death!"

Michael Sewell's face deepened in colour, with the rage at his heart.

"If you weren't flat on your back I should have put you there for that speech," he burst forth; "don't say anything like it again, if we're to keep friends, or you value the little life left in you."

Brian Halfday was not dismayed by this explosion of wrath. He kept his eyes on Michael and said—

"I don't want this money for myself, and I shall not take it from you to enrich myself."

"I did not believe that rubbishing tale about restoring it to Miss Westbrook until a few days since—but if you are going to marry the Yankee girl, that's another matter," said Michael.

"Think so, if you will. It is hardly worth discussing," replied Brian.

"Oh! by Heaven, but it is," cried Michael furiously. "I am not going to be worried grey before my time by your infernal opposition. I say it is time to speak out."

"Speak out then," Brian said; "I cannot escape you, it is evident."

Michael Sewell did not respond readily to this invitation. He had failed to frighten Brian Halfday even in the weak condition in which the ex-curator was, and, with the exception of a terrible alternative, there was not much to be done.

"Look here," he said, in a low, sullen tone, "cannot we compromise this affair, without the law's interference? You would not leave me and your own sister to starve. Suppose we halve the amount of what is left, and say nothing of the new will that has turned up."

"I cannot agree to anything."

"Why not?"

"It is Miss Westbrook's money. See Miss Westbrook for yourself and make that restitution to her which your honour demands," said Brian.

"Oh! yes," said Michael ironically, "she's too fond of me—much!"

"You may trust her to be generous."

"May I?" he rejoined. "I shall not attempt so dangerous an experiment as to trust myself to any woman."

"As you please."

"That is all you have to say about this will?" Michael asked.

"Save this—that I will destroy it, if you or Dorcas will place in Mabel Westbrook's hands the money which belongs to her," said Brian.

"You mean all the money that's left?" said Michael, with a short laugh.

"Well—all that is left?"

Michael Sewell walked about for a minute or two in a state of indecision of purpose that was remarkable, then he stopped at the head of Brian's berth, and said—

"If you were to die to-day, Dorcas would be the next of kin."

"But I am not going to die," Brian replied.

"Life is uncertain, Brian," Michael replied gloomily, "and you are subject to strange relapses that even your doctors cannot understand. The crew bear testimony to that."

"I shall have no further relapse," Brian affirmed, "and I am not quite certain that I cannot leave my berth."

"And you will consent to no compromise?"

"Not for myself," was Brian's answer.

Michael stamped his foot upon the floor, muttered an oath, and said—

"Do what you will then, and all the harm that follows be on your own head."

"I am not afraid."

"Your fault—not mine. By God! not mine," Michael Sewell shouted, as he tramped heavily and fiercely up the stairs to the deck. When he was in the fresh air he came to a full stop, turned very white, and put his hands to his thick neck-cloth to loosen it, as though a sense of suffocation had suddenly come over him. Dorcas, who

seemed ever on the alert when her husband was in question, saw him from her place on deck, and rose to approach him, or resume her watch by Brian's side. He had turned, however, and descended two stairs of the cabin, as if to exchange a few more words with Brian, then he changed his mind and stepped back on deck, with so awful a look upon his face, that her own heart sank as though a mask had dropped from him and showed her what he was. She shrank back instinctively, and he did not see her as he walked to the ship's side, and he stood with his left hand clutching at the rigging, and his eyes glaring out at sea. It was a fixed, set look that nothing seemed to alter—a man struck suddenly to stone might have looked like unto it.

Had anything happened to Brian, she wondered, but she did not run and see for herself; there was that in her husband's appearance which held her spell-bound where she was. The sailor lad was diving headforemost into the cabin to inquire after the health of the man he had helped to nurse, and he would scream or cry out if Michael had killed her brother. If Michael had killed him! What a foul, wicked thought to cross her mind, when Michael was always to be trusted—and as anxious for Brian's recovery as she was!

The minutes dragged on slowly, but all was quiet in Brian's berth—the sailor boy remained below, and she fancied she could hear him laughing with her brother, whilst Michael Sewell stared out at sea, with those dead eyes of his. Suddenly his right hand wandered to his breast pocket, and, for the first time, he glanced round with a quick, nervous expression as of a man fearful of being watched at a crisis in his life. He did not see Dorcas, although she was approaching him stealthily; it was the movements of the crew in which he was interested, not his wife. He had utterly forgotten her.

She was at his side, however, and clinging to his wrist with nervous fingers the instant he had withdrawn his hand from his pocket. There was something in his hand, and she had guessed what it was, and was struggling to secure it. He uttered an oath in his surprise at being taken unawares, and endeavoured to free himself from the clutch of his wife, but in vain. She was possessed in her new phrensy of a strength stronger than his own.

"Give me that. Give it me, Michael," she cried; "I will have it!"

"Give you what," he muttered between his set teeth.

"The phial—you know it is the poison."

"Well—haven't I had enough of life?" he asked sullenly; "what will life be worth after your brother has ruined me?"

"Oh! Michael, is it that? I was afraid you—but how can he ruin you? How is it possible?"

"There is another will. It is my life or his," he said in a low whisper, "which is it to be?"

"You are mad, Michael. Give me the phial, and then I'll speak," cried Dorcas, "I cannot trust you with the phial."

He strove to free himself from her clutch again and this time with success, but the phial slipped from his grasp in the effort, and went rolling unbroken along the deck. Dorcas with a shriek that attracted the attention of the crew dashed at it and secured it. The phial was corked still, *but empty!*

Michael was close at her side.

"Be silent for God's sake—for mine," he hissed in her ears.

Dorcas recoiled from him, and went swiftly towards the cabin, and he stood still and let her go, until she reached the first step downwards, when he followed her.

"I am sorry, Dorcas—I was mad and desperate," he said, "save him—I don't want to kill him now—I am not so bad as that."

"Ha! Heaven help us—how is it to be done?" she cried.

"The water bottle—empty it," he whispered, "quick!"

Dorcas dashed down the steps to find the sailor boy at the side of Brian's berth, and Brian talking to him. There was an empty glass in Brian's hand, and he was giving it back to his rough attendant as she ran towards him.

"Have you—have you drunk the water, Brian?" Dorcas cried; "oh! for Heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Yes," replied her brother, "I have. What of it?"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT would savour too much of presumption to predict that the present Session of the Ontario Legislature which was opened with blare of trumpet and salvo of artillery, will prove the dullest and most unfruitful in the roll made up of those which are past and those which are yet to be. Midway in the meeting of the assembled wisdom, as we presumably are, the Province may be fairly congratulated upon the utter barrenness, aimlessness, and vacuity which have characterized its deliberations. On neither side of the House does there appear to be any vigour of will, any assertion of principle, conscientiously enounced and enforced by strong determination or so much as earnest pleading. The House of Assembly, now sitting in Toronto, is, in fact, the best condemnation of the party system, as it now obtains. When it was foretold that the Provincial Legislatures would, in the end, turn out to be merely enlarged or exaggerated County Councils, there were people who affected indignation at the comparison; but time has proved that the Cassandras were right. After the first of July, 1867, there was a cry of nervous and almost hysterical jealousy against any connection between the Dominion and Local Governments; dual representation was looked upon as an unpardonable breach of constitutional theory; yet, after all, where does the Province of Ontario find itself now? The "dirty little bill," as it was called, of Mr. Costigan, which drove the best leaders and administrators to make their choice between the two Houses, has, in effect, emasculated the Local Legislature. The introducer of the Dominion Act, however, was not to blame for the result. If Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake, or men of their mental and moral calibre, are not in the Ontario House to-day, it is not Mr. Costigan who is to blame, so much as the agitation, partisan and unreasonable, which they themselves set on foot. The "Reform" hallucination, then in vogue, appears to have been that there was an inexhaustible fund of legislative ability—not to say statesmanship—in the country, waiting investment in Parliaments and otherwhere. The experiment has now been tried, and here in Toronto, at any rate, proved to be a lamentable failure. The Ontario Legislature may not be worse than the Council of an Agricultural Association or of a County; yet, in truth, it would be an injustice to those bucolic institutions to press the analogy between them. The County Council, for example, as a general thing discharges the functions assigned to it, unassumingly and without pretence. It is a representative institution established, under a wise municipal system, for local self-government. There is no discharge of cannon when it meets in the Court-house to perform its duties in a leaky room which the farmers are too niggardly to keep in repair. The County Council seldom possesses a large surplus, and, unlike its exaggerated copy, the Local House, never attempts to make that surplus, by cooking the accounts, appear larger than it actually is. The municipal corporations have no legislative duties, in the strict sense of the term, except where a mistaken zeal for moral reform has induced Parliament to give them a quasi power over what a man may "eat, drink, or avoid." In the exercise of its legitimate functions, the County Council is usually a reputable institution, reimbursing the owners of dog-worried sheep, making good roads, in a rectangular sort of a way, with an eye to side-lines, and, generally, rendering things as comfortable as the established country maxim of parsimony, which was also Adam Smith's, enables it to do. Cities and towns are not of much account in the matter of asylums, gaols, hospitals, and pauperism; but then, again, cities and towns are liberal and can afford the stress laid upon them, especially by a government which feels at liberty to defy public opinion, and refuse simple justice to the metropolis of the Province. Feeble as Mr. Mowat's Government may be, either in ability or vigour, it has, at least, one merit —two Ministers represent one county, and hence popular opinion may be safely defied, so long as the *pagani* are satisfied. It is not

necessary at present to urge the inevitable issue too far; yet it seems clear that, sooner or later, there will be a conflict between the urban and rural populations, unfortunate enough in any case, yet one, nevertheless, which the present rulers of Ontario are doing their best to precipitate. Conscious of the immense importance of the farming interests, conscious also of the power they ought to exercise, and have a right to exercise in the Councils of the Province, it may not be amiss to warn our agriculturists that in any "struggle for existence," politically speaking, they must inevitably go to the wall. Class legislation, which is in its essence unjust and odious, invariably brings its own nemesis with it, which will ultimately punish both its authors and its unthinking supporters. Yet, since the Treasurer's defeat in West Toronto, the policy of the Government has been studiedly and contemptuously hostile to the interests of city and town. Notwithstanding the fact that the bulk of our Parliamentary intelligence is town-bred, members who owe their culture and adaptability to public business to the great urban centres, find it their interest to ignore the opinions and sentiments of those with whom they reside, and to flatter the prejudices and defer to the views, often crude and unsound, of the masses of the county population. There is no real diversity of interest which ought to cause antagonism between town and country, and where any appears to exist it is wholly factitious—the invention, in fact, of scheming and selfish politicians. The merchant or the manufacturer is as deeply concerned in the material progress of the Province as the farmer, and yet efforts are being persistently made to array them in hostile camps as the natural enemies one of another. This state of things is unnatural, and must, in the long run, prove an injury to the Province; it would never have existed had it not been that legislators have made political capital out of it. Yet no doubt there is in rural constituencies a morbid jealousy of town or city influence in public affairs, utterly unreasonable and baseless; nor is it less certain that our Provincial policy during the past few years has seriously increased and aggravated it.

Now there is not the slightest probability that the interests of the agricultural class will suffer from the inordinate power of the people in cities and towns; indeed the danger is all the other way. Constituted as Ontario is at the present time, and as it is likely to be for generations to come, the farmers must preponderate in the Legislature of the Province; and there is no reason why this should not be so, provided that urban wants and interests are fairly consulted and properly represented. But this is far from being the case under the existing *régime*. The cities are represented in the House, it is true, but not adequately. When the Premier added six members, following the lines of the Dominion Parliament, systematic injustice was done to the cities, notably to Toronto and Hamilton. So far from the country constituencies running the risk of being swamped, there is imminent danger of the mercantile and manufacturing centres being entirely lost sight of in Provincial legislation. The course and tendency of the dominant policy of the past three or four years have been in the directions of legislating for the rural class at the expense or to the neglect of the towns. The Ministry no sooner proposed to erect new departmental buildings at the seat of government, than they drew back at the first summons from the country with that timidity which has become chronic and constitutional. The expenditure, although necessary for the benefit of the entire Province, was refused because it would be laid out in Toronto, and the Treasurer was not ashamed to ask the City Council deputation to make a bid, in the nature of a bonus, either by granting a site or promising to submit to an inequitable system of tax exemptions.

Everything in the shape of reform in our representative system is refused; but on the other hand an absurd scheme to give farmers' sons votes, without requiring them to possess the ordinary qualification, found its way into the most meagre and beggarly speech ever read from the steps of the Throne. Reformers, having nothing to reform, appear to be in the enjoyment, in Ontario, of a halcyon era of idleness and ease. After an unusually long recess chiefly spent in political picnics, at which, contrary to the "well-recognised principles" of the Reform party, when out of office, the Toronto Government amused itself by meddling with Dominion politics, the House was called together to discuss the feeblest and most timid scheme of policy Ministers of any party have ventured to produce, since

Canada was first favoured with self-government. The consolidation of the statutes and the settlement of the Provincial boundaries make a great figure in the Speech, but they were not the work of Ministers, and it is easy to make a boast of other men's labours. Fortunately all the members of Mr. Mowat's party are not disposed to be content with this do-nothing policy; and yet they are met at every turn with ministerial rebukes for their activity. If experience so costly as that gained during the Lincoln scrutiny could teach a government anything, it ought surely to have stirred ours to attempt some amelioration of the election law. Yet when Mr. Hodgins saved them the trouble, by embodying in a Bill the result of his thought and experience, they would none of it, and happily were snubbed for their easy nonchalance. The debate on the Civil Service estimates was a pitiable exhibition of weakness and indecision, seeking shelter for themselves under the stale device of a fault of the printers. Everywhere are obvious the palpable signs of flaccidity and want of *verve* and energy.

The course of the Government on the Orange Incorporation Bills may appear to be an exception; yet, after all, it is one of those exceptions which prove the rule. There is, at any rate, one member of the Cabinet who knows his own mind, and has a will of his own, or a will and a mind of some one else's, whose exponent and representative he is. The Hon. Mr. Fraser, much to his personal credit, is not of the invertebrate species; his policy is clearly defined and distinctly enunciated, in season and out of season. By a masterly adaptation of means to ends, he contrived to commit Mr. Mowat and his other colleagues to two direct defiances of public opinion, first, in the matter of tax exemptions, and secondly on the subject of Orange Incorporation. Now we are by no means partial to the Association which has taken Protestantism under its immediate tutelage and protection. The plant is, at best, an exotic, and has no business here in a country where no religion is established, and none is proscribed. In Ireland, and in Scotland and England also, whither it has been transplanted, its history is not a creditable one in any respect. Even now the enemies of England are fain to couple with Bulgarian atrocities those which are justly chargeable to the Orange Society in days not beyond the memory of living men. There is no reason why Canada should be made a second Ireland. She has no strifes of race or creed which require bloodshed for their adjusting or settlement. Our fellow-subjects of French origin, although perhaps too easily managed by priestcraft, are a credit to the race from which they sprang, as well as to the British rule which first denied, and then conceded, to them the right of self-government. Nothing on the page of modern colonization is more creditable, in every sense of the term, than the course of the French population from 1759 until now. Sir George Cartier was the author of a phrase cited by Mr. Brown, perhaps as an evidence of the inherent wickedness of the French race, especially when it adheres to the old faith—*nous avons l'avantage, profitons en*—a clumsy translation of that universal article in all political creeds, "to the victors belong the spoils.' The Liberal party has gained in sagacity what it has lost in purity and integrity by a change of sides, and it is scarcely probable that even the Hon. George Brown would now object to a principle which has been defended year after year on its merits, in every Committee on Public Accounts of every Legislature in the Dominion. Sir George Cartier's maxim was not purely selfish, as some base and spurious imitations of it have since been. When he fought a gallant but ineffectual battle against Representation by Population, the contest was at least a respectable one. He was the champion of his race and his creed at a time when they were seriously menaced by a not over-scrupulous band of politico-religious crusaders. Whether Lower Canadians had just grounds for their apprehensions or not, they can hardly be blamed for clinging to equality in the representation to the last.

Now, however, there is no excuse for raising party or denominational issues, or claiming special representation for every creed or nationality in the Legislature or the Cabinet. In Quebec, since 1870, freedom and purity of election have been seriously jeopardized by the attempt of Ultramontanism to grasp supreme power in the State as well as in the Church; and it may be, on the other hand, that in one or two of the Maritime Provinces, full justice has been denied to

members of the Roman Catholic Church; certainly no trouble has arisen in Ontario from the one cause or the other. Yet the jealous complainings of sect or race are constantly obtruded upon public notice. Now, in sharp contrast with the course consistently pursued by Sir George Cartier, the policy of the present is purely self-seeking. It is patronage and not principle that is at stake in the never-ceasing complaints that one nation obtains more than its share of place and pelf. Eagerness for fat contracts or political influence may not be the only element of discord at work, but it is the most potent and discouraging. In a country where all are equal before the law, and where all who have taken up their domicile in the Province should be, first and above all, Canadians, these petty squabbles about origin are utterly without excuse. No national spirit can be possible in Ontario so long as the people are perpetually contending for an increased share in the councils, or at any rate in the expenditure, of the country.

The worst feature in this incessant grumbling is, that those who are least united are the most clamorous and exigent. No one can be insensible to the sterling qualities of the Irish people, and yet their intestine divisions are so radical and irreconcilable, that the claim for national recognition appears preposterous in the extreme. From 1798 until now, the Orange and Green have sometimes coalesced for the attainment of a common object, but the truce has always been a hollow and temporary one. Their vows of amity and patriotic affection have always been forgotten in a renewal of hostilities, waged with intenser hatred. Nor is this all. The feud of nationalities has broken out among the Roman Catholics themselves—the Irish are arrayed against the Scotch—and hence we have a threefold confusion in public affairs. Not only is the Irish Catholic at enmity with the Irish Protestant, but the Scotch Catholic is also at variance with his Hibernian co-religionist. Indeed, if we were disposed to go back ten years, a fourth division could be exposed.

When the Fenian distemper was at its height, and the most intelligent and conscientious of Catholic Irishmen were denounced, and, in one melancholy instance, brutally assassinated, for refusing to favour, by their names and influence, as outrageous a piece of knavery as was ever "floated" in the market of quixotic enterprise, no Scotchman, no Orangeman, was ever so heartily detested as Archbishop Conolly and Thomas D'Arcy McGee were by the rank and file of "the advanced patriots." It is no pleasure to chronicle these tendencies to quarrel amongst a generous and high-spirited people. Yet surely it will not be a vain effort to remind them that the influence to which they are properly entitled will never be acquired so long as their intelligence is frittered away in faction-fighting and complainings. The words of Archbishop Lynch, no doubt drawn from him in an undue mood of complaisance, were good and wise in themselves, but should never have been penned by a prelate occupying his position in the Church, and perhaps, it may be added, in the party politics of the day. The letter written in the new episcopal organ was unfair to one who has been a fervent friend, not always wisely, it is true, of his Church and his country; and it therefore tended to widen the breach which the Archbishop desires earnestly to heal. His action in this matter—and it is referred to here for a reason which will appear in the sequel—was in every way unfortunate. A rival newspaper, under the patronage of a Cabinet Minister, and with the *imprimatur* of an Archbishop, is not a pleasant enemy to face. It encounters one at a disadvantage; and, unhappily, the Roman Catholic editor usually surrenders, if not at discretion, at least on authoritative bidding. There is a bitterness in the knowledge that although the command is one which the Church compels him to obey, it has not come from the fountain-head of authority. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." It is one thing to reprove national acerbities, and quite another to throw archiepiscopal influence into the scale of one, and that the slenderest and feeblest of the disputants.

The Hon. Mr. Fraser has apparently been accepted as the mouthpiece of the hierarchy and the representative of the Catholic League. He has the ear of the Archbishop and holds the wires in the interest of his party. When the dictator, after saying and doing many foolish and absurd things in his famous ride across country on the Protestant horse, turned that faithful animal out to pasture under a sentence of superannuation, there was evidently a good opportunity of

managing public affairs in a genuine "Catholic" spirit. If the League, after the redoubtable surrender of the Reform party, had even remained, on the surface, homogeneous and concordant, all trouble would have been averted. Had Mr. Mowat been wise, he would have taken into his council an able and discreet Irish Roman Catholic; but he failed to do that, perhaps because no such man was to be found. The Commissioner of Public Works, therefore, entered the Cabinet to guard the interests of the Church. That duty he has discharged with ability and zeal, both of which appear to overweight his discretion. It is due to him to say that he has in turn overweighted his colleagues, crushing out of them all independent opinion and all power of self-assertion. His strength of will and impulse, reinforced and backed up, as it is, by powerful hierarchical influences, has proved too powerful for the invertebrate members of the Government. Wherever class or creed prejudices conflict with the public interests, as they were formerly understood by the Liberal party, they are sure to carry all before them under the existing *régime*.

To revert to the two subjects in which Mr. Fraser's influence has been conspicuously exerted, let us briefly consider the attitude of the Cabinet in each case. Our opinion of the Orange Society is on record, and it may be added here that the analogy attempted to be drawn between that Association and the various Roman Catholic institutions which have been from time to time incorporated, is obviously forced and untenable. The latter are established in connection with a Church, and find their analogues in the various Protestant societies, asylums, and the like, which they more or less closely resemble; between them and Orangeism no comparison can faitly be made. But it is not a little singular that one objection made to the incorporation of Grand Lodges applies with equal, if not greater, force to the religious institutions. It was urged that to pass the Bill would virtually be to vest all the property of the subordinate lodges in the Grand Lodge; but the same argument, if logically pressed, would tell against institutions connected with the Church. These are notoriously under the supreme control of corporations sole, such as bishops or superiors, or of close corporations ruled by the clergy; on the other hand the Provincial Orange Lodge is a representative body and could scarcely venture to abuse or pervert its trust even were it tempted to do so.

The ground of this argument, however, has been cut away by the Bills as recently introduced, which provide that the property of each subordinate lodge shall be its own. Mr. Fraser and his friends inquired why the Orange body cannot be incorporated under the general Act; and the obvious answer, given by Mr. Merrick, was that such a step would involve the expenditure of no less than fifteen thousand dollars, instead of a few hundreds. The opponents of these Bills, therefore, place themselves in a dilemma from which there is no escape. By referring Orangemen to the general Act, they admit the right to incorporation of this Society; but by refusing the necessary machinery, they virtually deny it. If it be wrong to give Orangeism a corporate character, the general Act should have been so framed as to forbid it; if it be right, then there should be no objection to its being done in the easiest and least expensive way. In either case, Mr. Fraser has left himself no *locus standi* whatever. Now it is quite possible to dislike an Association, either on account of its principles or its temper, without attempting to deny it common justice by a paltry stratagem of this kind. On the broadest ground of equity and public policy, the virtual proscription of a large body of men, who are acting strictly within their rights as British subjects, is, to say the least of it, unwise, because it is sure, in the end, to give them a factitious importance in the country much greater than is desirable. As every man living in a community is entitled to a fair, cheap, and expeditious administration of justice, so every association of men, whose objects are not immoral or illegal, has similar rights also, which it is highly impolitic to refuse. It is absurd to allege that any special recognition would be given to Orangeism merely by its incorporation. If the Legislature were presumably giving its sanction to the principles of every society it incorporates, corporations would cease to be, or perhaps never have existed at all. The right to hold property, to sue and be sued, and so forth, belongs to the individual, without regard to his religious or political views; why should a similar privilege be denied to an aggregation of individuals, whether we agree with their opinions or not?

Incorporation is a mere matter of convenience, and, if only because it places property on a securer basis, ought never to be denied merely for sentimental reasons or from ecclesiastical prejudices or enmities. Mr. Fraser has succeeded in obtaining a majority against one of the Bills in the Standing Committee; it remains to be seen whether the House will recede from the position it formerly occupied on the question. At any rate, Mr. Mowat's position must be determined, and it will be seen how far a threat from the Catholic League will terrify *soi-disant* Reformers and enable Mr. Fraser and his backers to ride rough-shod over the Government and Legislature of the Province.

The sinister influence from behind has had a palpable effect in the consideration of the exemptions question. At a political demonstration held in the early autumn, and in the Premier's presence, Mr. Fraser discharged his ecclesiastical thunderbolt in a clear sky, without, we fear, convincing his auditors as a mightier Jupiter convinced Horace. It is impossible to say whether, up to that time, the subject had been discussed at a Cabinet meeting; probably not. Judging from the meagre results of their year's vacation as displayed during the current Session, they preferred the general business of a wandering menagerie to the needs and demands of the country. If no united policy had been agreed upon, in the matter of exemptions, then, from his own point of view, Mr. Fraser achieved a success which does credit to his shrewdness, if not to his theory of ministerial responsibility. His speech at Dunnville showed that he knew that he could commit his colleagues to anything, and he certainly did not spare them in the slightest. Churches, he exclaimed, did good, and, therefore, the money they ought to pay upon the property they have locked up in mortmain, ought not to be exacted from them. How far any one of the Churches would regard another as a "good" may be matter of doubt; the followers of Hugh Latimer, John Knox, and John Wesley have a very bad opinion of "the scarlet woman," and, to do that lady justice, in spite of her sex she returns the compliment with interest. The Commissioner of Public Works, however, saw clearly, that however clerics may be disposed to fall out, they are sure to agree when the Philistines are to be spoiled. Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Methodist are not likely to fall out over the spoils, when the victims are the working-bees of the community. Mr. Lauder, of the Metropolitan Church, is quite as eager as Mr. Fraser, of St. Michael's, to preserve the adjacent squares—for they are near neighbours—from the sacrilegious hand of the tax-collector.

Now whatever some clergymen, trustees, deacons, and other office-bearers of churches may think, the vast majority of the laity are resolved that these inequitable exemptions shall absolutely cease and determine, and that at an early day. Perhaps, had no financial depression occurred, the issue would not have been precipitated so speedily. The people might have good-naturedly submitted to the burden the exempts have laid upon them; but they are now thoroughly aroused to the fact, that, under a specious guise, they have been induced to support State-churchism in its most odious form. Where the Government of a country, openly and above-board, takes a particular church under its protection and provides for its endowment, the position occupied is readily comprehensible. Usually rulers establish one denomination, in preference to another, because they believe in its creed or approve its form of ecclesiastical government. In Ontario, with no established church at all, years, indeed, after "all semblance of connection between Church and State" were supposed to have been done away, any single sect which has got two or three to gather together is actually endowed to the amount it ought to pay into the municipal treasury. It is the universality of the endowment which has proved, and will prove, the best refuge of the exemptionists. When there were but two or three favoured Churches, the rest aroused a storm which culminated in the secularization of the Reserves; but now that the process of "levelling up" has been adopted, it requires the indignation of the tax-burdened masses to make the upheaval effectual. Enceladus ordinarily remains passive under his Etna, but when he finds it necessary to turn over, a convulsion is impending in the neighbourhood.

When Parliament met, the real state of public opinion in the matter of exemptions was clearly expressed in the almost unanimous agreement of the municipalities. The

large number of petitions presented was entitled at least to respectful consideration at the hands of the Government; but they were contemptuously disregarded. Mr. Mowat might have made it an "open question,"—that favourite resource of a feeble administration; but the adroitness of Mr. Fraser had already committed him to the *status quo*. Unfortunately and ill-advisedly, in our opinion, Mr. Scott introduced the matter in an amendment to the address. The motion was necessarily one of want of confidence, and it could hardly be expected that thorough-going supporters of the Government, even though sincere in their professions of adherence to the equitable principle of non-exemptions, would be induced to accept it in that form. When the question was put directly to the Premier as to his intended course in regard to the question, his reply was that it was "under consideration"—a convenient side line on which inconvenient questions are always shunted. The fact is, Ministers have not made up their minds, because they have none to make up, unless Mr. Fraser's, and that was made up long since. If Mr. Hodgins's Bill on Voters' Lists was discussed "so late in the session," as to preclude its due consideration, what chance is there of any action being taken upon an important and pressing subject which is yet *en délibère*—that is, *in nubibus*.

There are four characteristics of weakness in rulers, which are all to be found in the present administration—the desire to grasp and centralize power, the tendency to multiply offices and increase patronage, the anxiety to attract the support of powerful classes in the community, and the timidity which refuses to meet popular demands where it would be inconvenient to meet them with grasp and courage. The charges of corruption and favouritism in the disposal of contracts we are accustomed to, and should sadly miss if they did not perpetually crop up. Oppositions are always severely virtuous, and if we want to find "the party of purity," it is always to be sought for, no matter who is in or out, on the left hand of Mr. Speaker. It is unnecessary to probe this heap of political garbage, which is perennially exposed to public view; it is a standing evidence of the low state into which party government has sunk the Province when the staple article in the political market is so impure and tainted. There must be something morbid in the condition of public affairs when this is the case, just as the prevalence of zymotic disease is a clear sign that the water of a town is foul, and its drainage defective.

That there is wide-spread dissatisfaction with public and municipal affairs is certain, and yet the Government has no remedy to propound, except a fancy franchise for farmers' sons, for which nobody has asked or cares for, and which has only just emerged from the process of incubation. It is becoming a serious question with many intelligent men whether our boasted representative system in Parliament and in municipalities is deserving of the eulogies so freely lavished upon it; whether, in short, it fulfils the purposes it was designed to serve; or rather if it be not a showy phantom—*tenuis sine corpore vita, cavâ sub imagine formæ*. That our electoral system is not wholly chargeable with the practical evils which beset it may be readily admitted; in fact political affairs are suffering not from one malady, but from a complication of them. Still it is not surprising that the attention of the Legislature should be invited to a number of schemes for altering the basis of the suffrage. Two of those introduced recently, refer to the municipal system and one to the Parliamentary, and there is not the slightest necessity of confusing the public mind by mixing them up as the *Globe* has attempted to do. Let us examine these separately, observing the clear distinction between the functions of the Legislature and of the municipal councils respectively.

The palpable mischief in our local corporations is an increasing recklessness in expenditure, and hence the obvious necessity of checking it by some drastic remedy. It is clear that no permanent cure can be effected by the fitful interest taken by the better class of electors, whenever trade is depressed and the rate of taxation and the burden of debt are unusually irksome. If these spasmodic efforts were really pricks of conscience reproving men for a neglect of public duty, their effects might be abiding and salutary; but they are nothing more than temporary pinchings at the pocket. No sooner is the

pain of the moment assuaged than the patient mounts his high horse and canters along the old road to extravagance and ruin, until he finds himself sooner or later in another slough of despond, and so on *ad infinitum*. The judicious and prudent in any given municipality are sure to be a minority of the electorate, and unfortunately, therefore, they are not its guides or directors. In times of prosperity they allow the demagogues to have it all their own way; personally too deeply immersed in the cares of business, too intensely disgusted with municipal politics, or it may be hopeless of any systematic reform, they let matters take their own course—that is, the course marked out for them by ward politicians, interested contractors and jobbers generally. Now it must not be lost sight of that, although municipal bodies possess some few powers of local legislation, their duties are almost wholly administrative. They have pre-eminently the power of the purse, and their chief business consists in levying taxes, erecting public buildings, constructing public works of all kinds, providing ways and means for the police and educational services, and so on. In a miniature form they grant the money of the people, because presumably they represent the people—though generally speaking, the people who spend, rather than those who contribute the money. The mass of the men who elect our Councils have no reason to check extravagance, because their share in the money expended is small, and, thanks to the ward system, which is a near connection of party politics, they are in the hands of leaders of the blind, who are by no means blind themselves.

One has only to notice the *ad captandum* appeals for work for the poor, and the rest of the rubbish with which the poor man's eyes are filled on the eve of every municipal election, to understand how the existing system works. It is, in fact, an organized and systematic attempt to spend the rich man's money ostensibly for the benefit of the poor man. In the long run it fails, because the poor and the rich are not natural antagonists; and it is only the craft of designing men which has ever made them appear so. To set class against class when there is no substantial ground of complaint, is a crime against society, and yet that is exactly what the professional demagogue is always doing in one way or other. There is no virtue in the possession of wealth, and often, the poor man is not only as good as the rich man, but a good deal better. Now, if the municipal body were other than it is—a distributing body—the pother raised over Mr. Bethune's Bill would be not only reasonable, but justifiable; but this is not true. All that the hon. member claims is simply that some change should be made in a system which places the property and often the credit of the great employers of labour in danger. It is no matter of surprise that the "organ" attempts to make a Parliamentary Franchise Bill of one which relates simply to municipalities. Experienced demagogues are well aware that it is easier to deal with the prejudices and passions of the mass—because they may be wrought into perilous action by any one who can govern "the stops and ventages"—than to appeal to the cooler reason and sagacity of the intelligent. Now Mr. Bethune's Bill, carefully and thoughtfully drawn as it has been, has nothing to do with the "national action," of which the *Globe* speaks, at all. It does not, for a moment, propose that the Parliamentary Franchise should be placed on a property basis, and that for the simple reason, that the rights, the liberties, the national status and well-being of every elector are in the power of a legislature; while the municipal council has mainly to do with the honest and judicious expenditure of local contributions exacted upon the value of property assessed. In short, the council is merely a Board, very badly constituted, for the purpose of constructing works, squandering money, and incurring debts, by a vote of the majority, out of moneys which come from the pockets of the ignored minority.

Having said thus much in favour of Mr. Bethune's Bill, however, we are by no means sanguine that it would effect its purpose. It seems clear that to give a plurality of votes to property owners in one or two wards of a city where their warehouses or manufactories are situated, would scarcely meet the needs of the case. So long as the ward system obtains, no satisfactory administration of finance is to be anticipated. It encourages sectional conflicts on the pettiest scale, directly fosters the breeding of a herd of insignificant politicians, whose interest it is to gain popular favour by bribing them

with municipal money, and who exercise a baneful influence by no means confined to the limited sphere of their action. Yet it is a step in the right direction; it would provide some check upon improvident expenditure by making it the interest of property to be its own guardian, instead of being the prey of knaves and their dupes, and, therefore, it is to be hoped that it will be calmly and rationally discussed in the House. Property has its duties, but it also possesses rights which claim some protection at the hands of the Legislature.

The other Bill on the Municipal Franchise was introduced by Dr. Clarke, of Norfolk, who proposed to extend the right of voting to women whose names are entered upon the assessment roll. It is scarcely necessary to discuss, at present, the general question involved in the Bill, because it has been summarily extinguished by a vote of the House. Although having a natural bias in favour of female suffrage, it appears to us premature to introduce the question for some time to come. The experiments hitherto tried in that direction have not proved successful; and many who advocated the measure in other days have withdrawn their support from it. Its champions have been injudicious in their attempt to establish that there is an antagonism between the sexes, or that women suffer from the one-sided legislation of men. Except within the circle of a noisy propaganda, there is no reason to suppose that the franchise is either desired or would be exercised, if it were conferred upon the female sex. Finally, the scheme proposed by Dr. Clarke was incomplete, unsatisfactory, and would, in the end, inevitably involve, had the Bill been carried, questions not to be lightly and hastily thought out. The Hon. Mr. Currie's Bill, which proposes to extend the Parliamentary suffrage, so as to embrace all adult males, not especially disqualified by law, would inevitably prove a step from bad to worse. The notion that the franchise is a right that naturally belongs to every man who has attained the age of twenty-one would probably find few supporters, after the experience of "universal" suffrage gained from the United States and from Europe. It is urged, however, that, in Canada, large classes of men have been gifted with votes who do not use them intelligently, or even honestly, and that a class is excluded which would prove a valuable counterpoise to the others. If so that would only go to prove that our test of fitness is unsatisfactory, because otherwise the first would have been denied the privilege, whilst the latter would have been endowed with it. It may possibly be that there are, in exceptional cases, men excluded from the electorate, whose names should be enrolled there; but to take the last fatal step of embracing the entire "residuum" would be no boon to them and a decided injury to the country. If it be impossible to adjust the franchise by levelling up, there is at least no necessity for our degrading it by levelling down.

The introduction of a Bill to incorporate Trinity Medical School does not of itself call for any comment, because, generally speaking, it is not open to objection. But it may not be amiss to warn legislators against the danger they incur in sanctioning any attempt to tamper with the supreme power of affiliation conferred upon the Provincial University. The Senate has, for some time, been engaged upon a statute which will place the entire subject of affiliation upon a more satisfactory basis, and it would have been much better if the extraordinary legislation desired by the Trinity School had been postponed until the scheme were promulgated. It savours too much of a renewed attempt to cripple the University of Toronto, which we see, from time to time, put forth by its rivals. Hitherto Trinity School has repudiated the connection its name would seem to imply. Its claim has always been that it is *filius nullius*, and now, strange to say, it desires the exceptional privilege, never before heard of in this country, of choosing as many "benign mothers" academical, as it sees fit. No such power was ever asked for or dreamed of in our collegiate annals, as that contained in the twelfth clause—"to affiliate with any university or universities empowered to grant degrees." Now, so far the universities are concerned, the power of affiliation is already possessed, and unless it be intended to give Trinity School unprecedented powers in this respect, either by this or a subsequent Bill, it is difficult to see what reason there is for the clause at all. No one can have the slight-

est objection to broadening the base of the Provincial University, so long as it is done in the interest of the Province and of the University; but there are many objections to making statutory artillery to be used for undermining the institution. These remarks are made with no desire to impugn the motives of the Trinity faculty, or to do it the slightest injustice; unfortunately, so many efforts are made from various quarters to injure the Toronto University, that its friends cannot be too vigilant when they are put forth in order to aid its rivals in the struggle for existence.

The appointment of Mr. Pellétier, *vice* the Hon. Mr. Letellier, calls for no special remark, and since Parliament will assemble early in the month, it would be useless to anticipate the programme for the Session. It may not be out of place, however, to express a hope that the Ottawa Government will make some *rapprochement* towards those influential interests which ask for the adoption of a national fiscal policy. There can be no reason for making light of the difficulties in the way. Besides the crystallized economical dogmas of the *doctrinaire*, pure and simple, there are sectional differences to be adjusted, and clamorous interests to be conciliated all over the Dominion. It is unfortunate also that the tariff agitation has been made too much a party one; still, when one reflects upon the fact that an Opposition always catches the popular breeze ahead of those in power, this appears to be an additional reason for carefully watching the signs of the times. Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper are the exponents of a powerful and constantly growing force of public opinion, and yet the intensity of it is by no means due to party alone. The proceedings of the Dominion Board of Trade at its recent meeting ought to convince Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright that the time must shortly arrive when it will no longer be wise to ignore so important a question. Mr. White, of Montreal, Mr. W. H. Howland, of Toronto, and Mr. John Mackenzie, of Hamilton, represent three different shades of public opinion—Conservative, National, Reform; and yet they are all united in pressing upon the Government the vital question of the hour. Mr. John Mackenzie is a new convert, as he frankly confesses, and he is only one of many to be found in the ranks of the Reform party. The deliberate opinions of men like Mr. John Macdonald and Mr. David Blain, sitting on his own side of the house, ought to convince the Premier that the policy of *laissez faire* must shortly be abandoned. In Canadian trade discussions the *doctrinaire* element, on one side or the other, has prevailed too long. It is necessary now, instead of clamouring for the theories of Mr. Carey on the one side or Mr. David Wells on the other, that reasonable men should unite irrespective of party. Free-traders in England and the Continent are patriots first and theorists after. M. Léon Say, for example, is an avowed free-trader, and yet, as French Minister of Finance, he feels compelled, for the sake of the nation, to bend theory to national interests and exigency. In this country, Sir Alexander Galt, who has no chimerical notions on the subject, has taken a similar course, and we believe that, on the lines so clearly, ably, and cautiously laid down by him, moderate men of both parties may unite in framing a policy truly and purely national.

A Bull from the Evangelical Alliance of this city on the subject of Sunday funerals, deserves closer attention than space will now permit. The Alliance has done good service in the cause of Christianity, inasmuch as it has softened the asperities of the sects, and drawn together the various branches of Protestantism in Europe and America. At the same time it is no part of its mission to sow the seeds of discord by issuing imperious mandates to Christian ministers and people, eminently Judaizing in their character. To endeavour, by external pressure, to coerce the consciences of their fellow Christians, is a direct violation of the motto of the Alliance. The directors must be fully aware that there is great diversity of opinion and greater diversity of practice amongst Christians on the subject of Sunday observance. They may call the *first* day of the week the Sabbath if they choose, and, although they would find some difficulty in adducing any authority for so doing, their opinion is entitled to all respect. But they have no right to attempt the use of moral compulsion to enforce that opinion. It is quite certain that neither St. Paul, John Calvin, nor

Martin Luther could have been members of the Alliance on any such terms. To bury the dead on Sunday can only, by the utmost strain upon popular feeling, and the utmost stretch of the theological imagination, be construed as a violation of the sanctity of of the day. No day surely can be more appropriately chosen on which to stand beside the grave of a departed friend, undistracted by the din of worldly business, with thoughts solemnized, face to face, as it were, the living with the dead. Then, when heaven and earth seem to draw near to each other, when even the sounds of nature seem to be subdued by the holy calm around, where may the heart or the conscience be touched so nearly or so impressively as on the margin of the grave? No one desires to have a continental Sunday here; yet we feel it our duty to protest against that dogmatic Judaism which caused the first dissension in the Church at Jerusalem, and is utterly alien from the spirit of true Christianity.

Having but one paragraph at our disposal for a review of foreign affairs, it is some consolation that there is not much to review. The Presidential struggle has been so far composed, that, should no future hitch occur, the difficulty may be regarded as over. Whether the Electoral Commission of fifteen be authorized by the Constitution or not, it is now *un fait accompli*. The Bill passed by overwhelming majorities in both Houses, and has received the signature of the President. All that now remains for bystanders is to await in patience the result of its labours. The Eastern question, owing to the failure of the Conference, is yet in suspense; still promising signs of a peaceful issue are apparent. It by no means follows that because Turkey has proved recalcitrant, and the foreign ambassadors have left Constantinople, that no impression has been made upon the Porte. It is evident that Midhat Pasha is bent upon doing things in his own way—perhaps he has been compelled to do so. Whether his plan of reform will effect any permanent good is more than doubtful; yet he has made liberal overtures of peace to Servia, and the attitude of Russia is decidedly peaceful. In another month or so matters will be settled by the pen, or given over to cannon and bayonet.

Jan. 30th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A LIVING FAITH. By George S. Merriam. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

We have here again a book by a layman, discussing questions which most closely concern the highest life of man,—questions, too, which, in this age of discussion, are ever assuming increasing prominence. The work before us contains a series of thirty-seven papers, originally contributed to the *Christian Union*, and now collected in a very tastefully bound volume. The most casual reader of it cannot fail to be struck with the charm of the style; the vividness and freshness with which important thoughts are expressed in clear, pointed language; but better still is the Catholic and loving spirit which pervades it; and the writer's hopeful and "living" faith that, out of the present chaos and conflict of opinion, a stronger, fuller, better-understood Christianity will arise, to be the portion of the future. As the writer observes in his preface —"Change of belief is in the very air; all strong and independent thinkers are more or less affected by it; books, reviews, newspapers teem with direct and indirect indications of the shifting tide of religious opinion.—The noble opportunity of the Church and of all teachers of religion is this; to so teach and administer the truth that with new intellectual conceptions shall blend those spiritual elements,—the immortal trinity of faith, hope, love—which are the soul of religion." The author does not, however, while pleading for greater liberty of Christian thought, forget to point out the important truth, that the liberty which is not

based upon and conducive to a fuller development of the higher life of the soul, can be only injurious, since, as he justly remarks, "bondage to superstition is not the worst thing; the liberty that casts off the law of God is far worse." And he goes on to say,—what cannot be too strongly borne in mind: "There is far less reason to declaim against dogma and church authority and ritualism than to supply men, from purer and fuller sources, with what these instrumentalities have imperfectly furnished. The systems that are dying did build men up, in no small number, and in no low degree, in the essential virtues of character. Our part is to see that the new generation be better and stronger men than their predecessors."

In discussing the nature and the power of "A Living Faith," the author goes over a large extent of ground, as will be seen from the titles of the chapters, among which we may mention—"Religion in the Future," "The Study of Theology," "Democracy and Religion," "The Inner Witness," "The Ever Present Spirit," "Inspiration," and "Christian Union." The paper on the "Wrath of God" is a solemn and powerful elucidation of a much misunderstood subject. The following passages from "The Inner Witness," and "The Teaching of the Spirit," we quote as especially needed in an age the tendency of which is to overrate and over-exalt the physical and material:—"Through conscience then—the sense of right and wrong—God reveals Himself, and reveals Himself more fully as the sense of right and wrong becomes clearer and stronger. But there is a faculty higher even than conscience. There is, in the soul, latent or developed, a power by which it may come into direct, conscious, joyful intercourse with its God. It may feel Him nearer than any human friend ever was. This is the loftiest and most blessed experience of human nature. Those who have felt it know that it is not imaginary or delusive, but deeper and surer than anything besides. In such moments the soul sees God face to face; it knows Him thereafter, not by the report of another, but by what it has felt and known for itself." "The New Testament teaching as to the Holy Spirit is in substance simply this; that there is a direct contact of the Divine soul with the human soul, through which light and strength and peace are given to whoever will submit himself in obedience and trust to his heavenly Father."

The whole volume is pervaded by the spirit of the often quoted text:—"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine." This does not, however, imply that the doing of the will of God, so far as it is known, is necessarily accompanied by knowing *everything about* the doctrine, since some of the holiest men who ever lived have been subject, for a time at least, to very great delusions. And we wish that the author had made clearer the great difference which exists—whether in kind or in degree—between that Divine inspiration *towards good*, which comes to every willing heart, and by which every conquest over ill is gained, every good work wrought, and that more special *inspiration of knowledge*, which we believe has been given to but the few who have been the instruments of conveying to us through revelation, Divine Truth pure and unmixed, as it never comes through merely human channels. The author truly says that "no theory of inspiration is going to affect the value of the Holy Scriptures. They will always be prized for what they *are*." But a wrong way of looking at inspiration may lead those who have never spiritually comprehended it, to reject the "the counsel of God against themselves."

Another point which we could wish had been made clearer is, the utter inability of man to conquer the evil of his nature and do the will of God without the impartation of the Divine remedy. The book is a noble protest against the false and superficial Christianity which regards "salvation" as merely a rescue from deserved punishment, and puts intellectual belief in the place of the life of faith, which, if it be a true faith, must be "known by its fruits." But unless the *root* of "a living Faith" be implanted; unless man's natural inability for it be recognized, as well as the means for attaining it, which the great central truth of Christianity provides, the fruits worthy of the root must be looked for in vain. Even, however, where we may think the book somewhat defective, we cannot but appreciate the spirit in which it is written, and the earnestness, purity, faith, hope, and love which breathe through every page. It is a book which Christians cannot read without a deeper sense of their privileges and responsibilities, and which will show to those who may have become bewildered and confused by an arrogant scepticism, that Christianity, far from being effete, is only bracing herself up for a fuller, stronger, and nobler life. We close by quoting, with fullest endorsation, the author's words on this point;—"Out of chaos rises a new world when the Spirit of God broods on the abyss. Blind and dead of feeling must be he who does not now discern by glimpses, the presence of a Divine Spirit inspiring and uplifting the world toward a future more glorious than the past. What that future will be no man can fully tell. But this we know: hope will be ampler, faith will be brighter, and love will be greatest of all."

THOMAS WINGFOLD, CURATE. By George Macdonald, LL.D. Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.

There is a striking sympathy of thought and tone between this book and the one we have just noticed. Indeed, it might almost be said that this one is in the sphere of fiction what the other is in that of didactic writing. Only, perhaps, as being concerned with actual concrete human lives, (for are not all true characters of fiction such ?) it leads the reader to take a deeper and intenser hold of the vital spiritual problems it discusses. In this volume there is less of *story*—pure and simple—than is usual in George Macdonald's works of fiction ; less, too, of the exquisite poetic description of nature, which is one of his especial charms. It would seem that he dwells less upon the harmonies of *nature*—though he does not leave them out—because he is so intensely occupied with the harmonies or discords of human souls. This book is really a battle ground between the blank, cold, negative scepticism of the day, which cannot travel beyond the positive evidence of physical science, and makes its religion of what concerns only the lower and outward life of man,—and the profound spiritual insight which recognizes the higher needs and cravings of his nature, as well as the Truth which satisfies them. The type of the first is the handsome, well-developed, self-complacent George Bascombe, of whom we are told that "the thought had never rippled the gray mass of his self-satisfied brain that perhaps there was more of himself than what he counted himself yet knew, and that possibly these matters had a consistent relation with parts unknown ;" that he "had persuaded himself, and without much difficulty, that he was one of the prophets of a new order of things ;" and that "the thing he *seemed* most to believe was, that he had a mission to destroy the beliefs of everybody else." The type of the other is his contrast in every possible way, the misshapen little dwarf, who, in George's opinion, had "no right to exist," yet who is one of those strange mixtures of philosophy and loving Christian sympathy that George Macdonald delights to draw, gifted with the talisman of a profoundly realised faith to meet the wants of the suffering, craving human hearts around him. How the conflict worked itself out between these two, the reader can best learn for himself ; as well as how George Bascombe's self-confident, Spartan virtue stood the test of a subtle temptation.

Round the Curate, Thomas Wingfold himself, the main interest of the story clusters, from the time when he is startled out of the drowsy, unreflecting *assent* which he had supposed *belief*, by George Bascombe's blunt queries and outspoken atheism, which led him to discover, to his dismay, that he had never yet realised for himself one of the truths he preached. His honest dealing with himself and his people in these circumstances, and the guide and teacher whom he found in the dwarf aforesaid, and the great results to himself and others are vividly drawn, and must have a strong influence wherever the book is read. The sermon in which he confesses to his people his delinquency in reading other men's sermons as his own, and the others in which he taxes himself with having been but a nominal Christian, and thereby convicts his hearers of the same, are not like anything else, we think, in modern fiction, though some of George Bascombe's cynical sarcasms as to the discrepancies between the professed beliefs and the actual lives of average Christians, recall the trenchant but one-sided *brochure*, "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism." The manner in which some of Thomas Wingfold's statements come home to the conscience of the linen-draper, Drew, is strongly suggestive. And the following warning to those who "call and count themselves Christians" is worthy of being considered by all : "I tell you, and I speak to each one of whom it is true, that you hold and present such a withered, starved, miserable, death's-head idea of Christianity ; that you are yourselves such poverty-stricken believers, if believers you are at all ; that the notion you present to the world as your ideal is so commonplace, so false to the grand, gracious, mighty-hearted Jesus—that *you* are the cause why the Truth hangs its head in patience and rides not forth on the white horse, conquering and to conquer. You dull its lustre in the eyes of men ; you deform its fair proportions ; you represent not that which it is, but that which it is not, yet call yourselves by its name ; you are not the salt of the earth, but a salt that has lost its savour, for ye seek all things else first, and to that seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness shall never be added."

Helen Lingard—our first acquaintance in the story—is not at the outset a promising character, but her dormant powers and faculties grow and develop before our eyes under the discipline of sorrow, which has led many a nature to a higher life. Occasionally, however, her later words and actions seem hardly in keeping with her type of nature and the moulding of circumstances and education. The tragedy that runs through the story and connects so strangely lives which at first seem wide enough apart, gives it a certain element of sadness, relieved, however, by the nobler experiences and higher and lasting joys attained by the loss of the lower and transitory. The book seems to come to an end, not because the story does, but because of the limits of the volume, and as George Macdonald is fond of recurring to the histories of his characters, we shall be surprised and disappointed if we do not hear more, both of Thomas Wingfold and Helen Lingard.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

We cannot recommend this book. That Mrs. Beecher Stowe is religious, her very name, and the recollection of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sufficiently attest; but it does not by any means follow that she is capable of writing a purely religious work which any one of ordinary education will be capable of reading. It is not that the book is above, but that it is below, the capacity of any average Bible student innocent of the original Greek, or of any more learned commentaries than are usually contained in the notes at the far end of the Family Bible. In fact, any Sunday-school teacher could have written the best chapters it contains, *currente calamo*, and without needing to open the Testament. It is true that there is nothing dangerous in it, and that the authoress, while largely endowed with that prevenient grace of dullness which she has probably caught from associating too much with third-rate clergymen, has also got into the safe rut of Protestant orthodoxy; but, after all, the question returns upon us with redoubled force—*cui bono?* Is it the mission of religious thought in the nineteenth century to write a book, which will no doubt be largely circulated in the United States and Canada, and even possibly be reproduced in England, which is stuffed with such platitudes as these, "We are born to suffer," "We are born to perplexity," "We are born to die?" Very true, Mrs. Stowe, but we have heard these truths before, and your question of "The Hereafter, what is it?" has been answered in many ways by more eloquent and skilful pens than yours. The chief "perplexity" which assails the reviewer just now is, what audience does this book seek to address? The opening simile of the preface compares Christianity to a city hemmed in with foes, its outworks lost, and the more sensible part of the garrison, headed by Mrs. Stowe, retreating to the citadel. But surely the foes who have dared to batter at the gates of outlying dogma, will not hold their hands from the attack of the innermost shrine itself. And will this work hinder them in the slightest? Is it calculated to rally and discipline the soldiers of the Cross, to train up the younger conscripts by teaching them somewhat of the modern tactics of their enemies, or would it not rather induce them to venture forth and oppose broken reeds of argument to the victorious rush from the levelled ramparts? If so, it is a failure; and we can only compare the plan of the campaign which the authoress has laid down with the generalship of the last Napoleon, who led out his troops without map or sketch of the territory on which the battle was destined to rage.

We are not to be understood as desiring that every religious work should be controversial—far from it. Let the truly eloquent preacher, the writer who feels the divine *afflatus* stirring in his breast, let these rouse our better passions, our love, our faith, and our hopes into a flame that may consume the instincts of self like chaff—untrammelled by any thought of carping criticism. But when we have, as we have here, a narrative of facts, decked with passing comments, we look for some notice of differing views, some reconcilement of apparent difficulties, some answer to objections which are certain to be stated. Mrs. Stowe may be sure that it was on just such mental food as she has provided—assertion without argument, argument innocent of logic, and logic devoid of application—that the soft, nerveless arms were nourished to whose weakness we are indebted for the loss of some at least of the "outworks" which she mentions, and which may have some day to be won back with bloody struggles. And assuredly, a like regimen in the future will lead to the like results, if such a consummation were possible. But is it possible? May not "those very clouds we so much dread," the dark ranks of war mustering ominously round the Christian camp, contain the elements of purging fire and renovating strength that are destined to inspire the Church of the Future? They appear antagonistic now—is it all their fault, or are we to blame also? Christ comes to earth, as of old, in an unrecognised shape, and, as of old too, "there is no room for him in the inn." At Bethlehem He was crowded out by the very Priests and Levites of His own national religion, on their way to perform His service in His own Holy Temple. The Pharisee who found the sacred name round his forehead and the hem of his robe, grudged the stable room which the Babe occupied to the prejudice of the travellers' cattle. There was no room for nascent Christianity in the Jewish Church. In mediæval Europe, too, the truth came in new, strange forms. One would have thought Christ's Inn on earth, with its churches and cathedrals, its network of monasteries and its linked guilds and fraternities, could have accommodated its returning Master. But no! once more there was no room, and steel and flame were called in to convince the Wyclifs and the Husses that the Church could not away with them. Driven out of the Inn they sought a new shelter; the spread of knowledge and the invention of printing afforded them a machinery of unimagined power, and built them up a house of unsurpassed magnificence. And now, dare we flatter ourselves that these inn-doors are never to be closed again against the truth? Alas! they are shut and barred closer than ever, lest the bracing outside air of scientific truth should enter and wither some sickly exotic belief, some relic of barbarous ages, which we have fostered so carefully and so long. Therefore do we cry, "no room, no

room!" and the holders of those banished truths turn away awhile, with hearts embittered against us, to return on the morrow with louder, fiercer cries, and knockings more heart-shakingly appalling. But of this we may be sure, sooner or later, after they have been tried and proved by salutary manger-discipline, those truths will enter our caravanserai by force, and purify our temples and our hearts with whips of knotted cords.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD; a Romance. By Robert Buchanan. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Company.

Because a man writes good poetry it does not follow of necessity that he will write good prose; but it is only necessary to recall such names as Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, and Swinburne to remind us that a good poet is likely to be also a master of prose. To these names we may now add Robert Buchanan, who, having proved himself a poet of no mean order, has recently tempted fame in another sphere. Like Scott, Mr. Buchanan had earned a reputation as a poet before employing his pen in different uses, and, like Scott, he has chosen romance as the field of his new efforts. It may even be that, like Scott, his truest talent lies in this direction. But we have no intention of pressing the resemblance further, for nothing can be more unlike than the poetry and romance of Buchanan and those of Scott. Buchanan has a great deal more of the poetic gift than Scott, though his poems will never obtain the popularity of the latter's. We remember to have read some stanzas of Buchanan's on a Skylark, which, though widely different in the phase of thought, approach in excellence the divine ode of Shelley's. But to the average reader Buchanan is generally unintelligible; his thoughts are of that introspective sort which pass the understanding of the superficial; and besides, his meaning, after the manner of the modern school of poets, is too often hidden in some obscure metaphor or conceit, or some quaint affectation in expression.

Quite as great is the contrast between a romance of Scott's, such as "The Talisman" or "Ivanhoe," and this story of Buchanan's. The romance of the former is a tribute to chivalry—a picture of war, with its horrors kept entirely in the background—the praise of physical strength and soldierly skill. The heroes of Scott's romances are, like Homer's heroes, knights renowned in war and glorying in the battlefield. "The Shadow of the Sword" is properly called a romance, but in many respects it is as little like what we usually look upon as a romance as can well be imagined. It is a romance, for it abounds in strange and romantic adventure; the incidents are improbable, marvellous; the hero is so idealized that we never expect to see any one like him in real life. But the scene of the story is not laid in camps and battlefields, but in a sequestered Breton village. The people whose fortunes we follow are not courtly knights and ladies, but simple and superstitious rustics. The hero is not a gallant and chivalrous soldier, but a peasant with such a passionate hatred of war that he submits to the imputation of being a coward and a *chouan*, and lives as an outcast, with a price on his head, rather than serve as a conscript under Bonaparte.

The story shows how the ambition of Napoleon influenced for infinite evil the life of a Breton peasant, of whom, or of whose quiet dwelling-place, the great Emperor had probably never heard. Rohan Gwenfern is a daring fowler, dwelling in a little hamlet in Brittany at the time when Bonaparte was spreading war and devastation over Europe. In depicting him the author indulges all the poetic passion for physical beauty; he is a lion in magnificence of form, as well as in strength and courage. But nature has given Rohan a mind above the minds of his fellows, and accident has developed his powers of reflection and the moral side of his character. The two things he most detests in the world are war and the usurper Napoleon. The former he regards with passionate and uncontrollable hatred, as the curse of civilization. He shudders at the thought of shedding human blood: when with a wild and powerful imagination he pictures to himself the horrors of a battlefield, he trembles, and is actually *afraid*. Bonaparte is to him a bloody tyrant whom no man is called upon to obey, a monster born into the world to fill it with desolation, a Cain whom any one would be justified in slaying. He therefore resolves to withstand to the death any attempt to force him to bear arms for the Emperor, and when his name appears in the list of conscripts he refuses to leave his village. Out of the imaginary struggle of this man, single-handed, against the power of the mighty Emperor, Mr. Buchanan has woven a powerful and pathetic story. To our mind, it is the most striking work of fiction, with the exception of Daniel Deronda, which has lately appeared.

ROSE IN BLOOM. By Louisa M. Alcott. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1876.

It is told of an old traveller who was among the first that ever visited one of the quaint cities of Persia, strange to his foreign eyes, with its duskily rich bazaars, and its clustering minarets, pointing away from man's meannesses up to heaven's immensities, that in an open square he found an antique conduit, whence fair water issued by curious twisted leaden spouts, and

fell tinkling into a marble basin. While slaking his thirst gratefully, he noticed that considerable discontent appeared to lurk in the faces of all who came to fill their skins or long clay water jars; and, asking the reason, was informed by the spokesman of the crowd, that they had nought to complain of in the water *as* water; only they had been very much disappointed at it ever since the day when, glory be to Allah! the Caliph had made these lengths of piping run freely with wine. "So strange is it," moralizes the old voyager, "that the superfluity of to-day makes to-morrow's sufficiency appear meagre; and the spareness of Pharoah's lean kine may have only existed in the imagination of the man who had surfeited on the ribs of the beeves fattened among the lush meadows of the seven years of plenty." Which allegory, when rightly interpreted and applied to the subject in hand, means that this work is positively and absolutely good, and only fails when applied to the very high standard of excellence which Miss Alcott herself erected when she gave the reading world her "Little Women," "Good Wives," and "The Old-fashioned Girl." No doubt she knows her own capabilities best, but we would suggest to her the bracing tonic often afforded by a slight change of subject and scene.

Interesting as the characters are,—and we would specially single out for commendation that of Mac (already dear to us by the name of "the Worm")—they appear to us to lack the clear and piquant individuality of Miss Alcott's early efforts; and Uncle Alec is a trifle *too* good all through this book, as well as that to which it forms a sequel,—the only relief being an abortive attempt at matchmaking on his part, which only ends in his own confusion.

But this fault-finding is an ungrateful task, and we turn with pleasure to pay our tribute of commendation to the healthy tone of the book, and to assure our readers that they will feel the old spell which the authoress so well knows how to evoke, again thrown over them; and without finding any elaborate or cunningly devised plot, will experience a wholesome doubt as to the details of the eventual and inevitable "pairing off," up to a tolerably late period in the story.

We do not hold with those who consider the reviewer's function to be to give two extracts—one short and one long,—a sketch of the plot, and a list of the principal characters in the work which he is reviewing, with a snip of censure and a redeeming dab of praise to wind up with. Least of all do we think such a plan applicable to a notice of such a work as the one now before us: to hint at the *dénouement*, or to give the clue to the development of Charlie's or Mac's natures, would only detract from the reader's interest in the book itself. But we may mention the peculiarly tender description of Aunt Peace's empty room, with its lovingly preserved tokens of an immediate presence when no bodily occupant is there, as a proof of the delicate touch of the author, and her keen sympathy with all domestic sorrow and loss. We may smile at the way in which Rose turns the tables on her grown-up cousins, by parading them for inspection, and dismissing each with an appropriate comment. We may safely praise the clearness of Miss Alcott's diction and style, and (oh, that ever it should be a novelty to the reviewer in this age of enlightenment!) we can exult over the fact that here at least is a novelist who can rescue that well-abused word "*chaperon*," from the sloughs of misspelling in which it has been nearly overwhelmed of late. A "Rose in Bloom" may possibly reach some who will, through it, make Miss Alcott's acquaintance for the first time; and our advice to them is, get all her former works, read them diligently, and if you prefer them to the present, why be all the more grateful to this one for introducing you to them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HAROLD: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

ROSE IN BLOOM: A Sequel to "Eight Cousins." By Louisa M. Alcott. With an Illustration. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1876.

JOAN: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

ELECTRICITY: its Mode of Action upon the Human Frame; with valuable Hints respecting Diet. By J. Adams, M.D., M.C.P.S. Published by the Author. Toronto. 1876.

THE DETECTIVE AND THE SOMNAMBULIST. THE MURDERER AND THE FORTUNE TELLER. By Allan Pinkerton. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC, 1877. (Winter and Spring). Montreal: John Dougall & Son.

STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION AND HISTORY. By A. M. Fairbairn. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE AU CANADA: Precis Historique et Statistique. Par M. Chauveau, Ancien Ministre de l'Instruction Publique dans la Province de Québec. Quebec: Augustin Coté et Cie. 1876.

A MAD WORLD AND ITS INHABITANTS. By an Amateur Lunatic 'Julius Chambers. Detroit: Belford Brothers, Publishers. 1876.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD: A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam. Wesson, & Co. 1877.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. In English and French. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., and Memoir by his Sons, the Rev. D. K. Guthrie and Charles J. W. Guthrie, M.A. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

INFELICE. By Augusta J. Evans, Author of "St. Elmo." Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

MADCAP VIOLET: A Novel. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule." Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

FINE ART.

THE TORONTO LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

EDUCATION,—that education which does not consist merely in learning how to make money, but which, as the Latin Grammar used to say, "softens man's manners and suffers them not to be uncouth,"—is carried on in various ways and by many agencies. One of the most potent of the humanizing influences under whose sway we can be brought, is the study of Art. It is true that we cannot exactly gauge its effect, but its power is, nevertheless, undeniable. What do our people know about art? How can a young country, struggling to maintain itself and push itself forward in the race for existence, bestow any of its precious time upon that which makes no show in the ledger? Just as, the more that an individual or a congregation gives for charitable purposes, the more he continues to find reason, opportunity, and means of giving, so it is usually not those who have time on their hands who spend most hours on self-culture. The man of business—if he is also a man of wisdom—always can find time for some pursuit that affords relaxation; not the repose of idleness, but the rest afforded by change of ideas, by letting the brain and eyes occupy themselves with some study that will exercise other faculties than those which the sterner business of life keeps on the stretch. Much as has been said and written in ridicule of hobby-horses, it is very desirable that every one should keep one in his own stable. And it may be doubted if there is one that is more cheaply kept, and from which more quiet pleasure can be obtained than the taste for pictures, whether it be that of a passive student or of an active worker with pencil and brush. We have always maintained that the Ontario Society of Artists deserves well of Canada, in that they not only afford to the public very great gratification each year by their Exhibition, but that they are steadily developing a taste for a better class of pictures than has heretofore prevailed among us, and are sedulously fostering artistic talent wherever it may be found. It is very easy to pooh-pooh the efforts of young artists, and disparagingly compare them with what one sees in other countries. It is easy, we say, but neither wise nor kind. Though, on the other hand, it is still less wise and more unkind to lavish upon everything that a Canadian amateur may choose to produce, that fulsome and indiscriminating praise which, like thoughtless benevolence, does more harm than good. On the whole, our artists have been fairly treated by the leaders of the Press in this Province.

Situated, however, as we are, and possessing, as a people, but a limited knowledge of abstract Art, criticisms and judgments are apt to become relative rather than positive. Our standard is fixed, not so much by any principles of Art, as by comparison with other works which we have seen; and heretofore the purview of the Canadian public has necessarily been very limited. Many of our artists, as their works testify, have travelled; and travelled, too, with their eyes open; and there are among us, of course, many who have had opportunities of studying the Art of foreign countries, and some few who have the taste, as well as the means, for establishing a private collection of pictures. But a vast number have known and seen no-

thing better than the pictures annually exhibited here. "Art," says Emerson, "is nature passed through the alembic of man." In this view of the subject it is desirable that we should have an opportunity of seeing the works of many men besides those with whose peculiarities we are already so well acquainted. To introduce to the Canadian public the handiwork of foreign artists, was the intention of the Society in opening, a few weeks ago, a Loan Exhibition of pictures at their new rooms, on King Street; an Exhibition which was undoubtedly a move in the right direction, and which also was in itself, for a first attempt, very successful. Advantage was taken of the accidental presence in Toronto of several large pictures that had been purchased by Canadian gentlemen at the Philadelphia Exhibition, to form a nucleus for the display, around which were grouped contributions from the collection of the Ontario Government, and from many private houses. To Colonel Gzowski, the Treasurer of the Society, in particular, the artists and the public were indebted for a very large proportion of the pictures hung on the walls. Generous as the response was from all quarters, we can only regret that the gleaning was not made from a more extensive field. True, the available wall surface at the disposal of the Committee was but small; and as we hope that the experiment will be repeated annually, or at least biennially, it would have been a pity to have gathered all the blossoms for the first bouquet. But with a little more attention and care, a greater variety might probably have been obtained, without trespassing too much on the reserves which it may be desirable to retain for future occasions. We may mention, for instance, that, within fifty yards of the Society's rooms, there was hanging an excellent specimen of Boddington's landscapes, which we have no doubt would have been readily loaned, and would have been an immense addition to the interest of the Exhibition.

As we trust that the experiment of a Loan Exhibition may be repeated, there are just one or two suggestions which we should like to offer regarding it. In the first place it is very desirable that a catalogue of the pictures should be compiled and printed. Some of those exhibited had their names on pieces of paper, the majority had not. The absence of a catalogue is to all worrying; without it, to most people, an Exhibition is uninstructive. Then, we think that some rule should be established by which pictures which have been exhibited in Toronto within two or three years should be excluded, one object of the Exhibition being the submission to the public of pictures which are new, because, *Hibernice*, they are old, or, at least, because they are unknown. Still more obviously desirable is it that current pictures (so to speak), remaining unsold from last year's Exhibition, and which are still for sale, should not be mixed up with the Loan collection. The inner room might, on such an occasion, fairly be given up as a sale-room. We noticed, by the way, that a telling little picture by Perré was on one of the days near the close, taken from that room by the Hon. G. Brown, who showed an appreciation for what others strangely overlooked. Lastly, we venture to suggest to the Committee, that, in borrowing pictures for exhibition, the desirability of obtaining portraits, figure subjects, and historical pieces should be especially considered. Such pictures are conspicuous by their absence from the annual Exhibition. Of course it is difficult to obtain in Canada many very good specimens, but still there doubtless are several here and there. It was not two months ago that a Vandyke and several Sir Peter Lelys, heirlooms in a family residing in Western Ontario, were sent back to England for sale; and probably a little inquiry would unearth a few Old Masters, or at least some of the portraits of a hundred years ago. There is a want of something that will show people that the smug physiognomies that smirk from the flashing frames of enlarged photographs, are not the *ne plus ultra* of art. These are instances in which nature and man have combined to do something; but the product, though, frame included, it may be worth so many dollars at the market price, is not Art.

Over the general principles which should govern such an Exhibition we have lingered so long, that we have well-nigh exhausted the space at our disposal, and partly so on purpose; because, as the pictures will have been returned to their owners several days before these pages see the light, it seems a day-after-the-fair arrangement to criticize works of which only the memory can linger in the minds of our readers. We will wager that the large picture of the "Norwegian Fiord" is the best remembered of all; for with pictures, as with fat cattle, size tells with the general public. But we are far from saying anything to depreciate Mr. Allan Gilmour's purchase. The picture is more than striking,—it is really excellent. There is a clearness and limpidity, so to speak, about it, combined with a minimum of hardness, that betrays the touch of a true artist. Close by it hung two other foreign pictures, by Böe,—"Arctic Summer Midnight," and a study of flowers. From the latter our flower-painters may learn much, but, as a whole, it is unsatisfactory. Mr. Gzowski sent numerous contributions. Notable among these were two charming little nameless *genre* pictures, both of which amply repaid careful inspection. One is, we hear, attributed to Greuze; the painter of the other is unknown. There was a good specimen by Orizonti, a name little known anywhere, and probably altogether unknown in Canada; a characteristic farm scene by G. A. Williams and Herring; a charming piece of

North Wales, by Read; two water-colours, by Hardy; a capital study of English landscape, oaks, and lanes, by Weld; a fine picture, by Drummond, of the Death of Richard II.; a very clever picture of Bath, by Syer, showing what can be made out of such unpromising subjects as rows of town houses, a tall chimney, a not over-clean stream, and the usual concomitants of city life; and a very soft, quiet landscape by Bellows, which surely might have been nearer "the line." There were several Jacobis, illustrating the peculiar mannerism of that artist. His "Timber Slide" has great merit; and is less spotty than others of his works. A quiet, grey sea-piece, by Pater, was worth looking at. Mr. Allan loaned two Indian subjects, by Paul Kane, with which Mr. Verner's treatment of similar subjects invites comparison. There was a careful little sepia sketch, "On the Hooghly," by Allom; a couple of Lower Canadian snow scenes, by Vogt, in the style with which Kreighoff made us so familiar, and, perhaps we may add, so tired; and many other pictures of more or less merit, into a criticism of which, for the reason given above, it is needless to enter. On the next occasion let us hope that the Loan Exhibition will remain open for, at least, three weeks or a month. Edson's "Burnham Beeches" is always pleasant to look at, and so is Mr. O'Brien's "Lords of the Forest," and we are loth to apply our time-limit to such works; but the principle of not re-exhibiting recent works will, we trust, be adopted. It is unnecessary to be so severely suppressive towards artists as Horace is towards young poets; and it might do to advise that pictures once exhibited in Toronto should *quintum premantur in annum*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step. At the Grand Opera House, Neilson and Shakspere were followed by the Kiralfys and modern sensation, spectacle, and ballet. The adaptation of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days" was so fully noticed in these columns when produced here last season, that it is unnecessary to say anything respecting the play now. Its recent production was in some respects superior to the former one, in others the reverse. Some of the scenes were better, and the dancing of the soloists was much more graceful; indeed we should set down the *Première*, Mdlle Boni, from the London Alhambra, as the finest dancer ever seen in Toronto, not even excepting Mdlle Bonfanti. On the other hand the acting for the most part was inferior. The *Phileas Fogg* of Mr. Metkiff afforded another proof of the almost inevitable deterioration which a performance suffers when very frequently repeated. The exaggeration which was noticeable last season has now degenerated into absolute caricature. The *Passepartout* of Mr. Rennie, though a capital piece of acting on the whole, was not as amusing a presentation of the sharp, dapper, and self-satisfied valet as that of Mr. Lytel; and the *Miles O'Pake* of Mr. Charles had about it too much of the jovial Irishman, and too little of the smart Yankee. Miss Vandyke's *Aouda*, however, was a very agreeable performance, and a great improvement on the previous one.

In the week following, Mr. Milton Nobles appeared in a play written by himself, entitled "The Phœnix." It belongs to that species of American drama in which the stage resounds with pistol shots and glitters with bowie knives. There is the inevitable gambling scene; the equally inevitable scene in a low city "dive," into which the hero ventures, disguised, as usual; and there is also a fire scene. The dialogue, in parts, is not without cleverness, and the play, altogether, has more stuff in it than most compositions of its class, and gives opportunity to Mr. Nobles to display some natural and vigorous acting, as well as a talent for mimicry.

Toward such a play as "Brass," in which Mr. George Fawcit Rowe, its author, sustained the part of *Waifton Stray, the Cosmopolite*, for the first three nights of his week's engagement, criticism is most generous when least prodigal of epithets. After that of "amusing" has been heartily bestowed upon it, few others as favourable remain. With a pun in the name of its leading character, introducing puns innumerable in the text; with its catch-words and genial nonsense throughout, "Brass" would seem to have its ambition bounded by a laugh; and it vaults to the height of innocently creating many a one without falling "on t'other side" into dull buffoonery. Unfortunately five acts of gentle fooling will not, on any stage but the French, hang together without some connecting threads of interest; and Mr. Rowe has thought it necessary in this case to provide one that is like a black string intertwined with gay silks,—the plot being altogether too sombre and melodramatic to blend well with such caricature

sketches as the nervous *Rev. Horatio Tibbits* and the antithetically unabashed *Waifton Stray*. In the hands of its originator, Mr. Rowe, this latter is a capital bit of exaggerated character study, its humorous merit arising from its very improbability. It is artificial in manner, make-up, and conception; but its peculiarities are of a piece, and it is not easy to be consistently unnatural. The easy, leisurely swagger, the imperturbable impudence, the witty volubility of the good-humoured and self-satisfied adventurer make him enjoyable company on the stage, if they reach a height of audacity never seen off it, or which, if displayed, would result unpleasantly for him. Miss Kate Girard, of the Union Square Theatre, New York, was a pleasing and coquettish *Sybil*, a part that made very acceptable her great personal attractions; but she is not a natural or sympathetic actress, and there is conspicuous in her a continual straining after effect that counterbalances the intelligence and conscientiousness she exhibits.

Mr. Rowe repeated his vastly amusing caricature of *Micawber* in "Little Emily." It is impossible for the veriest anchorite to resist the infection of the broad humour and hearty fun which brim over in his representation of the genial oddity which Dickens created; but for all that the performance cannot be commended from an artistic standpoint. It out-Dickenses Dickens, which is saying a great deal; and very much of it is the merest buffoonery. However, it affords an evening of heartiest enjoyment, so that it is not to be wondered at if both actor and audience are well satisfied. Miss Girard's *Martha* was much inferior to her *Sybil*. The part is one which is most effective when acted with simplicity and naturalness. For these qualities Miss Girard substituted theatricalness and straining for effect, with unhappy results. From a dramatic point of view, the best performance was unquestionably the *Peggotty* of Mr. Fitzgerald, a natural, forcible, and touching piece of acting—the finest, we think, which this gentleman has yet given us. *Little Emily* is the most important part yet undertaken by Miss Wright, and she filled it satisfactorily. In the first act she looked charming, and though in the trying scene where she returns to her home, she did not rise to the level of Miss Davis's powerful acting, last season, she showed considerable force and feeling. The dialogue here, between *Little Emily* and *Rose Dartle*, ought to be curtailed, as it is so painful as to verge upon, if it does not overpass, the limits of the horrible. It is difficult to believe that such a human tigress as *Rose Dartle* ever existed, and we are strongly inclined to think that in this scene, at least, she is not intended as an embodiment of a human being, but as a personification of "Society,"—merciless and unforgiving to sinners like *Little Emily;* at least, much of the language put into her mouth is hardly intelligible except upon that supposition. Mrs. Allen deserves credit for consenting to fill so thankless a part, and in her hands it lost little or nothing of its native repulsiveness. Mr. Humphreys, as *Steerforth*, had little else to do except to look youthful and gentlemanly, and this he did to perfection. Mr. Rogers was extremely good as *Uriah Heep;* and the parts of *Mrs. Micawber* and *Ham* were excellently filled, as last season, by Mrs. Morrison and Mr. Stokes.

Among the numerous pieces produced at the Royal Opera House since our last issue, the most noteworthy are "Hamlet," with Miss Miles as the Danish prince, and "The Willow Copse," with Mr. Couldock as *Luke Fielding*. *Hamlet* is a part which we should have said beforehand no woman can fill adequately, and there was nothing in Miss Miles's representation which tended to disturb this impression. Her remarkably graceful figure and bearing enabled her to look the part admirably; and her appreciation of the text was in general intelligent and accurate. But her general conception of the character was merely conventional, and at no moment did it rise above the dead level of mediocrity. The most striking defect, however, was that which unfortunately characterizes Miss Miles's acting as a whole, and makes it less pleasing than that of many actresses greatly inferior to her in mental power—its want of colour and of warmth of feeling. It was coldly intellectual; there was an utter absence of that magnetic fire which more than any other quality tells with a miscellaneous assemblage: except for a few brief moments in the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother, she never really reached the heart of her audience. In this respect the performance of Miss Julia Seaman, who essayed the part at the Grand Opera House, last season, was much more satisfactory.

"The Willow Copse" is not a favourable specimen of Mr. Boucicault's powers as a dramatist. That it keeps a place on the stage is probably due to the fact that the role of *Luke Fielding* affords a fine opportunity for display to an actor who shines in "character" parts. The playbill set it down as Mr. Couldock's masterpiece, and probably rightly so. The characteristics of the old farmer,—his truthfulness and sense of right and duty, his bluntness, his rare exhibitions of temper, his sternness towards wrong-doing, his love for *Rose* and his grief on learning of her disgrace,—were all presented with striking realism. In the scene where he demands of *Rose* what she has done with his name, his acting was full of dignity and massive power; and the subsequent explosion of passion, culminating in insanity, was terrible in its vehemence and intensity. In minor points, the dialect for instance, the same artistic strength was observable.

LITERARY NOTES.

Tne first number of a new monthly review appeared in London, England, early in January, under the title of *The Cosmopolitan Critic and Controversialist.* It is intended to contain articles of a controversial character on current topics and questions of importance, to which replies are invited. The opening number contains the following articles :—1. The Utility of Controversy. 2. Is Cosmopolitanism preferable to Patriotism? 3. The Intellectual Life. 4. Modern Society. 5. Temperance Legislation. 6. Ought Museums and Literary and Scientific Institutions to be open on the Sabbath? 7. An independent review of Home Politics. Short replies are invited to articles numbered 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6. The publisher is Elliot Stock, and the price one shilling.

Another new venture in periodical literature is shortly to be made on this side of the Atlantic, in the shape of a quarterly review, to serve "the same purpose in the United States that the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary Reviews* serve so well in England," by affording "some adequate literary vehicle for the carriage and diffusion of the most radical thought of the time." It is to be called the *Radical Review*, and the first number is expected to be issued about the 1st May next. The all-engrossing Labour question will receive special attention, and welcome will be given to "the proper presentation of all sides of all subjects pertaining to human welfare, whether social, economic, scientific, literary, æsthetic, or religious," the management being prompted "to this course by a firm faith in the omnipotence of Truth." These are brave words, and any earnest effort to make them good will have our heartiest Godspeed. Each number will contain about 200 pages. The publisher is B. R. Tucker, New Bedford, Mass., and the price five dollars a year.

Messrs. Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., of New York, announce the following works, among others, as being in the press, and to be issued shortly :—"The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India," by Dr. Russell, illustrated by Sydney Hall, M.A.; and "Le Chien D'Or" (the Golden Dog), A Novel founded on a Legend of Quebec, by William Kirby, Niagara.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has written a novel called "Diana, Lady Lyle." It will be issued shortly, in London.

Messrs. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have just published, by special arrangement with the author and the London publishers, an American edition of "Discoveries at Ephesus: including the Site and Remains of the great Temple of Diana;" by J. T. Wood, F.S.A. The work is parallel in importance with that of Schliemann on the supposed discovery of the Troy of Homer. It records the methods of exploration, and the results of eleven years' labour. The numerous statues, inscriptions, &c., discovered, are minutely described and fully illustrated.

A fifty cent edition of "Daniel Deronda" has just been issued by Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal; an example which has been followed by the Messrs. Harper, of New York.

A new novel by the author of the "Queen of Connaught," entitled the "Dark Colleen," has just appeared in London. An American edition is announced from the press of Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., New York.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has been translated into the German by Herr L. Abenheim, under the title of *Der Tisch-Despot.*

Miss Julia Kavanagh, the author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," and many other popular works of fiction, has just written a new novel, in three volumes, entitled "Two Lilies." No doubt it will be heartily welcomed by the numerous admirers of Miss Kavanagh's charming stories.

Mr. J. P. Mahaffy, the author of the charming volume on "Social Life in Greece," has written a companion volume, under the title "Rambles and Studies in Greece." It is published by Macmillan & Co.

The latest additions to the popular "No Name Series" of Roberts Bros., Boston, are: "Kismet; A Nile Story;" and "The Great Match and Other Matches."

The late Rev. F. W. Robertson's "Notes on Genesis" are announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York.

An American edition of "The Heritage of Langdale," the latest work of Mrs. Alexander, one of the most popular novelists of the day, will be issued shortly by Holt & Co., of New York.

Mr. J. R. Lowell is said to be writing an essay in favour of giving to the people reading of the kind which they best comprehend and enjoy. It was suggested by a remark of Gen. Bartlett's upon the value of dime novels.

1809, the importation of masts, yards, bowsprits, or timber fit for naval purposes, from the British Colonies in North America into the United Kingdom, duty free.—June 22nd. Captain Humphreys, of His Majesty's ship *Leopard* (50 guns) having satisfied himself that there were three men, deserters from the *Melampus* frigate, on board the United States frigate *Chesapeake* (38 guns), sent on board that vessel a despatch from Admiral Berkeley, commanding the British fleet then at anchor off the Cape of Delaware, demanding the surrender of these three men; this demand being refused by the captain of the *Chesapeake*, the *Leopard* opened fire, when, after exchanging a few shots, the *Chesapeake* struck her colours. Captain Humphreys then obtained the men he had demanded, and the vessels returned to their respective stations, the *Chesapeake* to Hampton Roads, and the *Leopard* rejoined the fleet. The news of this event created a strong sensation throughout the United States. The President (Thomas Jefferson) immediately issued a proclamation, dated 3rd July, requiring all British armed vessels to leave United States harbours or waters; and a strong remonstrance was at once addressed to the British Government.—A proclamation, dated 12th August, was issued by His Honor Mr. President Dunn, prohibiting the exportation from Lower Canada of gunpowder, ammunition, arms, and warlike stores of every kind and description.—19th August. Lieutenant-General Sir James Henry Craig, K.C.B., appointed Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the North American Provinces. Sir James was also appointed Commander of the Forces in North America.—The Quebec *Gazette* of 20th August contains an Order in Council, forbidding the removal of gunpowder from any magazine, store, or warehouse unless by permission of the Governor or person administering the Government.—9th September. A General Order was issued by Mr. President Dunn, thanking the militia for the alacrity with which they had responded to the General Order of 20th August, directing them to hold themselves in readiness for active service, and for their general good conduct which had merited the President's warmest approbation.—On 20th September a *Te Deum* was sung "in thanksgiving for the new marks of Divine goodness to the country in inspiring its inhabitants with the most favorable dispositions for the King's service in defence of the country." A similar service was ordered in every church throughout the Province.—Lieut.-General Sir J. H. Craig, Governor in Chief, arrived at Quebec on Sunday, 18th October, in H. M. S. *Horatio*, Captain George Scott, and on 24th October issued the usual proclamation announcing his assumption of the Government.—24th November. A General Order of His Excellency, Sir J. H. Craig remits the fines imposed by the courts upon a few militiamen who had been prosecuted for acts of insubordination, and exhorts the militia generally to be vigilant at all times and ready for service on the shortes notice.—December 17th. The Quebec *Gazette* contains an official notice that His Excellency had been pleased to grant the Royal pardon to sundry persons who had been convicted of misdemeanor under the Militia Act.—October 31st. Lieut.-Governor Gore announced that His Majesty had been pleased to suspend Mr. Justice Thorpe from his office of judge in Upper Canada; and that measures would be taken for the appointment of his successor.—January 10th. Mr. Brenton Halliburton appointed an Assistant

Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in place of Hon. J. Brenton, deceased.—August 24th. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, in Council, issued an order prohibiting the export of provisions from Nova Scotia from the date of the Order until the 1st November.— December 3rd. The second session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax.—Lady Wentworth being very ill, the speech from the throne was read by Chief Justice Blowers, president of the Council.—December 11th. The Assembly voted 100 guineas for the purchase of a sword or a piece of plate, to be presented to Vice-Admiral Berkeley, as a testimonial of the respect and esteem in which he was held in the Province of Nova Scotia. Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth subsequently (on 1st February, 1808) declined giving his assent to this vote.— The House of Assembly of New Brunswick met at Fredericton on 30th January, when the session was opened by His Honor Mr. President Ludlow. The Assembly, during this session, voted £50 for the purchase of a silver trumpet, to be presented to the New Brunswick Fencible Regiment, the trumpet to have the arms of the Province engraved thereon. Sixteen Acts were passed during this session. In New Brunswick, as in the other Provinces, the possibility of war with the United States induced the Government to look to the means of defending the Province, and accordingly we find amongst the Acts above referred to "An Act for the better regulation of the Militia in this Province," and an "Act for the more effectual punishment of such persons as shall seduce soldiers to desert."

1808. The fourth session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York on the 20th January by His Excellency Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor. This session terminated on the 16th March. Sixteen Acts received the assent of the Lieutenant-Governor, amongst which was an "Act to explain, amend, and reduce to one Act of Parliament the several laws now in being for the raising and training the Militia of this Province." This Act contains forty-three sections, and appears to have been drafted with great care. Many of its provisions are embodied in the present law (1868). The other Acts of this session are chiefly in amendment of, or to continue, then existing Acts, and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them in detail.—A proclamation, dated 21st May, was issued by Lieutenant-Governor Gore, dissolving the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 2nd of July, for calling a new Provincial Parliament.—July 7th. The first stone of the lighthouse at Gibraltar Point, at the entrance of York (now Toronto) harbour, was laid. The York *Gazette* of July 9th expresses the greatest satisfaction at the commencement of this important public work; the concluding words of the article express the hope that "it may in building raise to its proposed height without maim or injury to its builders, and stand as a monument to ages yet unborn."—Lieutenant-Governor Gore left York on the 15th June on a tour through the western part of Upper Canada. He proceeded as far as Sandwich, and returned to York on 23rd July.—The Hon. Peter Russell,* who, on the departure of Major-

* Mr. Russell had been in the army and still held the rank of captain (on half pay). During the Revolutionary war he had been secretary to Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the army in North America. He had also held the office of

General Simcoe in 1796, became President of the Government of Upper Canada, died at York on the 30th of September.—November 18th. William Warren Baldwin appointed Registrar of the Court of Probate for Upper Canada vice Miles Macdonell resigned.—January 21st. François Vassall de Monville appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of Militia for Lower Canada, appointment to bear date 26th December, 1807.—The fourth session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec by His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir James Henry Craig, K.C.B., Governor-General, on Friday, January 29th. This session lasted until 14th April. Thirty-five Acts were passed, one of which, namely, an Act for erecting common gaols with court halls in the inferior district of Gaspé, was reserved, and received the assent of His Majesty in Council on 15th November, 1809. Of the remaining Acts, thirteen were to continue or to amend existing laws; seven were for the improvement of roads and building of bridges; one was to regulate the trial of controverted elections; another was for the better regulation of the lumber trade; an Act was also passed to regulate the currency; the rest it is unnecessary to particularise. Two other subjects of importance engaged the attention of the Assembly during this session. The first was the eligibility of persons professing the Jewish religion to sit as members of the Assembly, a question decided in the negative by a formal resolution of the House which was carried by 21 to 5, and reads as follows: "That Ezekiel Hart, Esq., professing the Jewish religion, cannot take a seat nor vote in this House." The second subject was an inquiry into the state and relations of the intercourse between Quebec and the West Indies. The importance of establishing a direct trade between Canada and the West Indies was strongly felt, and earnest efforts were made to enlist public sympathy for a movement in this direction.—February 22nd. The Hon. Henry Allcock, Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, and Speaker of the Legislative Council, died at his house in St. Lewis Street, Quebec.—April 28th. A proclamation appears in the Quebec *Gazette* of this date, dissolving the Provincial Parliament of the Province of Quebec, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 18th June, for a new election.—June 14th. A letter was addressed by Mr. Ryland, Governor's Secretary, to Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Panet, Captain P. Bedard, Captain J. F. Taschereau, Lieutenant J. L. Borgia, and Surgeon F. Blanchet, informing them that His Excellency thought it necessary for His Majesty's service to dismiss them from their situations in the town militia. The reason for this step is said to have been because he could place no confidence in persons whom he had good ground for considering to be proprietors of a *seditious* and libellous publication. Lieutenant-Colonel Panet was succeeded in his command by Charles Pinguet.—July 19th. H.M.S. *Amelia*, Captain the Hon. F. P. Irby, arrived at Quebec from Falmouth, having on board the Lord Bishop of Quebec, and Major-General Drummond and suite.—August 6th. Samuel Phillips, Clerk of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, died at Quebec.

Receiver-General of Upper Canada, and had been a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of that Province. Mr. Russell was buried with military honors at York on 4th October. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and all the principal gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were present. The military on duty on the occasion were commanded by Major Fuller (father of the Rev. T. B. Fuller, Archdeacon of Niagara.)

Mr. Phillips was the first Clerk of the Assembly under the new constitution. —September 8th. Jonathan Sewell, Esq., Attorney - General, appointed Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, in the room of the Hon. Henry Allcock, deceased.—September 10th. Edward Bowen, Esq., appointed Attorney-General for Lower Canada — December 15th. William Lindsay, jun., Esq., appointed Clerk of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada in the room of Samuel Phillips, Esq., deceased, commission dated 7th August, 1808.—February 4th. The second session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was closed by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth.—February 18th. Benning Wentworth, Secretary of the Province of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax in the fifty-third year of his age. He was succeeded by Charles Marcy Wentworth, son of Sir John Wentworth, the Lieutenant-Governor.—In view of the critical state of the relations between England and the United States, three regiments of Nova Scotia militia were embodied and employed in active service, taking their share of garrison duties.—April 7th. Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Bart., arrived at Halifax in H.M.S. *Penelope*, having been appointed by commission, dated 15th January, 1808, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Sir George took the oaths of office and signed the rolls on April 13th. His arrival was wholly unexpected, the official letter from the Secretary of State announcing his appointment did not reach Halifax until the 26th April. Sir George Prevost brought with him three regiments of foot, the 7th, 8th, and 23rd.—The third session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax on the 19th May by the new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Prevost, who in his opening speech, recommended a revision of the militia laws.—On May 23rd the Lieutenant-Governor sent a message to the Assembly, transmitting a despatch from the Secretary of State recommending to the favourable consideration of the House some suitable provision in the way of an annuity to the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Wentworth. The Assembly, after some discussion with the Council, passed an Act, granting a pension of £500 stg. a year, for life, to Sir John Wentworth. A like pension was paid to him by the British Government. The Assembly took the occasion of the passing of this Act to present Sir John with an address expressing their appreciation of his long and valuable services to Nova Scotia, to which he replied in feeling terms. 23rd June, The session closed. Sir George Prevost thanked the Assembly for having passed the militia laws.—On the 16th June, Aaron Burr,* late Vice-president

* The singular character and romantic history of Aaron Burr seem to require that at least a passing notice should be given of this remarkable man. Aaron Burr was the son of a clergyman, a native of Fairfield, in Connecticut, who was at one time president of the College of New Jersey. He was born at Newark, New Jersey, on February 6th, 1756, graduated at Princeton College in 1772, entered he army as a private, and accompanied Arnold on his expedition to Quebec. He was engaged in the defence of New York, under General Putnam, and became a lieutenant-colonel in 1777, and in 1780 he resigned his commission, and took to the study of law. Mr. Burr was Attorney-General of New York in 1789, and United States senator in 1791. He became Vice-president of the United States in 1801, and in 1804 was nominated for Governor of the State of New York. The contest was bitter, and led to a duel between him and Alexander Hamilton (on July 11th, 1804), in which Hamilton was killed. Mr. Burr's subsequent conduct led to his trial for high treason. The trial took place at Richmond, Virginia. It commenced on March 27th, and did not terminate until September 7th, when the jury brought in the following verdict, "Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted to us." On being set at liberty he went to Europe to prosecute his designs, and whilst in Halifax obtained a letter from Lieutenant-Gov-

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 3.] WHOLE NUMBER LXIII. [VOL. II.

MARCH, 1877.

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TORONTO:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADIAN MONTHLY COMPANY,

BY HART & RAWLINSON,

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. II.] MARCH, 1877. [No. 3.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE.

THE fine morning, as Colonel Fleming had said to himself, had tempted him out from his hotel for a turn in the Park. Possibly there was some other reason as well that attracted him there; for, once among the gay crowd along the footpath by the side of the ride, he looked eagerly about him for one face which he longed to see again. Presently he took a chair, for he was not very strong or well in those days, and sat still to watch the crowd go by.

He saw her not. With a great relief, and yet with a strange pang of disappointment too, he caught sight of Lord George Mannersley's handsome face, and saw that the lady with him was not Juliet Travers. Then he looked for her among the riders; but, though many fair dames and maidens on their sleek well-kept horses passed him, the woman he sought was not among them. With a sigh he rose and turned his back upon the crowd. Someone, a little dried-up old gentleman who had been leaning forward over the railings, flew after him and intercepted his retreat.

'My dear Colonel Fleming!' cried the little man, shaking both his hands in eager greeting,—'when did you come home? I am so delighted to meet you; it is indeed pleasant to see an old friend again. You don't remember me, eh?—I don't think you quite remember me?'

'Yes, indeed I do—it is General Chutney,' said Hugh, and he responded to the little man's greetings very cordially.

'When did you come home? Leave, I suppose?'

'Sick leave, I am sorry to say. I have had a baddish bout of fever; but I hope a few months at home may set me to rights.'

'Ah, that's bad. You know, after that fever at Futteyghur—I dare say you remember how bad I was, and Mrs. Chutney quite knocked herself up——'

'Yes, yes, I recollect it very well,' said Hugh quickly, in dread of one of the little general's long-winded stories. 'By the way, how is Mrs. Chutney?'

'Thank you, she is well, my dear sir—in

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health, I may say, quite well;' with rather a dubious emphasis, as if to say that there were some points in which Mrs. Chutney could not be said to be well. 'Perhaps, colonel, you will look in upon her; she would be very pleased, you know; and if you would drop in and take pot-luck some day at dinner-time—just as you are, you know—we should both be very glad to see you and talk over old days.'

'Thanks very much,' said Hugh, as he prepared to make his escape from his garrulous and hospitable friend; 'I will certainly do myself the honour of calling upon Mrs. Chutney some day soon.' And then he went his way, smiling to himself as he remembered how he had been inveigled into that visit to the far recesses of westernmost Notting Hill on a previous occasion.

It seemed only yesterday that General Chutney had met him in the East India Club when he had come up from Sotherne, and coaxed him in almost the same words to call upon his wife.

But when Major-General Chutney had gone home and imparted to the wife of his bosom the details of that same 'pot-luck' invitation, great was the wrath and indignation of that portly matron. For what housewife, even the most talented, can abide that dreadful 'dropping-in' system, which men think so very simple a proceeding!

'As if I could ask Colonel Fleming to sit down to hashed mutton or curried rabbit!' exclaimed Mrs. Chutney indignantly, when her lord faintly remarked that he had meant it for the best, and that he was sure that Colonel Fleming would be quite satisfied with a mutton-chop. 'Mutton-fiddlestick!' cried the lady, with a toss of her head; 'who ever heard of such rubbish! No, of course, as you have been so foolish and improvident, I must keep myself prepared every day till he comes with a suitable dinner—only don't complain, general, if the bills are high—it will be entirely your own fault, remember, if they are!'

So for the next fortnight the little general fared sumptuously every day, greatly to his own satisfaction, but the expected guest never made his appearance.

Meanwhile Hugh Fleming had made his way across the unfrequented corner of the Park—struck into Great Stanhope Street, and sauntered slowly up South Audley Street—and here it was that at a corner very suddenly he came face to face with Juliet Travers.

They both stopped short, Juliet with a little exclamation of surprise; and then she recovered herself the first, as women generally do—and held out her hand.

'Colonel Fleming! this is indeed a surprise. I thought you were in India; how long have you been home?'

The forced coldness of her voice, and her manner, and her commonplace words galled him beyond expression. Hugh Fleming was not a man to make an uncalled-for display of feeling; he answered her in the same tone—

'I came home only last week. Which way are you walking, Mrs. Travers? Pray allow me to accompany you. I hope Cis is well?'

'Quite well, thanks: he will be very pleased to see you again.'

And then a somewhat awkward silence fell upon them both.

Juliet reached the shop to which she was bound, went in and made her purchase, Colonel Fleming standing beside her and holding her parasol whilst she did so; and then they turned back together in the direction of Grosvenor Street.

Juliet was somewhat pale, her lips were set hard together, and her eyes never strayed to her companion's face. A cold, stubborn pride was in her heart. All the yearning, all the longing for his presence, which she had felt when she believed him on the other side of the world, had gone out of her, and had left only an angry indignation towards him. This was the man, she said fiercely to herself, to whom she had once humbled her pride to make an offer of herself and her love, and who had rejected and scorned her, and then left her with a cruel heartless silence to her fate!

'You live almost entirely in Grosvenor Street now, I hear from Mr. Bruce?' said Colonel Fleming, breaking the silence.

'Yes, almost entirely.'

'You don't often go down to dear old Sotherne?' he asked.

'Very seldom. I am not very fond of Sotherne.'

'Indeed? You used to be very fond of it.'

And Juliet answered hurriedly, 'I am never well there—the air is too keen for

me;' and in order to change the subject she added, 'Are you home for long, Colonel Fleming?'

'I hardly know; it depends very much upon my health. I am home on sick leave.'

And then Juliet looked up at him with a sudden pang.

'You are ill!' she exclaimed falteringly, and for the first time he heard her voice with its natural ring. 'How selfish of me not to have asked you before! Yes, you look ill. What is the matter? have you had good advice?'

'It is nothing now,' he answered, smiling at her with one of his old, half-tender smiles. 'I have had a bad fever, but I am much better; I dare say a few months at home will set me up again completely.'

They had reached Grosvenor Street by this time.

'You will come in and have some lunch, and see Cis, won't you, Colonel Fleming?' said Juliet, as she stopped at her own door.

Hugh Fleming stood for a moment half uncertain—he looked away down the street and then back again into the beautiful face he had loved so long and so often yearned to see, and could find no good reason why he should not go into her house, and a great many reasons why he should. He was on the point of accepting her invitation, when a slight noise in the balcony above caused him to glance up. Lord George Mannersley had pushed aside the muslin draperies of the open window, and stepped out for a minute among the geranium and fuschia-pots to look down upon them.

Lord George Mannersley was evidently at home in Mrs. Travers's drawing-room: he had probably an appointment to see her, and was waiting for her to come in. Colonel Fleming did not know that Mrs. Dalmaine was also ensconced up-stairs.

He lifted his hat very coolly to Mrs. Travers. 'Thank you, not to-day, I think; I shall hope to call upon you some day soon, when I may possibly be fortunate enough to find you disengaged;' and with a slight bow he left her.

Juliet, who had noted his upward glance, went into the house with a smile that was almost triumphant upon her face.

There is not a woman born, I believe, who can resist the temptation of making the man she loves jealous. It is a dangerous game, but women have this much, if no more, in common with 'fools,' that they 'delight in playing with edged tools.' The man may adore her, be devoted to her, spend his life in her service, and she may know it perfectly—but if she can make him jealous, she will do it. Her power over him seems to her to be incomplete unless she can cause him some amount of pain; that he should be angry and hurt and sore seems to her a stronger proof of his love than all his devotion and kindness; she acts her little part, and lays her little traps, and the man falls into them for the most part over and over again, with a blindness and an unsuspiciousness that are absolutely astonishing.

As Juliet went up-stairs, she said to herself; 'So! he is jealous!—very well, I can easily work that a little more!—and surely, if he is jealous already, he *must* care a little for me still!'

'Whom on earth were you talking to, Mrs. Travers?'

'An old friend, Lord George,' she answered, somewhat shortly, 'who has just come home from India, and whom I was trying to persuade to come in to lunch. Did you find it very hot out, Rosa?'

'Suffocating!—and such a crowd! But who is your "old friend," Juliet?'

'Colonel Fleming—he was my guardian,' she added coldly, taking off her bonnet.

'A guardian!' cried Mrs. Dalmaine; 'how alarming, and how dull! and I who detest the whole race of parents and guardians, grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, unless they die and leave me their money: then I can bless their memories with tears in my eyes and wear decent mourning for them—decidedly. I am very glad your old gentleman did not accept your invitation to lunch, Juliet! What a providential escape we had!

'I don't think you would have called this guardian an "old gentleman" if you had peeped at him from behind the blinds as I did,' said Lord George, who was taking Juliet's gloves and parasol from her hand; 'he seemed to me a very good-looking fellow—more of the cousin genus—eh, Mrs. Travers?'

'What rubbish you are both talking!' cried Juliet, impatiently—the idle chatter jarring strangely upon her. 'Do let us come down to luncheon—I am starving; and do find something more amusing to talk about! Whom did you see this morning?'

They sat down to luncheon—and the usual gossip and scandal became the theme of the conversation. Presently Cis sauntered in silent and moody, and ate his luncheon almost without speaking— although Mrs. Dalmaine, who took a pleasure in tormenting the 'young bear,' as she called him behind his back, made a point of addressing a great many questions and observations very politely to him, which Cis, who always suspected her of laughing at him, answered with surly monosyllables.

'What do you know about this pianiste whom Juliet has engaged for the twenty-sixth?' she persisted in asking him—having discovered, by heaven knows what arts, that the subject was a singularly distasteful one to Cis.

'I have heard her play—she plays well; there is nothing else to know about her, I suppose,' answered the master of the house somewhat savagely, for it was not the first time that his unlucky recommendation of Gretchen had drawn upon him the somewhat close questionings of his wife's friend.

'Well, you know, Mr. Travers,' continued the lady, 'as I was saying to Juliet, we really never have done your musical taste justice. I always thought, you know—you mustn't be offended—that you were one of those matter-of fact, soulless people, on whom music has no effect whatever—who could not tell the March in Faust from the Old Hundredth Psalm, for instance; and do you know, it is a delightful surprise to me to discover that you really can understand and appreciate musical talent—that there is *some* music that affects you. "Music hath charms," you know, "to soothe the savage breast,"'—this last with a delicate intonation of fine lady impertinence which Juliet, who was talking to Lord George did not hear.

'I don't know what you are talking about,' said Cis, who knew he was being laughed at, and resented it, but had not wit enough to answer his opponent in her own weapons; 'I don't know anything about music, and I hate it!' digging savagely into the cheese as he spoke.

'*In*-deed!' exclaimed the fair Rosa, uplifting her eyebrows with well-affected astonishment. 'Then really, Mr. Travers, *may* I ask—allow me to ask *what* it is that makes you recommend Mdlle. Rudenbach so *very* highly?'

'How should I know? I haven't recommended her particularly. Juliet wanted a player, and I told her the name of one. Where is the occasion to make all these mysteries about it, Mrs. Dalmaine?'

'No mystery?' continued his tormentor playfully. 'Oh, then I *know* she is pretty! and you knew her before you married! Oh, fie! fie! you naughty man!' reproachfully shaking a finger at him.

'Nothing of the sort,' stammered Cis; and then got so red that Mrs. Dalmaine at once perceived that she had gone unconsciously very near the truth; and the idea tickled her so much that she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'What are you two making such a noise about?' said Juliet, looking up from her talk with Lord George at the other end of the table.

'Oh, nothing, dearest Juliet!' cried Mrs. Dalmaine, still in convulsions of laughter; 'only—my dear—your husband is quite—the most amusing man—I ever met in my life!'

At which piece of information Juliet looked profoundly astonished, and Cis proportionately irate.

After lunch, when Lord George had taken his departure, and Mrs. Dalmaine was established in her friend's barouche—for, having no carriage of her own, she generally managed to be taken out in Juliet's—the little woman observed to her friend, as they rolled luxuriously down Piccadilly,

'That quiet husband of yours is rather sweet upon the piano-player, my dear Juliet!'

No woman, however little she may care for her husband, likes to have that kind of thing said to her. Juliet felt very angry. 'I think you presume upon your friendship with me, Rosa!' she cried indignantly, flushing up.

'Don't fly out, Juliet. I always say what I think, and it is only meant as a hint to you. Bless you, my dear, we all have to come to it! Why, my old man has been dancing attendance on Lady Featherbrain any time the last eight years, and it doesn't lie very heavy on my heart, does it?'

'I don't think you have any right to say such things about Cis,' persisted Juliet angrily—'especially to his wife.'

'Very well, dear; I won't say it again,' answered Mrs. Dalmaine, with perfect good

humour. 'Only, if it gives you any amusement to watch, you will probably find it out for yourself. Let us change the subject, as it is one you don't seem to like, and do tell me what to wear at your party: will my blue and chocolate do, or must I have a new dress?' And thus the first seeds were sown of a great deal of mischief, which afterwards grew up and flourished.

During the remainder of the week, Juliet watched anxiously and feverishly for Colonel Fleming's promised call. She had mentioned his return, as in duty bound, to Cis, upon whom the fact had not seemed to make much impression, and who had merely observed that she had better ask him to dinner.

Juliet, who could hardly mention Hugh's name without a beating heart and a painful sensation of self-consciousness, could not understand how it was that Cis had never guessed her secret in the faintest degree, although he must have known from her words to him when they were first engaged that someone had already possessed her affections.

But Cis Travers had no great acuteness of perception, and his sensitiveness was too keenly awake to his own feelings and thoughts to be very much alive to those of another, even though that other might be his wife. He was vaguely and somewhat peevishly jealous of such men as Lord George Mannersley, who hung about and engrossed the attention of his beautiful wife; but when, with changing colour and averted eyes, she spoke to him of Hugh Fleming, he failed to read the signs of real danger in her face, and only thought that the guardian's return was rather a bore to himself, as he remembered to have stood somewhat in awe of the man whose mind and breeding and knowledge of the world were so infinitely superior to his own.

'Come home, has he? Oh, well, you must ask him to dinner or something, I suppose,' he had said carelessly; and Juliet, who on this topic alone felt almost humble with her husband, knowing how much her heart wronged him every hour that she lived, had been thankful to escape so easily, and to have said all that conscience demanded of her upon the subject.

When Colonel Fleming did call in Grosvenor Street, he came at an unfortunate moment.

The room was full of people—Lady Caroline Skinflint, who was a great chatterbox, was taking up all Juliet's attention with a vivid description of how one great lady had turned her back publicly upon another before everybody at Lady Somebody's ball, and how she, Lady Caroline, had seen the whole thing from beginning to end; and in the middle of the story Colonel Fleming was announced.

Lady Caroline put up her eye-glass for a moment at the new-comer with well-bred curiosity, and then seeing that he was a stranger, and that she did not know him, she dropped it again, and went on with her story with fresh animation.

There were two other ladies present, old Sotherne neighbours, whom Mrs. Dalmaine, leaning languidly back in her chair, had been endeavouring to entertain with vapid remarks on the weather and the Academy, whilst with one ear she was listening with all her might to catch some fragments of Lady Caroline's spicy story. These two country ladies were none other than our old friends Mrs. Rollick and her daughter Eleanor. Miss Arabella had long ago been taken to bless a good man's humble store—a very humble store, derived from his captain's pay in a line regiment.

Good Mrs. Rollick, who began to find that, with Juliet entirely engrossed with her fashionable acquaintance, and Mrs. Dalmaine vouchsafing only a few inattentive remarks, her visit to Mrs. Travers was a very uncomfortable one, hailed Colonel Fleming's entrance with positive delight.

She shook hands with him with effusion, and although for the first moment Colonel Fleming hardly recollected her, she soon recalled herself to his memory.

'You don't remember me, Colonel Fleming—Mrs. Rollick, you know—and my daughter Eleanor—the *only* Miss Rollick now. My dear Arabella is Mrs. Wilson now, and has such a dear little baby boy. And how long have you been home, Colonel Fleming? How pleasant it is to meet an old friend so unexpectedly! Yes, we still live down in the old country, but Eleanor and I come up for a few weeks in June, just to see the world and the picture-galleries, you know—for as my daughter Mrs. Wilson says—'and here Mrs. Rollick went off into sundry quotations from the sayings and doings of 'my daughter, Mrs.

Wilson,' who, in virtue of her matrimonial dignities and the existence of the juvenile Wilson aforesaid, was evidently a great authority, and an unfailing cause of pride and glorification to her fond mother.

Meanwhile more visitors came in, and Lady Caroline took her leave; and Mrs. Dalmaine, having affectionately escorted her ladyship—to whose dinner parties she coveted an *entrée*—to the door, came back and took a chair near Mrs. Rollick, with a wonderfully quickened interest in that good lady's somewhat uninteresting clatter.

'I can't leave that nice-looking man to the tender mercies of that fussy old woman,' she said to herself. 'By the way, he doesn't look much like one's idea of a guardian. How sly of Juliet to talk of him as if he were an old man!' Whereupon that astute observer of human nature decided that she would keep her eyes open, and observe carefully the proceedings of this same slight soldierly-looking guardian, whom her own imagination, far more than anything Juliet had said, had pictured as something wholly different from what he was.

Mrs. Dalmaine thought she would try a little fascination upon him herself, but was surprised to find that Colonel Fleming seemed infinitely to prefer to her own sweetest smiles and glances, Mrs. Rollick's commonplace accounts of all the changes and chances that had altered the neighbourhood of Sotherne, interspersed with anecdotes and remarks relative to 'my daughter, Mrs. Wilson.'

Presently, seeing it to be hopeless to wait till all her visitors had gone, Colonel Fleming got up and took his leave of Juliet, who had not had one single word of conversation with him, and who could only manage hurriedly to engage him to dinner as she shook hands with him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MUSICAL PARTY.

'THE plot thickens!' said Mrs. Dalmaine to herself, as she peered out from under the shade of her coquettish little white parasol at sundry events which were passing in front of her nose.

'Hum! there goes number one in a rage!' as Lord George Mannersley, with a very ill-tempered face, strode quickly past her, stumbling over her dress as he did so. 'He needn't tread on my toes, though! What a fool Juliet is to throw him over! he's a much more creditable man than the other—younger and more the fashion. Number two is not bad, either. I wonder if he is an old love—and yet she does not seem to care about him, either; she is looking as cross as poison at him now. I can't make her out at all!"

Neither could Colonel Fleming make her out. He was standing by the side of her pony carriage, where she had drawn it up in the shade at the side of the Row. She was leaning back, not looking at him, but playing idly with her whip.

A fortnight had gone by since Colonel Fleming and Juliet Travers had met each other in the street—a fortnight, during which, from standing a little aloof from her at first, he had gradually become more and more attracted to her presence, until now he saw her daily.

It was in order to protect her against the attentions of that good-for-nothing young lord that he haunted her side, he had said to himself at first. Poor child! she was so surrounded with frivolous and unprofitable friends, her position and her beauty so exposed her to the envious voices of slander, and her husband was so utterly unable to shield her, or to guard her fair name; it would be cowardly indeed if an old friend like himself, who, from his old relations with her, was indeed the first of those who were bound to take care of her, were to stand aloof from her, and to leave her to her fate.

All this, and much more in the same strain, he had at first argued to himself. But by degrees these flimsy excuses faded away even from his own mind, and he began to know that it was for his own sake more than hers, for the hungering and thirsting for one of the old looks in her dark eyes, for the yearning and longing that he had to know if indeed he were wholly wiped out of her heart—for the craving of some of the old love which she had once brought and laid at his feet—for all this, and for nothing less, that he hovered more and more about her—that he could not keep away from her. For Juliet Travers was not to him what Juliet Blair had been. She was cold and distant to him, often

bitterly sarcastic. Sometimes, even, when some chance word seemed to soften her for a moment towards him, a something, some harsh thought, some angry recollection, seemed to sweep suddenly across her, and place a barrier at once between them.

He could not in any manner get back to the easy familiarity, the pleasant confidence, the playful friendliness which had distinguished all their intercourse in the old days. There seemed always a wall as it were between them, whenever he made the slightest attempt to overstep the most ordinary commonplaces of conversation.

There was something about her which puzzled him. He could not make her out!

So he stood talking to her, and Juliet, not looking at him, listened—listened not so much to what he was saying as to the sound of his voice—listened with a secret happiness and joy which no one would have guessed at from her perfectly impassive and somewhat absent face.

'You are more altered in five years than I could have believed possible,' he had ventured to say to her, as he watched her beautiful but listless face.

'Possibly—I have had a good deal to alter me—' she answered dreamily.

'You would be very angry, I suppose, were I to tell you what, if I had not known you so well, I should now imagine to be your character?"

'Well, I will try not to be so very angry,' said Juliet, with a half laugh; 'essays on one's character are sometimes rather amusing. What—if you did not know me so well, as you say—what, then, would you think of me, Colonel Fleming?'

'I should think from your manner that you were a woman who had absolutely no heart.'

'How delightful!' she answered scoffingly. 'A woman, or indeed a man, without a heart, is more to be envied than a millionaire. You are quite right, Colonel Fleming; I have no heart—I am too worldly; and I never yet heard of anyone being the happier for the possession of that inconvenient organ. Pray, let us talk of something more lively. Are you coming to my musical crush to-night?'

'Certainly—but remember, Mrs. Travers, that I did not say you had no heart, only that you have that sort of reckless manner that looks as if you wished to be thought heartless. I am such an old friend, that you must forgive my saying these things to you.'

'Oh, say anything you like,' she exclaimed impatiently; 'I have long ago ceased to care what people say of me. But you must excuse me for leaving you; it is too hot for moral dissection—I literally have not the strength for anything so exhausting—it is nearly two o'clock, and here comes Mrs. Dalmaine to be driven back to lunch. Good-bye, Colonel Fleming. I shall hope to see you this evening!' And as Mrs. Dalmaine took her place in the carriage by her side, Juliet nodded pleasantly to him, touched her ponies, and drove off.

He turned away from her with a sigh. Utterly shallow and worldly and frivolous, what was there left of the woman whom he had loved? And yet—strange contridiction! —Hugh Fleming loved her better than ever! —he felt so sure that she was but acting a part, that she was not showing him her real self, that her heart had become a locked casket, of which he alone held the key.

Had he seen her happy in her husband and her home, Hugh Fleming would have said to himself, 'Thank God!' and have resolutely turned his back upon her. But she was not happy—it needed no wonderful powers of divination to perceive that Juliet Travers was by no means a happy woman.

Her husband had no influence, no control over her, no power to claim either her affection or her respect. And yet this was the husband whom Colonel Fleming had himself recommended to her, whom it had once seemed his duty and his honour to urge her to accept. Most fatal error!

He saw her unhappy, hardened, trying to smother her better feelings in a whirl of dissipation, and amongst the most frivolous and unworthy companions—he saw her thus in her daily life, in which her husband had sunk into a peevish nonentity, for whom she hardly kept up a pretence of affection—and for all this Hugh Fleming justly felt himself to be in a measure answerable.

And then, he loved her—loved her as he had never loved even that pale bride who had died on her wedding morning! The sweet, pure first love, blamelessly perfect, innocently holy, who was still as a saint and

a religion to him, had yet less hold upon his heart than this woman, with all her strong passions and glaring faults, with her proud rebellious heart, and all her very human imperfections.

Strange contradiction! that we love most what is the least worthy of love—that the very faults in some people attract us more than the virtues in others!

That evening, Mrs. Travers's drawing-rooms were crammed and crowded with the best and most select of London society.

And not only were the drawing-rooms crowded, but out into the landing and down the staircase into the hall struggled the well-dressed throng — treading on each other's dresses and toes, thumping their elbows into each other's chests, crushing, crowding, fighting their way up inch by inch, with much the same doggedness, and very much the same manners minus the oaths, as the commoner crowd of their fellow-creatures, who, draggled and shabby, hustle together on the sloppy pavement on Lord Mayor's day, or crush in nightly at the pit-doors of the theatres.

'What a crush!' 'We shall never get into the room!' 'I wish people would not push so!' with a savage look behind her. 'Really, Madam, it is not my fault!' answers the very fat man who is glared at, and who is perspiring freely and mopping his bald head with his handkerchief. 'Fancy calling this pleasure!' 'Mamma, I feel sure I shall faint!' Don't be a goose, Ellen; take hold of my arm—we are nearly up.' Such are some of the exclamations to be heard from the strugglers on the staircase.

On the landing stands Juliet in her diamonds, shaking hands mechanically with everyone who comes up, whilst intimate friends whisper as they pass her, "Dear Mrs. Travers, what a success your parties always are!—*everybody* here!" And then push on into the rooms to remark audibly to a friend, "Perfectly awful, my dear! People should not be allowed to crush up their friends in this way, with the thermometer at boiling point; and half my dress torn of my back, I assure you!"

A well-known tenor singer has just finished "Il Balen" amid a murmur of well-regulated applause from those immediately around the piano, for the crowd is so dense that in the second room no one has been able to hear a note.

Someone whispers the name of the young pianiste, as Gretchen stands up for a moment beside the piano.

There is a certain affectation in the high grey dress in which she invariably appears in public, only that nowadays the old merino has been replaced by the richest corded silk; there are Gloire de Dijon roses in her hair and in the white muslin fichu that is folded over her bosom, and she carries more roses in her hand—roses about which perhaps the master of the house knows more than any one else.

Gretchen looks rather nervous as she stands pulling of her gloves; she is not generally nervous, but the sight of Cecil Travers's wife in all her blaze of satin and diamonds, the consciousness that it is in *her* house that she is to play, has made her heart flutter ever since she came in. Just before she begins she looks down the room, and through the sea of faces catches sight of Cecil's; a half smile passes rapidly between them, and then Gretchen sits down, strikes her first chord, and forgets to be nervous.

There are not many performers on the pianoforte who have the art of silencing a mixed chattering audience after the fashion that Gretchen Rudenbach had.

When a player sits down to the piano, it is generally the signal for conversation to wax fast and furious; many a *soi-disant* lover of music, who would think it a sin to speak above a whisper during the feeblest warbling of the weakest of Claribel's weak ballads, will nevertheless consider himself quite entitled to discuss his politics or his horse in a somewhat louder tone than usual if the music that is being performed, however good is 'only playing.'

During the first dozen bars that Gretchen played, no one listened, and everyone talked; and then one said 'Hush!' and another said 'Hush!' and the sound of talking became fainter and fainter, till at last one old gentleman was left alone declaiming about South American stocks and his own bad fortune therein, a communication which was meant to be a confidential 'aside' to his neighbour, but which, owing to the sudden cessation of the buzz of the voices around him, came out, to his own amazement, at the very top of his voice.

There was a suppressed titter, and then his wife, who was young and musical, made

a rush at him, and he subsided, very much ashamed of himself, into a corner.

After that you could have heard a pin drop among all that breathless, silent audience.

Gretchen played without music—and almost without knowing what she was going to play—a strange, weird mixture of Beethoven, and Schubert, and Bach, and a dozen other great composers, whose works were all familiar to her from her childhood, and which she blended one into the other with a completeness and harmony that of itself bespoke her real genius.

And the girl's face as she played was not the least part of the attraction of her performance.

Her wide-open blue eyes, with fixed gaze, seeing nothing of what was before them, but wrapt in visions conjured up by her own sweet music; her whole face absorbed, entranced, beautified, by a devotion to her art which amounted to a positive passion—it was no wonder that every eye was turned admiringly towards her, and every ear enraptured by the pathetic, soul-stirring harmonies which her slight fingers had power to draw from the keys of the instrument.

Standing in the farther corner of the room, half-concealed by the draperies of the window curtains, was a small, middle-aged little lady in a very unpretentious mauve silk dress, and with an eye-glass up to her eye.

There was nothing remarkable about this little lady in any way. She had a kindly, but neither clever nor striking countenance, pleasant brown eyes, and smooth dark hair, already flecked with grey, drawn back under a neat but somewhat dowdy lace cap, whilst the whole of her attire was thoroughly unfashionable and countrified.

When Gretchen Rudenbach's playing came to an end, amid a tempest of applause, this unobtrusive little lady put down her eye-glass and, turning to her next neighbour, who happened to be our good friend Mrs. Rollick, said:

'It is singular how certain I feel of having seen that young lady before.'

'Isn't her playing lovely?' cried Mrs. Rollick enthusiastically. 'I never was so delighted in my life! Just that little bit of Chopin was so lovely, wasn't it?—and my daughter Mrs. Wilson plays it quite as well, I assure you; dosn't she, Eleanor? It is wonderful what a touch Mdlle. Rudenbach has, and such expression and feeling; and then, as my daughter Mrs. Wilson says—'

'I wonder where I can have seen her?' says her companion again, interrupting the course of Mrs. Rollick's maternal admiration.

At this moment Juliet, moving slowly through her crowd of guests, came up to her country friends. 'Have you been pleased, dear Mrs. Dawson?' she says, pressing the hand of her old friend kindly.

'Delighted, my dear. But it is so curious that I feel sure I have seen that girl before, and I cannot remember where.'

'Probably you have heard her play at some concert; she goes about a good deal, I believe.'

'No! I have never heard her play; it is not her playing, it is her face I remember so well: those large blue eyes, and that sort of fixed look—it is perfectly familiar to me. I feel sure that it was at home, not in London at all!'

'At home at Sotherne!' repeated Juliet in astonishment. 'Can she be a Sotherne girl? Dear Mrs. Dawson, surely you are mistaken?'

And then all at once Mrs. Dawson remembered; remembered Juliet's wedding morning, and the strange girl who had come by the early train and crouched down behind the pillar of the church, with her white scared face, and her big wide-opened eyes, and her look of misery as the bride and bridegroom passed out.

Remembering this, Mrs. Dawson remembered also her own commentaries on the event, and what she had thought this poor girl to be.

'O yes, I remember now,' she said, and stammered and got rather red as she said it.

But Juliet wanted to know; her curiosity was excited.

'Well, where was it, Mrs. Dawson?' she persisted. 'Surely not at Southerne?'

Mrs. Dawson was an honest little woman; it flashed through her mind quickly that she had no right to point out the possibility of evil, and that to hesitate or turn away the question would be to arouse Juliet's suspicions, and to make her think she was hiding something of importance from her; so she determined upon speaking the truth:

'Why, my dear, it was in the church at your wedding.'

'At my wedding!' repeated Juliet in amazement, whilst a quick blush reddened her face for an instant.

'Yes! it was in the church. No! of course she was not a Sotherne girl, only a stranger come in from curiosity; I noticed her when I went in first to arrange the flowers, and her face made an impression upon me, that is all. It is curious I should have recognized her again.'

'Are you quite sure it is the same girl?' asked Juliet earnestly, in a low voice.

'Yes, quite. It is rather odd, isn't it? Perhaps she was giving music lessons in the neighbourhood. It is singular I should see her here again.'

'Very singular,' repeated Juliet mechanically.

Just then Mrs. Dalmaine passed by, and whispered in her ear:

'Do look at that wicked young husband of yours, my dear, flirting with Mdlle. Rudenbach; didn't I tell you he was sweet upon her? and no wonder, I am sure, for she plays like an angel. I should say there is no wild beast nor husband she could not tame if she chose.'

And Mrs. Dalmaine passed on with a laugh. Juliet turned with a start, and looking towards the piano saw, in fact, Cecil bending over Gretchen and talking to her in an animated way quite unusual to him. He was touching the flowers in her hand, and from his expression, and the smile on the girl's face, Juliet felt convinced that they were her husband's gift.

A light seemed to break in upon her all at once; the meaning of many things in Cecil's conduct became plain to her. With a sudden indignation it struck her that he must have known this women before his marriage, and that the whole of his early affection for her was but a sham and a delusion; and, alas! a motive for such a sham was easily supplied by her own wealth. That even on her wedding-day, and during the utterance of his marriage vows, this girl should have been actually present, was a shock to her pride and her self-respect which Juliet could not but feel acutely.

She turned round to Mrs. Dawson, and said rather coldly:

'One sees such strange likenesses occasionally; but I feel sure you must be mistaken, Mrs. Dawson. Have you had an ice yet? Will you not go down and get one?' And then she moved on, and coming face to face with Hugh Fleming among the crowd, she could not even smile at him.

'They are all false to me,' she said to herself, very bitterly. 'The man I have married has never loved me at all, and the man I loved cared for me so little that he deserted me!'

And as she passed among her guests, smiling, flattered, and envied, the beautiful Mrs. Travers felt that her life was scarcely worth having, and that she had not a single friend on earth.

Mrs. Travers's musical crush was a success; the tenor sang again, first a solo, and then a duet with a high soprano, whose voice, Mrs. Rollick was heard to declare, reminded her so much of 'her daughter Mrs. Wilson's!' Then, of course, Gretchen played again twice, and each time she was more rapturously applauded. And then the guests began to go.

Some were off to other similar entertainments, others to balls, a few to their well-earned night's rest. In a very few minutes the battling, fighting crowd had all vanished and melted away, and only a few intimate friends remained.

Coming down stairs when almost every one had left the upper rooms, Juliet saw a few persons in the supper-room and went in there to join them.

'Come and sit down, Juliet, and have some champagne and some chicken,' cried Rosa Dalmaine from among a little group by the door, dragging her friend down into a chair; and just then Cis came up behind her.

'Juliet, won't you come and say good-bye to Mdlle. Rudenbach?—she is just going.'

Juliet looked at him for a minute strangely; then a sudden impulse came into her mind.

'Certainly,' she answered; 'where is she.'

'In the hall, waiting for her carriage;' and they went out together.

Gretchen stood ready cloaked for her departure.

'I will see,' said Juliet to herself, 'whether Mrs. Dawson was right.'

And then she went up to the pianiste with outstretched hand.

'I hope you have had some supper, Mdlle. Rudenbach. Are you sure you have

had everything you want? will you not have another glass of wine before you go? for I am sure that you must be tired. No?—well, I must thank you much for your very beautiful music; everybody has been delighted with it. I am glad to have made your acquaintance, especially as I hear that you know my part of the world. Perhaps you come from my county—do you?'

'No, Mrs. Travers. I don't think I know it,' answered Gretchen wonderingly, and half turning to Cis for explanation.

'That is not likely, Juliet; what makes you think so?'

'O yes, Mdlle. Rudenbach, you have been at Sotherne, for there was a lady here this evening who said she remembered seeing you in Sotherne Church.'

'In Sotherne Church!' repeated Cis in genuine amazement.

But over Gretchen Rudenbach's usually pale and placid face there leapt suddenly a bright burning blush, flushing vividly from her brow to her neck.

'There is your carriage,' said Juliet, with a little laugh; 'I will not detain you; but I think I must be right about your having been at Sotherne. Good-night and many thanks for your charming music!'

When Cis came back from handing the lady to her carriage he found his wife still in the hall. 'What do you think of that for a tell-tale blush?' she said to him, with a short little laugh.

'I don't know what you mean,' he answered angrily. 'What on earth do you suppose Mdlle. Rudenbach should be doing down at Sotherne?'

'Ah, that I should indeed be puzzled to say: perhaps you can enlighten me, Cis?'

But Cis, with an angry exclamation, brushed past her, and slammed his study-door in her face. And Juliet went back into the supper-room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

THE rays of the afternoon July sun were beating down fiercely upon the blaze of geraniums and calceolarias on the lawn at Sotherne, where the parrot was swinging violently backwards and forwards, with screams of joy, in his cage, and where Andrews, the under-gardener, toiled and sweltered painfully up and down after the mowing machine. The striped sunblinds were all down in front of the drawing-room and library windows on that side of the house, so that not a ray of sunlight could creep into those two rooms; then came a hedge of laurel close up to the house, and beyond it another window, unprotected by blind or curtain, wide open, and not looking on to the lawn at all, but on to a straight gravel walk which led from the back regions into the gardens.

The prospect from this window was not a cheerful one—just that short bit of walk bounded on either side by thick laurel and holly bushes and another evergreen in front—a dark, dismal-looking yew tree, which completely shut out any further view.

On a hot day like this, the little dark corner of the shrubbery was, perhaps, not unpleasing to look at; suggesting, as it did, coolness, shade, and tranquillity; but one could not help thinking how dismal it must be on the many days of the year when it rained, or blew, or snowed from morning till night. There was not much inducement, one would think, for the occupant of that ground-floor room to look out of the window. And yet at the present moment the window is, as I have said, wide open, and a young woman, with both elbows on the window sill, is leaning idly out of it, and looking down the very bounded limit of the gravel walk in front of it.

Time, since we have seen her last, has dealt gently with the fair Ernestine, for it is none other than our old acquaintance who so leans and looks from her work-room window. Her brunette skin is as clear, her black, dickey-bird eyes are as bright and piercing, her figure is as trim and natty as when we last saw her, five years ago. But Ernestine looks considerably bored. There is a heap of finery on the table, and a dinner dress belonging to her mistress, at which she ought to be working, lies on the floor behind her, where she has cast it impatiently from her with an evident intention of leaving it there for the present, while she pursues the course of her meditations.

'Mon Dieu! how dull it is here now!' exclaims Ernestine aloud to herself, with a despairing sigh. 'Never one goes to Londres! never one sees any young persons!

and the messieurs that come here, never they bring any valets! If it was not for the money I must get some day from Madame, I would not stay here one day—not one day! it is triste à faire mourir. Why, it was better in the days of Madame Travers, Mademoiselle Juliette, and that gentil Colonel Fleming!—ce pauvre Colonel Fleming! Que Madame l'a donc joliment triché! Après tout, if Mademoiselle Juliette had married him, they would perhaps have come here often, and we might have had a little changement. Now, never I get an affaire du cœur except with that stupide Jams—ah ça! qu'il est donc bête, ce Jams! mais enfin,' with a shrug of her shoulders,—'mais enfin, faute de mieux!' and Ernestine sighed again dolefully. 'No amusements, no intrigues, no excitements, nothing now but ce gros monsieur très-laid, who makes some faces at me every time he does meet me on the stairs, as if I was the diable lui-même! and only the stupid Jams to talk to; but where can he be, that Jams! is he never coming to-day, I wonder!'

At this point of her reflections there was a step on the gravel walk, and James the footman—the old original James, from whom long ago she had wheedled the key of the letter-bag, and whose constancy to the object of his affections had remained unshaken ever since that time, appeared round the corner with a simpering and somewhat sheepish grin on his mutton-chop-whiskered face.

'Ah, Mam'zell, you are watching for me!' he exclaimed delightedly.

'Ah, yes, cruel!' sighed Ernestine sentimentally; 'you are so late to-day. Where is Heegs?'

'Mr. 'Iggs is a-sunning 'imself in the kitching garden, and a-refreshing on himself with his Missus's wall-fruit,' replied James facetiously, seating himself on the edge of the window-sill, and striving in vain to imprison one of his fair charmer's hands.

'Laissez-moi tranquille!' exclaimed Ernestine, slapping at him playfully. 'I have some serious things to say to you, Monsieur Jams. What do you think of it all?'

'Of all what, my hangel?'

'Why, of ce Monsieur who is here, of course?'

'Oh, old Lamps?' cried James, for so he respectfully was in the habit, behind Mr. Higgs's back, of denominating the Rev. Daniel Lamplough, who was Mrs. Blair's present guest. 'Old Lamps? oh, what should I think of him, except that he's a mean beast? he was here a fortnight last year, and he only give me two-and-six when he went away, and I had cleaned all his boots, warnished the shabby old clumps up till they looked like a gentleman's almost, besides a-packing and a-unpacking of his portmanty—and a raggeder, wusmade lot of shirts I never did see in a gentleman's wardrobe in all my born days! What should I think of him, my dear, except that he's a stingy old bloke?'

'Ah, but I think much more than that, Monsieur Jams!' said Ernestine, shaking her head solemnly.

'What do you think, Mam'zell?'

'Listen: I do think that this Monsieur—what do you call him?—Lamplou will wish to marry Madame Blair!'

'No-o-o!' faltered James in amazement, while his mouth fell very wide open.

'Yes, I am sure—you will see,' said Ernestine, nodding her head sagaciously and solemnly: 'he does want to marry her, and Madame will not say no; it is affreux that your prêtres should marry themselves!'

'Them's your popish notions, my dear!' here put in her swain reprovingly.

'But nevertheless it is so,' continued the lady, scornfully ignoring the interruption. 'And Madame will probablement marry herself to this fat monsieur; and then, my poor Jams, what will become of you? you will lose your place; the house here will be all broken up, the servants will all go, you will have to get another place.'

'But you, Mam'zell?' cried James, aghast at this dismal picture,—'you?—what will become of you? Will you go and live with Mrs. Lamplough in London, and be diwided from *me*?'

'I!' cried Ernestine indignantly; '*I* go and live in the house of a married curé, and be made to go to his miserable church, and to do what a fat, ugly monsieur tells me! I!'

'Then you'll come along with me and marry me, my dear?' cried the ardent lover rapturously.

'Marry you! and upon what, if you please, Monsieur Jams? can one marry upon rien de tout but love? No, Monsieur Jams, when these things do force me to leave Madame Blair,' continued Ernestine,

rising from the window with a tragical air, 'I do go and bury my sorrows in the bosom of mine own country—in my beautiful France! There is the carriage coming home, Monsieur Jams; go to your duties!'

And the unfortunate James, aghast at his lady-love's eloquence, and at her rejection of his tender advances, was perforce obliged to leave her suddenly by the same way that he came, lest Higgs, returning from his airing in the kitchen garden, should unwittingly run up against him and discover the way in which his insubordinate was accustomed to waste his time when he imagined him to be polishing the spoons and forks.

The sleepy old horses jog-trotted up to the front door after their hour's drive, which, except under very strong pressure, was the utmost extent of time which the coachman—also an old servant, and as much a character in his way as was the great Higgs—would ever allow them to be out.

James, still slightly ruffled with his parting words with Ernestine, hastened to open the carriage door and to let down the steps; and from it there alighted our old friend Mrs. Blair, followed by an elderly man who was none other than the reverend gentleman whose matrimonial intentions Ernestine had been so well able to fathom.

Last year, when Mr. Lamplough in his newly widowed woe had been brought down by a mutual friend to stay at Sotherne for a week or two for the benefit of his health and spirits, nothing could exceed the sweetness of the consolations which his hostess had all day long poured like balm into that bruised and stricken soul.

With gentle sighs she had often gazed at him fixedly, and then murmuring 'dear friend!' had raised her handkerchief furtively to her eyes as though her feelings were too much for her. Frequently she told him that she too had suffered—that she too had sorrowed—that only a woman who had lost a beloved husband can truly sympathise with a man who has been bereft of a dearly beloved wife; that such sympathising souls are sent into this world to console and to comfort each other; that now for the first time she had found that companion soul who was able to respond with perfect sympathy to the sorrows which she had borne alone for so many years.

And then the attentions, the *petits soins* with which Mrs. Blair encompassed her guest were unceasing and endless.

How she studied his fancies and his pleasures, how attentively she drew the curtain behind his chair lest he should feel the slightest draught, how assiduously she hunted out his favourite books and sent for his favourite papers and magazines, and, last but not least, how carefully she piled his plate with the choicest morsels and ordered the most *recherché* dishes to tempt his appetite, and almost went on her knees to persuade Higgs to bring forth the best old port after dinner!

In all this Mrs. Blair had an object in view; for she, like Ernestine, was getting tired of the dulness of Sotherne, where she could just afford to live, but where she could not afford to leave even for a month's trip to London in the season. And was not the Rev. Daniel Lamplough incumbent of the district church of St. Matthias, situated in the very heart of Belgravia?—where his eloquent and somewhat violent denunciations against his Holiness the Pope, and the somewhat hazy female connected with that prelate whom he was in the habit of designating as the 'Scarlet Lady,' attracted rich and crowded congregations, whose pew rents brought in a very comfortable income to their worthy vicar.

Mrs. Blair did not think the position would be altogether a bad one; and then she calculated that she would probably be allowed to retain Sotherne as a country residence as well. Juliet had said no word of ever ejecting her from it; and she seemed to care so little now for the home of her childhood, of which she had once been so passionately fond, that it did not appear likely that she would wish to return to it herself.

To be the wife of a popular London preacher, residing during the greater part of the year in a well-appointed house in Lower Eccleston Street; to talk of Sotherne as 'my country place,' and to be able to spend the autumn months there; to play the country Lady Bountiful at Sotherne, and the woman of fashion up in town,—was an existence which presented many charms to Mrs. Blair's vivid imagination.

The lover, on his side, had also been making his calculations.

He had noted carefully the comfort and luxury of Mrs. Blair's surroundings at Sotherne. He knew, indeed, that the place did not belong to her, but to her

stepdaughter, but he imagined that she rented it from her. He saw her surrounded by many servants, male and female, with a carriage to drive about in, and hothouses and vineries to keep up; he appreciated her excellent cuisine, and tasted the first-rate wines which appeared upon her table. All these things, Mr. Lamplough knew, could not be had without money; widows generally have fat jointures—indeed, what is a widow without a jointure?—therefore it was not surprising that he should give Mrs. Blair credit for one.

The mutual friend who had introduced him to her had not known much about her private concerns; there was no one else to tell him; and certainly Mrs. Blair herself was not likely to divulge to him the fact that the establishment was entirely kept up by her stepdaughter; that carriage, horses, gardens, and servants did not cost her one farthing; that the good old wine was allowed her by Juliet's liberality whenever Higgs could be induced to bring it forth; and that, in fact, her own living, and that of her guests, and Ernestine's wages, were the only things which came out of her own pocket. Mr. Lamplough knew none of these things, and Mrs. Blair knew that he did not, and she was not in the least likely to enlighten him.

Of course, during his first visit to Sotherne, in the character of a forlorn and heart-broken widower, it would have been in the highest degree indecorous had he alluded, however faintly, to the possibilities of consolation which life might still contain for him; but when, after an interval of eight months, during which time these 'companion souls' corresponded freely and regularly, Mr. Lamplough again returned to Sotherne, he came with lavender instead of black gloves, and with a hat-band four inches wide in place of the eight-inch width of first woe; he came as a widower, indeed, but as a widower to whom happiness is again possible—he came, in short, to woo and to conquer. Mrs. Blair seemed to him to combine every requisite for duly filling the position which he contemplated asking her to occupy. She was still a most elegant and pretty-looking woman, with pleasing manners and a knowledge of the world, and she was, he believed, devotedly attached to him.

There was only one point upon which Mr. Lamplough felt some uneasiness, and where his religious scruples threatened to sternly bar the way to the impulses of his heart. It seemed to him that Mrs. Blair's religious views were most lamentably popish in their tendencies. She worshipped weekly, and professed to delight in Sotherne Church, where divine service was conducted in a way that Mr. Lamplough did not at all approve of. There were a cross and candlesticks on the altar, and a memorial window representing the Virgin and Child, in memory of Mr. Blair's first young wife; good Mr. Dawson preached in his surplice, and had daily morning prayers throughout the year,—all of which things were an abomination in Mr. Lamplough's eyes.

But a worse offence even than this was the presence of Mrs. Blair's French Roman Catholic maid. How Mrs. Blair could suffer an emissary of the Pope, a Jesuit perchance, to remain, in all her unconverted iniquity, under her very roof, was a fact which filled the righteous soul of the Reverend Daniel with pious horror whenever he thought upon it. He never passed Ernestine upon the stairs or in the passage without a secret shudder, and without privately ejaculating, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'—an expression which, however, he would not have dared to repeat aloud, as, had he done so, the vivacious-looking waiting-maid would have been quite capable of boxing his ears, or tearing out his hair, or otherwise inflicting some bodily injury upon him with her strong little brown hands.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lamplough felt sure that the lady of his affections sinned from ignorance only in this particular. Were the horrors of the popish faith once pointed out to her by an earnest Christian like himself, he felt sure that she would at once see and lament the error that she had unwittingly fallen into in harbouring this daughter of Babylon for so many years in her household. Mr. Lamplough was well determined that no such blot should mar the fair Protestantism of his own establishment. On the very day that Mrs. Blair consented to resign her happiness into his keeping, Ernestine should take her departure.

It was after dinner—that genial hour when, having well fed and well drunk, man is at peace with himself and all mankind. The coffee had been served, the lamp

brought in, the curtains drawn lightly over the still open windows; there was no further interruption from Higgs until ten o'clock.

Mr. Daniel Lamplough leaned back in a luxurious satin-covered armchair, rested his hands one on each of his knees, and smiled benignly at his hostess. He was not a pleasant or romantic-looking lover certainly, and Mrs. Blair could not help thinking so as she glanced up at him from her work. Time was when she had dreamt of other kinds of men, of tall soldierly men with refined faces and polished manners—men, for instance, like Colonel Fleming had been. But those dreams were all over for her now—she was obliged to smother them away with a sigh; when a woman is past forty, she must take what comes in her way and be thankful.

And the man that had come in her way was not prepossessing in appearance. Mr. Lamplough was fat, and even greasy-looking in the face; his cheeks, of a dull red hue, hung down in flabby, fleshy bags upon his neck, and were adorned with long straggling yellowish whiskers flecked with grey; his eyes were small and pig-like; his nose was wide and rather red; and his hair was lank and long, and smelt of the free use of hair-oil. Nor were his clothes put on with that neatness and care which invariably pleases the female eye: his coat was wrinkled, shiny, and shabby; his boots were large, thick, and clumsy; his shirt and voluminous white tie were never of the cleanest, and always gave indications of that 'healthy action of the skin' which doctors say is such a desirable condition of the body, and which Mr. Lamplough apparently enjoyed in a very high degree.

The real fact was that the man was not a gentleman—he was essentially vulgar. And Mrs. Blair had lived quite enough among men who were thoroughbred to be perfectly conscious of this failing in her would-be lover. But, after all, a woman of her age cannot afford to be too fastidious!

Mrs. Blair herself was to the full as elegant and well-preserved a woman as ever.

Her fair hair was still done up in the same mysterious and innumerable bows and puffs over her high white forehead, her eyes were still fringed with the strikingly dark lashes, and the carmine upon her cheeks and lips was as vivid as it used to be; but then these are things in which art so far surpasses nature.

As she sat in a faultless evening toilette by the shaded lamp, with some plain work in her white hands—it was a checked print frock for a little village child, a style of work she had lately adopted in deference to the serious profession of the man whom she was desirous of captivating—Mr. Lamplough gazed at her admiringly, and thought that she certainly was a very pleasant object to look upon, and that she would be a great ornament to his home in Lower Eccleston Street.

'How industrious you are this evening, dear Mrs. Blair!' he said, in that gentle cooing voice which he always adopted when addressing the fair sex.

Mrs. Blair smiled blandly. 'I am anxious to get this little frock finished to-night; it is for little Susan Snuggs in the village. That is a very sad case, dear Mr. Lamplough; seven little children and an invalid mother—and the father gets such poor wages! If I can do some little trifle for the poor things, I am always so glad.'

'Always tender-hearted, always occupied in good works, dear friend!' murmured Mr. Lamplough tenderly. 'Ah! where is the limit to lovely woman's influence when she gives her time to clothe the poor and to comfort the broken-hearted! A ministering angel thou!' added Mr. Lamplough, carried away by an effusion of feeling; though whether the ejaculation was addressed to Mrs. Blair in particular, or to the whole of the female sex in general, was not quite clear.

'Dear friend, you over-estimate my poor efforts; you are over-indulgent to me!' murmured the widow, bending over her work.

'Not at all, my dear lady, not at all. Do I not know your worth? have I not watched you daily in your home, where you so gracefully and in such a Christian spirit fulfil all the varied relations of mistress, of hostess, and of friend? have I not learnt to appreciate all the sweet graces and the pure virtues of your character, dear—may I not almost say, dearest?—friend!' and here Mr. Lamplough rose, not without an effort, from his low chair, and, carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings, dropped with a thud upon both his fat knees in front of his innamorata.

With ready presence of mind Mrs. Blair had, by a dexterous whisk, swept her delicate muslin flounces away just in time to save their being crumpled by the substantial knees of her prostrate lover, and now, with a pretty flutter, she appeared to be overwhelmed with modest confusion.

'Dear Mr. Lamplough, pray rise—I entreat you: if anyone should come in—' she stammered.

'No one will come in; Higgs has already brought the tea,' said Mr. Lamplough, with practical pathos. 'No, dearest Mrs. Blair, never will I rise—never will I move from this spot—until you deign to give a favourable answer to my prayer; until you promise to comfort my lonely heart, and to bless my lonely home!'

'Mr. Lamplough,' murmured the widow, hiding her face behind her lace handkerchief.

'Sweet sympathising spirit, deign to listen to my suit; let us join our hearts, our hands, and I may say our fortunes—may I not call you my own, my Maria?'

'Mr. Lamplough,' again murmured the lady in a fainter voice.

'Nay, why this formality? call me Daniel, *your* Daniel!' tenderly whispered the lover, who began to be tired of kneeling. For a man of his size and age it was a trying posture, and began to make his back ache, in spite of his previous vows of remaining there for an indefinite period. 'Call me Daniel!' he exclaimed; and with a view to speedily bringing about the conclusion of this physically painful scene, he further proceeded to place his arms around the coy form of his beloved.

Mrs. Blair, after uttering a faint protesting cry, whispered 'Daniel!' as she was told, and let her head sink gracefully down upon his shoulder. Mr. Lamplough afterwards discovered several smeary streaks of white and pink powder upon his coat where that fair cheek had lain—a discovery which filled him with great curiosity and unbounded amazement, for he had believed in Mrs. Blair's complexion as firmly as he did in her money.

That discovery, however, was only made at a subsequent period. Nothing occurred to mar those first few moments of bliss.

As soon, however, as the lovers had a little settled down, and Mr. Lamplough had regained the secure comfort of his easy chair,—which, however, he wheeled-up considerably nearer to the lady of his affections than it had been before he had declared his intentions to her,—he at once took occasion to establish the mastery which he intended to assume over her by broaching the subject that lay upon his conscience—concerning the dismissal of the 'Babylonian woman.'

'There is one little sacrifice, my love, which I must ask your affection to make for me,' he began.

'Vanity!' cried Mrs. Blair, who had already assumed the playful coquetry suitable to an affianced maiden. 'Vanity! as if you did not know that there is nothing I would not do for you, Daniel!'

'Dearest!' murmured he, pressing her hand tenderly, 'I know you love me too well to refuse the trifling sacrifice I must ask of you, especially when I point out to you how unsuited to the high Christian calling of a Protestant minister's wife such an attendant is,—my love, I must ask you to send away that popish French maid at once.'

'Send away Ernestine!' gasped Mrs. Blair.

'Even so, my chosen Maria; the association of a Christian Protestant lady with an idolatrous papist savours too much of offering of meats to idols——'

'What possible harm can poor Ernestine do?' cried Mrs. Blair, with more sharpness than is generally admissible in the sweet converse of affianced lovers. 'I never heard her talk of religion at all, and I am sure she doesn't care where she goes to church; I cannot get on at all without Ernestine, I am so used to her; and she has been with me so long, and understands my ways so well. No, really, Mr. Lamplough, I cannot send away Ernestine—I will do anything else to please you, but not that.'

'And yet, dear friend,' said Mr. Lamplough, in that gentle voice which was never raised in anger, and in which yet might be discerned a certain ring of determination which augured badly for Mrs. Blair's chances of having her own way,—'and yet that is unfortunately the one thing which my conscience is obliged to ask of you—the one thing, I may say, which you must give up to me as a proof of the sincerity of your affection.'

There was a moment's silence, during which Mrs. Blair bit her lip in vexation. She saw plainly enough that Mr. Lamplough made the dismissal of Ernestine the *sine quâ non* of the engagement between them,—that she must either give up the offending waiting-maid, or else her new-born hopes of a second marriage and an establishment in Belgravia.

It would be dreadful work, doing without Ernestine, who knew her so well—who understood so many cunning arts in hair-dressing and in face-decorating; how she should get on at first without her, she could not think; but then, it would be still more dreadful to give up those dreams of London seasons and London gaieties which she seemed to have but just secured within her grasp. No, Mrs. Blair felt, anything but that: it was very possible that she might find another maid, English and Protestant, who would be as clever in the mysteries of her profession as was Ernestine, but it was hardly possible that she would have another chance of a second marriage, and that with a man who possessed a house in Lower Eccleston Street.

With one great gulping sigh in homage to Ernestine's varied talents, Mrs. Blair gave in.

'Of course, Daniel, if you make such a point of it, I must do what you wish—but the girl is very clever, and will be a great loss to me; still, if you really insist upon it, of course I am only too happy to please you.'

'There's my own sweet Maria!' cried Mr. Lamplough, lapsing again into the fond lover, and pressing his bethrothed's hand tenderly to his lips. 'And you will send her away to-morrow, my love?'

'To-morrow!' cried poor Mrs. Blair, in dismay.

'Yes, my love; I can no longer allow a child of Belial to rest under the same roof as my promised bride.'

'But surely not to-morrow. What excuse can I give for turning her out of the house like that after she has been with me so long? and what shall I do for a maid? Pray allow me at least to give her a month's warning; consider the inconvenience—the injustice——'

'Say no more, my love—the girl is very frivolous, and her manner to myself is full of disrespect. There is a very nice, modest-looking housemaid, who can surely wait upon you for a week or two until you can find another maid. You will, I know, do as I wish, my love; give her a month's wages to-morrow morning, and let her go: the sight of that popish woman is abhorrent to me!' and, as if to close the discussion, Mr. Lamplough, after once again pressing Mrs. Blair's hand most tenderly within his own, took up the *Record*, out of which he proceeded to read aloud such choice extracts as he thought might interest the future wife of the incumbent of St. Matthias Church.

And Mrs. Blair smothered her discomfiture as well as she could, endeavouring to console herself with dreams of the select entertainments she would give when once she was established as mistress of that house in Lower Eccleston Street.

CHAPTER XXV.

ERNESTINE'S REVENGE.

'BUT, Madame!'

'It is of no use you saying any more, Ernestine. I tell you I have quite made up my mind; here is your month's wages, and you can have the cart to take your box to the station to meet the four o'clock train.'

'But, Madame, to send me away like this after so many years! it is unjust, it is infame!' stammered poor Ernestine, almost in tears. It was in Mrs. Blair's little morning-room, after breakfast, that this conversation took place. 'Have you no fault to find with me, Madame, and yet to send me away like this?'

'Yes, Ernestine; it is because Mr. Lamplough says you are impertinent to him——'

'Aha! so it is ce gros Monsieur who does this for me!'

'That is not the way to speak,' answered her mistress angrily. 'I wish that Mr. Lamplough shall be spoken of with the greatest respect in this house—and, my good girl, I will give you a first-rate character; you will easily get another place.'

'It is not that, Madame,' answered Ernestine indignantly; 'certainement, that I shall get another place I am not at all afraid; but it is the cruelty of Madame to

send me away like this after that I have served her for seven years, and done so many things for her which no one else could do; it is Madame who will suffer, not myself.'

'Very true, Ernestine,' almost whimpered Mrs. Blair; 'I don't know how I shall manage without you. But I can't help myself. Do go, like a good girl, without a fuss.'

'Is Madame then determined to sacrifice me, an old servant, an old friend like me, to Monsieur—Monsieur Lamplou?'

'I *must* send you away, Ernestine—don't look so savagely at me——' For Ernestine, whose southern blood was well up, stood looking almost menacingly at her mistress.

'Here, go up-stairs and get that black silk dress with the bugle trimmings I had last winter. I will give it you, Ernestine; and for goodness' sake let us part friends,' added Mrs. Blair, almost imploringly.

'Bah!' exclaimed the girl, with a little snorting laugh of contempt, 'what do I want with your old black dress that is all frayed at the flounces, and worn to holes at the sleeves! keep your dress, Madame—je m'en fiche bien! and I go, Madame, as you order me; but remember,' she added, turning round at the door and looking back at her warningly, 'remember that you will be very sorry for this; you will perhaps wish, some day, you had not turned Ernestine out of the doors like a chien!'

'Most impertinent!' exclaimed Mrs. Blair, rising from her chair, trembling with passion; but Ernestine had already left the room.

With a beating heart the girl ran along the passage. She had talked lightly but the day before, it is true, of leaving Mrs. Blair's service, but it was a very different thing to be thus turned away at a moment's notice from the house which had been to her a very comfortable home for so many years. And then Ernestine had always thought that Mrs. Blair would do something substantial for her when she left—give her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to start a shop, or to buy the goodwill of some dressmaker's business. Nor had her expectations been altogether unreasonable.

During the course of her seven year's service, Ernestine had done many things for her mistress which did not come strictly within the duties of a lady's-maid.

There was that little incident of the letter, for instance; and there had been many little watchings and spyings, and faithful reportings of overheard conversations; in all of which transactions Ernestine had staunchly adopted Mrs. Blair's interests as her own, and had carried through the little intrigues demanded of her with the utmost discretion and with a secrecy which, considering her sex and her class, was perfectly miraculous.

Mrs. Blair had frequently hinted to her that some reward for these many faithful and valuable services would one day be in store for her.

'When you want to marry or settle down in life, Ernestine, you will find that I shall be your friend,' she had said more than once to her; thereby raising many hopes in her attendant's bosom—hopes which had now been so cruelly and ruthlessly blighted.

Running along the passage, she all but tumbled into the devoted James's outstretched arms.

'Whither away?' said that gentleman poetically quoting from the last number of the penny journal which he had just been studying.

'Ah, do not stop me, Monsieur Jams! I must go and pack my boxes.'

'Pack! why, who's a-going away?'

'It is I, myself!' cried Ernestine, pointing tragically to her chest. 'I go—I am sent away this very day—I know not where I shall repose myself this night! Alas, my poor Jams! you may well look au dèsespoir, for here you see a terrible instance of the ungratefulness of those we serve. Madame has sent me away!'

'Sent you away, Mam'zell!' stammered James; 'what for?'

'Ah, you may well ask,' said she, shrugging her shoulders; 'car, moi, je n'en sais rien. I know not—it is what I have told you, it is ce scélérat Lamplou.'

'Old Lamps! what has he had to do with it?"

'He does hate me—he is going to marry Madame, and he is determined to ruin me.'

'I'm blest if I'll brush his clothes or black his old boots any more.'

'But I blame not him!' said Ernestine, spreading out her hands with fine Christian magnanimity; 'I blame not him—it is only an animal! but it is Madame who does turn me out, it is she who has made me the blood

to boil. Mais je m'en vengerai!' added Ernestine between her set teeth, and clenching her little brown fists savagely. "Don't you stand staring like that; go and order the cart to take me to the station, and let me go upstairs,"—and with that she brushed quickly past her dismayed admirer.

Half-an-hour later Ernestine was in her little attic room in the midst of her disordered wardrobe, with all her worldly goods around her on the floor.

Ernestine sits on the ground in front of her trunk, turning the key in a common cedar-wood money-box, the contents of which we have looked at before.

Inside she first deposits her month's wages, just given her by Mrs. Blair, and then carefully counts over her savings. Twenty-three pounds seven shillings and two pence—not much, thinks Ernestine ruefully, on which to begin life afresh. If that were all! but then, fortunately, that is not all. Ernestine's money-box holds another valuable object which she thinks is as good to her as a cheque on the Bank of England.

Turning rapidly over the yellow bundle of French love-letters, the faded bunch of shrivelled violets—the gift of the dead soldier lover—which even at this moment she remembers to raise hurriedly to her lips, and the case of jewellery which she reflects can be pawned or sold if the worst comes to the worst, she comes upon a small flat parcel in silver paper at the bottom of the box.

'Aha!' says Ernestine aloud, with a triumphant smile, 'te voilà, mon ami! you have waited long enough, but now at last you are to be of some use to me. This is what comes of a little prudence and forethought; another, less wise, might have spoken of it before! What a good thing I did keep him all this time?' And with a chuckle of delight Ernestine slipped the paper into her leather purse, which again she placed securely in an inside pocket of her black hand-bag; then locking up the money-box again, she packed it up in her trunk.

A few hours later the French lady's-maid had turned her back for ever upon Sotherne Court and the old life that had become so monotonous and yet, by force of long habit so familiar and so home-like to her

Juliet Travers was siting alone in her little morning-room. The writing-table was covered with the morning's unanswered letters, bills, notes, invitations, of all kinds and sizes; her pen was in her hand, but she was not writing.

There was on her face that bitter hopeless expression which had become so familiar to it of late, and which had replaced the old eager, impulsive look which had once made it so singularly attractive.

The very droop of her head, the languid fall of her nerveless hands, the set scorn in her full red lips, all told the same story of the eternal battle going on within—the battle of pride against a hopeless love.

In front of her lay a monogramed note highly scented with patchouli.

It could not be called a love-letter, and yet there was a spirit of adoration and devotion in every line. Juliet took it up and read it over:

I see nothing of you now; you are so surrounded by new friends, that you don't seem to care for your old ones. What have I done to offend you that you are so cold and distant to me of late? twice when I have called you have denied yourself; dear Mrs. Travers, there must be some cause for this change in you.

I want to get up a water party to Maidenhead for you. Choose your own day and your own party—any one you like. We will row up to Cookham and back in the cool of the evening to a late dinner at Skindle's. I have enlisted Mrs. Dalmaine in my cause, for you refuse to do anything that I ask of you now, and perhaps she will persuade you. Don't be so cruel as to refuse me this.

Yours devotedly,

GEORGE MANNERSLEY.

'I suppose I must answer it,' said Juliet aloud, as the note dropped wearily from her fingers; 'what a bore this sort of thing is! I used to find these parties and flirtations rather amusing a little time ago. I used to fancy they distracted my mind and took off my thoughts; but now I think they only make me worse. No: I really cannot go—Lord George is so wearisome; and since he has taken to this lover-like frame of mind, and reproaches me for neglect—for neglect of him! what a joke!—he is really quite insufferable. Here is some one to interrupt me. Come in!—who is there? Ah, it is you, Rosa; good morning!' and Mrs. Dalmaine, in a deliciously fresh toilette of palest pink muslin, entered.

'My dear Juliet, have you heard from

Lord George this morning? because I have.'

'Yes, I was just going to answer his note. Here it is;' and Juliet calmly handed the note to her friend, who read it through with great interest.

'How *devoted* the poor man is!' she exclaimed; 'and you really have behaved very cruelly to him, poor fellow! Well, what day are you going to fix? and whom are you going to have for the party? It must not be till next week, I think—at least, I have not a free day before, and I suppose you are going to allow me to come!'

'My dear Rosa, how you jump to conclusions?' said Juliet, laughing. 'I am just going to refuse it altogether.'

'To refuse!' exclaimed Mrs. Dalmaine aghast, sinking down into a low chair, and throwing up her little pink-gloved hands in dismay. 'Impossible, Juliet! what can you be thinking of? Why I made so certain of your going, that I stopped at Madame Dentelle's on my way, and ordered a boating suit on purpose!'

'I am very sorry, Rosa; but you can easily stop on your way back, and countermand it.'

'But, Juliet, you must be mad. It would be the very jolliest thing of the whole summer! I had settled it all; we would have just two boatfuls—six bachelors and six married women—no girls, they are always a nuisance. It would be the greatest fun; we wouldn't have anybody slow—all our own set, you know. You would enjoy it so much. You never will be so stupid as to refuse!'

'I am very sorry to disappoint you, Rosa,' said Juliet a little coldly, 'but I have not the least intention of going. Such parties always get women talked about; one gets called fast, and perhaps worse.'

'Yes, by slow, spiteful women, who never get a chance of any fun themselves!' said Rosa, with a toss of her head.

'No, not only by women: I don't believe that men—nice men—think any better of one for doing those sort of things.'

'But last year you did just as fast things. Don't you remember that day at Richmond—only you, and I, and Lady Withers, and all those men?'

'Yes, and I was very sorry for it afterwards; but I think very differently now about things; and besides, in any case your party would not do for me, because I have asked my young sister-in-law, Flora Travers, to stay with me; and I could not take her to that sort of thing, could I?'

'Oh, if you are going to take up with bread-and-butter girls in their teens!' pouted Mrs. Dalmaine.

'Don't be jealous, Rosa,' said Juliet playfully; 'you know I am not given to "taking up," as you call it, with anybody.'

'No, only with that horrid Colonel Fleming. I believe *he* is at the bottom of this proper fit that has come over you; he always seems to think everything wrong, and looks daggers at me, as if he thought I was a shocking bad friend for you, and was corrupting your morals.'

'Very likely he is right,' said Juliet dryly; and dipping her pen in the ink, she began to write: 'but I had rather not hear you abuse him. He is an old friend of mine.'

'Yes, so I have heard you say before'—and there was a little silence between the friends, during which Juliet wrote away steadily, refusing Lord George Mannersley's invitation; and Mrs. Dalmaine bit the end of her parasol, and looked as cross and ugly as a pretty little woman can look when she is in a bad temper.

'I am sorry for your disappointment, Rosa,' said Juliet presently, as she leant back in her chair and fastened up her note. 'You must not think me unkind, and I will do anything you like to make up for it. Would you like me to give a dinner at Hurlingham?'

'Well, yes, that would be rather nice,' said Rosa, softening a little, and reflecting that nothing pleasant or profitable could accrue from prolonged sulks. 'Of course it depends upon who your party is.'

'Well, I would have any one you wish for, only I will get Cis and one or two husbands, if you dont object much,' said Juliet, laughing,. 'I won't ask yours!'

'Heaven forbid!' ejaculated Mrs. Dalmaine fervently.

'And of course I must have little Flora Travers.'

'And will you ask Lord George?' asked Rosa a little timidly.

Juliet laughed. She had knowledge enough of the world to know how readily a 'bosom friend' will pounce on an admirer out of favour.

'Oh yes, by all means, if you care about him—you are quite welcome to him,' she added a little scornfully.

Mrs. Dalmaine flung herself on her knees at her friend's side and kissed her rapturously.

'You darling! you really are a brick, Juliet; and don't you really mind my flirting a little wee bit with him?'

'Not the least in the world!'

'One thing more, Juliet—you won't go and ask that solemn old Colonel of yours, will you? he would quite spoil all our fun.'

'I have not the least intention of inviting Colonel Fleming,' said Juliet rather coldly, pushing back her friend's rapturous embraces. 'I don't think he would enjoy himself in the very least in *our* set!' she added with a bitter scorn that was quite unintelligible to her hearer.

A knock at the door, and the footman entering announced that 'a young person' wished to speak to Mrs. Travers.

'The dressmaker, I suppose,' said Juliet, rising. 'Post these letters, William, and tell her to come upstairs: I will see her here.'

'I am sorry to turn you out, Rosa, but I have a good deal to do this morning, and I must get this dressmaker's business over as quickly as I can; I will call for you to drive at five o'clock. William, open the door for Mrs. Dalmaine, and then ask the young woman to come up.'

And Mrs. Dalmaine went.

'One minute, Miss Richards,' said Juliet, not looking up from her writing things, as the door opened, and the rustle of a woman's dress announced the entrance of the 'young person.' 'Wait one minute, please, and I will attend to you.'

'Madame?' said a hesitating voice behind her with a pure Parisian ring which certainly did not belong to the honest little Miss Richards.

Mrs. Travers turned round with a start.

'Ernestine!' she exclaimed in amazement, 'what has brought you to town? has Mrs. Blair come up, or—you look very strange—is your mistress ill?' she added hurriedly.

'No, Madame; Madame Blair is quite well, or was so yesterday morning when I last saw her.'

'Then, what have you to say to me, Ernestine? You look very uncomfortable standing there by the door—wont you sit down?'

Ernestine did indeed look strangely nervous and uncomfortable. She accepted Mrs. Travers's offer, and sat herself down on the edge of the high-backed chair nearest to the door.

'Madame,' she began hesitatingly, 'I have come to you in great trouble. Madame Blair has yesterday sent me out of her house without a moment's warning: only just time to pack my clothes and be off.'

'Indeed, Ernestine, I am very sorry to hear it,' said Juliet gravely; 'you must, I fear, have committed some serious fault. Tell me, my poor girl, what it is, that I may see if I can help you.'

And then Ernestine began to cry.

'Indeed, Madame, I have done nothing,' she gasped out between her sobs, 'absolument rien! Madame would not even tell me why she sent me away; she has said she would give me a good character, but she would not let me stay one day longer, and she would not tell me why I was to go: some evil persons have poisoned her mind against me, I think.'

'This sounds very strange, Ernestine!' said Juliet; but, from her own knowledge of Mrs. Blair's character, it did not appear to her so very unlikely that some sudden caprice might have set her stepmother against her former favourite.

'She has given me but my month's wages, and not one sou more, after all these years that I have so faithfully served her!' sobbed Ernestine.

'My poor girl, I am very sorry for you,' said Juliet compassionately. She had never much liked Ernestine, but she had liked Mrs. Blair still less, and she could readily believe in her injustice and harshness to an old servant. 'Don't cry, Ernestine; I will do all I can to help you to get another place.'

'How good you are, Madame! but, alas! I must not stay here, for troubles never come alone, and the very day I left—yesterday, it was—I heard from ma pauvre mère—ma pauvre mère!' she added, sobbing bitterly. Ernestine's mother had been dead ten years. 'She is very old, cette chère mère, and she writes to me to say that she can no longer do her work, and the officiers de police have come and seized all her fur

niture—and she has not even a bed—think of that, Madame Travers, not a bed! and she past seventy!'

'Dear, dear! Ernestine; this is very sad,' said Juliet, much distressed. 'What can you do?'

'I must go to Paris at once, Madame, and I have only just enough for my journey, not one sou to relieve my aged parent when I get there!'

'My poor girl, of course I will lend you—give you, I mean—anything you want!' cried Juliet, rising and reaching out her hand to take her purse off the writing-table, for she seldom stopped to inquire into a case of need. Juliet was generous and open-handed to a fault.

'Stay, Madame!' cried Ernestine, rising with the air of a tragedy queen, and stretching out her hand to ward back the proffered charity. 'Never shall it be said that Ernestine Guillot came to any member of the family she had served so long—to *beg!* No, Madame, I will have no gift from you; I ask but for a fair price, Madame; I have something to sell!'

'To sell? Well, if you are too proud to borrow, Ernestine,' said Mrs. Travers with a smile, 'I will do what I can to buy from you. Is it some trinket that you have?'

'No, Madame, it is no bijou;' and after much mysterious fumbling among the folds of her dress, Ernestine proceeded to draw forth from her pocket a small flat parcel in silver paper.

Mrs. Travers stretched out her hand for it, but Ernestine did not give it to her. 'Non pas, Madame!' she said; 'I first must know what you will give for him?'

'How can I say unless I know what it is? Name your own price; what do you think it is worth?'

'Would Madame give me fifty pounds?' inquired Ernestine, not without hesitation.

'Fifty pounds! Why, what can it be to be worth so much?' said Juliet, considerably taken aback.

'It is a letter, Madame,'

'Fifty pounds for a letter!' cried Juliet, in amazement. 'My good girl, you must be mad! Who would give fifty pounds for a letter?'

'I think that you will, Madame,' answered Ernestine calmly. Something in her voice and manner struck Juliet as singularly strange. Her face was bent, looking down at the packet in her hands, which she slowly and with a good deal of ostentation unwrapped from the two or three papers in which it was folded.

'This letter, Madame—or rather, this part of a letter, for it is but the half that is left—was written more than five years ago—for the date is still here—to you.'

'To me?'

'Yes, Madame, to you. Madame Blair did steal it and tear it up; and yesterday as I was turning out all my old boxes to pack up my things, I did find this half left in the lining of an old dress she did give me three years ago.'

'Let me see the handwriting,' said Juliet in a faint voice, making a step towards her—whilst the room seemed to swim in front of her eyes.

Ernestine held up the fragment of the letter firmly in both her hands.

'Fifty pounds, Madame, and it is yours!'

One glance, and Mrs. Travers turned rapidly away to her writing-table, unlocked the drawer, pulled out her cheque-book, and hurriedly filled in the fifty pounds to Ernestine Guillot or Order.

'Here is the money,' she said sternly. 'I do not believe your story about your mother—but take this cheque, give me my letter, and go back to your own country, and never let me see your face again.

Bowing her head with a murmured remonstrance, Ernestine passed out of the room, as she passes out of this story, and Juliet saw her no more. And Juliet Travers stood motionless in the middle of the room, grasping the torn yellow fragment of her past life in her hand.

Before her dazed eyes, upon the faded page, the words of love and devotion, seen now for the first time, trembled all blotted and blurred through her tears; dear words of tender entreaty, of passionate love, of undying devotion; words that she had waited and pined for so long in vain, with such mad, hopeless longing, and that had lain so long unanswered and unheeded.

With a bitter cry Juliet flung up her arms.

'Too late! My God, it comes too late!' she cried, and then fell forward across the table with the letter clasped against her heart in a passion of despairing tears.

The footman once more opened the door and announced—

'Colonel Fleming.'

(To be continued.)

THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN:

A LEGEND OF THE CRUSADES.

This is the story that the worthy father
Told us that storm-stayed night, when down the pass
The sharp sleet hurtled on the tramontane,—
And when one guest, discourteous, uttered doubt,
The father vanquished him triumphantly
With argument ad hominem: "At Prato
Go ask the sacrist! he will show you it,—
The Belt itself will witness if I lie."

A knight crusader in the town
Of Prato lived. Good knight was he,
And with Duke Robert he was boune
To war in holy Galilee.
Pure was he as a virgin blade,—
Hence sometimes churl behind his beard
"La Damigella" whispering jeered,—
For he was modest as a maid.*

In Mary of the Assumption's shrine,
The night before the squadron sailed,
Sir Michael watched beside his arms,
And prayed the Mother Maid divine
To keep his soul within her care,
From sinful lusts and pagan charms,—
And give some sign she heard his prayer.
On which, it on his vision grew
And to his ear the thought took tone,
That her full robe of azure hue
Ungirded was by belt or zone,
But the full drapery, all unstayed,
From neck to feet in ripples ran.†

Soon weighed the fleet; and horse and man
In prideful splendor sailed away,
And many a knight with cross of green ‡
Rode up and down for many a day
The long waves of the Mediterrene,—
And many a weary night was lull,
And many o'nights the surges made
A lisping noise beneath the keel,—
And overhead the moon grew full
And waned, and all the diamond wheels
Of heaven moved round the polar star,
Till, at the long and length, each hull
At anchor lay off Joppa bar.

What need to tell how fame is won,
Or how the paynim moon before
The splendor of the Christian cross
Went down in fields in floods of gore
That turned the arid ground to moss
Beneath the fervid Syrian sun,
Till from the foul miasma-swamp
Came up the Plague! which through the camp
Walked bodily, in form a cloud
Of tepid vapor, slab and damp,
That wrapped men breast-high like a shroud.

Sir Michael soon was stricken low
With fell disease, and would have died
But for a Syrian maiden's care,
For Azrael, the leaden-eyed,
Dark brooding in the lurid air,
Bent o'er his bed to strike the blow;

But finding on the fevered pallet where
The sick man lay, a fair young form was pressed,
Circling him softly with compassionate care,
Fenced with her arms and bucklered by her breast,
And gentled like a child with fond caress,—
Thus seeing the intended victim lie,
Maid-nursed with such exceeding tenderness,
The Restful Angel rose and passed him by.

The while the knight lay on the house's top
Till convalescence came. Rose from below
The sleepy swaying of the fragrant trees,
Which soothed him, though at times his breath would stop
To catch upon the swelling of the breeze
From the far camp the distant trumpet blow,
And then his nerveless hand and fretted brain
Reached to the maid, whose palm, as warm as glove,
Would rest in his until his eyelids closed
In weary languor, pleasure more than pain,—
(Even from his very weakness predisposed
That gratitude should deepen into love,—)
And then he slept,—to dream of her again.

The lion, day, rose up
And chased the black deer, night,

* The name of the knight was Michael Dajomarie,—a sufficient resemblance, where wit was scant, to give rise to the soubriquet. "La damigella" means "the maid."

† The Virgin is frequently thus represented.

‡ The narrator is in error here; the Italian crusaders wore yellow crosses; the Flemings green.

Adown the mountain slopes of Ascalon
Until it trembling hid within its caves;
And then, as from a cup
Outpoured the roseate flood of morning-red
And spread o'er all the landscape, wave on wave,
And wheresoe'er its elixir was shed
The small, rejoicing foliage drank it up,
And the glad flowers came forth from out their graves.

That summer morn,—'twas when some days were gone,—
Within a garden the recovered knight
So long and tenderly won back from death
Walked with his angel, to inhale the breath
Of greenerie, and quaff the healthful light,
And see the star-eyes open, one by one,
Their winking fringes to the light of sun;
White blossoms rained on them; red roses threw
Warm, sidelong glances; low forget-me-nots
Oped their blue eyes, and lilies white and gold
Nodded approval; peeped out slyly too
From its green yashmak in secluded nooks
The eastern beauty of the cyclamen,—
As, timidly, a tale of love was told,—
Which told,—like to a lute with silver strings
Zulème's sweet tinkling tongue was loosened then
And babbled like a brook,—of many things.

SHE.

"My father was a learnëd Greek;
My mother daughter of the Druse,
And my poor father oft would seek,
In way that learnëd men amuse
Their leisure, to pore out the springs
Of death in life and life in death,
And ever-coming chance and change
That build the framework of all things,
The while man draws his fleeting breath;—
And his strong knowledge, stern and strange,
Would soften down all meek and mild,
And tell to me, a little child:—

"Thus:

"*Music is but myriad sprites*
All rowing on the liquid air,
With, or against the wind and tide,
And sending forward curvilines
Of ripples up the shore that wash,
And on the nerves seductive glide
With fondling touch, or dulcet dash
In tinkling sprays that on the brain
Refreshing fall, as summer rain
Falls on the parching maiden-hair
And lilies white and jessamines."

HE.

"Then make me music. Call the sprites
That answer to your father's spells,
And bid them add to our delights
Beneath the bending flower-bells."

SHE SINGS.

Lay thy lips to mine,
Lightly,
Let thy dear eyes shine
Brightly,
In thine ear let Love, the lisper,
Tell to thee in earnest whisper,
That thou art no more thine own
But thou all belong'st to me,
Belong'st to me alone,
For the germ of love hath grown a tree,
And the Rose of Love hath blown."

Close gathered, then, with many a sidelong arrow
Shot from their eyes, they wandered on apace,
Beneath the climbing vines that left a narrow
Pathway for two, and made a shady place
Wherein they clasped, and their long kisses clung.
The summer's breath that round that youthful pair
Intoxicate with scent of tulips hung,
And lush with odor of a thousand flowers,
And drowse with drone of bees that clustered there,
Made them forget the wingëd-footed hours.
Earth was their Eden. In the love-fraught air
She thought her gallant was more gallant then,
And he his fair one felt was twice as fair.
And thus they fooled away the summer's day.
Then hand in hand they to the mother went
And told their piteous tale, the old, old tale
So hard to tell, so sweet when it is told,—
And so they drew near timidly, yet bold,—
She glowing like the morning, he with step
Arched like an Arab's, for her soft touch sent
The blood warm coursing from his heart to heel,
While proudly, as a victor bends, he bent
Before the dame and made his fond appeal,
And, doubting lest his prayer might not avail,
He vowed by Mary and good San Giuseppe
That if to him the dear one should be lent
He with his life would guard her, true and leal.

THE MOTHER.

"And wilt thou take my daughter dear
Without or gold or land in fee?"

HE.

"I will! and call the Saints to hear
That she is all the world to me,
With beauty for her dowery?"

Thus were they wed, but ere to bed
The little loves conducted them,
The lady mother stately said:
"Approach! fair son, and wife Zulème.
Your loves are for yourselves alone,
But richly wedded shall ye be,
For that the blessed Virgin's zone
Shall be this virgin's dowery."

She opened a grate of graven bars
Set in a low-browed arch of stone,
When suddenly a glory-ray
Of dazzling rainbow light outshone
In splendor that eclipsed the day,
And there upon a cushion strewn,
All diamonded with living stars,
The VIRGIN'S ZONE resplendent lay!*

Then reverently the three down fell
Before the shrine, on bended knee,
The while the mother strove to tell
The marvel of this mystery:

"Dos't wonder why, Zulème, dear daughter mine,
Above all maidens thou art honored thus?
Know that thou art the last one of the line
In straight descent from Thomas Didymus,
Surnamed the Doubter. When the Virgin flew,
In sight of her revered and reverend train,
To sit with Jesu at the mercy-seat
And wear in heaven the palmed and starry crown,
Her sacred hand, to give their faith a sign,
Unclasped the circlet that you here may view,—
The very girdle she was wont to wear;—
Even as the hand of summer drops the rain
She let it drop upon the ambient air,
Whence, like a coil of prism, it floated down
And fell all splendent at the Doubter's feet.

"Then when the good saint journeyed,—as was meet,—
To pagan lands where gospel is unknown,
He placed the Girdle of the Mother May,—
A thousand years since,—in this arch of stone,
Not to be drawn from its abiding place
Until, in Heaven's good time, should come the day
A virgin should be last of all her race,
When it should shine forth with supernal ray,—
The day has come, and maid,—and *thou art she!*"

Even as she spoke the splendor waned away,
As when a lamp goes out, not suddenly,
But in its circles lessening, wave by wave,
And scintillating like the stars in storm,
And in the gloom they saw outlined a form
That lit upon the floor and closed the cave.

A ship sailed out from Joppa bar,
With flag of blue and crimson silk;
All luminous as is a star
She left a wake as white as milk
Behind her on the silver sea.
Abaft, the scented zephyrs sighed;
Before her, as to lead the way,
The dolphins flashed their glittering scales
And swam and tumbled in their play;
The rosy nautiluses plied
Their latteen-sailed and pearly boats,
Like man-o'-war's-men on the lee;
Landbirds lit on the gasket-snoods,—
The sow-your-wheat and Robin Red,
And skylarks carolled overhead;
While turtle-doves from out the woods
Sat cooing on the bulwark-rails,
And siskins with their silver throats,
And small, winged boys, as thick as motes,
And, night and day, the nightingales,
All singing up among the sails:

Ave Maria purissima.

HUNTER DUVAR.

* The *sanctissima cintola*, so called.

THE NEW LIFE.

"The man is now become a man."—*Carlyle.*

HAPPY season of youth! how vividly the remembrance of it clings to us all! Then were the days filled with delight; then the nights brought with them soothing rest; hope bloomed beautiful and seemed eternal, grief was but temporary and left no trace; all was sunshine and gladness and innocent joy. But the years speed on amain; thought and care loom up on the horizon, growing daily more distinct; and the hour is at hand, with its bitter awakening, when we find that the child-king (now a child no more) has given place to the subject, man—to man bound in the galling chains of necessity; to man with his inchoate sense of responsibility and duty, his dreams of heavenly heritage of infinite goodness and pleasure, his certain earthly lot of pain, of sadness, and of sin.

Bright visions, the offspring of our youth, one by one fade away and die,—trampled out of life and being under the ruthless foot of reality and the exigencies of daily existence. Everything seems changed about us. The hurrying present grows pale in comparison with the happy past (for the past, too, has its azure tints); and from the overwhelming sense of loss thus arising there is planted within us a deep grief—inseparable from us ever after: a grief which increases as we increase, which may bring forth alluring blossoms and bear bitter fruit, or, if tenderly nourished, produce an ennobling, enduring, and sustaining growth. For the New Life is a sorrow-birth with sore travail from the gay-heartedness of youth.

Youth is irreligious, is all-sufficient for itself, its new energies being yet unwasted. The time soon comes, however, when the simple traditionary beliefs and innate faith of the childish understanding fail to be a support to the mind of the man, and then begins within him a life-and-death struggle, upon the result whereof hangs the future; then or never must he attain the real belief and the true faith, to him now become a great need, and to acquire which is the first great problem of his existence. How often, alas! is the result of that struggle other than we would wish! how often does it end in bewilderment and contradiction, in denial of that his soul tells him is true, in blind adherence to threadbare precedents and old use-and-wont!—whereas that ending should be a beginning, the ending of the old and the beginning of the new life.

At the outset of manhood some faint-hearted ones, horrified with the vision which presents itself—one of high reward yet great temptation—and fearful of failure, take refuge in asceticism, hoping to "climb into heaven upon the narrow ladder of fasting and prayer." Others as blind, fasten at once upon some idea, and make that idea and the pursuit it involves, their religion. But the proper solution of the the great problem comes not to us in a moment, as if by instinct; it is only the consummation of years of earnest, loving search after light,—light which when found may, even then, shine on us fitfully, faintly, and from afar; still, however faint, we feel in our souls it is the true light, and we can see that it ever grows clearer and more reassuring as we manfully struggle towards it.

In this search many things will be found hard to reconcile; various influences within and without will retard the arrival at the desired end; journeyings hither and thither are innumerable; deviation from the path is frequent and to find it again is difficult; false beacons bewilder and then betray: till, at last, baffled and heartsick, weary and footsore, we are well-nigh on the dark threshold of denial with the drear realms of despair looming up beyond. A cloud seems to be over us everywhere. We search in the darkness of the night for that which is plain in the noonday; in the abstruse and recondite we seek in vain that which lies uncovered around us: for man loves mystery; he thinks not that the great-

est secret is the "open" or "revealed" secret, and that the divinest truths are also the most clear and simple: thus he allows to remain before him unseen that which, clothed in the mystery of creeds, becomes in some slight degree his own. 'Tis a poor way, at best, veiling truth in order to obtain it; when, did we but study the mother-tongue—common to all mankind—and read the perennial scriptures of nature, we could speedily quench our thirst for truth at the pure fountain head. But instead of nature for a teacher we take man, forgetting that the thoughts and convictions of others are not and cannot be ours until we have weighed them, sifted them, and suited them to ourselves; and thus, through neglecting to translate the language of others into our own, we learn but little, we walk with poor and slender guidance indeed.

The time may seem long, but the reward is sure; and as the early student who has begun his task by the lamp trusts to its feeble glow (being blinded thereby to the light without) long after the dawn, so mayest thou, setting out in darkness with thy old waning belief to illumine the path, toil on far into the day unknowing of the morn. Courage!—the stars are seen only by night, while in the obscurity of pain and sorrow many supernal truths, invisible in the sunshine of gladness, will emerge from the gloom, bright and beautiful to thy astonished eyes.

In the first rapture of a belief and faith gained, everything appears clear. Life bursts forth on us in all its true brilliancy and beauty; our trouble seeming over, now surely may be expected a quiet and blissful succession of future days. Alas! only one draught from the cup of life has been taken, and the bitter lees are already on our lips.—"If ye know those things happy are ye if ye do them."—The first great problem disposed of, as well as may be, the second and more difficult one is at hand awaiting solution; can, indeed, never be completely solved, but is before us to be tried daily, hourly, to the last moment of our existence. Belief must be converted into energy, conviction into conduct, precept must become practice; the idea, unseen and, may-be, unknown, avails not; by deeds we must live—by deeds we shall be judged.

Many love to look on hills, few essay to climb them. The attempt must be made, nevertheless; and ever striving yet never completely succeeding, doubting and disappointed, alarmed by the constant recurrence of sin and error, weary of incessant watching and prayers sent aloft to unseen powers in vain, we find the new life, now really begun, a hard and difficult one to lead. The deep well of faith which lies within us must at this time be developed, for it is only through faith that a straight path can for any time be maintained. What though sin may come, let in not daunt thee. "The web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not! and our vices would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." Does not sin, which is human, bring sorrow—which is divine?

Fall not into despondency; wait and hope. Our great mother has provided a balm for all our woes; and in Labour, cheerful labour, can be found the nepenthe which naught else in the whole world beside can bestow. Behold! many things appear to thee to do, yet attempt not too much: "Find what thou canst work at;" and be it in trade or in commerce, in law, medicine, or the church, in common labour even, work earnestly and honestly—work faithfully, hopefully, and work well. "Blessed is he who hath found his work."

Think not of happiness or pleasure, for happiness in the meaning of the many is a chimera, and pleasure a fata morgana which on pursuit will fade away into chill mists. Learn now, once for all, the sublime lesson (taught in the words of England's greatest novelist) that "it is but a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring much about our narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of mankind as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else because our souls see that it is good." The new life begins with and continues through renunciation, that divinest act of mankind, and ever leads to sorrow; yet rear tenderly thy sorrows, for they (the angelic offspring of self-sacrifice) will comfort thee in great need and will lead thee on the path towards that far-off coun-

try where the ways, ceasing to be wholly of earth, gradually become divine.

And now, though a belief has been attained, though a work has been begun and is progressing, comes the upas-shadow of Discontent over thee, basking in the sunshine of labour. "Were he there and not here, were thus and not so, it were well with him." Thou longest for the blue hills afar-off; thou wouldst roam through those distant scenes of beauty; and there, no longer in the grey, cold air and lifeless, too-real prospect which now surrounds thee, wouldst be at rest. Alas! thou wouldst find but a sad disappointment; and looking back wouldst behold the spot thou hadst left, robed in a skyey garment of azure loveliness, to be longed for in its turn. Banish such thoughts; despise not thy present place or employment; one does not live for ever in Spain, nor is sorrow a stranger there; and wherever thou art there around thee is "man's existence with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavors; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through Eternity: and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of in any age or climate since man first began to live."

Regret is the child of the past, discontent, of the present, and hope, of the future; take hope to thy bosom, change regret to sorrow, but make no truce with discontent, for thou hast that within thee which can rise superior to it. Yes, even while thou lookest out on the leaden sky, the driven snow, the desolate heath, and the withered leaves whirled fitfully about by the moaning winds, thou art gifted to look beyond; —and through that dreary scene thou canst perceive some enchanting vista in distant, beautiful Italy; canst see the deep cerulean sky, the fairy fleeces floating in the clear, perfumed air, and joyous companies on the flower-bestrewn bank of some laughing stream, footing it featly to the soft murmuring of the lute. Should this wondrous faculty bring thee sadness? ought it not rather to bring thee joy? does it not render thee independent of place and scene?

Thou longest too for sympathy, for perfect love; thou wouldst rest upon some bosom loved, and strengthen on some sympathetic soul. Such desirable ones alas! are not of earth; perfect sympathy thou canst never find except in Nature, where it is indeed mighty, but where it is—as true sympathy ever is — silent as well. Go where thou wilt into the world in search of it, thou wilt return alone; and this deep sense of aloneness is one of the hardest burdens the intellectual man has to bear. Yet bethink thee! to others it is the same. Others as earnest as thyself are striving, renouncing, wearily but eagerly struggling towards the clear light: courage to each other, friends—

> "Here eyes do regard you
> In eternity's stillness;
> Here is all fullness
> Ye brave to reward you:
> Work and despair not!"

Strive to attain the new life, for it is a higher life and it is the real life. "Let each being become all he is capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resisting especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may." To live so one must step aside from the common walks of men, and it requires fortitude to strike out into a new and untraveiled path; the curse of expediency and the lack of will lead us rather on those rutted by the world, poor though we see the way and weak the way-goers. But as trees split their outer bark to provide for increasing growth, so man must lay aside his old prejudices and early impressions if he would become great and wise.

Again we say work! work in deeds; yet if thou hast to speak be not afraid, for let a man speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought or conviction within him, the actual condition of his own mind or heart, and others, strangely knit by the ties of intelligence and sympathy, will give him heed. The sun of life rises within us mild and glorious, but soon coming to its noonday heat and oppressive sultriness, labor becomes difficult; but that endured faithfully, how much the more shall we enjoy the quiet, sublime setting, surrounded by the realities of deeds done, when otherwise the gibbering phantoms of unborn actions would well-nigh drive us mad.

Let us close these poor thoughts, these imperfect utterances, with the wish that the day, though distant, is surely approaching, when the life of each will be the New Life;

when we can no longer say with heartfelt sadness that "the soul of man still fights with the dark influences of Ignorance, Misery, and Sin; still lacerates itself like a captive bird against the iron bars which necessity has drawn round it; still follows false shows, seeking peace and good on paths where no peace and good is to be found."

Versaumt nicht zii iiben
Die Krafte des Guten.—GOETHE.

G. C.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LATER MANNER.

TO dissect and study in cold blood the varying styles of an author, or the changeful excellencies of a school of writers, is a task for posterity; not for a contemporary. And the greater the genius to be studied, the more minute and delicate in their life-like ramifications will be the fibres of human interest and constructive talent which we have to handle and untwine, and as our task becomes more arduous the risk of failing will appear increasingly probable. Nor is it solely or chiefly "a *glory* from its being far," that is won by the past, in that slow, receding process which culminates in its orbing as "the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein." The mass and planetary bulk, which, when we touched and handled some minute portion of its surface, was incomprehensible in its vastness and bewildering in the apparent purposelessness of its movements, becomes, once it has placed a space of time or distance between it and our curiosity, an object which we can weigh at our leisure, examine upon all sides, whose phases and occultations can be told, and which submits to our loving study the laws by which its relative place in the starry heavens is determined, and what rush of minor satellites and cometary matter will feel the drag of its attraction.

But we must not allow a great writer to pass amongst us without critical recognition, merely because a reviewer of the next century will be in a better position than we are for a searching analysis. Already it is possible to trace some leading features that appear to mark the triumphal progress of the masterpieces of GEORGE ELIOT as one by one they pass us, fresh from the mint of her creative mind; and we shall do well, if, standing a little aloof from that regal procession, we strive to grasp the grouping of the characters and their mutual relationship. One small instalment of such an insight is all this paper can pretend to offer.

There is no royal road of criticism which will determine how an author should progress in excellence or deterioration. Styles do not always run from good to better and best;—nor, luckily, from bad to worse and worst. Those six classes, and their intermediate shades, will tell off into an almost interminable number of combinations, capable of being reduced to a mathematical certainty by any one possessing the desire and a competent smattering of Algebra. Macaulay, in his celebrated speech on Lord Mahon's copyright Bill, has, indeed, raised a *prima facie* case in favor of the theory that wits ripen no less than fruits, and gives instances tending to show how development, in a few years and within the more or less narrow compass of a single brain-pan, may push the individual quite sensibly further from the literary standpoint of the ape. The Shakespeare who wrote "Lear," was the same Shakespeare who wrote "Love's Labour Lost," and yet how different!

Still this rule does not hold good universally. It is subject to the disturbing influ-

ences of climate, of national character, of long or short life, of good or evil fortune. Who can tell whether Keats, had he not died young, with the grand notes of "Hyperion" quivering upon his lips, might not, after having perhaps given us (alas the day!) another "St. Agnes' Eve," or a second "Pot of Basil," have declined into writing something sweeter and weaker than "Endymion" itself? With the sad prospect before us of Tennyson and Longfellow writing themselves out we cannot say that he would not. Neither can we say that "Waverley" betrays the touch of a beginner, and the "Talisman" tells of ripened powers;—but in the case of Sir Walter we must bear in mind the sharp distinction perceptible in all his works,—the distinction, that is, between those whose characters are Scotch and life-like, and those whose heroes and heroines are more or less foreign, and consequently untrue to nature. The works of Dickens, again, are far from showing such an increase of power as Macaulay's rule (as we will call it for shortness' sake) would imply. His earlier works are stronger, more healthy, and more robust than those of his later style,—a fact attributable to outward circumstances, which drew him away from those old haunts of low-born mirth and heaven-inspired vulgarity where he was *facile princeps*, and induced him to enter the staler and yet to him more unfamiliar grades of life, where the thinner vices and surface pettinesses of noblemen and city merchants were the main objects of satire, and where he met the keen rivalry of Thackery, whose pencil would have barely had an equal chance with him among the scenes of his earlier triumphs.

But whither are we being led? A desire to find some clue to the possible grouping of George Eliot's works has sent us too far afield among the writings of authors whose style was very foreign to hers: it is time to approach our immediate subject nearer.

Carlyle has depicted the ideal hero as he has appeared to the world, shrouded in the more or less opaque disguise of God, priest, poet, or man of letters. If we may venture to subdivide his larger scale, and to point to the hero as dramatist, the hero as epic, as lyric poet, as orator, or as man of science, we would say that the hero as novelist has only just accomplished his *avatar*,—and that no higher good can come to man through that medium than has been communicated by George Eliot.

It follows from this, that novel writing has had, (or rather is having,) its palmiest day, and will undoubtedly henceforth deteriorate into the hands of quacks and shams, becoming in the process what, unfortunately, we can only too well forecast from some specimens already before the world. And it is highly noticeable that this has been accomplished by a woman. Woman's wit (Sappho and the stock examples to the contrary notwithstanding) has hitherto been much confined to the functions of razor-strop or more or less insensible iron block, upon which your Petrarch may sharpen his poetic functions, or from which Dante's heaven-indued flint may find occasion to strike a spark capable of illuming hell.

But this century has not dealt so churlishly with its feminine natures, nor condemned them to silence and ignorance on account of an average deficiency in brain matter of some few ounces or pennyweights, avoirdupois,—much as if a slave-driver should feel the cramping and undesirable effect of chains and leg-bolts in the past (can it not be expressed in reliable figures?) an unanswerable argument against free negro-locomotion in the future.

In consequence,—without going into details,—we have a Rosa Bonheur, a Mrs. Browning, a George Eliot, all capable of giving out their talents to the world direct, and not through the diffusive medium of the next generation; for which consummation may all fostering powers be devoutly blessed! Does not this fact shine out through George Eliot's novels? is it not amply recognized in "Middlemarch," for example?—so amply in fact that it seems as though the author laughed in her sleeve, as, skimming over the leaves of a cento of masculine novel writers, whose heroines, vain, silly, pert, religious, intriguing, vicious, or conceited, all combine in being more or less worthless impediments to a man's progress, hardly worthy of the title of incumbrances, she refers us to the cunning pages of old Æsop. Ah, well! we all know that tale of the bronze man (Hercules no less, to judge by his muscle) whose bared arm is strangling the bronze lion, while the brute of actual flesh and blood stands by, shaking his mane, and prophesying a different

sculptured story when the claws of his race shall have learned to grasp mallet and chisel, and, with teeming brain, shall have adorned the Court of the Lions with representations of struggles to the full as one-sided,—but with a difference! Let us look over the characters in "Middlemarch," and point the moral.

First and foremost, Dorothea, large-hearted and noble, actually trying to her dearest friends from her persistent expectations that they will develop some (to them) impossible nobility of nature, akin to her own; —ruling those around her as a girl; determining her own future as a married woman, and, as such, detecting the hollowness of the respectable walking skeleton she is chained to, and yet sacrificing herself to his imperious demands upon her. Dorothea, never to be deterred from doing the right thing for fear of consequences, is a living satire on the conventional heroine, whose ideal "right thing" is judged by the shadow of worldly consequences it will cast, and by no means by its intrinsic holiness.

Rosamond, more hateful, because less openly distasteful, than Mrs. McKenzie in the "Newcomes," (a harsh verdict, but well deserved,) comes nearer the ordinary type of novelists' women. Such a character, with its "combination of correct sentiments, elegant note-writing, and perfect blonde loveliness," had been heard of before, though never drawn with such life-like tints. But the power she wields! Bowing down Lydgate's high ambitions to the dust, dragging Ladislaw into the mire, and nearly wrecking his happiness and Dorothea's at one blow;—why, Hercules in the fable has found a very weak lion capable of performing a heavy feat in the strangling line! Celia, petty character as she is, and Mrs. Cadwalader, far from petty character as *she* is, alike rule their husbands genially yet absolutely; Mary Garth well deserves Mr. Farebrother's encomium, "to think of the part one little woman can play in the life of a man, so that to renounce her may be a very good imitation of heroism, and to win her may be a discipline." And lastly, when Bulstrode is bowed down with remorse and scornings, it is his wife who takes him tenderly by the hand and leads him off the scene with loving care, directing his steps whither she may bind up his wounds and patch again for him his broken life. Do not think though, that this aspect is overwrought or too prominently put forward in "Middlemarch." On the contrary, the characters we have gone lightly over are all womanly, there is nothing of the ordinary "novel-with-a-purpose" air about them, and it is only by a searching analysis that you will notice that these girls and matrons have been fashioned by a hand which, whether they be good or bad, has not failed to endow them one and all with a portion of the power she feels within herself is woman's rightful heritage. And when that analysis is made, the results appear more striking from the fact that the men of the tale seem as a rule unaware that any change is taking place in the prevalent and traditionary type of womanhood. From the Chichely point of view (one yet favored by many connoisseurs) women are still more or less perfect and desirable according as they approach or recede from "my style of woman;" as though at the feast of life, the dishes should be strictly suited to the tastes of the guests, by whom of course we understand the men, and anything peculiar or *outré* in flavor or seasoning set aside and the cook reprimanded accordingly. The idea recurs in a neat form in a motto to "Daniel Deronda," with which a "first gentleman" seems well satisfied as containing his opinion and that of the world at large in a nutshell—"Men's taste is woman's test;" while his comrade points out the corrective fact, that, as tastes in game and puddings have varied with the ages, it is possible that the masculine taste for woman, that standing dish, may vary as well in its demands.

From Sir James Chettam's standpoint, masculine ignorance is still superior to female knowledge, and that latter acquirement chiefly valuable as a consulting medium, liable however to occasional fits of predominance which would require "putting down when he liked," much as one would want to "put down" an Encyclopedia which had suddenly become rampantly vocable, and insisted on enlightening us upon abstruse subjects at inopportune moments. Even Lydgate, in whom we might have expected to find better views, objects to Dorothea as "not looking at things from the proper feminine angle," and her propensity to ask questions and

refer them for solution to her moral sense, appears to him an unpleasant trait to introduce into the earthly paradise of married life. The ordinary doom of the female sex is very clearly before our author's eyes, —the "gentlewoman's oppressive liberty" before marriage; dictation during courtship which supplies "appetite for submission afterward;" the life of the eye, which in the midst of solemn warnings, finds time to take mental patterns of a quilling or a lace collar; the distorted ideas of right and wrong which can convert candour and love of truth into a "lively objection to seeing anyone looking happier than circumstances warrant;" and a charity whose principal work is to make a "neighbor unhappy for her own good."

These few extracts will suffice to show that George Eliot has not committed the mistake of lifting her womenkind out of real life into an impracticable atmosphere, but has shown them as they actually are, struggling against a hundred foot-tripping obstacles, with here and there one figure like Dorothea, who, at the risk of striking her bleeding feet against the cruel rocks of circumstance, still looks upward, still pushes onward, and, when in greatest risk of stumbling herself, is then readiest to extend a helping hand to her sister in adversity.

"Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" form, we conceive, the second or later school of George Eliot's fictions. In these the canvas is broader, the figures more numerous and varied, the interest less centered upon single characters, and the connection between the actors more complicated than was the case in her former works. The material from which a Mrs. Poyser can be drawn must be derived from nature; early familiarity with the original speaks out of every touch of the loving pencil.

It is not easy to renew one's stock of such characters; less quaintly amusing types come more readily to the novelist's hand, and less marked differences, as of the half-dozen merchants' wives at Middlemarch (no one of whom could be possibly mistaken for another) have to occupy our attention. Then, again, the longer period depicted allows a slower growth of character to crystallise, as it were, under our eyes; —Gwendolen has time to harden and then to melt again under sorrow and bitter influences, without any of those violent solutions of continuity with which Dickens was wont to startle his bad characters into saintliness, in his last three chapters, and thus destroy the *vraisemblance* of the whole picture. We see in these two masterpieces a constructive truth which reminds us of Nature's handiwork—bold outlines, masses of light and shade, fine half tints uniting broad sweeps of colour and sunshine.

Look closer, and you will see the delicate detail of Nature as well; take the author's hand in yours, and as she leads you along she will point out the one life, nay the single action in the one life, touching into vibrating motion the now quivering life beside it. Follow the ripple on the pool till, far off, it stirs the sedges round the marsh-hen's nest,—trace out the note sent jarringly or soothingly along the sounding board of the great world-organ, till, lo! at the right moment, it blossoms out upon us, filling the universal air with beautiful harmony or sounds of misery and death. The little meannesses of Bulstrode in his past youth in the metropolis, how can they affect the future of Dorothea or Lydgate,— the one bending with dreamy eyes over her lessons at Geneva, the other diligently at work in the dissecting rooms of Paris? Wait a little. Let them all meet, years afterwards, at Middlemarch, and meantime let a vile instrument preserve the memory of those hidden actions for his own base ends, hiding them from all the world, save from the man who originally struck the note and who can tell by the trembling of the instrument beneath his touch, that all has not yet sunk back into silence. Then at last let an accident set the imprisoned and impassioned music free; see! at the sound Ladislaw finds a fresh barrier start up between him and his love, Lydgate is drawn within the vortex of that devouring shame, and upon the head of the chief offender is showered a shattering blast of scorn and contempt that has been rolling up its accumulated woes for years.

This is one example among many of the deep and subtle intercommunication that exists between the people whom we meet in these works. No one word or deed but has its bearing, its effect, more or less visible upon the word and deed of another. And it is this which, to our mind, makes these two

histories worthy of forming a class by themselves. "Felix Holt" may perhaps be considered as a connecting link between these and the works of an earlier class, but more on account of its being the first of our author's works which (if memory serves us) had its chapters supplied with mottoes; a circumstance worthy of independent notice.

Some of these mottoes, it is well known, are of the author's own inditing, a practice first introduced by Sir Walter Scott, who, as Lockhart informs us, searching in vain one day with Ballantyne for a congenial heading for a chapter in the "Antiquary," was fain to make one up rather than waste more time. Some of his occasional verses of this kind are very sweet, many having the true ballad ring, and others ascribed to some "Old Play" being almost subtle and pointed enough to remind us of George Eliot's own. The motto to the second chapter of the "Monastery," and that verse in the "Legend of Montrose":

> "Yet he that's sure to perish on the land
> May quit the nicety of card and compass,
> And trust the open sea without a pilot;"

or that again in the "Fortunes of Nigel," with its apt comparison of a man to

> "the mouldy lemon
> Which our Court wits will wet their lips withal,
> When they would sauce their honied conversation
> With somewhat sharper flavour,"

will illustrate our meaning well enough. Delicacy of perception is one of the most striking qualities of George Eliot's mottoes; take for example that to the sixth chapter of "Middlemarch," where the Pharisee, taking not *giving* tithe of mint and cummin, is so neatly depicted:

> "Nice cutting is her function; she divides
> With spiritual edge the millet seed,
> And makes intangible savings."

Delicacy, as we have remarked, but no lack of power,—forcible, stern power capable of crushing an imposter or scathing a vice. Look, for instance, at this recipe, worthy of Swift, for a sauce for idleness:

> "First watch for morsels, like a hound,
> Mix well with buffets, stir them round
> With good thick oil of flatteries,
> And froth with mean self-lauding lies.
> Serve warm; the vessels you must choose
> To keep it in are dead men's shoes."

Little fear, my friends, that our literature will become tame and lose its vigour in woman's hands, if this is a fair specimen of the work they turn out. Nor need there be much dread lest the tender promptings of love may be lost beneath the weight of such wonderful imagery and such powerful thought. At the right "spot and hour" it comes welling up out of the heart, like the exquisite little song Will Ladislaw sings on his way to Lowick church, or that perfect motto which compares the birth of love to a flower, at whose nativity no less powers than the spacious earth and the broad fostering skies assist:

> "Downward root and upward eye,
> Shapen by the earth and sky."

There is a similarity, with a difference, in the author's mottoes to "Daniel Deronda." Some there are as tender, a large number show power of thought and diction, and a much greater proportion are written in prose, rather lengthy according to ordinary ideas for the purpose for which they are written, but adapted admirably to the desired end. The little allegory of Knowledge and Ignorance, heading chapter 21; the initial motto of the first book, a perfect essay on "a beginning," embracing in few lines the text of all that can be truthfully said about Time and Eternity, recur most readily to our mind; but there are many others as true and beautiful as these. Before quitting this part of our subject we must give our tribute to the taste which has selected the quoted mottoes, a taste to which the present reviewer owes a deep debt of gratitude, for it introduced to his notice and loving admiration no less a man than William Blake.

A recent English periodical has expressed the following opinion of George Eliot's characters, and the opinion has been endorsed by a Toronto contemporary, that they are "not so much living creations, feeling and acting with the fortuitous spontaneity of ordinary humanity—they constantly tend to become subordinated to the author's views of life, to act as illustrative of a special system or theory." Now we protest against this view as misleading. In the first place it is based on an entire misconception of human action. "Ordinary humanity" neither feels nor acts with "fortuitous spontaneity," although some

not over acute individuals, our *British Quarterly* Reviewer apparently among the number, fancy that as they cannot clearly divine the inward promptings of their own motives, they have none, and that their actions are the outcome of blind chance. My dear reviewer, take George Eliot's word for it, if you not unnaturally decline to accept mine, there is no such thing in this world as chance. Chance, in its grand sense, "is the pseudonym of God for those particular cases which he does not choose to subscribe openly with his own sign manual,"—and in smaller things, why, when you sauntered down to your club after penning that telling phrase about "fortuitous spontaneity" and took the right hand side of the way instead of the left, there was but little fortuity in it, although you would have been puzzled to detect the lurking motive. Some momentary appeal to one of your senses, some far-off memory, some habit, or reaction from habit, determined your action. If George Eliot were to depict you as arguing this question out with great "pyschological subtlety", she might be fairly open to your criticism. But so far from doing so, she draws her characters as Nature makes them, and it is in her own voice, and as an aside, that she discovers to us the secret springs that actuate their conduct.

The whole theory of the reviewer breaks down when we read that passage where Fred. Vincy is depicted "rewarding resolution with a little laxity." His frame of mind is carefully argued out, but with the following safeguard against misapprehension,—"He did not enter into formal reasons, which are a very artificial, inexact way of representing the tingling returns of old habit, and the caprices of young blood, but there was lurking in him a prophetic sense that he should begin to bet and in general prepare himself for feeling 'rather seedy' in the morning. It is in such indefinable movements that action often begins." We presume George Eliot did not think it necessary to repeat this caution after every analysis of mental condition which she gives, and we fancy that no one except the "British Quarterly" was misled by such an omission. In point of fact, we know no other creatures of fiction who are more palpably flesh and blood and less the puppets of a purpose or the slaves of a preconceived system, than her's are.

But it is undoubtedly true that our author has laid modern psychology under heavy contributions. And not that branch of science alone, but all other scientific teaching is tributary to her. The modern idea of sky composition affords her a truthful and humurous illustration of a fond and somewhat foolishly grounded belief; the microscope applied to animalcules evolves a hitherto unexpected metaphorical explanation of a watch-maker's motives. From whatever source her illustrations are drawn, of one thing we may be certain, they will be subtle and not unfrequently barbed with a wonderful satire. Prophecy, the most inexcusable form of mistake; statements, neither intended to afford, nor affording any direct clue to facts; answers, which turn away wrath indeed, but only to the other end of the room;—what more incisive touches than these can be found in any other writer? Or what subtler inward reservation has ever been hinted at than when Dorothea "*looks forward* to renouncing riding"? Did ever moralist draw a more telling picture than that which depicts a man "present at this great spectacle of life, never liberated from a small, hungry, shivering self"? This idea is repeated from the "Spanish Gypsy,"

> "You will walk
> Forever with a tortured double self,
> *A self that will be hungry while you feast,*
> Will blush with shame while you are glorified,
> Will feel the ache and chill of desolation
> Even in the very bosom of your love."

The conception of an *alter ego*, a self which impersonates one's disagreeable qualities and needs, appears to have been very forcibly present in George Eliot's mind during the composition of this poem. In two other passages the entity "self" is made use of,—in one, the charming song of Pablo, it is reduced to a minimum:

> "Little shadows danced,
> Each a tiny elf,
> Happy in large light
> And the thinnest self."

We might mention here the only other instance of self repetition we have noticed in George Eliot. We refer to the incident in that wonderfully powerful scene in the *Albergo dell' Italia* when poor Gwendolen, with remorse at her heart, forces her pale, quivering lips to disclose to Deronda the secrets of her innocent soul.

The outlash (we must thank George Eliot for that word) of murderous thought had brightened those sorrowful eyes, when, as she herself describes it, she had first happed upon the beautiful toy in the Rye-lands Cabinet, when she drew it "small and sharp, like a long willow leaf," from its silver sheath, and mused over the keen edge till she was nearly maddened. In one of George Eliot's earliest works, one of that marvellous series of "Scenes in Clerical Life" which placed its author at once in the first rank of English fiction, there is a delicately limned sketch of a wayward little Italian girl, whose love and hate find no readier mode of relief than through her splendid voice. Who that has read the book can ever forget the description of the scene, when with the hidden knife in her sleeve, and all the pride and vengeance of her hot-blooded ancestry mustering round her heart, she stole out to meet her perjured lover in the Rookery. And the revulsion of feeling that befell her, the downward rush of grief "too deep for tears," that drew as it were a pall of consecrating sorrow in front of all her petty feelings of wounded self-conceit, when, amid the rustle of the fallen autumn leaves, she espied, cold as marble, the dead face of him she loved, dead from no sudden blow of hers; —who does not remember how his own heart went out towards hers in pitying affection at the recital of those manifold woes?

The similarity of the two scenes strikes us at once, the difference lies chiefly in the greater elaboration bestowed on the situation in "Daniel Deronda," and an absence in the later work of the almost idyllic sweetness so peculiarly noticeable in the earlier and shorter sketch. The incident also is rather more in keeping with Italian than English blood,—but while we write the words, we tremble, and having written them, we retract. George Eliot knows better than any one else what such a character as Gwendolen, wrought up to fever-point by the perpetual, hateful company of a character like Grandcourt, could be driven to. In one of Robert Browning's wonderful monologues (we quote in this as in almost all other instances under a more or less total absence of better authority than a somewhat treacherous memory) an Italian Painter, named for the unblemished excellence of his drawing "the Perfect," points, with awe upon his lip, to the foreshortening of an arm in one of Raffaello's finished works. He condemns it, points out with dry pencil's point where the line should have run, and then,—all his pride broken down before the master mind,—he recognizes the holier inspiration of Sanzi's as the outcome of a nobler, purer life than his own, and, self-abashed, his criticism drops before the thought, "yet, it is Raffaello." Such must be the feelings with which the keenest insight will shrink, rightly shrink, from pointing out a fancied blemish in George Eliot; much more then will that be the case, when it is a humble scholar of the great Master who dons, for the nonce, the critic's mask and aspires to wield the critic's rod.

Our space draws short, and yet how incompletely have we fulfilled the task we propounded at the outset of this paper. The characters of the two last novels remain unanalyzed, and all we can allow ourselves to say as to the mutual relationship of the two works is this: "Deronda" is, in our opinion, more of a story than "Middlemarch;" the movement throughout is more homogeneous, being divided into two sharply defined strands, the one composed of the fortunes and misfortunes of Gwendolen, and the other of the Jewish family which contends, as it were, against the unfortunate heroine, for the mastery and dominion over Deronda's future. But "Deronda" does not contain so many "thoughts that burn," so many extracts that leap to the tongue, or that pucker the lips into an involuntary smile at every fresh perusal of its leaves. For concentrated energy of thought and diction, although "Deronda" is far from deficient in these great qualities, we must award the palm to "Middlemarch." If any man wishes to argue that therefore "Daniel Deronda" shows signs of decadence, we would ask whether that which is perfect can show a falling off, and, after all, 'S it not Raffaello?"

The thought that has oppressed us most in this review is, how much the world has lost from not hearing a rhapsody from De Quincy on the works of this, the greatest modern poet. How would his fluent pen have expanded in rolling periods upon that great quality of hers,—that insight, we mean, which penetrates the surface smoothnesses and *banalités* of civilized life, and shows the deep human passions glowing, hot as ever,

at the core! Shall we moan over the "age of chivalry," and regret the "days of romance," or throw the scenes of our stupid tragedies back to the time of Shakspere and the middle ages because, forsooth, Iago looks such a perfect villain decked in the manners and trunk-hose of those days? If we do so we forget that Othello and honest Cassio were modern gentlemen-at-arms when they were drawn, and needed no mist of centuries to wrap them round in grandeur on the Elizabethan stage. Iago is the same unscrupulous ruffler from a Genoese galleon lying below Bridge, stark and strong, with the last new catch and the bran new oath on his lips, and the moody, jealous fit at his heart, ready to gull the same silly pigeon of a Roderigo, that might have been met any day at the Bear Garden or crossing in a wherry from the Temple Stairs. It was Shakspere who saw the infernal malice souring in his breast, and drew out the black web of treachery from his teeming brain. So it is now. Character after character pass by Grandcourt, they meet him on the archery grounds, at the German Spa, yachting, riding,—it matters not where they meet him,—and he is pronounced on all hands a slow, dispassionate, somewhat faded, if rather determined man. But there is one who knows him better than his nearest friends, one who will not be deterred by his faultless clothing and "educated whisker" from probing that hard heart to its deepest recess. George Eliot knows him, and gradually he is unfolded,—what do we say?—gradually he unfolds himself, before us.

Place him in juxtaposition with an impulsive nature such as his wife possesses, give him from the first a hold over her, and see the tragedy which works itself out between them, scarcely ever culminating in a scene stormy enough to render a third person's presence more than awkward. Mark the diabolical manner in which he uses his power, the serene self-complacency which makes his very security from common jealousy appear almost an additional insult, watch him cautiously keeping himself in the right before the world, so that the poor wounded creature quivering in his grasp could frame no accusation against him if she dared;—and then own that civilization can refine on the torments of perdition, while preserving to the presiding demon the outward aspect of scrupulous politeness. It is this concentrated, yet quiet power of delineating passion, which raises George Eliot far above the trammels of time and circumstance, and place her and her creations, fictions no longer, among the strong realities which will live for ever, when many of the weak fictions of actual every-day life will have faded from the memories of gods and men.

Brave-hearted Deronda, his hands grasping his coat-collar spasmodically; Gwendolen using his strength and his resolve as a weapon wherewith to beat away the shadowy foes which assail her soul; Mordecai, with wistful eyes seeking trustingly the longed-for face against a background of pale sunset gold; Mirah, her heart desponding and her lips keeping sad time to the chanted words of the great poet, as her memory runs backwards across the misery and treachery of her past, to the well remembered mother's face and voice she will see and hear no more;—all these will live. Already, like other great creations, they seem to be old familiar friends; with the seal of truth upon their foreheads, how can they be new? with the sacrament of beauty clinging to them, how can they be other than what all beautiful and true things are, an emanation from the present it is true, but an emanation of glory, stretching out hands of eternal helping to the future and to the past.

F. R.

IN THE GREEN WOODS.

I.

IN THE WOODS.

'MY cousins, I come to you; here I have no one, now that my dear mother has gone. Thanks for the friendly hand reached across the seas to a lonely girl who hardly knew until you gave it that she had a friend in the world. My mother's little property will be easily disposed of, and a fortnight after you receive this I shall arrive in Montreal. O, I trust I shall be no burden to you, my unknown relatives!'

The reader was a tall, strong young fellow, apparently a farmer's son. His mother—very evidently his mother, little woman as she was—stood with her knitting arrested, her white-capped head reaching little above the elbow of her stalwart son, yet trying to catch a glimpse of the letter as he read. The father stood behind him looking over his shoulder.

A letter was always a surprise in that forest home, and a letter from old France, that beloved mother country beyond the seas, had rarely been received in their lives before. One had come some weeks before this to tell Madame Ribard that her sister in the old country had died, leaving a daughter alone and unprovided for, unless those Canadian friends whom she had neglected somewhat in more prosperous days took pity on her daughter's loneliness and received her.

Madame Ribard's sister had married, twenty years before, an artist from France, who had fallen in love with the picturesque beauty of Melaine, married her, and carried her away. Melaine had apparently not loved her friends overmuch, for from her marriage to her death she wrote to them but seldom and coldly, but when the girl appealed to them for love and protection, sending her mother's dying words of regret and entreaty, all that mother's shortcomings were forgotten.

The letter was warmly responded to, and the orphan assured that she would find sympathy, love, and protection in Canada.

The Ribards were loyal, homely folk, with great honest hearts beating beneath their rough covering, and they warmed to the girl who was coming to them; the more perhaps that there were no girls in the family but her; and her coming was looked for with eagerness.

It was deep winter when Marie arrived, and Canada in its winter dress was an uninviting country to the girl fresh from the balmy climate of her native Provence; her heart sank as she beheld the snow-clad streets of Montreal; and then the great tall man who met her, and called her 'cousin' in his odd French, how rough he was! very kind no doubt, but still if he had only looked less uncouth, she would have felt almost happy when he told her how glad his mother was that she had come. Meanwhile the poor fellow was horribly frightened of hurting this delicate little girl, so different from any with whom he was acquainted, large-handed, large-footed women, who beside this small cousin would seem such coarse strong creatures. In taking her home he was terribly afraid that something might happen to her before he would get her safe under his mother's wing—so frail and delicate did she seem to him.

I need not tell of the affectionate welcome the girl received, nor how sweet it was to her, nor how, when the first excitement of meeting her relatives was past, the hard, prosaic life they led seemed unbearable to her, nor how she hated herself for so feeling, it seemed to her such shocking ingratitude. Yet what a home it was! She looked around the house, not a pleasant spot for the eye to rest upon; everything spoke of toil and hardship, from the square iron box, that warmed the house, to the miserable little images, and colored religious prints that adorned (?) the walls, and were looked upon as treasures, in proportion as they

were gaudy, by the simple family. But with this sense of ugliness there came another and better impulse, a resolve to make the very best of her surroundings.

Marie was painfully anxious to do something to make herself independent, but they were so far from a city that there was little opportunity, and her aunt begged her to remain with them at least a year, until she became accustomed to the climate and manners; and as she saw it would be a real service and pleasure to her kind friends, she did so.

Before the winter had melted into summer a great change had come over the little woodland farm-house; it seemed that with Marie had entered a spirit of refinement that softened all it touched: without hurting good Madame Ribard's feelings, she had dexterously contrived to beautify the sordid house. Plants and creepers ran over the windows, and as soon as the wild flowers made their appearance she filled the house with them; the ugly little statues were gradually put where their ugliness was less obtrusive, the gaudy prints replaced by photographs of the sacred pieces of great masters which she had brought from the breaking-up of her old home, and as she had one or two paintings of her father's, not gems of art perhaps, but warmly colored, Madame Ribard was easily persuaded to allow her old favorites to be displaced in their favor.

But it was to Pierre the greatest change of all had come. To him Marie, ever since he had first seen her, had been a divinity, something to wonder at, reverence, and worship. His love, at first, had been like that of some great faithful dog for its master, anxious, watchful, tender, thankful for a kind glance or word, submissive and patient of frowns or anger. To these last, indeed, he was rarely subjected; true, an impatient shrug or stamp of the neat foot, so wonderfully small to his unaccustomed eyes, when he did something very awkward, made him more careful, but so evidently pained him, that Marie's good heart restrained her natural impatience.

At first, then, his love was that of a faithful dog, asking no return; but as Marie became a familiar feature in his daily life, a more human craving asserted itself. She was so kind and tender to them all, made herself so much one of themselves, that he began to believe he might one day win her love in return. His natural vanity as a man reminded him that he had not had to complain of any want of favor from the girls he knew, but then his heart would sink again as he thought of the vast difference between them and Marie. Yet surely he might improve himself, so as to be more worthy of her, and so the poor fellow studied, read, and did all that in him lay to be more like the town-bred men he had met, and often in his heart despised; but had he not also despised their women, and was he not now worshipping the dainty ways of a city girl?

Pierre did not know that his honest, loyal heart made him one of nature's gentlemen, and Marie looked with a sort of wondering pride on his strong limbs, and marvelled that such a great fellow should be so gentle and tender to all about him. She was very far from having any thought that she would ever be his wife, or live her present life in the woods for any length of time, but she loved those who thus lived very dearly, as a daughter and sister. This very kindness, so steady and unvarying, as time went on, and he recognized whence it proceeded, caused a sort of despair to take possession of him.

For months things went on thus; Pierre cherishing his love in silence, hoping against hope, that as time passed Marie might come to love him.

As for Marie, the beautiful summer life in the woods had swept away the memory of the bleak, awful winter. It was almost like her own native land again, and her heart went up to Heaven in great gladness and rejoicing when she arose on the fragrant mornings, and ran into the dewy woods, the early sunlight gleaming among the trees, the birds singing their songs of thankfulness, all nature seeming to chant a grand anthem of gladness. Such mornings as these she would often walk far into the forest with Pierre and his father on their way to their daily work.

One such morning they had all set out in unusual spirits, Pierre's dog Jean, which accompanied him to his work every day, gambolling and frisking on in front, and then running back, madly barking, as if he too wished to call their attention to the intoxicating gladness of everything in nature.

'How glad Jean is this morning; the fresh air has got into his head, poor fellow,' said Marie, laughing very gaily herself as she spoke. Pierre looked down at her with his tender brown eyes:

'You look as if it had been intoxicating you too, Marie; your eyes and your curls dance just as madly as Jean.'

'Yes, and my feet too,' said Marie, as she danced on in front, gathering wood-flowers as she went, and trilling forth a gay Provençal air.

'Don't they say if we are unusually gay in the morning it is a bad sign; we sorrow before night?' asked Pierre.

'Likely enough,' said the father, 'I never knew good to come of so much chatter and singing before the day's work is begun.'

Old Ribard was a constitutional grumbler, good-hearted in the main, but apt to think he could rule his household better by rough words than by kindness.

'Truly, uncle, you would not go to your work sorrowing?'

'If the sun shines too brightly in the morning, it rains before night.'

'Oh don't grumble uncle, the day is too gay. Now I can go no farther; I have to help aunt with the butter, and show her how we make cassis in Provence; she has the fruit ready.' And leaving them with a demure curtsy, she tripped back to the house, which, cheerless as it appeared in winter, was now a very romantic looking abode.

Marie took off her sun-bonnet, and churned the butter for the family, and then they both set to work making cassis. The air was fragrant with the smell of fruit, Marie was skimming the last flecks of scum from the syrup she was making, when Madame Ribard screamed and dropped the bowl she held; Marie, turning quickly, saw her uncle running towards the house, but it was the expression of his face in addition to his haste that alarmed them, it was blanched beneath the weather-beaten surface, and his eyes were wild and haggard.

'Oh, what can have happened!' exclaimed both the women at once.

'Wife, wife, I've crippled the boy! They're bringing him! Quick! get a bed ready! Oh, the poor boy! and I was grumbling at him a minute before. I wish my own arm had dropped off before it struck that blow!'

The two women stayed to ask no questions, but, with terror in their hearts, made such hasty preparations as they could to receive Pierre. In a few minutes a rudely-constructed litter was borne in, and the large form of Pierre tenderly laid on the bed by four strong lumbermen, one of whom was immediately despatched for the doctor; then the women saw that the blood was streaming from his leg, which was nearly severed above the ankle, and in gasps and sobs the old man told them how it had happened.

It appeared that he and Pierre were both at work on one log when Pierre slipped and his leg received the stroke of his father's uplifted axe. The old man trembled as he told the story.

'And Margot, I had just scolded him for dreaming over his work. Oh, that my tongue had been cut out!'

Pierre was senseless, and, by the way in which the blood flowed, it seemed certain that he must bleed to death unless a doctor could be got very soon, and as the nearest was twenty miles, and he could hardly arrive before night-fall, when, alas! Pierre would be no more, the poor parents looked upon their son as already lost to them. With such vague knowledge as they possessed they bound the leg above the knee to prevent the loss of blood, but the ligature failed to arrest it, and Pierre's life was fast ebbing away.

In silent agony the two women watched and prayed, utterly unable to aid him or do aught to avert the fast approaching end; yet, how dreadful it was to watch him die! So well and so strong as he had been only that morning, and to know that it was only for the want of some skill which they had not.

The time went by, and Pierre got visibly weaker, sometimes it seemed as if they could hardly hear him breathe—so faint had he become.

The old man went about the house and garden wringing his hands and blaming himself for what had happened, although it had been an undoubted accident; he cursed his temper, that had made him grumble at Pierre's absence of mind as the blow fell, his axe, even the strength left in his arm which had enabled him to strike so dreadful a blow.

Marie went many times to the door hop-

ing and praying that the doctor might be coming, each time returning more hopeless to share the mother's agonized watch over the fast fleeting life. She had hardly taken her place by the bedside when they were startled by Jean barking furiously.

They rushed to the window and saw a wagon rapidly approaching the house; one of the men in it descended quickly, he entered the house, and even in that moment of intense anxiety they saw that he was in hunting dress, and their hearts sank.

Approaching Madame Ribard he said in a quiet, pleasant manner:

'Madame, I heard of this accident, and thinking the doctor might be too late I have come to see if I can be of any assistance.'

Madame Ribard looked up suspiciously. What mockery was any profer of unskilled aid!

'What can any one do for us, sir? we want a doctor.'

'I am not engaged in the practice of the profession, but have studied it, and can at least be of some service, I think, as there is no better at hand; allow me to see your son.'

The mother thanked him, but still looked doubtful, and whisperingly consulted her husband. The stranger had meanwhile gone to the bedside, and was examining the limb; it was evident he was not to be deterred from doing the good he wished by the manifest distrust of the parents.

The poor people were torn by their doubts. To leave their son as he was, was to give him up to death probably, but to let an incompetent stranger meddle with him might be as bad, and there was always the ghost of a chance that the doctor, in whom they trusted, might arrive in time; but Marie and the stranger seemed to have taken the matter into their own hands. Placing his finger on the artery he immediately stopped the flow of blood, while Marie got all that he asked for, tearing up the sheets on the bed for bandages, and giving stimulants, of which there were plenty in the house.

The family looked on with wondering awe as they saw the blood, which they had watched ebbing away with such powerless despair, arrested as if by magic. No more doubts now! all were eager and grateful assistants.

The stranger handled the limb very tenderly, and in a few minutes he had padded the artery, and they were assured that Pierre's life was no longer in danger.

At this their anxious looks gave place to those of joy, and the two women fell on their knees. In their sweet superstition it seemed as if the stranger, who had come so miraculously to their relief, must be a saint —some one sent them by the Virgin. When they arose, they thanked him as the saviour of a beloved life, and were eager to do something for one who had done so much for them.

They had been so absorbed in what had happened, that they had not come down to every-day life, until Madame Ribard bethought herself of the duties of hospitality.

'You must need refreshment, sir; did you come far?'

'A few miles; I came from Hart lake; I was shooting near there, when a lumberman told me of your son's accident, and I came off at once. Yes, a cup of coffee will be sufficient, thanks. It would be well to make some broth for Pierre.'

Marie flew to make the coffee, and Ribard started to kill a chicken, while his wife said, 'What may be your name, sir? I would like to remember it always; what you have done for my son a mother can never forget.'

'I have done what any man would do,' said he; 'my name is Garth, Godfrey Garth. At what time do you think your doctor can be here?'

'Not before sundown; mon dieu! to think that but for you my boy would have been dead by that time; how can we thank you—how be grateful enough?'

'By saying no more about it. If you have any means of sending me back to my camp, I will stay till the doctor comes; Pierre is hardly fit to be left.'

'We will get you back, sir, if I have to drag the cart myself,' said old Ribard, who had scarcely spoken since he saw Pierre out of danger.

So Godfrey Garth remained the afternoon at the farm, making the better acquaintance of its inmates, particularly of Marie, about whom he could not repress a certain curiosity, so strange an anomaly did she, with her dainty ways, seem in such a rough place.

When the doctor came, expecting, from what he had heard, to find the man dead, he was surprised to see him taking chicken

broth from Marie, his leg propped up, and bandaged, apparently doing well, although he looked very ghastly indeed.

He approached the young man, and seeing the manner in which the blood had been arrested, looked surprised.

'Bless my soul, why this is done as well as a doctor could do it; who did it?'

Godfrey, who had been talking to Marie, replied,—

'I did the best I could with the means at my command.'

'But where in the mischief did you learn your anatomy?'

'Probably at the same school as yourself,' said Godfrey, laughing.

'What! Godfrey Garth! Bless my soul, how are you?'

After a few words of greeting, the latter continued,—

'Take my instruments; the case is in better hands than mine; I shall make the splint.'

'By no means,' said Godfrey, and after a few words of friendly contention, they proceeded to dress the injured limb together. This done, Godfrey took his departure amidst fervent prayers for his future, and for all belonging to him. And as he rode back to camp, it was with the delightful consciousness of having saved a fellow-creature's life, and earned the gratitude of very honest people.

When he reached the camp he was met by a chorus of questions. His friends thought he had met with some accident, no one having seen him all day, and as night came on they had discussed the propriety of sending a searching party; it was decided to wait another hour, and then if he did not arrive to set out in search of him.

The party was composed of several ladies and gentlemen from Quebec, who had come to camp a week in the woods; the majority of them were to leave for the city in a few days, while Godfrey and a friend named Marcy were to remain for sport. Of course Godfrey had to give an account of his adventure, and more than one woman's eyes filled, as he related very modestly and simply what the reader already knows.

'How glad you must have been, Mr. Garth,' said one lady, whose moist eyes told how the story had touched her womanly heart.

'Yes, I brought joy to that household, and it repaid me for all the time I have ever given to the study of medicine.'

'I should think so indeed!'

Godfrey was made a hero among the ladies of the party at once. Some of them had settled it among themselves that he was in love, or nearly so, with one of the party, Mary Hapscott,—at least they were very sure she was in love with him. Whether Mary Hapscott shared in the conviction it would be difficult to say. She was not over young, very brilliant, and a thorough woman of the world. Such women are not apt to be deceived as to a man's feelings; but Godfrey Garth was innocently a very dangerous man, and some very *rusée* women had been deceived by his manner. He was handsome, as all heroes should be, of the large heroic type of beauty all women admire, but seldom see. Like most heroes in real life he was conscious of his beauty, but what he was not conscious of was his manner, which without meaning anything more than friendly interest, was apt to be caressing towards women, and had got him into several little difficulties during his life. It is so very natural for a woman when she sees a man, of whom she thinks favorably, listen to her with a deep and apparently tender interest, speak with a caressing tone, care for her comfort, with a manner that appears to express feeling more than gallantry, to believe he loves her, especially if she is handsome and knows men are apt to love her. And thus he had the reputation of a male flirt. But never was a flirt so innocent! He liked women; felt tenderly towards them all; in fact almost loved them all. Thus it was that Mary Hapscott, when she heard Godfrey speak of Marie as being so different from her surroundings, felt a jealous pang; and she did the man she loved the injustice to believe that Marie counted for something in his solicitude for this poor fellow.

The next day Miss Hapscott proposed that they should all go to the Ribards' farm with Godfrey; it would serve as pretext for an excursion, and they could replenish their camp stores with perishable articles, such as butter and eggs, which had run short. The reason seemed sufficient, and was hailed with delight. Godfrey was the only one who saw an obstacle to the proposal: he was afraid of the effect of the excitement

such an irruption would cause Pierre; but they all promised to remain in the garden, and his hesitation was got over. Mary Hapscott, however, who could not believe Godfrey would have any serious anxiety about a peasant, believed his objection had been on account of Marie.

The next great question was, how to go. The ladies could not walk, but that was got over by Godfrey proposing they should walk a couple of miles to the place where he had heard the news of Pierre's accident; the man who drove him over would have conveniences for taking them in a rough way.

The ladies put up a few little delicacies from their camp stores for Pierre, and thus they went. After much jolting over rough roads, they arrived at the farm, and were regaled in the garden with honey, fresh buttermilk, and such delicacies as the farm afforded. They were waited upon by Marie, with whom Miss Hapscott pretended to be charmed, asking her if she would not come to live with her as her maid, when she learnt from Marie that she wanted as soon as spring came to do something to make herself independent.

Meanwhile Godfrey was in the house with his patient, and found him going on well, able to talk, and to thank his preserver.

The poor fellow's gratitude was almost painful; he was anxious to give Godfrey everything he had, and entreated him to accept Jean, his beautiful faithful hound, which he certainly loved next to his parents and Marie. The offer touched Godfrey, who refused to accept it, but conceived a great liking for the good, simple fellow.

When the ladies had left the camp, Godfrey came again and again to the farm. Finding Pierre was fond of reading and improving himself, he brought him Molière's works, which he had with him to while away the evenings in camp.

The days went on, and Pierre's leg got gradually better, but still Godfrey lingered in the woods. The weather was lovely, and Marcy was such an inveterate sportsman, that as long as Godfrey chose to remain he would be content. They both loved a hunter's life better than any other. They made excursions for a day or two sometimes, but always returned to Lake Hart as their headquarters, and then Godfrey would go over to see Pierre, sometimes staying for hours. Marie was very fresh and piquant; Pierre quite an intelligent companion. The visits of the splendid hunter were delightful episodes in Marie's existence; she had never seen or spoken to such a superior mortal before, and had never quite got over the awe with which his unexpected appearance and skill had inspired her. Then he took such kindly interest in her pursuits, even making her tell him all her past life, and, involuntarily, her present thoughts and feelings,—for, alas! Godfrey's unlucky manner had again been doing mischief; it was so racy to get interested in a pretty young woman, out of her place in these surroundings; their very roughness only making her seem more refined than she was; and feeling this interest, what so natural as to show it? With a view to relieve the monotony of her life he talked to her a great deal of Montreal and the great Republic over the line. These conversations usually took place out of doors. Pierre was still too weak to go out, but Marie had frequent little expeditions on hand, and Godfrey sometimes unthinkingly accompanied her part of the way, at others he would not go a step, but taking his gun stroll off into the woods near by.

This was all watched by poor Pierre, who believed that every time Marie left the house with Godfrey, she was with him the whole time. Loving Marie as he did he could not imagine but that every other man must do the same. The thought having once entered his brain was not to be dislodged. Everything he saw but confirmed his suspicion; Godfrey's kind caressing manner, and tenderly friendly smile, could to Pierre's simple imagination mean but one thing. He felt that he would have given worlds had he possessed the smile that in Godfrey meant so little, but in him would have meant so much. He watched Marie when Godfrey was there, and noticed how animated she was in speaking to him, how her French vivacity—the sparkling vivacity of Old France—contrasting as it does so strongly with the manners of her children on this side the Atlantic, whose gaiety is but noise—bubbled forth when he questioned her about her native country, its customs and ways. And then he heard her singing to him her soft Provencal airs, inartistically of course, but gaily, melodiously, as such airs should be sung; and as he lay on his

bed (the house possessed no couch) he turned his head to the wall in an agony of grief. He knew very little of social distinctions, and he never doubted a moment but that Godfrey was in love with Marie. He could not conceive anyone being often near her without loving her. He knew not that, compared to women of the world to which Godfrey belonged, Marie was uncultured, almost uneducated, to be admired only in her own sphere. As Pierre watched he was tortured between the feelings of gratitude to Godfrey and his jealousy of him. He compared himself with him, and wondered how he could hope Marie would love him when she looked at Godfrey. Even his stature and strength, of which he had been proud, was equalled by that of Godfrey; and the grace which he knew he had not, he could not help admiring. He at times felt he hated him, and then he hated himself for the feeling of ingratitude. But how could he be grateful for a life he no longer valued? Death was welcome if he must lose Marie! How hard it was to begrudge this man anything! But Marie! he groaned as he thought of her,—if it would make her happy could he say or wish anything that would interfere with that happiness. He felt that he could have killed any other than Godfrey, who had won Marie from him, but Godfrey he loved and hated at the same time.

Things were in this miserable state with Pierre when Marie and her aunt went to Quebec to make autumn purchases. They were to be gone three or four days.

The first and second day Pierre saw nothing of Godfrey, which now appeared proof enough that he had come only for Marie; but the third morning Godfrey made his appearance, and with complete unconsciousness said that he was going back to Quebec. Pierre's heart gave a great throb of pleasure at the news. Godfrey once away, who knew but that he might win Marie after all? And then his heart sank again at the thought that if Marie did love, and was like himself, how very little the mere absence of the loved one would incline her heart to another.

When Godfrey announced his departure Pierre supposed he meant when Marie came back. It did not seem possible to him that Marie could be a mere accident in the life of a man who seemed to take pleasure in talking to her as Godfrey had done. It was with astonishment then that he heard him say when he rose to leave:

'Well Pierre, my friend, I hardly know when we shall start, to-morrow morning or next day, and as I probably shall not have time to come again, I will say good-bye now. Your leg is all right, and you will have the use of your foot as well as ever if you take care of yourself. I shall be this way in the spring, and will look in upon you.'

'Going, sir,—to-morrow—and Marie?'

'I am sorry I shall not see her before I go, you must say good-bye to her and to your mother for me.'

Pierre was so astonished he knew not what to say; he was glad, and when he remembered that but for Godfrey he might have been a cripple for life—how far more than life he owed him—the old gratitude surged up, and yet, through it all, there mingled a vague fear that Marie might suffer and be unhappy.

'I owe you so much, sir! I hope—I hope I shall some day be able to do something to show my gratitude; not for saving my life—I don't know that that will be of much value to me now,' his voice trembled in spite of himself—'but for saving my leg; to have lived a cripple would be far worse than death.'

'Your life of not much value! Of course it is, to you and to those dear to you, your mother, Marie, and every one you love; you would not say that if you had seen them as I saw them when I came here. But you had better go into the air and sun now; you are getting low and melancholy. Good-bye, again; I will see your father as I go through the woods.'

'Will you not accept Jean from me? I have nothing else that would be of use to to you, and I should like you to have him, he is a good dog.'

'No, my good fellow, keep your good dog, but if you want to repay me, do a good turn to any poor fellow that comes in your way.'

'Indeed I will!'

'Well, good-bye again; don't be impatient to try your strength, and you'll be all right.' And Godfrey left.

Pierre was stunned with surprise. It was clear to him now, that Godfrey did not love Marie; but what if he had made her love him for his amusement? Unsophisti-

cated as Pierre was, he had heard of such things, and he ground his teeth at the thought that he might be bound by ties of gratitude to one who might have played with Marie.

II.

IN THE CITY.

MEANWHILE Marie was enjoying her trip to Quebec. It was the first time she had been in a Canadian city, and Quebec delighted her. She never tired of looking at the shops, and she and her aunt were in the streets all day long. The second day they were there, while admiring a milliner's window, a tall, beautiful lady, magnificently dressed, was coming out. Marie was surprised by the lady stopping her.

'Ah, Marie, I am so glad to see you; I want to know how your brother is progressing. Isn't he your brother?'

Marie now recognized the lady as the one of the party that had been to the farm with Godfrey, who had asked her to be her maid.

'My cousin is getting well fast, thank you, Mademoiselle.'

'I'm so glad; and so you and your mother have come to the city for a few days, I suppose?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle. We always come to buy our winter stores, Pierre and I; but this autumn, as he could not come, I thought I would bring Marie. Marie is my neice, Mademoiselle, from old France, the daughter of my sister who——'

'I think Mademoiselle has heard it all, aunt,' said Marie, arresting her aunt's volubility, fearing Miss Hapscott might laugh at her.

Miss Hapscott smiled sweetly.

'I am glad you have such nice weather, and now I want you to let Marie go with me. I will drive her round the town, and bring her back to you in an hour or two.'

Madame Ribard was only too happy for Marie to have any pleasure, and Marie was delighted with the idea of going about in Miss Hapscott's beautiful carriage. Once seated in it, however, she felt awkward, ill-dressed, and out of place; but her new friend soon put her at ease by talking to her pleasantly, and showing her the different objects of interest they passed. Then she made Marie speak of her home life, and all that went on at the farm, now that Pierre was ill; and it was not long before she found out that Godfrey was a frequent visitor there, and exactly the terms on which they were.

'And so you often see Mr. Garth?'

'Oh, yes, he comes very often, and is so very kind. Now Pierre is disabled, there is no one to go fishing or shooting for us, for uncle has to work for two and has no time, but Mr. Garth often brings us fish and birds. Oh, yes; he is very good and kind.'

'And very handsome, isn't he, Marie?' Miss Hapscott fixed her eyes on Marie as she spoke.

'Yes, very handsome; but so good.'

'Yes, and you are quite a pretty little girl. Do you know, if you were a lady, I should be very jealous of you, Marie; but I know he is too good to make love to any one he could not marry. Still, engaged men are so thoughtless, that you must take care of your heart, little girl.'

Marie blushed painfully and her heart beat. With all her simplicity she saw that the lady had an object in what she had just said—the object of warning her—and though she passionately felt the warning was unnecessary, she tried to feel it was kind of her to take such interest, and speak so sweetly when she might have scolded her. But try as she would, she could only feel resentful; but she bravely strove to keep back the tears, and appear unmoved as she said:

'Mr. Garth has been very good to Pierre, who is like my brother; but there is nothing more; he only thinks of me as a little country girl, and I think of him as a great, good doctor, that is all.'

Marie looked through the carriage window, and dared not turn her eyes towards Miss Hapscott for fear the tears would fall. The streets had no more charm for her, and although Miss Hapscott was very pleasant, and told her when she was married she must come to town and see her, Marie was very thankful when she rejoined her aunt.

Poor Marie felt many years older as she went back to the farm, and yet she hardly knew why she should be so changed to find Mr. Garth was going to be married. No

wild idea of his marrying her, or being anything more to her than he was, had ever entered her mind. She had never thought about it; and yet he seemed so much more to her than anyone else; he had seemed to take such friendly interest in her; surely he could not be so kind to every one he met! Of course he must marry Miss Hapscott, or some one else, and she would never see him again. It was nothing; he was nothing to her; but it would be very hard to go back to that old dull life into which no brightness came. Yet how ungrateful she was to God, who had spared Pierre, who was dear as a brother to her, and brought her there with those who cared for her and loved her. But Pierre, too, would marry, and then there would only be herself and the old people in that dear house. Tears of self-pity filled her eyes as she thus pictured herself.

When they arrived home, Pierre was sitting outside the porch to welcome them. With the refinement he had caught from Marie he had filled the place with autumn flowers, and had taken his station in the open air to show them how well he was. Nevertheless, he looked so sorrowful that Marie and his mother feared he was worse. They did not know that his suffering was caused by the wound he feared he would inflict on his beloved, by telling her Godfrey had gone. And yet it must be off his mind; and as soon as Madame Ribard had related every item of her adventures, and how Quebec looked, and what ridiculous fashions were worn, and had enlarged on the disgusting laziness and stupidity of everyone, and had told how Marie had been driving about with the beautiful lady who had come to the farm, then she asked:

'And now, mon fils, how is that excellent Monsieur Garth?'

'He has gone home; he bade me wish you and Marie good-bye.'

'Gone home! so sudden!' almost screamed Madame Ribard; and then she had a great deal to say about it in voluble French, and Pierre turned towards the window, with rare delicacy, that he might not see Marie's face when she heard the news. He felt it might reveal a grief she would not wish him to see.

'But aunt, it is not so surprising; you know I told you he is to be married to Miss Hapscott, and naturally wishes to be with her.'

Pierre turned round at the clear unfaltering tones. Could it be Marie, whom he had expected would have quietly escaped to her room, after the announcement he had made, to struggle alone for composure? His heart beat with a great delight and hope! Could he have been mistaken all this time? He looked at Marie, she was very calm, too calm, had he but known it; but in his joy and happiness he saw in it nothing but her indifference to Godfrey.

From this time his leg made rapid progress, and he took frequent short walks, with his crutch and Marie for support.

What walks those were, in which Marie was so gentle and kind, never now indulging in those saucy little humors which had delighted while they made him miserable. Now her manner was so tender and subdued that he found courage one day, with faltering voice and broken words, to tell Marie the story of his love. Very badly he told it, as earnest lovers are apt to; but his words went to Marie's heart. How good and true this honest fellow's words were, which vainly strove to express all he meant, compared with the sweet caressing manner of Godfrey Garth which meant nothing.

Pierre waited for her answer, watching the expression of her face, and when she turned it towards him, with eyes full of tears upturned to his, he caught both her hands in his, and drew her to him.

'Well, dear Marie?'

'Oh Pierre, I am not worthy.'

'Marie, not worthy?'

'I have never thought of you but as a brother, yet if you will have patience I will try to love you.'

'Oh my darling, try—try—'

'I will Pierre—it ought not to be hard when you are so good.'

Marie smiled up at him through her tears, and he was happy.

* * * *

'Jack, I'm in a scrape again.'

'Another scrape Godfrey; are you ever out of them? Who is the woman?'

'Don't try to be epigrammatic Jack, it isn't your line at all. Well, the worst part of the matter is, that I had not an inkling of it till to-day; it seems every one has been betrothing me to Mary Hapscott. Aunt spoke of it to-day, and when I assured her I cared nothing for Mary, she declared I had acted very badly, and given the world

and her reason to think I loved her. It's absurd! perfectly absurd! I like Miss Hapscott, as a bright amusing girl, but I never gave her the slightest reason to suppose that I loved her! I never intend to marry her, and have often told her so, not for her benefit, of course, but in course of conversation. Who would say such a thing to the woman he loved?'

Godfrey Garth walked up and down the room in a state of excitement, while his brother Jack, who had but just returned from a long absence, smoked in amused silence. When Godfrey had finished, he said:

'It is the old story, Godfrey; you talk to women in such a confoundedly caressing manner, as if they were all the world to you, that I wonder you have not a breach of promise case on your hands annually. I saw you once gazing at Miss Hapscott as if you were trying to read her soul, and all the while I knew you were only just conscious of her presence. By the way, Godfrey, what about that little country girl?' continued Jack.

'What little country girl?'

'Oh, Marcy in one of his letters told me you had been playing good Samaritan in the backwoods, and hinted that there was a nymph in the woods too.'

'Oh, poor Pierre! I must tell you about that, Jack, sometime; it is one of the pleasantest incidents that ever befell me. I never thought I was good for much till that happened.'

'But the nymph?'—

'Must be little Marie; what of her?'

'I heard that you were ruralising, and that there was a pretty girl in the question.'

'Yes, there was a very pretty girl, and as nice as pretty.'

'Who was in love with you, Marcy says.'

'Nonsense!'

'Miss Hapscott says so too.'

'What? ridiculous! the girl thought of no one but Pierre.'

'But Miss Hapscott says she met Marie in the city, and that from the way in which she spoke of you, she is convinced she loves you.'

'I hope not. But it is remarkably like Miss Hapscott to set the rumor afloat.'

'Well, let's hope it is not true; but for Heaven's sake Godfrey, try and avoid that sympathetic way you have with women, or you'll be forever in hot water.'

'Can't help it, Jack; I never willingly said more than I meant to a woman in my life.'

'No, it's the way in which you say it, you clown!'

* * * *

Godfrey was in the Ribard's neighbourhood some months later, and calling, found Pierre quite himself again, and overflowing with gratitude to him; and then he called his wife, little Marie, and she joined her thanks to those of her husband.

Godfrey, who had heard so much about his woodland conquest that he had begun to believe in it himself, was surprised, a little piqued perhaps, to find Marie a happy wife; but his true manly feeling asserted itself at once, and he felt nothing but gladness in thinking every one had been mistaken. And when she gleefully told him Pierre was going to live in Quebec next fall, he felt she had attained her heart's simple desire, and that he saw before him a happy couple; and he was glad to think it was largely owing to him that it was so.

As for Marie, she buried the sweet little poem of her life deep down in her heart, never forgetting it was there, but resolutely making herself happy in the happiness of the good man she had taken for her husband.

CATHERINE OWEN.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN SESSION.

THE ceremonies which attend the opening of our Parliament have been so often and so fully described in the leading newspapers of the country, that it is not necessary we should take up the attention of our readers with any lengthy remarks on the subject, in an article in which it is proposed to give to the clientèle of this periodical some idea of the manner in which the Commons of Canada discharge their legislative duties from day to day.

These ceremonies are invariably the same from year to year. A few minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon of the day for which Parliament has been summoned, the Commons assemble in the Chamber, with the Speaker in the chair. Members occupy themselves in renewing acquaintance with their personal and political friends in the House; but the buzz of conversation which fills the chamber stops in an instant when three heavy knocks are heard on the principal door. The Sergeant-at-Arms announces a Message from His Excellency the Governor General amid a deep silence, and the Speaker replies: 'Admit the Messenger.' The Sergeant-at-Arms shoulders the Mace, a richly gilded instrument surmounted by a Crown,—which always lies on the table in front of the Speaker and Clerks, whilst the House is in actual session,—and admits a gentleman, dressed in a handsome official costume, and carrying a small ebony stick, as the insignia of his official standing as Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod. He bows solemnly to the Speaker (who takes off his cocked hat) and requests, in the name of His Excellency, the presence of the Commons to the Senate Chamber. When he has made this request, once in English and again in French, he bows gracefully and backs out of the Chamber in accordance with official etiquette. Then the members leave their places, the Speaker and the Clerk and two Clerks Assistant put on their cocked hats, the Sergeant-at-Arms again shoulders the mace, and the whole assembly proceeds to the bar of the Senate Chamber.

Here a fine pageant is presented. On the gilded chair, under a heavy crimson canopy, is seated the Governor General, dressed in his usual uniform and decorated with his orders, while on either side of him stand the Premier and members of the Cabinet, Aids-de-Camp, Militia officers, and Deputy Heads of Departments, nearly all in costumes *de rigueur*. Immediately in front of the Governor General are seated the Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court, in their robes of crimson and ermine, and the Chaplain and Clerks, in their silk gowns. Below the table are a number of seats devoted to Episcopal dignitaries, clergymen of all denominations, and Judges not of the Supreme Court. The Senators, in evening dress, occupy a row of seats on the floor, on each side of the Chamber. All the other seats are taken up by ladies in evening dress, who illustrate the beauty and fashion of the political capital on such occasions. The galleries are packed far beyond their capacity with men and women, but chiefly the latter. Though the ceremony is invariably the same, the number never diminishes, but session after session people flock to the galleries with unflagging enthusiasm.

The Speaker and Clerks approach the Bar, and the Governor General takes off his hat in recognition of the presence of the Commons of Canada in response to his constitutional request. Then His Excellency reads his Speech in clear, audible tones, and the members of the Commons, not in the confidence of the Ministry, listen intently to the official announcement of the programme for the session. When the Governor General has concluded reading his English copy of the Speech, he repeats the same in French, in pursuance of that constitutional usage, now more than a century old, which preserves the use of the French language in all our legislation af-

fecting the Province of Quebec. When the Speech is finished, the Secretary of the Governor General hands a written copy to the Speaker, who then bows and retires to the Chamber of the Commons.

The etiquette observed on these occasions is confined to a bow from the Speaker on his entrance and exit, but we may mention here, *par parenthèse*, that in times not very distant, a Governor General made a pretentious claim which excited the ire of the popular branch of the old Canadian Parliament. We find it stated in an official volume which records the Speakers' Decisions that, on the occasion of presenting to the Governor General the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the first session of 1863, a difference arose between the Speaker of the Legislative Council and His Excellency's Secretary as to the posture the Speaker should assume in presenting the Address. In the Assembly the Speaker communicated certain documents which he had received from the Governor's Secretary, on the subject of the etiquette observed in presenting an Address to Her Majesty the Queen by the Speaker of the Commons, and when these papers had been read, the Speaker was directly asked whether he intended to follow the formula pointed out in these documents. Mr. Turcotte, who then occupied the Speaker's chair, was very emphatic in his answer: 'He could assure the House that he would kneel to no one but his Sovereign.' So strong was the feeling of the House on that occasion, that the obnoxious documents were not even allowed to be entered on the journals of the House. Since those days the Answer to the Speech is not even presented by the Speaker, but 'by such members of the House as are of the Queen's Privy Council;' and the reply of His Excellency thereto is subsequently brought down by the Premier and read by the Speaker in his place, in the presence of the members, who invariably rise and stand uncovered.

But we must accompany the Speaker on his return to the Commons' Chamber. Parliament having been formally opened, the House is at length in a position to go on with the business. The first proceeding is almost invariably the presentation to the House of Certificates and Reports relating to elections which have been held during the recess, and then new members are introduced and take their seats, the necessary oath having been previously taken in the Clerk's office. Leading members of the Government and Opposition generally introduce their respective friends, who are loudly cheered by one party or the other. All members must subscribe to the necessary oath before they can take their seats and vote in the House. Some cases of members inadvertently taking their seats and voting on a question have occurred in the Canadian House. For instance, in the session of 1875, Mr. Mackenzie made a motion directing the attention of the Committee on Privileges and Elections to the fact that the member for Centre Wellington (Mr. Orton) had voted before he had taken the oath prescribed by the British North America Act of Union. The Committee reported subsequently that Mr. Orton was not liable to any penalty for the omission in question, but at the same time recommended the erasure of his name from the division list. In order to prevent such mistakes in the future, it was decided during the present session to introduce every member recently elected.

When the Election cases have been disposed of, it is the practice for a member of the Government to present a bill, and have it read a first time *pro forma*, 'in order to assert the right of the Commons to deliberate, without reference to the immediate cause of summons.' Then it is usual for the Speaker to rise and state that when the House attended His Excellency in the Senate Chamber, he had been pleased to make a speech to both Houses of Parliament, of which, Mr. Speaker added, he had 'to prevent mistakes obtained a copy.' The reading of the Speech is almost invariably dispensed with, and then, on motion of the Premier, it is ordered to be taken into consideration on a future day. Little business is done, as a rule, on the first day of the session, beyond the presentation of reports of Departments and other public papers of interest. Then the House adjourns, always on motion of the Premier or a member of the Government in his absence. For some years past, since the advent of Lord Dufferin, a Drawing Room is held in the evening in the Senate Chamber, and the members of the two Houses, with their wives and daughters, have an opportunity of pay-

ing their respects to their Excellencies, who stand for hours on the dais of the Throne, and return the bows of a steady stream of gentlemen and ladies, all of whom appear in evening costume. The Senate Chamber, on such occasions, presents a very brilliant spectacle, and proves how much more attractive complexions and millinery look under the gas-light.

But before we proceed to describe the details of an ordinary day's business in the House, it will be useful to take a glance at the Chamber itself. The fine room devoted to the Commons is already filled to its full capacity, by the two hundred and odd members who now represent the different Provinces of Canada, and the speculative mind may well wonder where the additional members are to sit when British Columbia, Manitoba, and Keewatin receive that representation to which they will be entitled when their wilderness lands are filled up by the large population which must sooner or later follow the Pacific Railway. A broad passage runs from the entrance door to the Speaker's Chair, which is raised on a low platform directly under the small gallery where the short-hand writers of the press and other newspaper men take their notes with unflagging industry. Just below the Speaker's Chair, and in the middle of this passage, is the Clerk's table, where the Clerk, Clerk Assistant, and Second Clerk Assistant, sit in silk gowns and black dress. The mace rests on a silk cushion on the lower end of the table, and its official guardian, the Sergeant-at-Arms, has a seat at a desk, close to the bar at the entrance. The members are seated at desks which gradually rise from the floor until they reach immediately below the galleries. Each desk is ticketed with a name, and consequently no confusion or difficulty can rise as to a member's place. In England only a few members of the government and a few others enjoy a place by courtesy, while the great majority can only secure a seat for the debate by being present at prayers. One can then put his card in the brass plate which is appended to the back of the seat, or he may leave his hat or glove in evidence of his occupancy. So strict are the rules of the British Commons on this point that it is ordered, 'No member's name may be affixed to any seat in the House before prayers.' But the members of our House are relieved from all difficulty in this particular. Before they reach Ottawa, their seats are assigned them, and they are given, besides, convenient desks—a luxury not yet granted to British Commoners. The members of the Government of course occupy the front seats to the right of the Speaker, whilst the leader and prominent members of the Opposition sit on the left. The older and best known members naturally occupy the front rows of seats, and the younger necessarily get crowded to the rear. The seats immediately beneath the galleries are under the disadvantages of being more exposed to draughts and of being badly situated for hearing, especially as there is a constant hum and bustle when routine business is in progress. Pages are constantly rushing to and fro, with letters and papers, and from the opening to the close of the session these little fellows never seem to get tired, though they are kept running until very late hours of the night.

The House meets every day at three o'clock, unless, as it happens often near the close of the session, it is called for an earlier hour with the view of facilitating public business. At that hour the Speaker and Clerks, preceded by the Mace, file into the Chamber, and the first proceeding is the opening of the doors, unless it is necessary to discuss some question of privilege or other matter which it is advisable to consider before the admission of the public. No prayers are read in our House, as it has always been the practice in the British Commons, and the Senate is the only branch of our Parliament that has the privilege of a Chaplain.* The first proceeding as soon as the doors are opened and the public has been admitted to the galleries, is the presentation of petitions. The valuable privilege of petitioning the Houses, so dear to the heart of every British subject, is a very tame and monotonous proceeding. A member rises in his place, and confines himself to a simple statement of the contents of the petition, which is taken by the page to the Clerk's table, whence it is sent to an office up stairs, where it is carefully read to see that it does not infringe any rule, and then endorsed with the name of the member presenting it, and a brief statement of its subject-matter. The petitions presented on one day are brought up to the table two days subsequently, and are read and received

* Mr. Macdonald of Toronto has made a motion on this subject during the present session.

if they do not contain any objectionable matter. It is very rarely that petitions are read at length, for the rule is to read only the endorsation on the back of each, which explains its character. Every session large numbers are presented on some subject which is engaging at the time much public attention. For a year or two memorials asking for a Prohibitory Liquor Law came in by hundreds, and in such a case the Clerk confines himself to a mere statement of the number on that particular subject. Last session the petitions on that subject were exhausted, and petitions asking for protection to certain native manufactures became the order of the day. Petitions are constantly thrown out on account of informality. For instance, it is irregular to ask for grants of money or any pecuniary compensation, on the wise principle which only allows the Government to initiate money votes. Any petitions containing offensive imputations upon the character or conduct of Parliament or the Courts of Justice, or other constituted authority, will not be received. Some of the names to a petition must always be appended to the same sheet on which it is written. A paper assuming the style of a declaration, an address of thanks, or a remonstrance only, without a proper form of prayer will not be received. In a case of informality, however, the petition is entered on the journals, with the reason for its rejection, and consequently if the petitioners only desire to obtain publicity of their wishes they get what they want; but of course no action can be taken on such a document, for it is no longer before Parliament.

The Answer to the Speech is the first important business that is taken up immediately after the commencement of the session, two members supporting the administration, generally the two youngest—that is to say the most recently elected—are chosen to move the Address, which is first introduced in the shape of a resolution, containing a number of separate paragraphs in answer to the Governor General's Speech. The mover and seconder always appear in England in uniform or full dress for that purpose, but the same custom is not observed here as a rule. As the speakers are generally new to the House, they are always heard with great forbearance and attention, and those prominent members of the Government and Opposition who follow in debate seldom fail to pay some graceful compliment to the maiden efforts of the speakers. It is competent for any one at this stage to move an amendment to the Address, but this is only done in rare cases. It is considered more courteous to the representative of the Sovereign to pass the Address as a matter of course, especially as it is framed to avoid opposition. It is also felt to be very inconvenient to discuss important questions at a stage when the House has not before it all the papers which it requires for its information. In a very critical condition of public affairs, however, a strong Opposition which believes it has the sympathy and support of the country, will probably move a motion of direct want of confidence in the Government of the day, but that is an exceptional state of things and only proves the usage which obtains as a rule.

When the Address has been passed, and the Standing Committees of the House struck, the working machinery of the session may be said to be in motion. The Committees are at work in the morning, and the House in the afternoon and evening. Then the Government bring down as rapidly as possible the public reports, and members commence to ask 'Questions,' and give 'Notices of Motion,' on the multifarious topics that suggest themselves. The House has before it every day a sheet containing the 'Votes and Proceedings' of the previous day, and also a paper containing the 'Orders of the Day.' The 'Votes and Proceedings' publish the 'Questions' and 'Notices of Motion' according as they are made, but these cannot be taken up and discussed in the House until they appear, according to the rule, on the Order Paper. It is a rule of the House that two days' notice must be given of a motion for leave to present a Bill, Resolution, or Address, for the appointment of any Committee, or for the putting of a question. Only in case of the unanimous consent of the House can this rule be deviated from. The reason of such a rule, of course, is obvious; it is to prevent the House being surprised by a motion suddenly sprung upon it. Cases, however, of Privilege, can be immediately brought to the notice of the House, and obtain priority over all others. For instance, in the session of 1874, priority was given to a motion

for the expulsion of Louis Riel, then elected to the House, though it was away down among the 'Notices' on the Order Paper. The debate was continued in the evening after recess, though an hour ought to have been devoted to the consideration of private bills.

On the days not devoted to Government business, private members have all the opportunity they require to put the questions or make the motions they have placed on the paper. A member must confine himself to the question of which he has given notice, and cannot be allowed to make a speech on the subject. The consequence is, he generally reads the question off the paper, and the member of the Government whose province it is to reply is equally brief and emphatic, though more latitude is allowed in the case of the latter. When notices of motion are reached, they are taken up in their order and discussed. In previous sessions motions have been allowed to remain week after week on the paper, but henceforth it is proposed to enforce the rule, which orders that they shall be dropped if they are not taken up when they are called. In this way the Order Paper will not be crowded day after day.

The rules with respect to debate are necessarily very strict. No member can speak except to a motion which is in regular form before the House. A reply is only allowed, by courtesy, from the member who has proposed a distinct question, and not from one who has made an amendment. But directly a new question has been proposed, as 'that this House adjourn,' 'the previous question,' or an amendment, members are allowed to speak again, as 'the rule only applies strictly to the prevention of more than one speech to each separate question proposed.' Members, as a rule, sit with their hats on or off as they may please, but the moment they rise to speak, they must uncover and address themselves to the Chair. If any member should inadvertently say 'Gentlemen' instead of 'Mr. Speaker,' he will be called to order, though in the Senate a speaker addresses himself to 'Honorable Gentlemen.' Whilst a member is speaking no one is allowed to interrupt him except with his own consent, or he has infringed a point of order, and no one should pass between him and the Chair, because he is supposed to be addressing himself particularly to the Speaker. Any offensive allusions against the House or any member thereof are not permissible. No member must be referred to by name, but every one disappears under the title of an 'honorable member' for somewhere, and this rule, like so many others, has for its objects the repression of personalities and the temperate, calm conduct of debate. No reflection must be cast on the Upper House, though members who have a wish to make a sly hit at that branch generally get out of the difficulty by referring to 'another place.' Many other rules exist, having for their object the keeping of debate within moderate bounds, but it is not necessary to review them in a brief sketch of this character. Members have one safety valve, when they believe themselves to be too suddenly 'choked off,' and that is, on a motion for adjournment. When such a motion is made in the course of a debate, full scope is given to a discussion. It has been attempted time and again, in the British as in the Canadian House of Commons, to enforce a stricter practice, and confine members to the question of adjournment, but the Houses have never appeared willing to limit too closely the privilege of members in this particular, especially as it is made use of only in rare cases. Members, we may add here, are not allowed to read from written manuscripts, though they may speak from notes; but the House is at times indulgent to new and diffident members, and winks at notes which sometimes develop into a written speech. In the Canadian as in the British Commons the style of debate has become essentially practical. We hear none of that impassioned rhetoric and flowery eloquence which once filled our legislative halls. The debates invariably mark the activity and earnest spirit of a representative assembly entrusted with the important business of a young people, engaged in laying the foundation of a future Empire. Speeches without pretentions to oratory illustrate the strong common-sense, the practical knowledge, and the unwearied industry which the public men of the present day must bring to the discussion of public affairs. When great questions are before our leading men they display a force of argument, a correctness of language, an earnestness of purpose, and an appreciation of their

subject, which prove them to be fitting compeers, on a narrower stage of action, of those able statesmen who guide the destinies of the British Empire in the Parliament of England.

To the uninitiated the mode of obtaining the opinion of the House on a question may be somewhat perplexing, and we shall therefore try to explain it. Let us suppose that the Premier has proposed a motion with reference to the Canada Pacific Railway. When he has made his speech he hands his motion (which must always be seconded) to the Speaker, who reads it to the House in English, and then sends it to the table to be read in French in case he does not understand that language. Then the motion may be considered regularly before the House; it may be debated, or amended as the House may think proper. A member of the Opposition proposes an amendment, which is seconded—for otherwise it cannot be taken up—and also read by the Speaker. It is also competent to move an amendment to the amendment on ordinary questions, but not when an amendment is proposed on the motion for the House to go into Committee of Supply. But let us suppose there are only two motions before the House—the original motion and one in amendment. When discussion has been exhausted and cries of 'question, question,' over the House prove the desire for a conclusion to the debate, the Speaker raises in his place and asks the House if it is 'ready for the question.' If the debate is really concluded—and any member who may wish to speak will soon find if the patience of the House is exhausted and will very wisely refrain from saying anything at that juncture—the Speaker orders the Sergeant-at-Arms 'to call in the members'—an order which forbids all further debate. In the course of a few minutes the vacant seats soon fill up, and the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Whips return from the adjacent rooms where bells have been ringing for some moments to indicate a division. Then the Speaker rises once more and finally 'puts the question,' as it is called in Parliamentary phrase. He first reads the original motion, and secondly the amendment. Then both motions are read in French at the table, and the Speaker, who is still standing, says: 'The question is now on the amendment. Those in favor of the motion will please rise.' In England the members file into two distinct lobbies and their votes are taken by two tellers for each party, while two clerks are stationed near each of the entrances of the House, holding lists of the members, in alphabetical order, printed upon large sheets of thick pasteboard, so as to avoid the trouble and delay of turning over pages. While the members are passing into the House again, the clerks place a mark against each of their names; and, at the same time, the tellers count the number. When both parties have returned into the House the tellers on either side come up to the table (the tellers for the majority being on the right); and one of the tellers for the majority reports the numbers. The Speaker also declares them, and states the determination of the House. But in the Canadian House the practice is very different from that of the English Commons, as well as from that of the House of Representatives at Washington, where the members are called from printed lists by the Clerk, and reply 'Aye,' or 'Nay' to a question. In Canada the usage is for the Chief Clerk to check off the names of each member who stands up, and is called by the Assistant Clerk. It follows that the latter must know the face of every one of the two hundred and odd members who make up the Commons. The least mistake in a name is very embarrassing, but it would be still more perplexing to the Speaker and standing members if the Assistant Clerk should lose his memory for a minute or two. However, no such difficulty has so far ever occurred in our Parliamentary practice—some six hundred votes being at times taken in the course of an hour.

When the vote has been taken of the members in favour of the amendment the Speaker calls upon those against it to rise, and the same process is gone through with. If the amendment is rejected the Speaker declares it lost—'passed in the negative'—and then proceeds to put the question on the main motion, though it is quite regular to move another amendment provided it is not similar in language and purport to the one just rejected. If the main motion is adopted on a division the Speaker declares it carried—'passed in the affirmative'—and that ends the matter. When the division has been taken the Clerk reads off the mem-

bers on each side, but until that is done and the Speaker declares the motion 'passed in the affirmative or negative,' it is not permissible for any member to cross the House or leave his seat; for if he does so, he is saluted with an uproar of cries of 'order,' which soon glues him to his chair. Neither will the vote of a member be allowed, if attention be called to the fact that he was not in the House when the Speaker put the question, but only took his seat while the division was in progress. In taking the names, the members, it may be mentioned, stand in rows, and sit down as soon as their names are called, and consequently entered. We have just shown that very little sets the House off into laughter, when a member forgets the rule which keeps him in his place during a division. Not long ago much amusement was invariably caused if two gentlemen named Mr. Killam and Mr. Coffin, who sat together, were called in their due order, but the Assistant Clerk soon saw the joke and generally managed to interpolate another name between the two in order to prevent so deadly a sequence.

The most important duties of the House are in connection with money-matters. Here the constitution and the rules of Parliament have imposed every guard and check upon hasty expenditure or the imposition of taxes without due consideration. By the Union Act all measures for appropriating any part of the public revenue, or for imposing any tax or impost must originate in the House of Commons. The House itself is restrained by the same Act. It cannot adopt or pass 'any vote, resolution, address, or bill, for the appropriation of any part of the public revenue, or for any tax or impost, to any purpose that has not been first recommended to the House by a message of the Governor-General.' A rule of the House itself declares that if any motion be made in the House for any public aid or charge upon the people, 'the consideration or debate thereof may not be presently entered upon, but shall be adjourned until such *further* day as the House shall think fit to appoint; and then it shall be referred to a Committee of the whole House, before any resolution or vote of the House do pass thereon.' It follows from what precedes that no private member is permitted to propose a Dominion tax upon the people, or to introduce a bill providing for a public grant; such measures must be initiated by ministers of the Crown in the shape of resolutions which are to be considered in Committee of the whole, and when adopted form the basis for a bill. No petition, as we have already shown, can be received if it asks for any grant or charge upon the public revenue, unless it is first recommended by the Crown. It happens sometimes, however, that a petition asks for enquiry before a special Committee into certain claims which the petitioner may have against the Government, and then if the Government is willing, the Committee is granted; but such cases are under our present practice of rare occurrence, for the Government is very properly jealous of any attempt to deviate from a wise constitutional rule which prevents the inconsiderate expenditure of public money. Individual members of the House cannot have the same feeling of responsibility as a Government, which is constitutionally the guardian of the public purse, and is held strictly to account for every dollar of expenditure. So rigidly is the principle of Governmental responsibility enforced, that the House has even refused to receive a report from a select Committee recommending the appointment of a Royal Commission to visit the United States and report on the Maine Liquor Law. The report was thereupon withdrawn to allow the chairman an opportunity of so amending the report that it might fall within the rules. Abstract resolutions are allowed, 'on the principle that not being offered in a form in which a vote of the House for granting money, or imposing a burthen, can be regularly agreed to, they are barren of results;' but for that very reason they are 'objectionable, and being an evasion of wholesome rules, they are discouraged as much as possible.'*

The Committees of Supply and Ways and Means are the constitutional mode of providing for the public expenditures. These Committees are now appointed at the beginning of every session, so soon as an address has been passed in answer to His Excellency's speech. As soon as the Committee of Supply has been formed, and the

* May; Parliamentary Practice. Todd; Parliamentary Government.

Government are ready, they bring down a message from His Excellency with the Estimates of the sums required for the public service. For several years past the Finance Minister has brought down his budget and made his annual financial statement on the motion for the House to go into Committee of Supply. But in case of a change of the Tariff, the more constitutional mode is to make his speech when he proposes certain resolutions to be adopted by the Committee of Ways and Means, and this is generally done when the Estimates are before the House and a basis is made for the Committee in question. The rules for proceeding in the Committees of Supply and Ways and Means are precisely similar to those observed in other Committees of the whole House. Members are not confined to one speech, but may address the Committee as often as they please on a particular resolution. The Chairman acts as Speaker and decides all questions of order, unless an appeal is made to the House, and in that case the Speaker immediately resumes the Chair, and decides the point in dispute. After the Budget is formally before the House, and the leading members on both sides have made their speeches on the commercial and financial state of the country, the Committee of Supply meets regularly and disposes of a large amount of money at every session; but every vote is very carefully scrutinized and the fullest explanations are demanded from the Government, who, on such occasions, have to perform the most difficult and wearisome part of their legislative duties. Resolutions agreed to in Committee are reported to the House, but they are not received until a later day. This is a rule which can only be relaxed in an extraordinary emergency. When the Committee of Supply has finished its labours, and all the money votes have been adopted by the House, the Committee of Ways and Means passes certain resolutions which provide for the grants shown to be necessary by the first mentioned Committee, and then a bill, called the Supply Bill, is introduced by the Government to carry out the resolutions. This bill has often passed all its stages in one day, but this is not in accordance with the British practice, where the rule requiring delay in case of money bills, is strictly carried out. The bill goes up to the Senate, where, however, it is never altered, in accordance with constitutional usage. On its return to the Commons, it is carried up by the Speaker to the Senate Chamber. When His Excellency has assented to the bills passed by Parliament during the session, the Speaker of the Commons addresses His Excellency, and asks for his assent to the Bill, and this assent is granted with the usual formula:—'In Her Majesty's name, His Excellency the Governor General thanks her loyal subjects, accepts their benevolence, and assents to this Bill.'

From the commencement to the close of the session, the House is kept constantly busy from its hour of meeting, three o'clock, until a late hour of night, and very frequently until an early hour of the next morning. It has not been unusual for the sitting to last from three o'clock in the afternoon, until the same hour next morning, with the regular recess from six to eight o'clock. The attempt to crowd a vast amount of work into seven or eight weeks is necessarily a severe strain upon members, and it would be well if the sessions were longer, and the hours more reasonable. It must be remembered that the members of the government have not only departmental work to attend to, but there are very important duties to be performed in Committees, by Ministers and Members. The Committees on Public Accounts, Private Bills, and Printing, for instance, have very laborious work to attend to during the mornings, and then there are always any number of special Committees appointed on motion of members during the session. Last session there were such Committees sitting in connection with matters relative to agriculture, the Charlevoix election, the criminal law, the financial depression of the country, official reporting, salt interests, sanitary reform, telegraphs, and the winter navigation of the St. Lawrence, all of which consumed a great deal of time and obtained a considerable amount of useful information, which is to be found in the appendices to the Journals of the House. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work that is done in the Committees. Many members who take but little part in the debates of the House, and consequently obtain comparatively little share of public notoriety through the press, give up a great deal of time and

attention to labours whose value to the country and the House can only be fully appreciated by those who have been initiated into the mysteries of Committee work.

It necessarily takes a large staff to perform the official work of legislation. The Chief Clerk, who sits at the head of the table, is appointed by the Crown, and is sworn to make 'true entries, remembrances, and journals of the things done and passed in the House of Commons.' He keeps notes of the proceedings, which are made up in the shape of journals, where all the forms are strictly carried out. Mr. Patrick, the present Chief, has just completed his fiftieth year of official life, and has won his way to his present responsible position through all the gradations of office. He is aided by two Assistants, who sit on each side of him. Then there is in the Department a large number of officials who are kept constantly occupied during the session with the multifarious duties required of them. The venerable Law Clerk, Mr. Wickstead, has also been between forty and fifty years in official harness, and though now beyond three score years and ten, is still able to perform his laborious duties with the same assiduity and carefulness he did twenty years ago. The work of translation occupies the time of several officials, and the impossibility of attending to the numerous Committees and other work consequent on a session, renders the employment of a few extra clerks necessary. The Sergeant-at-Arms has charge of the messengers, servants, post office, and furnishings of the Department. He attends the Speaker with the mace on all public occasions, serves orders on persons who are to appear at the bar, takes into custody all persons who misconduct themselves in the galleries or other parts of the House, and performs other duties of an important character, which are prescribed by usage. The Librarian of Parliament is another officer whose duties bring him daily into contact with members of the House. The gentleman who now fills the position, Mr. Alpheus Todd, is the author of an elaborate work on Parliamentary Government in England, and years of close study of Parliamentary precedents and usages have made him one of the first authorities on all such subjects.

In its obedience to the Chair, in its respect for constitutional authority, in the patience and calmness of its deliberations, the Canadian House of Commons is in no respect inferior to its illustrious prototype in the parent state. The Speaker has always the gratification of knowing that his orders are respectfully heard, and that he has the confidence of the House as long as he continues to observe that strict impartiality which, it is acknowledged on all sides, the first Commoners of Canada have never failed to exhibit whilst presiding over the debates and deliberations of the popular branch. In the Commons of this country the rules and practice of Parliament—*lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*—are observed as closely as in the British House, and whenever our own rules and usages fail as a guide, we fall back on those of the British Parliament, where centuries of legislation have built up volumes of precedents which have been arranged and explained so admirably in the invaluable work of Sir Erskine May, now the Chief Clerk of the Commons of England. Some persons may find mysteries and even absurdities in the numerous formalities which surround our legislation, but no one who has studied constitutional history will be ignorant of the fact that such formalities are found absolutely necessary by the experience of the greatest deliberative body in the world. We have already shown that Parliamentary rules are particularly valuable in the direction of careful deliberation on all questions affecting the public purse, but they also tend to assist that slow and patient enquiry and discussion which can best mature useful legislation, and help to moderate the spirit of faction and the play of personal animosities. It is a proud thing to be able to say that in this young country the deliberations of our most important representative assembly are conducted in that spirit of moderation and anxious enquiry, which is the distinguishing feature of the British Legislature.

J. G. Bourinot.

Personal.

'Matrimonial.—A medical student, wealthy, desires to correspond with a limited number of young ladies of cultivated and refined tastes, with a view to matrimony. Photographs exchanged. Address, Alpha, Box —, Globe office.'

The above advertisement was the joint production of three frolicsome students of the 'sawbones' type, I being the originator of the scheme, and being moreover charged with the responsibility of its execution. Truth to tell, there was not much originality in the conception, save in that part wherein the embryo medico was declared to be 'wealthy,' which all must agree was a fine stroke of sarcasm. But we promised ourselves much fun from the correspondence likely to ensue from so tempting a bait as that which we held forth to the laughter-loving misses who peruse 'Personal' columns in search of food for mirth, and who might be incited to answer our challenge; so, after due criticism and much laughter, the advertisement was despatched, and the next day's issue saw its insertion amongst the 'Personals' of the *Globe*.

If I were to catalogue the various epistles that were indited and received as a consequence of our jest, I should require the space of a folio volume, as we maintained a brisk correspondence with some half-a-dozen incognitas for some weeks; in fact, until the novelty wore off, and our joke assumed the proportions of a white elephant. There was an exception to the rule, however, and it fell to my lot to prove this exception.

Amongst the first answers to the advertisement, was a note carefully worded and neatly written in ladylike caligraphy, upon paper that, from its indefinable odour of violets, evidently came from a lady's *papéterie*. Why it was so, I cannot tell, but no sooner did I read the note, than I felt an inexplicable attraction towards the writer, and, had not my desire to keep faith with my partners in the jest compelled me to show the letter, I should have kept its existence and its consequence to myself. But my comrades were too knowing not to detect my predisposition towards the writer of the gracefully-worded note, and chaffed me unmercifully about it, predicting all sorts of absurd endings to the romances which they built up on my account.

My reply to this communication was almost seriously worded, and brought in answer another short note, so responsive, that it provoked more interest than I should have liked to own, or probably than I imagined I could feel. Whatever may have been her motive for entering into such a correspondence, it was very evident that 'Laura'—for so she signed herself—was a girl of superior mental calibre and acquirements. I found myself thinking much of my fair correspondent, and almost shrank from exposing her dainty compositions to my companions, dreading their satirical criticism upon her artless and feminine style. So it went on, each letter and answer increasing in length and interest, until my more metaphysical or less psychological friends began to tire of the spooneyism that they said characterized our effusions. For my part, I was well satisfied when they voted the whole thing a bore, and flung the latest unanswered letters in the fire. I hypocritically assented to their conclusions, but saved 'Laura's' letters from the holocaust, and continued the correspondence.

With my first letter I had despatched the likeness of a well-known actor as my own (having bought it), and had received in return the photograph of a well-known actress, with Laura's opinion 'that it was an excellent likeness' (of the person for whom it was intended to be a picture). With these mental reservations we were compelled for the present to be satisfied, but I would have given something for a correct photograph of the writer of those charming notes: feeling assured, however, that graces of person and of mind must, in this instance, be united.

At length my curiosity to see my inamorata led me to urge her to grant me an interview, and, after much pressing, it was

arranged that I was to arrive by a certain train on an appointed day at the railway station at C——, wearing a white rose in my button hole, and that I was to be met by 'Laura,' who was also to wear a white rose at her breast.

All my eager interest in 'Laura' did not, however, blind me to the possibility that I might be outrageously hoaxed; and I determined, by going to C—— a day beforehand, to obtain an opportunity of seeing my incognita unrecognised, and then to decide as to whether I should disclose myself or not. Accordingly, I took the train the day before it was appointed that I should arrive, with a white rosebud carefully stowed away in my breast pocket, prepared to await developments.

As the train drew near to the station at C——, my impatience and curiosity led me to step out upon the platform of the Pullman car, with greatcoat and satchel upon my arm, prepared to alight. The train ran slowly past the station platform, which was sprinkled with little groups of people, who, after the fashion in country towns, felt a daily interest in the arrival and departure of the trains. One of these groups was formed by three young ladies, one of whom, to my intense surprise, exclaiming, 'There he is!' waved her handkerchief to me as I passed. Wondering, I mechanically turned towards her as I stepped on the platform, and she, also advancing, seized my hand, and warmly greeted me, with just so much of modest confusion and diffidence in her manner as to convince my bewildered mind that 'Laura' was before me. Moreover, she called me Fred, a name I had assumed in my character as her correspondent. Stammering forth—'How did you recognize me'—and receiving the laughing response, 'Intuition, I suppose,' I yielded myself to circumstances, and was led away, introduced to her friends, Annie and Mary M——, and before I could recover breath or senses was seated beside 'Laura' in a carriage, rolling I knew not where.

The self-possession of a medical student is said to be imperturbable,—some are in fact sufficiently unkind to call the elevés of the medical profession, brazen,—but on this occasion I am bound to say that my brass, or what-not, completely deserted me, and I dared not look my companions in the face, nor could I at the first find utterance for the most commonplace remark. My companions evidently observed my confusion, and made polite attempts to set me at my ease; with such success, that before I had arrived at our destination, I had so far taken stock of their appearance and manners, as to convince me that I was not a victim to a mere vulgar hoax. Plucking up spirits, therefore, I addressed my fair vis-a-vis, recounting impossible adventures on the way, until their smiles and interest encouraged me into something like self-possession.

But where was I going? The carriage had passed through the town, and was approaching a tree-surrounded villa, in whose trim and tasteful appearance I saw evidences of wealth and luxury. Was this our destination? At the thought my perturbations renewed, and with moist apprehension and repressed excitement, I pictured a venerable and aristocratic father scathing me with scornful civility, or a burly and athletic brother hastening my exit with the toe of his boot. My worst apprehensions seemed to be realized when we turned in at the gate, and the carriage stood still at the door. Mustering up courage, however, I alighted and assisted the young ladies from the carriage, and then, passing into the house, was ushered into a little library by 'Laura,' and for the moment was alone with her. Taking off her bonnet, and smoothing her wavy hair from her forehead with her ungloved hand, she stood before me for a moment as if doubting, and then lifting up her face with a little blush and a conscious diffidence of manner, said: 'Well sir,—are you not going to kiss me?'

A moment later the door was thrown open by a horrid boy called 'Bob,' (why have nice girls always such horrid brothers,) who ejaculated with great glee, "Ah! I saw yer,"—upon which my companion fled away like a lapwing, leaving me to solitude—and Bob. Flushed, hot, and uncomfortable, I was escorted to my room by that terrible youth, who volunteered his company while I was dressing, with a promise to tell me "such a lark," if I allowed him to remain. Consenting, I was petrified with horror by his story, and wave after wave of shame and indignation passed through me as I learned the agonizing details.

It appeared that I was mistaken for a

cousin of 'Laura's,' whom she had not seen for years, when as girl and boy they had been intimately associated,—that my name was Fred. W——, and that my home was now in Nova Scotia,—that we were to stay for a few days with 'Laura's' schoolfellows, whence I was to accompany her to her home,—that 'Laura's' name wasn't 'Laura,' but Agnes,—and that her frolicsome schoolmates had been carrying on a sentimental correspondence with what my volatile friend was pleased to call, a 'spooney,'—and that this correspondence was to culminate in what my young friend designated 'an awful sell for spooney.' Further details he vouchsafed not, but the bare idea caused him to wriggle in spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

Here was a situation! I dared not reflect as to its consequences, and between the reluctance to part with 'Laura,'—I must call her 'Laura' still,—and the dread of exposure to ridicule, I fairly postponed consideration, and determined, at all hazards, to carry the adventure through.

My readers may blame me for taking an ungentlemanly advantage of my position, but what was I do? What would they themselves have done in like case? I pocketed my scruples and went down to tea with a front of brass that would have been a stock in trade for a brass-founder, and armed at all points to meet the emergency. Fluently I discoursed of the climate and natural resources of Nova Scotia; epigrammatically I dealt with the characters of its inhabitants; rhetorically I described the beauties of its scenery; didactically I dwelt upon the openings it presented for seekers of fortune. I surpassed myself in eloquence, and interested even 'Bob,' in my ardent efforts to please. When I subsequently traded knives and gave him a pencil-case to boot, I felt that his heart was won.

His sisters next fell as willing victims to my arts. Sitting on the verandah in the twilight, I detailed side-splitting practical jokes, the sequel of which *invariably* brought retribution to the joker: I described ludicrous *contretemps* wherein the originators were always discomfited, and told moving stories of the misery which inevitably accompanied deception of any kind. From joyous hilarity they gradually became quiet and absorbed, and finally, after exchanging significant looks, left me alone with 'Laura.'

Ingeniously I drew from her that she only participated in the secret of her schoolmates, but had had no share in the perpetration of the joke; and forced myself to listen with composure while she pitied the poor fellow who was to be so victimized. Her genuine kindness of heart awoke strange compunctions, and when she placed her hand in mine, and artlessly told me how glad she was to see me, and how much better looking I was than my photograph, I felt like a villain indeed. But it was so delightful to sit beside her—I *couldn't* make up my mind to be honest.

Presently we were summoned into the drawing-room, and after a musical evening, I retired to my room,—but not to sleep. A dozen times I was half out upon the verandah roof intending to escape, but each time I withdrew my intention—and my leg; a dozen times I made up my mind to tell the whole truth to my hospitable host in the morning, but the thought of the consequent ignominy made me hesitate, and I felt that I wasn't equal to the situation.

At length morning came, and stealing quietly out of the house, I attempted to soothe my nerves and establish a reconciliation with myself through the medium of an early pipe, but was interrupted in my occupation by the omnipresent and altogether objectionable Bob. After coyly endeavoring to coax me to draw his secret from him, he confided to me that the 'spooney' was to arrive that day by the afternoon train, and that Dinah—the cook—(who was as black as the ace of spades and of elephantine proportions) was to meet him—*wearing a white rosebud!!* A sudden inspiration seized me, and excusing myself to my juvenile companion, I walked to the nearest telegraph office and telegraphed a trusty friend to hire me the biggest negro of his acquaintance, and to send him to me at C——, wearing a white rose in his button hole. With this half of my anxiety removed, I returned to the house, and, in spite of my sleepless night, enjoyed my breakfast.

How we spent the day matters little. Few of my readers are sufficiently uninitiated in such matters as not to see that 'Laura' was growing a part of my destiny. In her presence I forgot my distresses, and gave myself up to unalloyed pleasure. But

the fateful hour drew nigh, and it was necessary that those who were to go to the station to see 'Spooney' sold, should prepare for their errand. Strange to say the frolicsome girls who had so far conducted the adventure shrank from the ending, and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded them to go. Making the excuse to 'Laura,' who was the first one ready, that we would walk on and be overtaken by the others, who were to drive, I contrived to lead her by a route not generally used, and when secure from interruption, I confessed all to her.

She was at first terribly shocked, and perhaps indignant, but my pleading humility, and her sense of the ludicrous, overcame her, and she consented to pardon me. I strove hard to restore myself in her good graces, and by depicting in lively colors the way in which I hoped to turn the tables on her friends, I almost succeeded.

On arriving at the station we were saved from our embarrassment, by the evident discomfort of the young ladies, and of Dinah —Bob being the only one who thoroughly enjoyed the situation. I ventured to press the hand of 'Laura' to draw her attention to the absurd position that affairs were taking, and her amused glance showed me that she understood and appreciated it.

Presently the train came in, and from the platform of a second-class car descended a perfect man-mountain of Ethiopian origin—wearing a white rose! I looked at the girls, whose incredulous eyes followed his movements as, in evident search of some one, he approached them. It was too much! They broke and fled, sprang into the carriage and ordered the astonished coachman to drive off, leaving Dinah and Bob behind. The latter individual stared with saucer-like eyes at the approaching negro, until the truth apparently dawned upon him, and then he went off into such shrieks and paroxysms that people must have thought he was in an epileptic fit. Seeing one of his own colour, my Ethiopian retainer approached Dinah, but was rudely rebuffed by her, and I presently saw her sunset shawl on the near horizon 'making tracks for home.'

At this moment a gentlemanly-looking young fellow, with a pale, thin face (no more like me than Apollo), approached us and enquired of 'Laura,'—'Are you not Miss ——?'—and was acknowledged, *but not kissed*, by Agnes. In the hasty recognition that followed I was *de trop*, and walked disconsolately aside.

I was roused from my fit of abstraction by a touch at my elbow, and an oleaginous voice addressing me as 'Boss,' enquired if I knew of my own whereabouts. Hastily dismissing him with directions to await my coming at an hotel, I turned to 'Laura' who was still engaged in earnest conversation with my double. From her deprecatory manner, and his annoyed looks, I gathered that she was telling our story, and my heart gradually sank into my boots from fear — not physical — but lest his influence should lead her to view my conduct in a more serious light. Apparently she prevailed, for they turned towards me, and I mumbled out an embarrassed apology, and exchanged cards with my new acquaintance.

For another moment, whilst he sought his baggage, I was alone with 'Laura,' and from a glance into her eyes gathered that I was indeed forgiven. With a mute pressure of the hand we parted, she to accompany her cousin, I to carry out my resolution of explaining the situation to my erstwhile hospitable host. How he would receive me, I knew not, but I felt that an explanation was due to him.

Fortunately I found him at his office, and during a most embarrassing interview placed him in possession of the entire story, bearing as lightly as possible upon the share that his daughters had in the matter. For a time he was seriously angry, but when I detailed the flight of the young ladies upon the appearance of my sable ally, and Dinah's indignation and disappointment, his mirth conquered his ill-humor, and he laughed until the tears ran from his eyes. When he reached this placable frame of mind I seized the opportunity to make my apologies and my adieu. But he would not hear of my departure, and gave me an invitation *in propriâ persona*, which after some hesitation, I accepted.

Never did a more embarrassed party assemble round a tea-table than we. I could see that my amiable hostess's feelings of propriety were outraged, although she was studiously polite, and that even the irrepressible Bob was in a state of dumb mystification. After a glance at the downcast

eyes and flushed cheeks of the younger members of the party, my jolly host went off into such an infectious fit of laughter, that one by one we joined in, and it was long ere, with wet eyes and aching sides, we could pay any attention to the good things spread before us. After such a community of feeling it was impossible that restraint should be observed; and each fresh allusion, however remote, to 'rosebuds,' 'darkies,' or 'matrimonial advertisements,' crimsoned the cheeks of the young ladies, and provoked a fresh explosion of laughter. To cap the climax, Dinah appeared at the door, her face shining with irrepressible glee, and conveyed the information that 'dat fat ole colored gemman was in de kitchen waiting for de Boss,'—a piece of malicious fun on the part of my host, who had sent for him in order to tease us still further. He was merciful, however, and gave Dinah instructions to entertain him; and that she did so was presently perceptible from the chorus of cachinnation which arose from the kitchen. For my part, my native modesty soon enabled me to bear my part in the fun, and from that day to this I have never had occasion to regret the time when I became 'Personal.'

S.

TIME.

Beneath yon star's entrancing smile,
Each dancing billow curls its crest,
And sparkling o'er the river's breast,
With gems, it murmurs all the while,

Sweet sounds, as if some woodland lyre,
By fairy finger swept, had thrilled
The woods and flow'ry vales, and filled
The Dryad's heart with mystic fire.

A pathos, sad as Nature's sighs,
Breathes thro' the river's requiem,
As, glittering like some Orient gem,
The billow heaves, and breaks, and dies.

But scarce the moon has time to beam
Upon its foam one smiling ray,
Until upon another play
The beauties of her diamond gleam.

And so, on Time's tempestuous sea,
Like wavelets on the river's breast,
We rise, but soon we sink to rest,
Beneath a vast eternity.

But while the swelling billows roll
Across life's heaving restless sea,
They glow with immortality,
For every billow has a soul.

R. MARVIN SEATON.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

III.

VANESSA.

FROM the time Swift took possession of his living of Laracor, he spent part of every year there, till in 1710, he went over to England as commissioner for the remission of first fruits to the Irish clergy, and remained to take revenge on his whig friends, for the neglect with which they had treated him, by devoting his unrivalled powers of wit and argument to the support of the Tories.

Laracor is within two miles of the town of Trim, in the county of Meath, and is surrounded by a flat uninteresting bit of country, with hardly a tree to break the monotony of the landscape. The old church, a barn-like, dilapidated building, stood on a slightly rising ground at the junction of four cross-roads. Opposite the church, with the high-road between, was the vicarage, a wretched abode, unfit for decent habitation. A little river or brook crossed the road just below, and formed the boundary of the one acre of glebe land. There was no village, but a few scattered cabins were near. The whole place must have had an utterly forlorn and neglected aspect to Swift, and he is said to have showed great disgust and indignation on first seeing it. Some of the most picturesque scenery in Ireland is in the neighbourhood of Trim, but for picturesque scenery Swift cared little, though he celebrated the rocks of Carbery in some Latin verses which have been much criticised for their bad prosody. He desired comfort in the English sense, including such beauty as neatness, order, and cultivation produce. Accordingly he set to work at once to improve and repair the church, enclosing the church-yard with a a stone wall. He built a neat parsonage and laid out a garden after the fashion of the garden at Moor Park. He transformed the wild Irish river into a formal Dutch canal, confining its lawless waters within artificial boundaries, and forming a terrace walk on its banks, sheltered by double rows of willows, planted out apple and cherry trees, stocked the canal with fish, and looked with pride and pleasure on the change from ruin and desolation to well ordered neatness, taste, and comfort which his labours had achieved. In the midst of his greatest political excitements in London he had anxious thoughts to spare for his fish-ponds and apple-blossoms; and when he dined with Addison's sister and her husband, who was a prebend of Westminster, though he admired their house and garden as a delightful retreat, he told Esther Johnson it seemed to him a sort of monastic life in those cloisters, and that he liked the open freshness and freedom of Laracor better. Few memorials of him, or his work, are to be found there now. The church he repaired, the vicarage he built, the garden he planted, his fruit-trees and fish-ponds, even his canal with its bordering willows, are all gone. Only the gable wall of the old vicarage is still allowed to stand, 'gaunt and solitary, in compliment to the *genius loci*,' and near it bubbles up, clear and sparkling as ever, the crystal spring which Swift used to call 'his cellar at Laracor that never went dry,' and to which the people in the neighbourhood still give the name of the Dean's well.

Notwithstanding the taste for gardening he had acquired from Sir William Temple, and the pleasure he felt in good husbandry, thrift, and economy, and though he had at Laracor the constant companionship of her whose conversation he used to declare alone made life tolerable to him—

> 'The fairest garden in her looks,
> And in her mind the wisest books,'—

it is not possible to imagine Swift satisfied or at peace in retirement. Power was his chief good, and the electric flash and sparkle of wit meeting wit his greatest enjoyment, and while busy scouring his canal, strengthening its banks, and trans-

planting his willows, with Esther Johnson looking on, unsatisfied ambition gnawed at his heart. But to Esther the days spent at Laracor must have been some of the happiest of her life. When Swift went there she and Mrs. Dingley accompanied, or followed him: though, in accordance with the system he had adopted, they never stayed with him at the vicarage, but generally occupied a farm-house about half a mile away, the site of which is now marked on the ordnance survey of Meath, by the name of 'Stella.' Sometimes they had lodgings in the town of Trim, or were the guests of Dr. Raymond and his wife. Dr. Raymond was vicar of Trim, a worthy but commonplace man, whose bad grammar has come down to us in Swift's Journal, where so much of the small beer of existence is chronicled, in curious contrast to the exciting stimulants of the grand historic life in which he was then so prominent a figure. Confessing to Esther that he cannot read what he has just written, he adds—'But you are more used to it *nor* I, as Dr. Raymond would say.' The Doctor was in London during Swift's famous time, and innocently made himself troublesome to his great friend, by visiting him too often of an evening. Swift used to order his man Patrick, 'who was as expert at denying as Harley's porter himself,' to say he was not within, and this made him a little melancholy and penitent when he was writing to Esther Johnson after the good, easy doctor had gone back to Trim. He complains that Mrs. Raymond, like his 'Dublin friend and gossip,' Mrs. Walls, has too many babies, and wishes them well out of the world as soon as christened; apparently not having yet thought of utilising them in the way afterwards described in his 'Modest Proposal.' He has a poor opinion of Mrs. Raymond's conversational powers, and when he pities Mrs. Long for having to leave the brilliant society of London, and live in a stupid country town, he says—'It is just such a change as if Pdfr [Swift] should be banished from Ppt [Esther Johnson], and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond."

Esther has other friends in Trim, Joe Beaumont and his wife, and Joe is very far from being commonplace, but, on the contrary, is quaint and full of character, something of a genius and more of an oddity, simple and single-minded, and a great favourite with Swift. Joe Beaumont, Mrs. Raymond, Esther Johnson, and Dr. Walls are all living now in Swift's amusing *jeu d'esprit*, 'The Little House at Castleknock.' This was a small dwelling which Archdeacon Walls, who was Vicar of Castleknock, inhabited when he came from Dublin to perform service in the church. Swift supposes it to be built of the stones and rubbish blown down from the top of the church steeple in a high wind:

> 'If any stranger should inquire
> Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
> The grey old fellow poet Joe
> The philosophic cause will show.'

The little house is so small that horsemen ride over it, and crows and blackbirds mistake it for a bird's nest. The Vicar can only enter by creeping, and then has to sit with his knees up to his chin,—

> 'And smokes a pipe, and takes a whet,
> Till his small ragged flock are met.'

Swift's curate, Mr. Warburton, thinks it must have been intended for a dove-cote, or an oven,

> 'To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in,'

> 'Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
> And every one was pleased that heard it;
> The thing you make this fuss about
> Is just a still without a spout.'

One day Mrs. Raymond and her children pass by the liliputian mansion:

> 'The doctor's family came by
> And little miss began to cry—
> Give me that thing in my own hand!
> Then madam bade the chariot stand,
> Called to the clerk in manner mild,
> Pray reach that thing here to the child.
> That thing I mean among the kale,—
> And here's to buy a pot of ale.
>
> Then cried the clerk all in a heat,
> What! sell my master's country-seat,
> Where he comes every week from town?
> Why, he wouldn't sell it for a crown!'

[Having always a curate resident at Laracor, and a congregation of only half a score, 'gentle and simple, all of them gentle, and most of them simple,' Swift's clerical duties were light, and chiefly consisted in preaching every alternate Sunday with the curate. He spent his time studying, gardening, and improving his small property, which he increased to twenty acres; taking long rides and walks, and

visiting the few gentry in the neighbourhood; dining with the Raymonds, and playing ombre or piquet with them and Esther Johnson in the evening; making poems and old 'proverbs,' and writing pleasant trifles, such as 'The Little House at Castleknock,' to amuse himself and his friends. 'I should be plaguy busy if I was at Laracor now,' he writes from London in the spring, 'cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing.' He was fond of fishing, remembering all his life his bitter disappointment when a big trout which he had nearly landed dropped of his hook into the water,—'a type of all my future disappointments,' he calls it,—and at Laracor he had great trout and eel fishings with Esther Johnson and their friends from Trim. At Laracor Esther could share in all his occupations and amusements, and in after years his journal is full of allusions to their companionship there. He reminds her how she and Joe Beaumont used to come riding out of Trim so early that they would catch him in his morning gown in the garden, and then they would all go up the hill of Bree and round by Scurlock's town. 'I' faith,' he says, 'those ridings at Laracor give me short sighs! All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those!'

When Swift paid his annual visit to England, Esther and Mrs. Dingley generally stayed in Dublin, 'with their club of Walls's, and Stoytes, and Manleys, and Dean Sterne;' or took little trips to Donnybrook or some other country place near town, with some of their friends of the club; or went on a visit to the Bishop of Clogher and his wife, at Clogher or Finglas, 'Ppt riding, and DD going in a coach.' Three times after they went to live in Ireland, Esther and her companions were in London with Swift: once in 1705, soon after Tisdall's dismissal, again in 1707, and for the last time in 1709. 'Mrs. Johnson is well,' Swift wrote to Archdeacon Walls, 'but cannot make a pun for her weight in gold.' And in a letter to Dean Sterne, he tells him that the little dog Esther had brought over with her liked London much, but Greenwich Park better, 'where we can hardly keep him from hunting down the deer!'

But great political changes were now in progress, involving results of paramount importance, not only to the larger life of Europe, but to the little life of Esther Johnson. The Whig ministry from which Swift had expected, and, as he believed, deserved so much, and received so little, was now rapidly collapsing. After a weary time of waiting and suspense, Swift returned to Ireland, taking with him a small volume of French religious poetry which he had asked Lord Halifax to give him, and on the fly-leaf of which he afterwards wrote that it was the only favour he had ever received from him and his party. From his Vicarage of Laracor Swift watched the fall of his former friends with silent satisfaction, and nourished hopes of meeting with better treatment from the party rising into power. 'I hope to see you ere it be long,' he wrote to his London publisher in the summer of 1710, 'since it is likely to be a new world, and I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old.' Two months later he wrote to Addison with what Scott calls, in Swift's own phrase, some 'refinement,' namely some reserve and evasion, as to his changed purposes and policy, even affecting to be in doubt whether he should go to England at all, though he was then only waiting for his commission from the Irish Bishops. 'I will apply to Mr. Harley,' he wrote to Archbishop King, the day after he arrived in London; 'he formerly made some advances to me, and will, I believe, unless he be altered, think himself in the right to use me well.'

On the 9th of September, 1710, Swift began that series of letters, addressed to Esther Johnson and her inseparable companion, Mrs. Dingley, known as the Journal to Stella; a misnomer not likely to be altered, though we have learned from Mr. Forster that the name by which Esther is eternally connected with Swift had not then been given to her. No doubt she had many other letters from him, both before and after, but all are lost to us forever except these which he got back from her to help his memory when he was writing his 'History of the Peace of Utrecht,' and which were either given to friends before his death, or found among his papers afterwards. This journal is continued through the three memorable years of his greatest fame and power in England, and only ends when with suppressed, but bitter rage and mortification, he went back to Ireland to

take possession of the Deanery he had been forced to accept instead of the Bishopric he had so long coveted. Many of the original letters have disappeared, though not before they had been published in an imperfect and garbled manner, but some of the later ones, endorsed by Esther Johnson with the date on which they were received, are still preserved in the British Museum. 'This extraordinary diary,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is addressed ostensibly to Mrs. Dingley as well as to Stella, but there is no doubt that all the unbounded confidence and tenderness it exhibits were addressed to the latter alone. It is a wonderful medley, in which grave reflections and important facts are, at random, intermingled with trivial occurrences, and the peurile jargon of the most intimate tenderness.'

Nothing is concealed or disguised, but everything is expressed as spontaneously as the thought rises in his mind. 'Pshaw! what's all this I am saying,' he cries out as if speaking aloud, 'methinks I am talking to Ppt face to face.'

Much of this Journal was written in the 'little language' in which Swift and Esther Johnson habitually talked to each other, but as his early editors considered this fantastic gibberish beneath the dignity of biography, they either omitted it altogether, or indicated it by an occasional word or letter; and instead of allowing the initials Pdfr and Ppt, by which Swift designated himself and Esther, to remain, they substituted the names of Presto and Stella, which never once occur in the manuscripts. By a careful and laborious examination of the original letters, often very hard to decipher, Mr. Forster succeeded in restoring many of the suppressed and misprinted passages, and in giving a fuller and more accurate key to the little language than has ever before been given. Pdfr, with its variation of Podefar, means poor, dear, foolish rogue, and always stands for Swift. Ppt, perhaps signifying Poppet, but more likely Poor, pretty thing, stands for Esther Johnson. MD is supposed to mean my dear, and generally signifies Esther with her *alter ego*, Mrs. Dingley, included, but it sometimes means Esther alone. D, and DD, mean Dingley and Dear Dingley, who is also designated by M E, the initials of Madame Elderly. F W sometimes means Foolish Wench, and sometimes many times repeated signifies Farewell. Lele is supposed to have various meanings, but usually signifies 'truly, truly,' and 'there, there,' repeated again and again. There are other words in the little language which even Mr. Forster failed to interpret, but its imitation of a child's broken talk are, of course, easily understood.

With the 'grave reflections and important facts' contained in the Journal we have not now much to do, but something of the tender, caressing love for Esther Johnson with which it overflows, and the fanciful jargon in which the love is expressed, is necessary in even the briefest account of the relation between this extraordinary man, the strongest and most masculine intellect of his age, and the woman whom he said he loved and valued more than the whole world.

And surely their never were such love letters as these. So fantastic and eccentric, so spontaneous and unstudied, so full of memories of the past and anticipations of the future, of hopes, and fears, and longings, and pious prayers, and above all, of a tender fondness which can only find expression in loving reiterations of the 'little language,' and its symbolical letters repeated over and over again. 'Do you know what,' he says, 'when I am writing in our language I make up my month just as if I were speaking it. I caught myself at it just now.' M. Taine, the great French critic, says that in the Journal to Stella, 'there is a sort of imperious austerity, and his compliments are those of a master to a child.' The imperiousness is there, no doubt; Swift was eminently a masterful man; but that made his tenderness all the more fascinating to the woman who loved him, and who knew how sweet for her was the kernel that lay beneath the austere rind. As to compliments, nothing of the kind ever passed between Swift and Esther Johnson. His love and confidence were shown to her as much in his 'roguish' banter, his playful scoldings, his jokes and jests, as by his serious expressions of esteem and affection; and Esther thoroughly understood him, as love understands, and responded sympathetically to all his moods. He delights in teasing her about her bad puns and bad spelling, her femine fondness for italics, her losses at cards, and what it cost her to be godmother to Goody Walls's babies. He pretends that she forgot to bring away his

portrait when she moved into her new lodgings, and warns her not to hang it where chairs and candles and mop-sticks will spoil it. He scolds her for her laziness about riding and walking. 'Have you the horse in town,' he asks, 'and do you ever ride him? How often? Confess now. Ahhh! sirrah! have I caught you? Oh, faith,' he says, 'he will find pretty doings when he goes home. Let her not play her saucy tricks on him or he will break her head and bang her bones, the hussy!' It is a wonder that after reading this, M. Taine did not accuse him of beating her.

Every night when he comes home from dining with great statesmen or nobles or greater wits, he writes some notice of the day's doings for little M D before he goes to sleep. He tells her where he has been, with whom he has dined, and very often what he has had for dinner; of St. John, when in 'a desperate drinking humour,' making him sit up with him till two in the morning, and never letting him look at his watch; of the bowl of punch he shared with Steele and some 'scurvy company;' of the cold pie he had at Prior's which made him sick. In the morning before he gets out of bed a word or two must be added 'fresh and fasting, for if he can only say M D is a dear saucy rogue, what then? Pdfr loves her the better for that. Oh, silly!' he breaks out, 'how I prate. I cannot get away from this little M D of a morning. Let me go, will you, and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper, but I cannot and will not stay longer now. No, I will not, for all your wheedling. No, no, look off; do not smile at me, and say, Pray, pray, Pdfr, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut—you be so. Nay, but turn thee about, and *let* me go. Do, it is a good girl, and do!'

As 'hope saved,' (as he hopes to be saved) 'nothing gives him any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest M D. He loves the expectation of it, and when it doesn't come, he comforts himself that he has the hope of it yet to make him happy. Yes, faith, and when he is writing to M D he is happy, too. It is just as if methought she was here, and he prating to her, and telling her where he had been. "Well, now," says she, "Pdfr, where have you been to-day? Come, now, let us hear." Saucebox! that she must know each day and every day where he dines. What a stir and a clatter with this little M D' 'No, no indeed,' he says again, 'M D must wait. By and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then. So there—now to business. There, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—so. When I get into bed I will talk more to you.' 'For it was a maxim as old as the hills that you must always write to your M Ds in bed.' And always before he lays down his pen comes a string of mysterious looking letters, each one bearing some fond message to his little M D. 'And now I must bid oo farewell, deelest michar, Ppt. God bless oo ever, and love Pdfr, poo Pdfr. M D M D M D M D, F W F W F W F W, M E M E M E, Lele, lele, lele!'

Three things he is continually urging her to do, to read, walk, and ride on horseback. 'If I was with you, Ppt, I'd make you walk. I'd walk behind or before you, and you should have a mask, and be tucked up like anything. And Ppt is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm. Methinks I see her strut and step clever over a kennel. And Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up, but she is so embroiled and so fearful, and Ppt scolds, and Dingley stumbles and is so draggled.

Always writing to little M D he takes part in all her life and 'tonvelsason' (conversation) as if he were beside her. He follows her in fancy to Dean Sterne's, or wherever she may be. He stands behind her chair, and watches her play at ombre or piquet,; he tells her where she had played a wrong card, and how she might have done better—'You lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, oo Ppt. Yes, you did, and Pdfr sat in the corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio, basto, and two small diamonds? And now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eightpence halfpenny towards your loss.'

Another day he walks into her lodgings, and sends her out for a long country ride, as no doubt he had often actually done. 'Ppt can't stay writing, and writing. She must ride and go a-cock-horse; pray now! Well, but the horses are not come to the

door; the fellow can't find the bridles; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marget where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's riband to tie about her waist? "Reach me my mask." "Sup up this before you go." So, so! a gallop, a gallop! Sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Ppt is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? And what news is that you are to tell me?..... O Madam Ppt, welcome home! Was it pleasant riding? Did your horse stumble? How often did the man light to settle your stirrup? Ride nine miles? I'faith you have galloped, indeed!'

But had her horse, indeed, been stumbling? He always doubted that horse of hers, and he would never be easy till he was out of her hands. She must sell him and buy another which must be a present from himself. He had been dreaming of horses stumbling ever since her letters. Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had told him that her head and eyes were ill, and he would have been well-nigh distracted if he had not just heard from her. He wished Smyth was hanged, for he had been dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of Ppt, poor dear life, and grieving and crying all night. 'Pshaw! it is foolish; I will rise and divert myself; so good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep you!' Dingley was to be sure and tell him how Ppt looked. Was she a handsome young woman still? Would she pass in a crowd? Would she make a figure in a country church? And can she read that writing of his without hurting her dear eyes? Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Ppt. She mustn't vex herself about writing till they are better. Couldn't she dictate and let Dingley write, and not strain her little dear eyes. If she must write let her shut her eyes and write just a line and no more; just a crumb to show she remembers poor Pdfr. How do you do, Mrs. Ppt? That was written with his eyes shut. I'faith he thought it better than when they were open. 'Heigh!' he exclaims, 'do oo write by sandle light? Nauti-nauti-nauti-nauti dallar a hundred times for doing so!' Did she see that he had been mending in his writing to save her eyes? But faith, when Ppt's eyes were well he hoped to write as bad as ever!

And how did they relish what he had written last night about state affairs? Why, anything that came from Pdfr was welcome, though really if they had their choice, to confess the truth, not to disguise the matter, they had rather ——. Now, Pdfr, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Ppt. That is but one body's opinion, madam.

Having early learned to be a Whig, and having much admiration for Addison and Steele and their writings, she seems to have shown some uneasiness when she found that he was going over to the Tories, and that a coolness was growing up between him and Addison. This rather vexes Swift, but he knows how apt she is at learning whatever lesson he chooses to teach her. 'I never knew,' he says, 'whether M D were whigs or tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. But I have a fancy that Ppt is a tory, and a violent one, and D D a sort of a trimmer. Well, but if she liked politics he would scatter a little now and then, and his were all fresh from the chief hands. Indeed, he has been wondering he did not write more politics to her, for he could make her the profoundest politician in all the lane. She was to get the Examiners and read them, especially the last nine or ten. He had not been writing much else, and she was mistaken in her guesses about Tatlers. Harley had asked him to give no more help to Steele, and he had promised to write no more Tatlers. 'This is a secret, though, Madam Ppt.' The distinction he makes here between Ppt and D D is delightful. Dingley may be a trimmer, but now that he has joined the Tories, Ppt must have been one always!

He talks continually of his garden at Laracor, his apple and cherry trees, his canal and his willows. He wishes he was there with his deelest, deelest michar M D. As hope saved, poor Pdfr has not had one happy day since he left them. He hopes they will go to Trim and visit Laracor and tell him how everything is looking. 'Won't oo go to see poo Laratol?' he entreats, in the little language which no doubt he always found so persuasive. So spontaneously does it flow from his pen when he writes to Esther, though no trace of it is to be found in any other of his writings, that when he tells her of the death of Sir Richard Cox he finds himself using it before he knows what he is doing. 'Faith, I

could hardly forbear our language about a nasty dead Chancellor, as you may see by the blot.' He sends her from London the same Christmas greetings with which he used to startle her in her childish days, when he stole upon her on tiptoe to 'say it first.' 'Melly happy Tismasses! Melly Tismass! I said it first. I did! I wish it a sousand times zoth with halt and soul.' And then he prays that they may never again be so much as ten days asunder, and may spend many and many a happy Christmas together in some pretty place. And so the sense and nonsense, comments on public events, sketches of character, and bits of trivial gossip run on, the silken string of his love for Esther Johnson winding through all. The famous men and women of Queen Anne's reign pass over his pages, jostled by his drunken man Patrick, and 'that beast Ferris, formerly Lord Berkeley Steward, a scoundrel dog;' the first night of Addison's Cato, and the publication of 'Mr. Pope's fine poem of Windsor Forest,' are duly recorded; and so are the lumps of coal he took off the fire, which 'that extravagant dog, Patrick,' had put on, and his dinner upon three mutton chops at a 'blind chop-house.' And among all the motley and incongruous scenes and people he writes about, Esther Johnson moves softly and silently with graceful step, and pale, beautiful face, unseen and unthought of by the men and women whose names are famous in history, and amidst whom Swift carried her beloved image, but as living a presence for us now as any of them. Night after night the diary closes with the same magic formula of good night and farewell; the same in substance though continually changing in the order of its cabalistic letters and mystic words. 'Farewell, deelest, deelest M D, and love Pdfr dearly, dearly. Farewell M D M D M D, F W F W F W, M L M L M L. Lele Lele Lele, Lele Lele and Lele and Lele adeu.'

'Such letters from such a man,' says Mr. Forster, 'were no ordinary tribute; but far beyond the magnitude or the interest of the incidents related, was the personal spell exerted over Esther herself. To the girl who from her childhood had known the writer as playfellow, teacher, friend, and companion, their thousand innocent, half-childish, fantastic, fascinating touches of personal attachment may well have come to represent the charm and the sufficiency of life.'

That Swift's attachment and the letters in which, during his absence, he talked to little M D, constituted the charm of her life we may be certain, but we must doubt their 'sufficiency,' or power to exclude the doubts and fears and unsatisfied longings with which a tie so close and near, and yet not close and near enough to give her the right of sharing his life openly and being always at his side, must have constantly agitated and oppressed her. When a woman has sunk her own individuality in that of some beloved one, when her heart and soul are absorbed in his, she desires to be in all things the true partner of his existence, and failing in this, her life must be one continued regret and longing, however bravely concealed or cheerfully borne. Certainly such a love as this is rare, but so are such characters as Swift and Esther Johnson, and the circumstances that had bound them together. And as the months and years rolled on, and Swift still lingered in London, other pangs were added to those of separation. She was dimly and gradually becoming conscious of an influence and an attraction coming between her and him, a cloud rising at first no bigger than a woman's hand, but destined to cast a shadow over all her future life. This influence and attraction, this cloud and shadow, came from a new friend and pupil of Swift's, Esther Vanhomrigh, better known by the name of Vanessa, which Swift formed out of the first syllables of her two names, and conferred upon her.

The father of Miss Vanhomrigh was a Dutch merchant, who had received lucrative employments from King William; her mother was the daughter of Commissioner Stone. At her husband's death, Mrs. Vanhomrigh settled in London, living in fashionable style and mixing in the best society; and in the spring of 1709 Swift was introduced to her by Sir Andrew Fountaine. Her eldest daughter was then seventeen, and apparently began a correspondence with Swift soon after their acquaintance commenced, for in a list of letters received by him in the summer of that year, is one from 'Miss Nessy,' the name by which, according to his custom of giving pet names to favourites, he then designated the future Vanessa. On his return to London in 1710

his intimacy with the Vanhomrighs rapidly increased. He took lodgings, 'handsome, but plaguy expensive,' within two doors of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house, and from that time—'dined with Mrs. Van' becomes a frequent entry in his journal. In his poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' Swift describes Vanessa as having been adorned by Venus with every feminine beauty and charm, while Minerva had endowed her with the highest intellectual gifts and the noblest virtues. Lord Orrery, in his 'Memoirs of Swift,' says she was not handsome, but many of his statements about her are supposed to have been founded on malicious gossip and to be wholly unworthy of credit. Later writers speak of her as beautiful, but there seems no authority for doing so, except Swift's poetical description. It is certain that she was enthusiastic and impassioned, fond of poetry and literature, and possessed of talents of a high order. Swift's fame and genius naturally excited and impressed the imagination of such a girl. He was then in the prime of life, manly and handsome in face and figure, and the fascination of his powerful personality, aided by a lively, engaging manner, in which brilliant wit and playful humour were made all the more attractive by occasional *brusquerie*, and sudden startling glimpses of the fire and passion lying beneath, was now at its height. It is easy to imagine what followed. Miss Vanhomrigh showed her admiration for his genius, and Swift, flattered by the homage of a girl of fortune and fashion, who had at least the beauty of youth, and the charms of an accomplished and appreciative mind, paid her in return particular attention, found her conversation more and more agreeable, and by degrees established himself as the director and companion of her studies.

In 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' written in 1714, at Windsor (where he was probably staying with Pope), Swift has told the story of Vanessa's love.

> 'Vanessa, by the Gods enrolled;
> Her name on earth was never told.'

Cadenus is, of course, an anagram of Decanus, Swift having been appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, a short time before; and it was probably the prospect of his leaving England that had driven Vanessa to desperation, and forced her into a confession of the passion with which she seems to have been as completely possessed as any tragic victim of Venus when the ancient gods were still supreme. The poem is supposed to have been written to cure Miss Vanhomrigh of her infatuation, by showing her its hopelessness as well as its absurdity, without too severely mortifying her vanity or wounding her susceptibility. But on any woman capable of appreciating the exquisite flattery it contains, it was much more likely to have the contrary effect. The lines in the beginning, describing love as it existed in a purer age, could only make her more anxious to realize such an ideal with one who was so capable of imagining it:

> 'A fire celestial, chaste, refined,
> Conceived and kindled in the mind,
> Which, having found an equal flame,
> Unites and both become the same,
> In different breasts together burn,
> Together both to ashes turn.'

The compliments to her beauty, her feminine grace and goodness, her masculine sense and understanding, her purity and dignity of character, could not have been surpassed by the most impassioned lover; and one little Swiftian touch, the slight blemish admitted, to give an air of reality to the picture, seemed only to prove the sincerity of the painter. He makes Pallas

> 'Infuse, yet as it were by stealth,
> Some small regard for state and wealth.
> She managed her estate with care,
> But liked three footmen to her chair.'

George Eliot's descriptions are not more graphic than the picture Swift gives of the surprise and disdain with which the secluded and studious girl, modest and something shy, on first entering society finds herself surrounded by the frivolous, fluttering, vicious fops and fools of fashion;—the silent scorn with which she hears the empty talk and 'cant' compliments of the men; the disgust and shame she feels at the silly chatter and scandal of the women:

> 'Yet some of either sex endow'd
> With gifts superior to the crowd,
> With virtue, knowledge, taste and wit
> She condescended to admit.
> All humble worth she strove to raise
> Would not be prais'd, but lov'd to praise.

'The learned met with free approach
Although they came not in a coach.
Some clergy, too, she would allow,
Nor quarreled with their awkward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownsman of a different make.

'Vanessa, not in years a score,
Sighs for a gown of forty-four,
Imaginary charms can find,
In eyes with reading almost blind,
She fancies music in his tongue,
No farther looks, but thinks him young.'

When, at last, she confesses her passion, her tutor is as much astonished as if he had never heard of Eloisa:

'Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
His thoughts had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew till he was told,
Whether the nymph was young or old.'

At first he affects to take the matter as a joke, but she compels him to treat it seriously. Reason and virtue, she says, have guided her to love, and all the learning, wit, and wisdom he has taught her to admire in books, all the godlike virtues she had learned from him to adore in the great men of old, she has found concentrated in Cadenus:

'If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd and wise;
If such an author were alive
How all would for his friendship strive;
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author and the friend.
The utmost her desires can reach
Is but to learn what he can teach,
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame.
And though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came he could not tell,
But sure she never talked so well.'

Love he cannot give her, but he offers her a devoted and lasting friendship instead:

'Love why do we one passion call
When 'tis a compound of them all,
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return.
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem,
With that devotion we bestow
When goddesses appear below.'

Vanessa begs a truce to those sublime conceits only fit for the romances he had taught her to despise. Since he has chosen to abdicate the master's throne, and has placed her on so lofty an eminence above him, it is now his place to learn from her:

'She hopes he will not think it strange
If both should now their stations change:
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor, and the pupil he.'

The whole poem is extremely clever, and too much neglected by readers of the present day; but our extracts must conclude with the celebrated lines which Swift's apologists have always found so difficult to reconcile with their theory of his persistent coldness to Vanessa:

'But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph to please her swain
Talks in the high romantic strain,
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends,
Or to compound the business whether
They temper love and books together,
Must never to mankind be told
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.'

The facts seem to be that Vanessa became passionately attached to Swift, and satisfied from the pleasure he showed in her society, and the interest he took in her studies, that her love was returned, believed that he was only waiting for the church preferment he expected to ask her to be his wife. Therefore, when he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's, and she saw him leaving England without having spoken a word of love or marriage, her disappointment and despair swept away all reserve, and all her love was revealed. In spite of his attempt to exculpate himself in 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' few will doubt that Swift was not only well aware of Miss Vanhomrigh's romantic devotion, but had encouraged it as far as the office of tutor and mentor which he had assumed permitted; yet we may also believe that his distress and annoyance were very great when he found how violent and uncontrollable was the passion he had excited. He offered her the same exalted

and constant friendship which he had before offered to Esther Johnson, but with a very different result. Esther had been brought up in a dependant and subordinate situation, and had early learned obedience, submission, and self-control. Miss Vanhomrigh had a position in society, was an heiress and a *belle esprit* if not a beauty, accustomed to be considered and to have a will of her own. Esther Johnson was docile and yielding; Miss Vanhomrigh high-spirited and headstrong. Besides, his little pupil of Moss Park had been wholly formed and moulded by Swift, and looked at all things through the medium in which they were presented to her by him; while, however eagerly Miss Vanhomrigh accepted his theories and adopted his opinions, her real character, which was as vehement and determined as his own, was not to be changed by his teaching, nor her passions controlled by his will. Hence arose the strange contest between love and friendship recorded in 'Cadenus and Vanessa,'—a contest which their correspondence shows to have really existed between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh. By alternate flattery and reproof, soothing and severity, by reasoning, remonstrance, and entreaty, Swift endeavoured to make her contented with the friendship, esteem, and regard which were all he could give her; while Vanessa, once the violence of her passion had overcome her womanly reticence, sought by eloquent arguments, pathetic complaints, and passionate prayers, to win some warmer response to the love that possessed her whole being.

'Oh!' she exclaims, after an impassioned entreaty that Swift would visit her oftener, 'Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live.'

LOUISA MURRAY.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

SPRING'S HERALD.

SHARP is the frost, the Northern Light
Flickers and shoots its streamers bright;

Snow-drifts cumber the untracked road;
Bends the pine with its heavy load;

Each small star, though it shines so bright,
Looks half pinched with the cold to-night,

Longing after its summer skies
Where it swam, soft as angel's eyes.

All its feathers fluffed up with cold,
Stiffened claws that can barely hold

The swinging branch of the ice-clad tree,—
Wonderful bird! dost thou sing for glee?

Comes its answer,—I sing, I sing,
News of the summer and sun to bring,

Thoughts of the past spring, hopes of the new,
Scents of the flowers and snatches of blue,

To soothe the grass and comfort the root
Till the slow sap stirs beneath my foot;

I sing, and my song is not sung in vain,
See! one snow-crystal dissolved to rain,

Winter's sorrows had stiffened your face
Now, warm tears melt you a little space,

Soon your tears will depart again,
Frost will follow the short-lived rain,

Winter will still this swelling throat,
Cold snow smother this piercing note,

Earth will forget the message I bring,
I shall be dead,—but I sing! I sing!

* * * *

Rose the wind, and the drifting snow
Slowly over the fence doth go,

Rose the snow like a ghost in pain,
Sinking back to its rest again.

Slowly the stars rise, one by one,
Rise and sink till the night is done.

Came the shuddering dawn of day
But the singing had died away,

The frozen bird on the frozen bough
Perched, and its singing was silenced now.

Silenced;—and yet when the wind is still
And the pines make music along the hill,

When the new-blown snow in the light of day
Glistens as naught but the new snow may,

When the warm breath stiffens upon the cheek
And the cold cuts short half the words we speak,

When the ice is a good foot thick or more,
And we hear the voice on the other shore,

Then,—for all that the bird is dead,
And its thrilling love-song silenced,—

We hear its voice from the frozen bough.
Listen! and you may hear it now!

* * * *

Each good deed and each sweet true song
Finds an echo our whole life long.

F. R.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED.*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.—POOR ANGELO.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUSINESS-LIKE TO THE LAST.

THE long wail of despair which followed Brian's reply to his sister's question, the look of horror on Dorcas Halfday's face, the sudden prostration of strength which left the woman helpless, were all evidence of danger to the invalid.

Brian drew a short, quick breath of surprise, and then lay and considered the position with his gaze directed towards the miserable Dorcas.

'I have been poisoned then?' he said very calmly at last.

Dorcas crouched down upon the damp floor of the cabin, and turned her face away from him.

'Yes,' she answered; 'oh! God forgive us all—yes.'

'By your husband?'

'It was my fault,' she murmured. 'I had been carrying poison with me ever since I had grown jealous of my husband, and if I had failed in my revenge upon the woman, if it had been as bad as I had suspected, I should have drunk it. I told Michael so to-night, and he took the poison from me.'

'And put it into that water-bottle,' said Brian, 'which I have just emptied of its contents. What poison was it?'

Brian had become very cool and grave; he was face to face with death, he saw, and would have met it shortly—this was the end of his existence and his vain ambitions. He had passed from one danger to another and his enemies had been too strong for him, but the worst being come, the prospect did not daunt him. He had done no harm to man or woman in his day, he had striven more than once to effect some good, and his nerves were quickly steeled to the inevitable like the brave man at heart that he was.

Dorcas told him what poison she had purchased by small instalments of various druggists in the town, and what excuses she had made for procuring it, and he listened to her with attention.

"It is a poison sure enough in its effect," he said very calmly, 'but it will give me an hour or two's grace—for which I am thankful.'

'But will you not do something at once? Cannot something be done—oh! my poor Brian,' cried Dorcas, wringing her hands, 'you will not die without an effort to save yourself?'

'There is no doctor on board,' he replied; 'I am too weak for violent remedies, and I will not chance further prostration with important business to transact. I have work to do that requires a steady brain, Dorcas, and you must help me.'

'Oh! I cannot do anything, I am going mad,' cried Dorcas.

'Try and be calm to oblige me,' he said sternly now, 'unless you are thinking of your husband's position rather than of mine?"

'No,—he is a villian,' she said, shuddering; 'I will not think of him—I will not care for him again. Although,' she added, with a strange leap towards the extenuating circumstances—such as they were—of the case, 'he grew alarmed just now, and told me to come and save you. He did indeed, Brian. It was a moment's impulse that made him put the poison in the water; he had not brought it with him; he had no intention of harming you half-an-hour ago —he——"

'Let the scoundrel be. We will talk of him presently, if there's time,' said Brian more restlessly. 'Tom,' to the lad who was standing open-mouthed and terror-stricken, 'find me pen, ink, and paper, there's a good-fellow and look sharp about it.'

The boy, released from the spell that had

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

oppressed him, rushed from the cabin to the deck, but with no intention of procuring the writing materials which Brian had asked for, and which were already in the cabin itself. There had been murder doing, now there was justice to be done, and the crew to consult; the victim had been kind and grateful for his rough care of him, and Tom had learned to like Brian very much. The boy's excitement, once loosed, was intense, and was quickly communicated to the crew, who saw at once the extra responsibility incurred by the desperate action of Michael Sewell.

Brian waited impatiently for the pen and ink, listened to the scuffling of heavily-shod feet above deck, and the angry roar of many voices, and speculated as to the cause of the uproar. He had not thought of the lad's communicating the facts to the sailors until the boy's return, when he was accompanied by the captain of the collier, and one or two of the crew, who came tumbling down the stairs together.

'Is it true—has he poisoned you? How did he do it?' were the questions hurled at Brian.

'It is quite true. Don't make any more noise than you can help,' answered Brian, 'don't disturb me longer than you can help either.'

'He shall swing for it,' cried the captain, with one or two strong oaths; 'we've tied him hand and foot, and he don't stir again till we hand him over to the police at Bridlington. We've had enough of that fellow; he's brought a sight of trouble on the lot of us, and I don't see the end of it yet.'

'Get me pen, ink, and paper, please—and don't talk,' said Brian irritably.

'Ah! We shall want your deposition, you shall have the pen and paper. Don't you feel awfully queer now, sir?'

'Not yet.'

'You look like it,' was the answer. 'Here, drink this off at once—it will do you good.'

'What is it,' asked Brian, as a cup of mysterious looking liquid was proffered him.

'Mustard and warm water. It is the best thing that——'

'Not for this,' replied Brian, putting the cup aside with his weak hand. 'I have a faint knowledge of antidotes, and this will only render matters worse, I am sure.'

'You don't say that,' said the mate of the ship; 'oh! good Lord! then you are really going to die?'

'In good time—possibly.'

'We shall be in the harbour in another hour—we shall find a doctor there—can't you keep up for another hour, sir, don't you think?' inquired the captain.

'I am going to try,' was Brian's quiet answer.

'That's well. Try as hard as you can; and tell somebody—everybody—that we had nothing to do with this. You won't forget that—you'll write that down first thing, mayhap, or we shall all be bundled off to prison on suspicion. Oh! dear, dear,' exclaimed the captain, 'what an awful mess we have got into, to be sure.'

'If you would find me pen and ink, and clear out of this,' said Brian petulantly, 'I might get to business before the worst comes. You detain me—you annoy me.'

"Had we not better look after that woman—she's in it somehow, I know?' asked one of the men.

'This is a good friend of mine, who put me on my guard as soon as she could,' answered Brian; 'let that be remembered amongst you when the further troubles come.'

'All right, sir.'

The crew departed, leaving Brian and his sister together, and with a small quantity of writing material placed at their disposal at last.

'Now to business, Dorcas,' he said.

Dorcas was more completely prostrated, mentally and bodily, than her brother, who had made intense efforts to collect himself, and had succeeded in the effort. It was strange how much strength was left in him, he thought; how at the last—the very last—it had been mercifully extended to him, so that he might do justice to those in whom he was interested. If he had been a believer in modern miracles, he might have fancied that one of them, in this instance, was working in his favor, and keeping back that terrible weakness to which he knew he must speedily succumb. The death-warrant had been signed and he must go; he was not afraid; and for his present self-command, and strange renewal of his strength he was intensely grateful. It gave him time to prepare.

Dorcas struggled to her feet, after some

entreaty and a few reproaches, and prepared to write as Brian Halfday dictated to her. It was a composition under difficulties, though the vessel was tossed no longer violently by the sea, and there were opportunities of hearing even so weak a voice as Brian's. It was the last will and testament of Brian Halfday which Dorcas had been called upon to write; and as she wrote she marvelled at her brother's coolness, and method, and forethought. He left all the money he possessed in the world, with the exception of one legacy, to Mabel Westbrook; he called attention to the fortune which the last will of Adam Halfday would place his executors and assigns in possession of, and which in due course was to become the property of Mabel Westbrook aforesaid; he bequeathed a legacy of five hundred pounds to his sister Dorcas Sewell; and he left a valuable but small collection of fossils and minerals to the Trustees of the Penton Museum.

'There, that will do,' I think,' he said coolly; 'let me see the copy, Dorcas!'

Dorcas placed the will in his hand, and he held it, in his short-sighted fashion, close to his eyes and examined it critically.

'I didn't want that five hundred pounds,' Dorcas said, moodily; 'what good will it do me?'

'It does not belong to Miss Westbrook—it is not part and parcel of the restitution money—and I must think of my own flesh and blood a little.'

'Don't think of me, Brian; I am not worth it.'

'You may be penniless without it, although I hope Miss Westbrook will look after you,' he said, still studying the will

'But——'

'But Michael Sewell,' said Brian; 'well, what of him?'

'Nothing,' answered Dorcas; 'he will be hanged for this, poor fellow.'

'Poor fellow,' echoed Brian, drily; 'yes, it is extremely probable. Well, that money will help you in the expenses of his defence; and a clever counsel may get him off with flying colours—who knows? I'll trouble you to alter one or two of these words, Dorcas. We do not spell executor with an "e" in the last syllable, and there should be a double "s" in fossil.'

Dorcas took the will back, and regarded him curiously.

'I don't think you are going to die, after all,' she said.

'Why not?'

'A man on the point of death would not care how "fossil" was spelt,' she replied.

'It is a document that should be correct in every detail,' said Brian; 'and one cannot be too particular in the matter of wills. Now, please call two of the crew for witnesses. You are interested in this document, and must not sign.'

Dorcas shivered.

'He is on deck. I shall break my heart if I face him a prisoner there. Oh! Brian,' she cried, flinging herself close to his side, and clasping her thin hands, 'can nothing be done to help him—nothing?"

'Very little, I am afraid.'

'If he could escape—if you could only hear the story of his sudden temptation—if you knew how sorry he was the instant afterwards——'

'Ah! the instant afterwards, that's it,' said Brian ironically. 'If it were only the instant before that people were sorry, or repentant, what a happier world this would be.'

'You blame me for thinking of him; but I can't help it, Brian even now. I try—but I can't,' she cried; 'forgive me; I will do my duty to you, at least.'

'Forgiven, Dorcas, readily,' he said, laying his hand upon her raven hair. 'It is a woman's error with a touch of heaven in it—to love the undeserving—too well.'

'You are worse!' she cried, as he spoke with his old difficulty and weakness.

'A little faint—for an instant. That's all.'

Dorcas ran up the steps at once, forgetting herself and her husband; and the captain and mate of the vessel came downstairs again at her appeal. Brian had recovered from his faintness by that time, or was strong enough to repress any exhibition of it when they were close to his berth. He looked at them very steadily.

'I want you two gentlemen to witness my signature,' he said, 'and to affix your own afterwards with your addresses on the left hand corner of the document. See now.'

Brain affixed his name to the will, and the sailors watched the operation closely.

'You've a steady hand yet, sir,' observed the captain.

'You'll pull through,' said the mate, 'and that infernal blackguard upstairs will 'scape hanging.'

'Sign, please,' said Brain.

The sailors added their signatures to the will of Brian Halfday, and then the captain said inquiringly—

'That's the deposition I suppose.'

'A deposition must be made before a magistrate,' said Brian, 'this is my last will and testament.'

'But haven't you said anything about the poisoning?'

'Not at present. It is necessary to write a line or two though,' he added, 'to save an innocent women.'

'No, no,' cried Dorcas passionately, 'don't think of me. I brought the poison with me—how do you know I did not come here with the object of killing you—oh! let me suffer for Michael, if you can.'

'We must make this story very clear or harm will come of it,' said Brian thoughtfully; 'give me the pen again, and a fresh sheet of paper, please. I think there's time yet.'

But there was neither time nor strength left; Brian had overtaxed the powers that he had been in possession of lately, and before the paper was given him he had fainted away. It was a deep swoon from which he did not quickly recover—it was the first sign of the poison beginning its deadly work, Dorcas thought, with horror, and the sister's interest and love grew strong within her once more, and set him who had brought about the mischief into the darkness to which he naturally belonged.

Brian rallied again, but it was not on ship-board.

All that happened at Bridlington as the ship sailed into the barbour, he learned an hour later, when he had been carried on a litter to a private apartment in the town, where it had been thought a man might die in a convenient and comfortable fashion without troubling too many people with his premature decease.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NEW NURSE.

THE brightness and freshness of the morning came as a welcome to the returning senses of Brian Halfday lying in his strange bed and in a room that was new to him. He came back to what was left to him of this world the same odd, observant being whom we have endeavored to portray to our readers, and his first action was to snatch impatiently at a curtain that hung between him and the light from the opposite window. It was so quickly done, that a woman on her knees, in that rare attitude of earnest prayer which is scarce enough in these days, was startled by its suddenness, and gave a faint cry of surprise before she rose to her feet and bent over him very tenderly.

He looked hard at her, a man doubtful whether it was a living, breathing fact before him, or a fair vision to console him at the last.

'A dream?' he cried, 'or is it—*you?*'

'Yes it is I, Brian.'

'My dear Mabel—how glad I am!'

He took the soft white hands in his and kissed them, and Mabel turned away her head to hide the tears in her eyes.

'I have been waiting for you—oh! so long,' he murmered, 'you will not go away again?'

'Never again.'

'I shall not keep you a great while,' he said, with a faint sigh; 'what is the time?'

'Nine o'clock.'

'Mine is a slow poison, and not much behind its time yet,' said Brian; 'has the doctor been? I seem to have a faint remembrance of swallowing something nasty half-an-hour ago.'

'Yes—he has been,' replied Mabel.

'What does he say? Don't hesitate, my dear new nurse who takes her rightful place here,' said Brian, 'I know the worst, and am not afraid to hear it from your lips.'

'No—you are brave,' she murmured.

'What does he think of me?' he asked.

'He has made many inquiries of your sister, and of Michael Sewell, and—and—oh! don't ask me,' she cried, burying her face in the pillow beside him.

His hand rested on her fair young head awhile.

'Courage, Mabel,' he said, 'I am not much to lose. I have known you such a little time, I have been always irritable, harsh, and exacting with you. Always a disagreeable fellow!'

"No—no,' she said, 'it is not true.'

'It is for me to give way—for happiness has only seemed a possibility of late days. And yet,' he added, 'I am strong.'

'And resigned—say resigned, Brian?'

Brian knitted his brows as if in opposition still.

'I am not certain,' he said tetchily; 'to be poisoned like a rat—to have life and life's ambitions close as suddenly as this, *is* hard.'

'You will say resigned, for my sake,' she entreated.

'Kiss me then—for mine.'

She leant over him and kissed him lovingly, and he said at once—

'Yes—resigned now.'

There was a silence of a few minutes in which Mabel sat by the bedside with her hand in that of Brian's, until the sick man said suddenly—

'Where is the will I dictated on board ship!'

'There is a paper on the drawers—is this it?'

She gave it to him, and he opened it and read the contents carefully.

'What an infamous handwriting it is,' he muttered, 'and that stupid girl has spelt fossil with one "s," after all. Mabel.'

'Yes,' said Mabel to his appeal.

'Keep this, please,' he said, 'and act upon it, after I have left you."

'What does it contain?'

'Restitution to a girl grievously wronged by the Halfdays,' he answered.

'But——'

'But we are not going to talk of the money again—we have always quarrelled when that money was in question, Mabel,' he said, interrupting her, 'and this is my last wish, which even a dear little obstinate woman will respect.'

'Yes,' she responded in a low voice, 'I will do anything you wish, Brian.'

'Thank you.'

'But I wish you would not think so much of what is to become of me, or the money—not at the last,' she said.

'What do you want me to do?'

'To let me read to you from the pages of this book,' she said, taking a Bible from the drawers, 'to let me believe you are thinking of the world that lies beyond ours. Oh! Brian, I fear you have not thought enough of that.'

'Who has?' he answered, almost mournfully.'

'Then let me——'

'Presently,' he said with great firmness; 'there is this world and those I leave within it to consider first. That is my duty.'

'Not now.'

'Yes, Mabel dear, it is,' he answered; 'as for myself, I have done no one an injury, and the future does not scare me. And now—to business.'

'What business can there be to think of now?' she asked.

'I am a business-like man,' he said, with a faint smile, 'and would leave everything in its proper place upon the shelf."

'Can he be going to die?' thought Mabel, as Dorcas Sewell had thought an hour or two since. His voice was stronger and his eyes brighter. Was it the last flickering of the flame before it went out in the darkness, and left her very desolate?

'In the first place,' he said, 'how did you get here? What good genius brought you to my side at the eleventh hour, when I was praying I might see you once again?'

'It was thought by the Scarborough men that the "Mary Grey" must make for Bridlington or sink,' said Mabel, 'and we came on by special train to this place, where we found you, Heaven be thanked!'

'Heaven be thanked, indeed,' repeated Brian; 'and this "we"? Does it mean you and Angelo Salmon?'

'Yes. He is utterly cast down by the consequences of his rash act—he attributes it all to his miserable jealousy—he is here, waiting anxiously to see you.'

'I will see him presently—poor Angelo!' said Brian.

'Why poor Angelo?' asked Mabel, with a little quiver of indignation in her voice.

'He has loved you very desperately and unwisely, Mabel—he has brought much trouble upon himself, as well as upon us. I don't think we treated him very well, and I am sure,' Brian added, 'that we might have treated him much better. He has something to forgive.'

'We acted indiscreetly, perhaps—but, oh, Brian, you and I had misunderstood each other so long,' said Mabel Westbrook.

'Yes—and happiness came suddenly upon us—and we were two weak mortals not wholly unselfish in our loves,' he replied; 'I should like to speak to Angelo.'

'Shall I call him?'

'Not yet,' said Brian, very quickly, 'I receive my visitors at a later hour.'

'Don't jest—oh! my poor Brian, don't jest now,' she cried.

'I am not unhappy—why should I be very miserable, Mabel, because life ends in contentment, and with few mistakes to rectify, or to atone for? I think I should be wholly happy if——'

'If,' repeated Mabel, as he paused.

The thin fingers closed round hers more tightly.

'If I could look beyond the present time and see what was to become of you—if I were sure that you would be happy in good time yourself,' he said.

'Don't think of me—you must not at this hour.'

'Oh, yes—it is very likely I shall think of anything else at present,' said Brian in his old sharp tones; 'I have a great deal to say about you yet.'

'Will you say it quickly—for I have asked a friend to see you.'

Brian looked hard at her.

'A minister, do you mean?' he said.

'Yes.'

'You are thoughtful for me,' he replied, 'and I have no particular objection—unless it's Gregory Salmon,' he added with extraordinary quickness, 'and I can't stand that old idiot at any price.'

Mabel shuddered at his acerbity—it was hardly natural in that hour. It was surely a bad sign that the end was coming more quickly than she had thought.

'Tell me what you have to say concerning me, Brian—will you?' she asked.

'Tell me of yourself first.'

'In what way?'

'If I look back at this earth—and there are some philosophers that tell us we may do so in a future state—how shall I see my lost love in the years to come? As Angelo's wife?' he asked inquisitively.

'No—no!' cried Mabel indignantly; 'never as his wife or any man's. He has blighted my whole life—I have not forgiven him—I never, never can.'

The door opened softly and cautiously as she spoke, and Angelo Salmon stood upon the threshold and heard all that Mabel said. He came forward with clasped hands and head bowed down, a penitent who took his sentence meekly, and acccepted it as just.

'Pardon me, both of you,' he said, in a hollow voice, 'but I could not stay any longer—I am compelled to leave you.'

'What do you mean?' asked Brian.

Angelo Salmon looked behind him at the door, where two men were standing, mute but observant.

'Who are they?' was Mabel's quick inquiry.

'The police,' was Angelo's reply; 'I am arrested for the attempted murder of this poor sufferer. Brian Halfday's death will lie at my door, I declare solemnly before you all.'

CHAPTER XXV.

SLOW POISON.

GREATLY to the astonishment of Mabel Westbrook, of Angelo Salmon, and even of the representatives of the constabulary force of Yorkshire, Brian Halfday sat up in bed in his surprise and vexation at the news.

'What's this?' he cried; 'who has arrested you? What for?'

He looked towards the police as if for his answer, and one man stepped forward, cap in hand, and pulled at his front lock of hair by way of salutation to the invalid.

'I beg your pardon, sir. You're the murdered gentleman, I 'spose?'

'Go on. My name is Brian Halfday,' said our hero impatiently; 'who has dared to arrest this gentleman—who prefers in any way a complaint against him?'

'There's been a tremenjeous deal of stir about this affair already, sir,' said the policeman, 'and we're bound to arrest every one mixed up in it. The crew of the "Mary Grey" have told us all that's happened; and as this is likely to be a serious matter, all the parties implicated have been taken up at once.'

Brian lay down in his bed again. His head was disposed to swim, and the result of these further complications was beyond his weak analysis. If he were only a little stronger—if the minutes of his life were not drifting away so quickly—if he could do something to save his rival from the consequences of his old rash act!

'Who are arrested?' he inquired.

'Michael Sewell, for the poisoning business, his wife, the captain of the "Mary Grey," and this gentleman.'

'What has this gentleman to do with the poison I have taken?' asked Brian.

'We don't know anything at present, sir,' said the policeman, apologetically but precisely, 'we're only acting under orders. We shan't know, you see, sir, how you died, whether from the blow or the poison, until the inquest is held on your remains—if you'll excuse my mentioning them at present.

'Tell these dreadful men to go,' cried Mabel, very white; 'by what right are they here at all?'

'Business, Mabel, business,' said Brian, in a half-reproving tone; 'I am very glad they have come.'

'Thankee, sir,' said the policeman, 'and there'll be a magistrate here in a few minutes to take down your depositions, I was told to say.'

'I don't know that I have anything to say,' replied Brian thoughtfully. 'but I shall be prepared for him. But before you take away my friend, understand that I make no charge against him, and that I solemnly declare my death does not lie at his door, as he has foolishly stated.'

'Why do you say this, Brian?' asked Angelo; 'is it worth while, for such a wretch as I am?'

'It is the truth,' Brian replied, 'and I am anxious to say it for truth's sake.'

'I struck you down.'

'We had a little quarrel, certainly,' said Brian, 'but I was more to blame than you, for you were weak and not yourself, and I said bitter things when you grew angry, and so we came to blows. I was getting better when Michael Sewell poisoned me—I was much better, and you are blameless in this matter, I protest with my last breath.'

Angelo Salmon went swiftly to the bedside, stooped and kissed Brian's hand and then stood up again, erect and firm.

'You are very good to me, but I cannot accept the goodness,' he said; 'grant your forgiveness instead to the madman that I was. It is the only comfort I can receive in this world.'

'Except Mabel's forgiveness also,' said Brian.

'Ah! that is beyond my hopes,' he replied; 'I have blighted her life.'

'Mabel,' said Brian, 'will you say forgiveness with me to this poor friend of ours?'

'Yes—I will, Brian, now,' she answered.

They held their hands to Angelo, who took them in his own, and bowed over them until tears welled from him, which were good for him and his old malady.

'I thank you both,' he muttered, then he turned away and went out of the room, followed by the police. Brian was silent, and Mabel sat and watched him in silence also. It seemed a long time before his voice broke the stillness of the room, and once more it sounded strong and clear and with the ring of the old sharpness in it.

'We must get to business,' he said, 'we have a lot to do still.'

'If you would not talk so much of business,' urged Mabel.

'Tut—tut,' said Brian, 'look at the confusion on the top shelf still, when busy hands might set the matter right.'

'Is he wandering?' thought Mabel, regarding him askance.

'In the first place—always in the first place—a certain Mabel Westbrook, late of Boston, Massachusetts,' said Brian. 'She will act upon that will, and she will go to Penton Museum in good time, tell the new curator who she is, and ask for the last will of Adam Halfday of St. Lazarus, and the name of the solicitor who is stirring in this matter, and whom she may trust implicitly.'

Mabel did not answer, and he half rose and leaned on his elbow in surprise.

'Are you listening?'

'Yes,' she said, listlessly, 'but such business as this concerns me very little.'

'You should consider my instructions, Mabel. Fancy my dying with the thought that you don't understand them,' he said, half-peevishly, and half-reproachfully.

'Forgive me Brian—I will be more attentive,' she hastened to say, 'I understand everything, but I cannot think of myself.'

'Ah! that's very wrong,' he replied, 'lying down again, 'for as long as I live I have to think of you. As long as you lived I said once I would do that, but,' with a sigh, 'I was over-confident, and looked too far ahead.'

'Pray say no more,' said Mabel.

'We are losing time,' he answered, 'and it's very remarkable we can't keep to busi-

ness this morning. 'Once more concerning yourself, then. I went to America some few months since.'

Mabel gave a start of surprise at this.

'I wanted to see where all the money had vanished—to find the secret of the collapse of your fortune—and to discover that backwoodsman of whom you told me once. The dry goods youth was not forthcoming,' he added, with a hearty little laugh that was remarkable at this juncture; 'but I found out a great deal against that swindling bank.'

'Don't tell me now,' Mabel pleaded.

'Only this, that there is a chance of retrieving some of the losses, and you are in a better position than many of the shareholders,' said Brian. 'I have left the whole matter in the hands of a friend of mine out there, and he has promised to write to me very shortly. I daresay I shall hear from him the next—oh! by George, I had forgotten Sewell's mixture! No,' he added, 'I shall not hear from the gentleman; but you will open his letter in good time, and act upon it for your own sake—and for mine.'

'Very well,' said Mabel in reply.

'You take no interest in this at present,' said Brian, pressing her hands in his; 'but presently life's duties, and the duty to yourself, will come again. I don't want you to forget me, dear—never wholly to forget me—but I shall die unhappy, if I think I am to remain for ever a shadow on my darling's life. Mabel Westbrook must form new friends, new ties, and marry some good fellow who will prize her almost as much as I should have done had—things been different!'

'Oh! don't talk in this way,' exclaimed Mabel, 'spare me, Brian—do!'

'I have wandered from business—I am getting flighty, I suppose,' he said quaintly, 'and this uncommonly slow poison is beginning to wake up at last.'

'You are worse,' Mabel cried, 'oh! I am sure you are keeping back your feelings—to spare me. Let me ring for——'

'I am not acting, Mabel,' said Brian, 'on the contrary, and this is the remarkable part of it, I cannot quite realize the idea that I am standing on the brink of my grave. If it were not so deadly and insidious a poison, I should be disposed to believe that I was getting rapidly better, but that can't be. Dorcas's story was too plain and simple—and the worst must come.'

'My poor Brian!'

'And there is so much business before us—and we can't keep to business,' said Brian, tetchily again, 'there is Angelo Salmon to save, now that he is in his sober senses, and you will have to be the principal witness in his favor, and to remember all I say in explanation of the causes of the quarrel. That it was my fault in particular, that I aggravated a man not responsible for his actions, that he did not hurt me, and that I was getting well fast, when Michael Sewell thought it would be more convenient to all parties to get me out of the world. You will say this at a fitting opportunity, Mabel?'

'Yes,' she promised.

'I will state the same in the deposition, if there's time,' said Brian; 'and as for Sewell—well, he's an awful scamp—but I fancy he's sorry for the success of his scheme, especially as it is likely to hang him. Dorcas tells me he repented of his crime before he knew I had drunk the water, and that he begged her to come and save me. If that's true, tell him some day I forgive him. It may make his last hour as full of peace as mine is.'

'And now——'

'And now, the sooner the magistrate turns up the better perhaps—and then an end of business for ever!'

'Do you feel any weaker, Brian?' she asked anxiously.

'I am sinking——'

'Oh! Great Heaven—my dear, dear Brian—not yet,' screamed Mabel, 'not so suddenly and awfully as this!'

'No, no—don't be afraid,' he exclaimed, 'I was going to add, when you scared me—sinking *with hunger!*'

'Is it possible?'

'I suppose it is fancy,' said Brian, 'it must be fancy, but I wonder if there's such an article downstairs as——'

'As what?' asked Mabel eagerly.

'Upon my honour, I hardly like to mention it to you, it seems so superbly ridiculous,' said Brian.

'What is it you want?'

'You will not be offended—because it's more on my mind than—theminister?'

'No—no—what is it, Brian?'

'A MUTTON-CHOP!'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT POISONING CASE.

THE pleasant town of Bridlington had availed itself of its chance of a sensation, and was stirred to the depths by all the elements of mystery and romance with which the case of Brian Halfday was surrounded. Twelve hours from the arrival of the 'Mary Grey,' of Sunderland, in the harbour of Bridlington, all Yorkshire was talking of the story, exaggerating details and amplifying facts, after the general fashion. Love and jealousy were at the bottom of it, and that rendered the narrative more interesting, culminating as it seemed in the murder, or the attempted murder of the principal character. Who was in love, who had been jealous, who was going to die, was not particularly clear to the outsiders; but the local papers would have their records presently, and public curiosity would be satisfied. Meanwhile there were a few incidents for hungry gossippers to feed upon—a ship leaving the harbour of Scarborough in a storm in order to carry away one of the rivals, or the lady—or both—a run for Bridlington, a tragedy by the way, a man borne down the quay on a litter with a crowd of excited sailors following, a woman waiting for the body, another woman and her husband, and the captain of the 'Mary Grey,' handed over to the police, the son of a clergyman in Pentonshire mixed up in the affair, and placed under arrest; surely these were sufficient items of sensation for the vulgar, and even the highly genteel, to speculate with, until the truth should shine forth in the veracious columns of the daily press.

It was known in Bridlington before midday that the depositions of the victim had been taken by a duly qualified justice of the peace, and that one individual overborne by remorse or to save the time of the authorities, had already confessed to that which, under the circumstances, it was extremely difficult for him to deny. Michael Sewell, in fact, was superlatively penitent, an admirable specimen of a man who was sorry for all the wrong he had committed. He pleaded impulse, a sudden fit of temptation, a crime without a method in it—he was ready to plead anything that would set him in a better light before his fellow-creatures than that of a deliberate and cold-blooded poisoner. He could not affirm too quickly and too emphatically that he never meant to do it, and that before he thought he had done it, he had sent his wife in haste to the rescue. He told this, and a great deal more than this, to a solicitor who promised to take his case in hand; but the whole affair was inextricably involved, and neither he nor the lawyer could see how it would end. Everybody was mixed up in it in so remarkable a manner, that there seemed as many conspirators in the business, as in the Powder Plot against King James of sacred memory.

The police arrived at the conclusion that there was a great deal in it also, and that they should come at it presently—which, to save time we may assert at once, they never did. They were persevering and energetic in a cause that was hopeless from the first, and what they lacked in comprehension they made up in vigilance. They arrested everybody on suspicion—having first talked the county magistrates into issuing warrants for everybody's apprehension. They saw a malefactor or a conspirator in each man or woman connected with the poisoner or the poisoned, and were half disposed to believe that a Fenian conspiracy was at the bottom of the whole business. They respected neither place nor person, even the Reverend Gregory Salmon turning up in the afternoon at Bridlington, was placed immediately under arrest, his actions having been singular on the preceding day at the 'Mastodon Hotel,' and it being incontestably proved that he was aware of his son's attack upon Brian Halfday, and had been heard on the platform of the railway station at Scarborough imploring his son to be cautious in the matter for his own sake and the family's.

Mabel, at an earlier period of the mystery, had not communicated with the detective police in vain, and Gregory Salmon had been under suspicion for a considerable period for no other reason than that he was the most unlikely person to commit himself to a felonous transaction.

The last arrest connected with a case which threatened to assume gigantic proportions and become a *cause célèbre* of the British Empire was made in the afternoon of the Saturday when Brian Halfday was waiting patiently to depart from a world of disappointments, and marvelling at the

action, or want of action, of the exceedingly slow poison which Michael Sewell had administered to him. In his last moments, Brian, always of a studious turn of mind, thought it would be advisable to become a philosopher. Having settled every detail of his business, made his deposition, talked to the minister, and eaten a mutton chop—to the amazement of his doctor, who came in while he was picking the bone—he set himself to study the properties of the poison from the pages of a medical book which Mabel, as curious as himself, was enabled to procure for him in the town. He had found it impossible to glean any information from the doctor, who was more than usually cautious, even for a doctor, in expressing an opinion on a case which was becoming the more extraordinary the longer it lasted; and he sat in a dressing-gown before the fire endeavoring to solve the mystery for himself. He was of a scientific turn of mind, and thought that he should be able to discover something presently, if he had time, and if Mabel's presence did not distract him too much. The patient would show great irritability, the book said, under the effects of the poison, and it would be as well to humor any delusions with which the victim might be afflicted. His delusion evidently was that he was becoming stronger, and hence he had insisted on getting up, and in borrowing a dressing-gown for the occasion —all of which eccentricity was a bad sign, unless the antidote, although given some hours behind time, had proved a complete and triumphant success. Doctor Borland was half disposed to believe in the efficacy of the antidote, and to thank Heaven that he had been called in in time to be of service to suffering humanity. He had more than a faint hope, too, that Brian had not taken as much poison as his sister had declared he had, and that there had been a considerable amount of exaggeration in the matter altogether. Still there might ensue a terrible and sudden collapse, and he warned Mabel of this as likely to occur at any instant; and poor Mabel sat and watched her lover very anxiously, as he bent over his book and made notes on the margin with a lead-pencil, and went into sundry algebraic calculations with great intentness. Suddenly he closed the volume with a bang that brought her heart into her mouth.

'I can't make it out—it is a poison that should have behaved itself in a more rational manner,' he cried; 'by every calculation under the sun, I ought to have been dead about six hours.'

'Oh! Brian—don't!' cried Mabel.

'All the chemists could not have been in league to deceive Dorcas,' said Brian; 'and she bought it by separate instalments. Perhaps some of them were out of the article, and gave her something less hurtful instead; and in mixing it together the quality has got deteriorated. It's always as well to get your articles direct from the Apothecaries' Hall, London; in my little experiments I have been very particular in that matter.'

'Brian,' said Mabel, 'I—I don't think you could talk like this if you were getting worse. And yet I am afraid to hope—unless you give me hope.'

'No—we must not be sanguine, Mabel,' he said, very gravely now; 'but time steals on in our favour, and the life is not all gone out of me.'

'Heaven has heard my prayers, I trust,' said Mabel, fervently.

'Heaven will not interfere if I have been fool enough to take half-an-ounce of the genuine article, Mabel,' he said drily; 'but I can't reconcile my symptoms with the stuff sold to Dorcas; unless——'

'Unless what?'

'Unless my previous prostration has delayed matters, instead of precipitating them, as I should have thought it would have done. Why are you looking at your watch.'

'I am expecting a friend.'

'Not another minister,' said Brian, with alarm.

'No.'

'Another doctor—ha! you will deceive me even at the last, true woman that you are,' he said, passing his arm round her, and drawing her for an instant to his side.

Mabel released herself from him gently, but she was sure he was getting stronger by degrees!

'I telegraphed to York, at Dr. Borland's request, some hours ago,' Mabel confessed.

'Thank you,' he replied; 'I shall be glad of a second opinion. I don't want to die if I can help it; although,' he added, 'I don't fear death much; I suppose it is Mabel Westbrook who has made me brave.'

'No; your own good heart, Brian.'

'Don't flatter me; you know I am the

most aggravating man whom you have ever met. You have told me so before.'

'I can't bear to hear you jest, Brian,' said Mabel.

'Ah! it was no jest to me then,' he said —'come in!'

The last words were uttered with his old business-like sharpness, as a knock sounded on the panels of the door. Mabel opened the door the instand afterwards.

'Is it the other doctor?' asked Brian, as Mabel paused, and looked beyond her into the landing-place without.

'No,' replied Mabel.

'Who is it then? Another policeman?'

'No,' she said. 'One minute, Brian. Patience dear.'

She passed out of the room, and closed the door behind her. The servant was beckoning mysteriously to her on the landing-place, and she went towards her.

'The gentleman ain't dead yet, miss?' the girl asked, 'is he?'

'No,' she said, 'what is it?'

'Somebody downstairs as wishes to see him particular—he's terrible cut up at the news too, which he has only just heard, he says,' replied the servant; 'and he's shaking all over like a jelly-fish.'

'Who is it?'

'His father.'

Mabel hesitated; and then said—

'Let him come up directly.'

She returned to the room, where Brian's dark eyes met hers inquiringly.

'Some one has called, Brian, of whom you have spoken harshly more than once,' said Mabel.

'Who is it?'

'Your father.'

Brian thought over the request.

'I said I would never forgive that man,' said Brian; 'but it is too late in the day to bear ill-will against him.'

'You will see him?'

'Yes—I will see him.'

There was a shuffling outside the door as he spoke, and a feeble hand tapping without. Mabel rose and admitted the visitor, who tottered in, a poor, decrepit, palsy-striken being, wrecked forever of all health, and strength, and nerve. He burst into tears at the first sight of Brian, and would have fallen upon him had not Mabel seized him by the arms and placed him in the chair which she had recently quitted.

'Oh! my poor, dear boy—what does it all mean? What is the matter—what has happened to you?' he cried.

'Have you not heard?' Brian rejoined.

'I have heard all kinds of things—I don't know what to believe, and what to doubt—I'm not strong enough to be taken off my guard like this, without any preparation,' he said, 'you don't know how very weak I am—nobody knows or cares, or they would have more consideration for me —I'm completely broken down, Brian, since I had the pleasure of seeing you last —I am indeed.'

He sobbed afresh at the recapitulation of his own misfortunes, until Mabel Westbrook touched him lightly on the shoulder.

'You are unmindful of the feelings of your son,' she said, 'you distress him.'

'No—he does not distress me in the least,' Brian remarked, 'although I am sorry to see the change in him.'

'Thank you, Brian, for your sympathy. I thought you would be—I told Dorcas long ago you would if you once caught sight of me. I said to her only a week since, that if you knew how low I had got, you would be one of the first to take care of me, and find me a comfortable corner in your house somewhere, where I could be carefully nursed—not jumbled together like a bag of bones and dropped anywhere,' he added, 'as Michael Sewell drops me. Curse him.'

Mabel, a watchful nurse in Brian's service, would have interposed again, had not Brian raised his hand.

'Let him be, Mabel,' he said, 'he is excited. He will be better presently.'

'This is Mabel Westbrook?' William Halfday said.

'Yes—it is.'

'I am pleased to make your acquaintance, madam. I am highly honoured,' he said, without looking in her direction; 'you see before you, in Brian Halfday's father, a poor trodden-down nonentity. Times have changed since your father and I were friends together, and that boy loved me.'

Brian waited for his father to cease weeping so hysterically, before he said—

'What has brought you to Bridlington?'

'What has brought me?' he said, with a little feeble shriek, 'why you. I have said so already.'

'How did you discover me?' asked the son.

'You are the talk of the county,' said

William Halfday, 'and everybody is speaking of your murder. I have been in terrible suspense the last four and twenty hours, for Dorcas deserted me and left only three and sixpence on the mantel-piece, and nothing to eat in the house—said she was coming back again in an hour, and never came near me again. Pretty treatment that, madam,' he said, turning towards Mabel at last, 'from one's own daughter too, and I so dreadfully ill. If she had thought a little more of me, and a little less of that trumpery husband of hers, it would have been far more creditable to her in every way. But I'm an utter wreck, and without a soul to care for me.'

'There, don't cry again,' said Brian quickly, 'it will do you no good, and it takes up a great deal of your time. So you heard of my murder, Mr. Halfday—and terribly shocked you were, of course?'

'You might have knocked me down with a feather,' replied his father, 'for I was very weak this morning, not having had proper attention, or proper nourishment since six o'clock last night. A dreadful time to leave a man in my delicate condition—only think of it?'

'Yes—I am thinking of it,' said Brian.

'And as for the facts of the case, I was fairly bewildered in endeavouring to discover them,' William Halfday continued, 'but that Dorcas and Michael were taken up at Bridlington, and Michael had tried to kill you—just like him, that wretch would kill anybody in his tempers!—was sufficient for me to act upon. I came on at once, weak as I was—and here I am, and if you have got any brandy-and-water about—half a thimbleful—I'll take it as a mercy.'

Mabel looked towards Brian who nodded his head. Mr. William Halfday was completely prostrated and required a stimulant, it was evident, and Mabel tendered him a glass of cold brandy-and-water which he drank with avidity, and with his teeth rattling against the glass.

'Thank you very much,' he said, giving back the empty glass, 'I am exceedingly obliged to you. My gratitude is none the less genuine for being a poor dependent on your bounty. And you are really going to leave us, Brian?'

'The doctor says so,' answered his son.

'And with Michael taken up for the murder, and Dorcas under arrest also, I suppose —ahem—it has not struck you very forcibly what is to become of me?' said William Halfday. 'But it is a serious position—I am entirely helpless. I don't know what to do. I haven't a friend in the whole world, upon my soul.'

Brian shrugged his shoulders, but he did not respond harshly to this poor exhibition of selfishness. It was natural that this man should think of himself in his weakness as much as he had done in his strength, and care as little for the weakness of others. The troubles closing round William Halfday, rather than the night drawing in upon the son, had been this man's first thought in coming to Bridlington.

'No—I have not considered you a great deal,' Brian confessed.

'Don't apologize,' said the father.

'I have even made my will this afternoon without a thought of you.'

'I am astonished at that,' replied William Halfday, 'for when a man is setting his house in order, he should think of all those by whom he has been surrounded, and of those ties of kindred, which, growing strong at the last, elevate a man above the petty animosities of this world. It is not too late to make a codicil, you know. You're looking pretty strong still.'

'Strange being,' said Brian, mournfully regarding him, 'I have taken your neglect of me all my life as a grievance—surely it was a blessing in disguise.'

'I—I don't know what you mean,' stammered his father as he looked away from him.

'See to him, now and then, Mabel, if I should die,' said Brian, 'don't let him starve.'

'He is your father,' murmured Mabel, 'and therefore——'

'No fresh promises—no new task beyond your strength—no more mistakes,' cried Brian energetically. 'I will not have your life devoted to one who has done his best to shipwreck yours. I only ask you to see to him now and then—to make sure he is in good hands—and so to leave him there. This man is deserving of less from you, and must have no more.'

William Halfday shook with greater force.

'I don't know,' he said tremulously, 'that I ever heard a crueller speech than that—from a man in your position too.'

'The Halfdays must never cross her

happiness again. They have been, from first to last, a blight upon her,' muttered Brian. 'If I could have only lived to make amends!'

'You have,' answered Mabel earnestly.

'If by some miracle this poison really failed in its effect——'

'What's that?' said William Halfday. 'Is it poison you have taken?'

'Yes—poison.'

'Administered by Michael Sewell?' asked the father.

'Yes.'

'But was it not Michael Sewell who attacked you in a boat on the sea, along with Mr. Salmon and the captain of a pirate—I mean a collier—vessel? I have heard nothing about poison,' said his father.

'The news has got mixed,' said Brian. 'Your daughter Dorcas carried poison with her to make short work of her own life, poor woman; and Michael took it from her for precaution's sake. Finding me in the way somewhat, and the poison being handy, he tilted it into my water-bottle—and here's the result.'

'But the poison. Was it in a small phial—fluted?' inquired William Halfday.

'I don't know.'

'You are sure Dorcas had it in her possession yesterday—that it was taken from Dorcas by her husband?' he cried.

'Yes.'

'Then you are no more poisoned than I am,' said William Halfday, rubbing his hands together in his excitement and satisfaction. 'And there will be somebody left in the world to see to me after all.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Brian.

'I was afraid of Dorcas. I had been afraid of her and her moods for the last four days, and when she told me sullenly she did not think she should live much longer, and I found out she was always carrying a phial with her, one night, when she was asleep, I emptied it of its contents, and filled it with water instead.'

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mabel.

'Amen,' said Brian; and then the lovers forgot present company, and embraced each other from sheer excess of joy, whilst Mr. William Halfday regarded them with astonishment, and seemed even a little shocked.

'You will excuse us,' said Brian, after awhile. 'But we have had so little happiness in our two lives, that we are compelled to snatch at it as it flies past.'

'And I have made you two happy then?' said the father. 'I am very glad. I—I have really no remembrance of making anybody happy before.'

'You have saved the life of your son,' said Mabel.

'I am glad of it. He will not forget me for it, I dare say,' replied William Halfday, with alacrity. 'And although I was thinking of Dorcas at the time, and how awkwardly situated I should be without her, yet my prudence and forethought have had some good results after all. Allow me to thank Heaven, too, that this dear boy is spared to me!"

'All right,' said Brian; 'but you can do that presently.'

'Certainly. I am in no particular hurry. And if you could favour me with one more thimbleful of your brandy-and-water, to steady nerves that have been seriously shaken by this dreadful excitement and suspense, I should be obliged,' said Mr. Halfday.

A glass of brandy-and-water being tendered him, Mr. Halfday raised it in his shaking hand, and nodded cheerfully at the couple facing him.

'I see how it is,' he said, with a violent wink convulsing his own countenance. 'Here's health to you both and good luck.'

'Health and good luck,' repeated Brian. 'Well, Mabel, they are coming at last.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER THE STORMS.

BRIAN Halfday was right. Health and good luck were to follow all the miseries and misconceptions with which that year had begun for him and Mabel. The trials of life had been short and sharp, but were to remain for ever memorable. After all, there was nothing much to regret in them, and a great deal to look back upon gratefully—the fair landmarks in the history of a true affection. If Mabel, in her rash, unselfish consideration for the peace of mind of other folk, had nearly shipwrecked her own, still her mistakes were on the right side of the heart; and all was well that ended so well and brightly as this.

The great case collapsed like a bubble after it was discovered that nobody was poisoned. Michael Sewell laughed very heartily when the news first reached him, and said that he was aware of it all along, for he had tasted the stuff in the bottle after taking it from his wife's hands; but the only person disposed to believe him was that wife herself, who considered it extremely probable, and just in Michael's style.

There was a grand unlocking of police cells, and a grand procession therefrom, Michael Sewell and Dorcas, Angelo and his indignant father, and the captain of the "Mary Grey"—the latter vowing that he would make a case of damages for his detention; but exceedingly glad, nevertheless, that he had got so well out of a troublesome piece of business. Concerning the skirmish between Angelo and Brian in the boat, that for ever remained a mystery to those not deeply concerned. Angelo was silent, and Brian said, laughingly, to a few who were inquisitive, that when he got better, he should consider the practicability of taking out a summons for the assault, only, unfortunately, he had no witnesses to support the charge. To Angelo he was above all jesting. The love of this weak-minded young fellow was to be respected for all time, even if his jealousy was to be deplored.

Angelo had sobered down and become a grave and thoughtful man. Eccentricity had died out with his own violent dash at revenge. The rivals had become friends, and Angelo was grateful that Brian's life had been spared. The clergyman's son was not of the stuff that malefactors are made, and he had approached so closely to the verge of crime that to be saved at the eleventh hour was to render him a stronger and a better man henceforth.

'You will not desert us, Angelo,' said Brian to him one day, when there was a rumour of the date's being fixed for Brian's marriage with Mabel; 'you will show your friendship and true courage—your forgiveness even—by being with us then?'

Angelo wavered.

'It may be beyond my strength—but I should like to be there,' he answered.

'You will come—for our sakes as well as your own,' said Mabel, who was, however, a little nervous of the experiment which Brian had suggested.

Angelo fell into his own odd, embarrassed manner which had been missing from him for a long time. It was a good sign, the lovers thought.

'Thank you—I—I think I'll come. If I might be allowed to—to give Brian away, I should feel more easy in my mind,' he said.

'To give Brian away!' exclaimed the bewildered Mabel.

'Oh! I forgot, it's the giving the bride away, isn't it?' he stammered; 'well, it's about the same thing, only I should have liked to pass Brian over, if only to show there's no jealousy left in my heart.'

'Wouldn't giving Mabel away answer the same end?' suggested Brian.

'Well—yes—but Mabel might not like me to do that,' he said, looking at her wistfully.

'Are you not the oldest friend I have in England? asked Mabel.

'Thank you,' Angelo answered.

So Angelo Salmon gave the bride away, to the astonishment of many of his friends, and was as brave and strong as Brian had prophesied that he would be. He was proud of his task, too—it was a sign that Mabel had forgiven him completely, and his heart was lighter and not heavier in consequence.

'I give her to one who will be strong enough to protect her against the troubles of this world,' he said at a later hour; 'I should have been always too weak for that, I am afraid.'

But we are precipitating a crisis by a few lines, and ere the curtain is rung down upon our characters, we would for the last time speak of the strange adventures of the money which Mabel Westbrook had brought from America to benefit the Halfdays.

It was in Penton, where our story opens, that it closes. Where the shadows began, in the twilight of one April day, to steal over the life of Mabel Westbrook, the brighter life commenced and the darkness sank back beyond the hills. It was in the old lodgings too, on the Penton Road where Mabel had taken refuge for a week or two before her marriage, that Dorcas had proved at last that Michael Sewell had his fits of penitence, and was not so thorough a scamp as every one acquainted with him was dis-

posed to believe. Mabel was alone when Dorcas and her husband called upon her, but Brian appeared before the interview was over, followed by his father who was nervous concerning the movements of these four, and did not care to be long out of their sight, lest he should drop also from their recollections before anything was settled about him, or—settled upon him.

Dorcas was looking bright and pretty again—her husband had made large promises of amendment, and spoken of the lesson in life which had been taught him by adversity. He had escaped hanging by a 'fluke,' and he was young enough to value life, and shrewd enough to see how one false step had nearly swept him from it. How time would work upon such a character as this, Brian could not guess; he was not particularly sanguine, but then he was always sceptical, and as Dorcas said with a sigh, he had never liked Michael, or seen him at his best. Having seen Michael Sewell at his worst had been quite enough for Brian Halfday.

'I have brought Michael here to ask your pardon for all the trouble and anxiety he has caused you,' Dorcas said very proudly, upon their entrance.

'Indeed,' said Mabel, who was surprised beyond all composure at her visitors.

'And he will speak up for himself, and tell you what he thinks is just and right on his part,' said Dorcas, stepping aside to allow her husband to emerge into the foreground, and make the speech she had promised for him; 'now, Michael please.'

Thus adjured, Michael Sewell stepped forward and delivered his oration in his usual abrupt way, whilst Dorcas sat down and regarded him admiringly. It was in the middle of the speech that Brian and his father entered and begged him to continue and not to consider their presence as an interruption, and Michael Sewell went off, after a pause, again.

'I was saying, Brian,' he said to our hero, by way of explaining the preliminary points of his address which Brian had not heard, 'that I am a creature of impulse, and a bit of a fool, rash and headlong, and all that, and that God knows I have suffered for it as much as any man—and been as sorry afterwards.'

'I am glad to hear you are sorry,' said Brian dryly.

'Ah!—and look here, I am going to prove I am sorry. I don't suppose,' he said, 'that any one would believe me without I could show I am able to make a sacrifice as well as anybody else. Miss Westbrook,' he said, addressing her in particular, 'it is a little late in the day, but there is the money—not quite all the money, certainly—which you paid to the account of Adam Halfday one day in the spring.'

He placed a packet of notes on the table, adding—

'I have brought it in money—I thought you would prefer it to a cheque.' Mabel seemed to hesitate still.

'I did not think——,' she began, when Brian, with his impetuous rudeness, interrupted her.

'Do not talk of that old farce of restitution, Mabel,' he said, 'for even Adam Halfday's last will restores it to your future husband.'

'You must not imagine that the notice of Brian's claims to the estate frightened me at all,' said Michael, 'don't think that, because I could have bolted with the lot.'

'How much money is there left from the wreck?' asked Brian.

'Fifteen thousand pounds—almost,' answered Michael; 'I have kept back a little for myself—not much—to set me and Dorcas up in business somewhere abroad. You will not begrudge us that?'

'Keep it,' said Brian, after looking at Mabel for her consent to this.

'Thankee,' he answered.

'And if you will go your way alone from this day,' began Brian, 'leaving Dorcas to our care until time has assured us you are to be trusted, I think——'

Dorcas interposed here, as hot and angry as in the old days—

'Would you separate man and wife?' she cried indignantly, 'do you think I would leave him now I have every faith in him?'

'He wishes you to accompany him?' asked Brian.

'Ay, I do,' cried Michael Sewell; 'I wouldn't part with this good little woman for the world. She will keep me straight, see if she does not.'

'My dear Michael!' exclaimed Dorcas.

'She must go then,' said Brian doubtfully.

'I suppose you think I am shamming re-

pentance, Brian?' asked Michael, 'you never could believe in me.'

'I think at the present moment you have a strong idea of attempting your best,' was the reply.

'I have,' said Michael, 'and you shall hear I have done well too—and, by Heaven, I am glad you will be alive to hear it! There's one thing.'

'What is it?'

'I can't do with the old man,' Michael said, with a shudder; 'I can't get along with his beastly selfish ways, I shall be much better without him. For God's sake take care of him, Brian, somewhere.'

'I don't want to go with you, Michael,' whined William Halfday. 'I'd rather stop in England, if my dear boy Brian, whose life I have saved, will find me house and home.'

'I think I know of a cottage——'

'Not that infernal place above Datchet Bridge,' exclaimed his father with alacrity, 'put me in the workhouse rather than up there.'

'I will find a home and a nurse for you,' said Brian.

William Halfday murmured his thanks. It was no more than Brian could help doing, he thought, and he only hoped he should get a proper amount of attention from a hired domestic. He would have preferred to be one of the family after Brian had married.

'And now,' said Dorcas, seizing Mabel's hands and kissing her, 'let me leave you to Brian's care, and wish God's blessing on your future lives. You are the first woman Brian has loved, the first my own hard heart has ever warmed to. He will never be suspicious of you, as he has of me and Michael,' she added half fretfully. 'He will always think the best of you. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Dorcas,' said Mabel, returning her caress.

There were more farewells, but amidst them all, Michael did not offer to shake hands with the man whose life he had coveted. He bowed his head gravely to Brian, and walked away, and the young and confident wife went with him, her hands linked upon his arm.

'So they pass from your life, Mabel, and will shadow it no more,' said Brian after they were gone, 'and there is only one Halfday left to trouble you.'

'To trouble me as long as I live,' she murmured; 'just as he promised me at Datchet Bridge.'

FINIS.

WHERE THOU WERT LAID.

Where thou wert laid with many tears
  Long since the rose was wont to bloom,
But roses die as speed the years,
  And briars spring around the tomb:

For those that wept above thy clay
  Long time have slept the sleep that knows
No dream—no ushering in of day—
  No intermission of repose.

'Tis well! With millions gone before
  Thou hast thy dwelling, and to thee,
As roll the ages, millions more
  With sighs and tears shall gathered be.

H. L. SPENCER.

ROUND THE TABLE.

I SOMETIMES think that if I were one of those fortunate ladies who possess, besides a good position in society, a house and means commensurate with a large-hearted hospitality, I should make a resolute effort to introduce certain social reforms. To this end I should constantly remind myself that a mission was open to me which any woman might deem honourable, and that is to encourage the practice of the social virtues and the graces of life in a country where they sadly need to be cultivated. It should be my aim to bring together often the young people of both sexes, not in the indiscriminate elbowing of a showy party, but in gatherings more select and less ostentatious. A grand dinner-party I should never countenance. A great banquet, where speaking follows the elaborate eating, may sometimes be endured for the sake of the speeches; a small dinner-party, where the guests are friends in sympathy with one another, may be the most delightful of social meetings. But Heaven preserve me from the grand dinner which is between the two, with its interminable courses, its stiffness, its vapidity, and its gormandising. 'We,' says a Spartan in an old play, 'are great both at eating and working, but the Athenians at talking, and eating little, and the Thebans at eating a great deal.' The Bœotians, with their proverbial dullness and capacity for eating, must have brought the grand dinner-party to a state of perfection; but the Athenians, who thought more of talking than eating, probably enjoyed themselves more. I should aim at being Athenian rather than Theban in my dinners, and therefore I say that in my house the grand dinner-party should be unknown. A few friends or acquaintances, chosen, not indiscriminately, but with a view to their characteristic tastes and pursuits, should often, I hope, sit at my table, and a simple dinner would be followed by a song or two, or a chapter read from a pleasant book. And my friends should understand that I would not be offended if they stayed no later than ten o'clock. Dancing I should encourage of course, but I should leave grand balls for the Queen's representatives. What an unmitigated misery is a ball in a private house of average dimensions! Its 'success' in our society is measured by the number of people who are induced to come and jostle one another in the stifling rooms. 'How did Mrs. A's. party go off.' 'Oh splendidly, there were more than two hundred people there.' 'Dear me, it must have been a great success.' 'It was, I assure you.' Such is the language of polite, mendacious society; but the worn-out male, as he yawns through his morning toilet, growls to himself in a different strain. 'What a blank nuisance these parties are! That woman is a fool to cram her rooms with all sorts of people, and worse than a fool to require them to dance. There were two men to every woman, and the whole place was like a bee-hive all the time. Not a chance to get a bit of supper till after one o'clock. I might have known what it would be. like, and I was a condemned idiot for going. No more parties for me this winter!' This crowding of parties is fatal to social enjoyment. For six high-spirited souls or spooning—forgive the word: I should reform that in time out of polite conversation—or spooning lovers who are happy at such an assembly, there are sixty people who are listless, disappointed, or miserable. That kindly social philosopher, Arthur Helps, has made one of his 'Friends in Council' say some sensible things on this subject:

'*Sir Arthur Godolphin.*—I have often thought that I would like to have much influence with one of the foremost leaders of fashion, some great lady. . . . For a whole year I should wish to guide her absolutely as regards the entertainments she had to give. Take a ball, for instance. This is really the best enterment in the world, or would be if it were managed properly. . . . I would first make her carefully measure her rooms. I should aid her in doing that, and would show her what space should be allowed for those who have to sit down—

Ellesmere.—How the polite Sir Arthur avoids the disagreeable word 'wall-flowers!'

Sir Arthur.—and for those who have to dance. I would instil into her mind the simple axiom that when you ask people to dance you should give them room to dance.

Ellesmere.—My bisection—only in other words.

Sir Arthur.—I would insist upon her ball beginning early and ending early, and would order her to make a fuss about punctuality. The hours should be from eight o'clock to one. Those who really care about dancing are the sort of people who are not devoted to grand and late dinners. . . . I would diminish in every respect the sumptuousness of the affair. I rarely assist at such entertainments; but when I do, I always see that half, at least, of this sumptuousness is entirely useless.'

Now these are the points which I, as a social reformer, should impress by example and precept upon those who entertain. I should give, instead of one large and splendid and miserable party, two or three simple and pleasant ones, and in the consciousness that I was acting wisely, I should risk giving offense to those of my friends not invited to my first entertainment who were too dull to appreciate the loftiness of my aims. And to those I had asked to come and be happy, I should give a reasonable space wherein to enjoy themselves. Above all, knowing that most, if not all my gentlemen had serious work to commence at an early hour in the morning, I should abbreviate the hours of pleasure.

How often have I thought, 'I should have enjoyed myself at such and such a party had I been able to get away when I wanted to.' The mistake is universal amongst us of pressing a guest to stay when he intimates a desire to go at a reasonable hour. 'If you go so early I shall think you have not enjoyed yourself.' What the dickens is a poor fellow to do when his hostess puts the matter to him in this way? Yes, one of the first social reforms I should inaugurate in my imagined position of a social leader, would be the curtailment in point of time of all entertainments. A few of the younger ladies would rebel, but all the men worth considering would bless me warmly. Something would then be done towards inducing the best men to perform their duty to society—the men who, according to Mr. John Stuart Mill, should in the present constitution of society keep away from it altogether. But I certainly should not give parties for dancing only: I should have occasional reading parties, and private theatricals once in a while. Of these perhaps I shall speak hereafter. I know some of those who are sitting round the table have something to say of their own, and will justly object to me doing all the talking.

—There is a friend of mine to whom I shall henceforward talk ungrammatically, write elaborately misspelt letters, and misquote persistently. In all this I shall have a double object: to revenge a series of injuries he has of late perpetrated upon me; and to ruinously undermine his respect for any critical faculty of which he may supposed me possessed. There is no presumption in my indicating that he attributes such a faculty to me, or makes pretence of so doing; for therein lies the very gist of my displeasure with him. He has, in short, made it his habit of late, to come and break bread with me now and again, and afterwards, holding me helpless in the bonds of hospitable duty, to pull out of his pocket bundles of MSS, and read to me articles and poems which he has still under the *limæ labor*. Now I deem it no infliction to listen to his articles or to his poems; they are generally very good, and he reads them capitally; in fact, with enthusiastic appreciation. But he embitters my pleasure and even jeopardizes our mutual goodwill, by requesting me invariably to 'express a candid critical opinion, and make unhesitatingly any suggestions or corrections that may occur to my mind.' What can be more distressing than my position? To praise his every production *in toto*, from alpha to omega, would be tc stultify myself and betray the untruth I was uttering; for my friend is no simpleton. To find any radical fault, or one too many of incidental errors or blemishes, would be in all likelihood to incur his displeasure, even though he might protest that he was delighted, and actually strive to persuade himself that he did not feel hurt. I have to aim at a happy mean, most difficult of discovery, and skilfully to spice hearty general praise with friendly censure on some trivial points. In selecting these trivial points with an anxious care, I am certain to pick out his favourite weaknesses! Yet I must say something; or he takes my silence

as a polite veil for utter lack of appreciation. When will men learn that they are mortal? When will grown-up children cease to play with edged tools; and my amiable persecutor to hand me the sword with which to wound his self-love, and, perchance, even to cut the pleasant bonds of our friendship? For my own part, I find that my vanity is every day stabbed sorely enough, until it is well-nigh defunct, without seeking for it a Strato that I may play Brutus. With Canning I say heartily:—

'..of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*'

—The number of books that 'every one must read' is beginning to make me despondent. I never met a man who was not 'meaning to read' an indefinite number of these terrible books;—nor one who had read so many that, though he were a student on the shady side of fifty, some young enthusiast of eighteen summers could not pick a hole in his literary armour. Would it not be as well to face this matter? We start out on our mental campaigns with an ardour of intention before which visions of the Bodleian and British Museum libraries appear trifles. The realities are very substantial when we see them; and, among many thousand volumes, when we see on every side titles, well-known to us, of books we 'really must read,' then do our hearts sink somewhat. So, at any rate, has mine at such times. But not long afterwards we allow a new novel, a magazine, a newspaper, to steal lightly away our uncounted moments and leave us still with printed worlds to conquer, and still 'meaning' to conquer them. 'Time is money' is a trite half-truth; and we elevate it to no higher dignity than a truism when we add that time is very much more than money. We count the poorer thing carefully; why not the better? Since we make out no 'deposit slips' for hours as for our dollars, for minutes as for our cents, we vaguely credit ourselves with a great time-treasure, which we squander as though it were inexhaustible. But what is the richest heritage of years we can succeed to? The question is platitude enough without its answer. Nevertheless, we most of us allow a simple little calculation from years to hours to remain unmade; and are content to put a hasty 'equal' between intentions and possibilities without reducing either to a known quantity. To do so as far as we can will always startle us and is generally salutary. With regard to reading alone, a man who steadily continues it for sixty years at the rate of five volumes a month,—by no means a despicable average,—will have perused finally just three thousand six hundred volumes. This is scarcely a Bodleian; but it is more than many get through who count themselves close students. Consideration of a plain fact such as this may at least convince us of the necessity of system; and lead us to curtail, either our indulgence in unprofitable, if pleasant, ephemeral literature, or our ambition in the direction of books that 'every one must read.'

—THE collection of pictures exhibited in New York in the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum, as the contribution of New York to the Centennial Exhibition, was interesting, not only because the paintings were choice specimens of well-known painters, but also because it furnished a very fair index to the taste and culture of the wealthy Americans who contributed the collection, and who, judged by their index, seem to be discriminating as well as generous patrons of European artists. Among the contributors were state governors, bankers, merchants, and ladies of wealth, and the painters represented were chiefly French, German, and Spanish, with a small admixture of English and American pictures. The most remarkable collection was the 'James Taylor Johnson Collection,' which was nothing less than princely, but which, to the regret of many who admired it as a superb whole, has since been sold and disposed of on account of the financial embarrassments of its owner. The great object of interest in the collection was Turner's 'Slave-ship,' characterized by Ruskin as the noblest sea-picture ever painted by man. Perhaps it is, but surely such pale, lurid waves,—crossed by the fatal, blood-dyed track, and full of sea monsters, as clearly visible as in an aquarium—were never seen in any terrestrial sea. By dint of studying the picture for a considerable time, one can discern its wonderful power, and throw oneself into the spirit of the painter's conception; but—think it true to nature, one

cannot! However, it remains an open question whether painters of Turner's genius may or may not, to a certain extent, sacrifice literal truth to nature to high poetic idealization. Will any one give a well-grounded opinion on this subject? As to Turner's picture, I fear that the average visitor would be of the opinion which I heard expressed by a young lady, (American, of course,) who had been reading the description of Ruskin, attached to the back of the picture, and who declared that the description was 'a great deal handsomer than the painting.' One of the other gems of the collection was a picture which could not fail to arrest the attention of all classes of visitors, so vivid and powerful was it in its terrible reality; a picture familiar to many through engravings—Müller's 'Last Victims of the Reign of Terror,' listening, in the Conciergerie, to the roll of death, As one stands gazing at the pallid, terror-stricken faces, so full of anguish and despair, one feels as if the scene—once so sadly real—had again become a reality before one's eyes. Church's 'Niagara'—by far the best picture of the Falls ever painted—was also in this collection. So truly is the water given, that one almost listens for the roar, and fancies one sees the rapids flowing down in their perpetual, ever-changing, yet never-ceasing rush. Among the other most remarkable pictures in this room was Holman Hunt's 'Isabella and her Basil-pot,'—from the old story of Boccario—so touchingly and exquisitely rendered by Keats. Every one who has read it will remember the haunting refrain :—

> 'For cruel, 'tis, said she,
> To steal my Basil-pot away from me!'

A number of good specimens of Bouguereau, Meyers, Von Bremen, Troyon, &c. &c., also graced this collection, but any comments on them must be left to another day.

—I cannot understand why, in discussing such a question as the conferring of the franchise upon women whose property qualifications would entitle them to it, if they were men, it is so often quiety *assumed* that such women do not desire the franchise and would not exercise it if they had it. I know a good many sensible and intelligent women of this class, who, while they do not 'clamour' for the franchise, since 'clamouring' is not at all in their way, yet do consider it an injustice that, simply on the ground of sex, they are debarred from a privilege usually attending the possession of property, a privilege exercised by the least intelligent and most ignorant man who works for them, and who is perhaps taxed for a minute fraction of the amount for which they pay taxes. Some of these women not merely manage their own business, and bring up their families of *sons* as well as daughters to be creditable members of society, but also conduct, and conduct well, benevolent and philanthropic institutions requiring much thought, care, and judgment. Why it should be supposed that, if they had the franchise, they would not exercise its important duties as faithfully and intelligently as any of the other duties so well discharged by them; or why such an exercise of it should interfere in any respect with these other duties; or, lastly, why the simple recording of a vote should drag them into any 'noisy arena,' any more than making their purchases at shop or market, or going to a bank to draw or deposit money; are curious questions, more easily asked than answered. And if voting would be so demoralizing to women, how comes it that it is not ruinous to the average man? Women have shown their appreciation of the privilege of voting for school boards, where they have had it conferred upon them, and I believe that female property-holders, if the franchise were bestowed upon them, would exercise it as a right and duty, at least as intelligently as the average male voter. As for 'standing' as 'candidates,' because they have the right to vote, they would no more think of it than clergymen do now. I believe much of the timidity felt about this matter arises from a needlessly anxious calculation, on the part of politicians, as to the effect which would be produced on the balance of power by the addition of a fractional number of female votes.

—THE writer of 'Current Events' in the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, does some injustice, through inadvertence, no doubt, to the step recently taken by the Evangelical Alliance of Toronto, to discourage Sunday funerals. It is hardly

fair to set down to a 'Judaizing' spirit, a movement which is really one of *self-defence*, and for which excellent reasons exist, well known to those who have taken measures in the matter, though they might, naturally enough, not at once occur to a critic who looks at it from the outside. If the presence of clergymen were not required at funerals, they might, perhaps, be reasonably considered as stepping out of their place in dictating whether interments are to occur on Sunday, or not. But as hardly any are willing that their friends should be interred without the last services of the church, for the comfort of the survivors,—even in the case of those who have never troubled the Church much during life,—a clergyman's presence is considered a *sine quâ non*. Now, every one who considers what is the ordinary pressure of a minister's work on Sunday, in conducting two services, and superintending his Sunday-School, must admit that these constitute quite a sufficient tax on his time and strength, without adding thereto the labour of attending Sunday funerals. If 'the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' it is utterly subversive of its spirit to make it the occasion of entailing on any class of men burdens too heavy to be borne. And it is the mercenary selfishness of society, rather than any other cause, which makes Sunday a favorite day for funerals. People will give up their time on that day rather than on any other, because it does not entail any loss in 'hard cash.' Whether its unprofitable employment may not entail loss in things more important—they do not seem to consider. For although there may be elevating and softening influences connected with the services, for those who attend them, what benefit can be derived by those who merely hang about outside till the procession is formed, and then show clearly enough, by their demeanor, that their thoughts are anywhere rather than with the dead. As to being quiet and undisturbed in thought beside the grave of a departed friend,—that is hardly possible amidst the fuss and parade of an average funeral. And, indeed, when one considers how conventional and barren of feeling are most funerals, one feels inclined to query :—'Why have a funeral (in the ordinary sense of the word) at all?' I have often heard persons of sensitive feeling express a strong desire to be attended to the grave only by those nearest and dearest friends who would be real mourners, and who would not consider it 'a bore' to attend a ceremony 'out of compliment,' to the survivors. And why must funerals always be at a certain conventional hour,—the very worst, in summer, at which they could be held in our climate? I should very much prefer being quietly attended to the last resting-place in the tranquil hours of a summer evening, by the few nearest friends to whom in life I could always look for sympathy, to the most magnificent pageant on which money was ever wasted. And the conventional hearse! Why do we tolerate its gloomy hideousness so long? *Christian* funerals should not be shrouded in gloom. However, this is a digression. But so long as clergymen are required to be present at funerals, to speak words of Christian faith and hope to the mourners, they have a right to request that, whenever possible, interments shall not be appointed for a day on which they are already so fully taxed that they would not be justified in undertaking any other duty, except in the most urgent necessity.

—Anything more absurd than the 'May-Bennett' duel it would be difficult for the tripping pen of reporter to indite, or the fluent brain of penny-a-liner to fabricate. After creating a little sensation of its own, and figuring almost every day in leaded magnificence of hinted horrors, it has come down to this, that two foolish boys went out with all the dread paraphernalia of duelling pistols (of first-class make), surgeons (with the best testimonials and instrument cases), seconds (warranted bloodthirsty), and the inevitable brandy-flask,—in fact, everything a duellist's heart could require, *except* the mutual determination to fire at each other. As neither gentleman probably suspected the other of any such villainous intention as that of burning filthy gunpowder in any other than a heavenward direction, we may presume that *they*, at least, were not astounded at the result; but the seconds must have felt greatly inclined to punch each his principal's head. After this travesty, society need fear no revival of the duello: the recent burlesque has been too broad to call for repetition, or even an appearance of the authors before the footlights.

While condemning the, so called, laws of honour of the good old fighting days for the blood they spilt, it must at least be acknowledged that, in those times, gentlemen duellists had this redeeming feature in their characters, that the courage of their convictions did not often desert them inopportunely at the moment when the fatal paces were stepped out, and they met their antagonists face to face.

—I have noticed from the daily papers that revivals are going on freely in all parts of the Province, and the ordinary not-over-punctually-church-going individual is being laid in wait for by earnest folk, capable of compassing heaven and earth to make a proselyte, and is being called on 'to show cause' (in legal phraseology) why he should not instantly experience a change of conviction and purpose. Unfortunately, the process generally leaves an unpleasant sensation upon the mind of the unregenerate, and he is apt to expose the ludicrous side of the subject on returning to his congenial haunts. This is a pity, for while there can be little doubt that revivals do much harm in many ways, yet we must not forget that the men and women who buttonhole us at unseasonable moments are very terribly in earnest. For them to hear and believe the things they do hear and believe, and yet not rush forth to command and to importune men to come in, would be proof of such callousness of heart on their part as would justly draw down upon them far severer comment than the excess of zeal which they at present display may be thought to merit.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Dominion Parliament met on the 8th ult., with the usual formalities, though without even the ordinary display of interest or enthusiasm. There is no disguising the evident fact that politics have ceased to arouse the attention of any but those who have deep stakes at issue in the game. Both before and after the opening of the Houses, there have been vaticinations; but whether they come from the one side or the other, they are almost sure to be falsified by the event. A favourite Opposition prophecy, it was, that the Premier had a subtle scheme in waiting: no less than the dismissal of the House to their constituents after the passage of the Estimates—they were, somewhat according to the Sangrado method, first to be bled, and then to be purged. There was but one hitch in the programme, and that a fatal one,—Mr. Mackenzie's motive for so erratic a course. The answer was, that the indignation of the country had manifested itself so clearly, and the Conservative reaction was so open and palpable, that even the present Government could not fail to observe the signs of the times, and to seize them, in a some what rude and surprising way, by the forelock. Now we take Mr. Mackenzie to be too shrewd a Scot to be frightened with false fire. Certainly, if there were a Conservative reaction, the best way would be to prove it in Parliament, where it is not likely to be proved, rather than out of it. It is impossible to believe that the Government would lose much by a dissolution to-morrow; still less that the experience of this session and the next would make many converts to the Opposition side. That there are faults in the course pursued by the Dominion administration can hardly be denied; they are evident enough to any impartial observer. The only question with those who have an interest in the prosperity and growth of the nation is, —Should we do better by a change? We are quite satisfied that, as matters go, Canada may as well be governed by its present rulers as any others to be thought of just now.

As for the Conservative reaction, except so far as the hierarchy of Quebec are

determined to precipate it in that Province, it is sheer moonshine. That there should be some calm reflection upon the inexorable verdict of 1872-3 is likely enough. The victory over the late Government was, after all, a snap judgment; and it is not surprising that reasonable men should, some years after, endeavour to reconsider and revise it. But there is no evidence whatever, that the people, as a whole, desire any change in the régime. What have they to gain by it? Would Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper, with M. M. Langevin, Masson, and Mousseau, Mr. Campbell of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Pope of Prince Edward Island, do better for us, than those now in power? Would the fiscal system be placed upon a better footing than now? We doubt it. Would determined resistance be made to the dictation of the hierarchy? Every one knows that it would not. And when we hear of purity in Opposition, and corruption in office, does not the cry pall upon the ear of any man of the existing generation?

It has been said that the mass of the people have no historical memory; it may be so, but they cannot have forgotten all that has passed within the last quarter of a century. If the popular memory has thus lost its vigour—if every triumph or defeat of party, is to be a signal for wiping off old scores, and incurring new debts and promising new indictments for corrupt dealings with public moneys and public interests—then let it be so understood. It might be well that some such oblivion should be thrown about the past, now that so many scandals arise, or are factitiously invented every day. No sooner was the Pacific Scandal laid in its grave, than others arose to take its place in a solemn lying in state. The "funeral baked meats" which garnished the obsequies of the Scandal, "did coldly furnish forth" the orgies of the Big Push wake. If the people have become sated with this Stygian banquet, who is to blame, if not the parties and their unchanging strategy? When there appeared to be some reasonable bone of contention, charges of corruption were rife, but they only served as the by-play of combatants in earnest. When Mr. Brown sat as judge and prosecutor in a committee of investigation charged with inquiry into alleged malfeasance against Mr. Hincks, every one knew that they were only skirmishing attacks to pave the way for the advance of a phalanx which represented honest principles. Now all is changed: at the next election, the *Globe* is not ashamed to avow that neither party will have any principle but the achievement of success, and no practice but that of scandal and slander. The words are too good to be lost, especially as they come direct from Ottawa: 'Both parties here are feeling and shewing an amount of bitterness and acerbity unparalleled for many years. Both Government and Opposition are trying to rake up charges of corruption against political opponents in preparation for the election after next session.' In short, every party man is to be a cock, scraping out filth from his neighbour's dunghill, instead of crowing upon his own.

The first evidence of the truth contained in this prophecy, came somewhat before its utterance. If it be true, as we have seen affirmed, that the attack upon Sir John Macdonald, in the matter of the Secret Service money, through the columns of the *Globe*, was penned by a member of the House of Commons, all that need be said is, that he ought to be ashamed of himself. That a hireling of any newspaper should be a representative of the people is bad enough; but that he should abuse his trust, and serve the master who pays him, rather than they who confide in him, is simply disgraceful. Whether the insinuation as to the authorship of the letter is well-founded or not, is not of much importance; indeed it would be improper as well as distasteful to us to inquire into its truth. But regarding the inuendoes conveyed in that letter, there ought to be but one opinion in the minds of all unprejudiced men. Whatever Sir John Macdonald's faults may have been, no one has a right, at this time of day, to charge him with being either sordid or selfish. That he was fond of power in the hey-day of his political prosperity, not even he himself would deny; that he sometimes strained a point to maintain himself in place, we can well believe; indeed the Pacific Railway investigation proved it. But that he ever used improperly, either for personal or party purposes, any public moneys over which he had control, we would as soon believe, and not sooner, than similar charges which have been preferred against

Mr. Mackenzie. The secret service money was voted for exceedingly delicate uses, and the retention of it nominally in the hands of Sir John Macdonald so long, is not very difficult to understand. Explanations, except such as indicate the impossibility to explain, are out of the question. It is sufficient for the public to know what the Premier, with equal candour and generosity, confessed, that no improper use had been made of the money, either by Sir John or any of those who had been with him in office. The only difference between the two leaders was one of constitutional practice. On this point there may legitimately be a divergence, quite apart from any moral question supposed to be involved. On the general principle that only an existing Ministry, having the confidence of Parliament, should pay out public moneys, there can be no question; but it is very easy to see, that, when a promise of secrecy had been a condition precedent upon which alone information of paramount importance could be gained, the Minister who had pledged his honour would feel bound to keep faith, even to the length of concealing the agents or their information from the knowledge of his successor in office. We are not in England, and can hardly be bound by home procedure, and it would at least have been dangerous, if not a positive violation of his pledge, had Sir John Macdonald revealed the sources of his knowledge, at the risk of their discovery by agents of a traitorous party, now in avowed alliance with his opponents. At all events, we have the satisfaction of knowing that, whether the ex-Premier were right or not as to the point of honour, or wrong in his view of governmental duty, no injustice has been done to the public, no money stolen or misused, no trust betrayed, but only that a malicious and wanton slander has shrivelled up at the touch as of Ithuriel's spear. The policy of scandal now formally announced by the *Globe*, is certainly the most disgraceful parties could adopt; perhaps, however, it is their only one. At the same time, one voice at least shall be raised against these abominable tactics, and, to use Lord Chatham's words, 'this more shameless avowal of them.'

Speeches from the Throne have doubtless improved in literary merit since the time when William Cobbett exposed the 'errors and nonsense' contained in one of them by way of appendix to his English Grammar. Yet it can hardly be said that intrinsically they are worth as much they used to be. These utterances may be considered in a two-fold light: either as imparting information with regard to the past—an account of ministerial stewardship in fact; or as announcements for the future, a programme or 'bill of fare,' as it is the fashion to call it, of the Session. In either aspect they can hardly be said to serve the purpose or fulfil the functions so well as they used to do. Most of the intelligence is no news, but merely a bald statement of what the journals of the day have given and discussed it may be months previously. This is certainly not the fault of governments: the avenues of information have been enlarged and opened to the masses, the facilities for reading and learning have been largely increased, and it is no longer considered necessary to keep the people in the dark, as it was once the fashion to do, from the end of one session to the beginning of another.

The result is that the major part of a modern speech consists of mere padding. Nor when we come to the other or minor portion is the deficiency made up. The maxim of late years has been, not to offer a plethora of good things, but to make a very little go a great way. Ministers seem to pride themseves upon adroitness in this art much as the first gold-beater must have exulted when he discovered how small a portion of gold he could hammer out to the tenuity of the finest tissue-paper, or as a penurious parent when he finds that, by administering puffy aliment to his voracious offspring, instead of solid food, he may save money. Of course in a political 'dead time' like the present, when there are few great issues pending, there is no reason why ministers should task their ingenuity in order to make subjects for legislation, nor is there any utility in promising a large budget of measures, a moiety of which it is not likely they will be able to pass. As Lord Beaconsfield observed a few sessions ago, the list may be small, and yet not be definitively and unalterably fixed at any stated number. It is always well to have several well-digested measures in reserve to be brought out in due time should the House prove equal to their digestion. Surprises of this kind are

always grateful to legislators as well as to the public.

The speech delivered by his Excellency last month was of the average type. Parliament was informed of a number of things it knew before, and some bills, all of a useful and practical, that is of a non-sensational, character were foreshadowed. Sir John Macdonald was facetious as usual over the poverty of the programme, but he need not have spoken of 'Lenten fare,' at least until *Mardi gras* had come and gone. The visit of their Excellencies to British Columbia properly occupied the first place in the speech, although, considering the unusual character of the excursion, and its importance politically and otherwise, we think a little more space, as well as a little of his Excellency's force and vigour of expression might have been spent upon it.

Mr. Blake's achievements in England were referred to with becoming modesty, yet they were by no means of slight value. The Minister of Justice spent his vacation industriously and profitably, and readers of the blue-book, just published, will observe that on all the four topics of conference with Downing street, the honorable gentleman was successful. The State papers submitted to Lord Carnarvon's consideration are models of clear and exhaustive statement, as well as of cogent reasoning. With the United States the Government has not been able to do so well—indeed, to do anything. Notwithstanding that the Americans have, for years, enjoyed the Canadian fisheries, Mr. Fish has not taken the first step towards fulfilling treaty obligations. The English Commissioner has crossed the ocean twice in vain; Sir Alexander Galt has been kept waiting to do his duty as the Canadian representative; counsel have been retained and feed in vain. The Americans display the same Punic faith Mr. Mackenzie so vigorously assailed, and yet, after coolly retaining millions of English money, contrary to the award of the Genevan Commission, they neglect to take the first step towards paying the price of privileges they have enjoyed for the last five years. Great Britain and Canada have certainly been cheated on every hand, from the arbitration downwards.

There is a plethora of blue-books just now, but as it is likely that they are as little to the taste of our readers as to our own, we shall not attempt to give even a meagre notion of their contents. As was to have been expected, there has been a serious falling off in the customs and other sources of revenue —in the first of these there is a decrease of about two millions and a half, and altogether of more than eight millions. This has been, of course, owing to the serious depression of trade, and was partly, though not adequately, anticipated by the Finance Minister. The prospect for the year 1876-7, is not by any means too bright, and preparation may perhaps be necessary for a further diminution in the receipts. Trade shows some signs of revival, yet they are not by any means clear and certain enough to build a fabric of hope upon; besides eight months of the fiscal year have already passed. The estimated expenditure on the other hand is to be in excess of last year's, though not to any great extent. As the *Globe* justly remarks, there is an actual decrease in ordinary Governmental expenditure, the extra items being 'Indian grants under treaties, Mounted Police, and aid to settlers in Manitoba.'

Mr. Cartwright's remedy for the growth of expenditure and the falling off of revenue is retrenchment; and he appears to have applied the pruning-hook with an unsparing hand. Still, there is a limit to a policy of this description. In the next financial year, the present state of affairs may possibly be aggravated on both sides of the Dominion balance-sheet and it would then become a serious question whether the expenditure can be materially reduced without impairing the efficiency of the public service. It is at all times unwise, not to say unjust, to starve the employees of the Crown, and it is peculiarly so at a time when every necessity of life, indeed everything purchasable by money, is exceptionally high. It must be remembered that if the financial depression weighs heavily upon the Treasury, it tells much more severely on these, who are not paid over-handsomely at the best of times.

It may be convenient to notice briefly here the financial statement lately made by the Minister of Finance. Presuming the reader to be already acquainted with its salient points, it may be remarked that Mr. Cartwright takes a more sanguine view of the immediate future than most business people here are disposed to take. He starts out with a gratifying forecast of the Domi-

nion expenditure—gratifying, that is, if it should be verified by the event. There was a deficit of $1,900,000, but according to the Budget, after deducting the expenditure for exceptional purpose, there only remains a comparatively moderate sum which may be overcome by the retrenchment already made or to be made during the current half-year. It appears, turning to the other side of the ledger, that the receipts for the latter half of 1876 were about equal to those of the preceding year, and, assuming the same result for the first half of 1877, Mr. Cartwright thinks that there may be no considerable deficit this year. But is he entitled to make that assumption? He admits that the bad harvest has falsified the predictions of 1876; but he expects that the natural results of that misfortune will not flow from it. The customs' duties fell off two millions and a half in the last fiscal year, and they only formed the chief item out of a total of eight millions. Is it not almost certain that the spring importations will be still more contracted? Have we not much reason to fear a succession of business failures? And all this with the adverse effects of a bad food supply at the back of them. It appears, therefore, to us that Mr. Cartwright views our trade prospects in too roseate a hue. The alterations in the tariff, we are sorry to say, are not made with any view of encouraging our drooping industries. Tea, a necessary of life which we cannot produce ourselves, and which is already costly enough, is burdened with two cents per lb. specific duty; while sugar, which we can refine for ourselves, remains as it was. There is no great objection to the other items; yet we are inclined to think that the coal oil producers will hardly be satisfied with the abolition of the excise duty and the small and inadequate protection of six per cent customs' charge. Of course, malt, ale, and cigars suffer, but we do not see any reason to complain on that score. The Budget, on the whole, was a clear exposition of the finances, and if it should turn out to have been over-sanguine, people will be grateful even for illusory comfort in these pinching times.

The debate on the Address, which was exceedingly tame, was concluded in an afternoon. Mr. Guthrie, the new member for South Wellington, the mover, acquitted himself with great credit, in a maiden speech which argued well for his future success in Parliamentary life. Sir John Macdonald's reply was as lively as possible under the circumstances, yet he scarcely attained to Mark Tapley's standard of jollity. Nothing was said about the great Conservative reaction of which so much has been urged in the Opposition press. There was no spark of exultation in the ex-Premier's speech, no glimmering of sunshine upon his face, such as usually radiates from the countenance of him who has begun to hope. No amendment was proposed to the Address, but the Premier agreed to alter the phraseology of the clause which agreed with His Excellency, that some of the public works contemplated in 1867 should not be undertaken or 'pressed to completion at present.' Mr. Mackenzie's speech was short and incisive; but having no particular summons to the fray, he wisely reserved his heavy artillery. The usual explanations of Ministerial changes were given, and the debate, if such it may be called, was somewhat livelier. Sir John Macdonald roasted M. Cauchon rather severely in his characteristic style, and the President, with helpless meekness, retorted that the Opposition leader 'always would be witty;' but, although the point of Sir John's joke was seen, and perhaps felt, it did not appear to make M. Cauchon merry. On the explanations nothing need be said, for the cause of the changes was known and discussed out of doors long ago. The return of Mr. Roy for Kamouraska by a majority of fifty-one shows that the Hon. Mr. Pelletier acted wisely in retreating upstairs; yet it was hardly kind to make a victim of M. Perrault.

Mr. John Macdonald's motion appointing a committee to consider the desirability of having daily prayers read previous to every sitting, was, in many respects a proper one, and received general support from both sides of the House. Supposing that members of different persuasions can be brought to agree upon the form to be used, there ought to be no objection to a public recognition of the Divine power and goodness, and a humble supplication for Divine guidance and blessing. That prayer should be offered in the Senate, where age has tempered the fury of unruly passion, and not in the House, where political rancour is too

often deep and bitter, as well as unscrupulous, seems at least strange. The only danger is that the prayers may prove to be an empty form, as they have proved in other countries, and that they might ultimately be read by Mr. Speaker to few, except the sergeant-at-arms, the clerks, pages, and door-keepers. It depends upon the House to decide whether this shall be the case here. The members are certainly, as a rule, decorous enough, but it is hard to predicate of the majority any deep sense of religion—any fervent spirit of devotional zeal. It may reasonably be doubted whether the step, however justifiable on the highest grounds, will prove, in practice, a wise one. In so solemn a matter, the desire 'to make a fair show in the flesh' may be infinitely worse than the state of things obtaining heretofore. There are evils to be deprecated more serious than the absence of formal, and it may be perfunctory, worship, and amongst them must be reckoned sham, false pretence, hypocrisy. And it may well be a question for the sincerest Christian in the House of Commons, whether the Almighty Maker and Ruler of all things is really honoured by the lip-service, the listless and heartless petitions, of even so dignified a body as that over which Mr. Anglin presides. Surely it would be doing less dishonour to the Father in Heaven not to pray at all than to pray amiss. The Roman Catholic members of the House have done themselves infinite credit by the frank and generous manner in which they have responded to the appeal of their Protestant colleagues in the representation. A slight difficulty has arisen as to the language in which the prayers are to be read. Mr. Langevin, it would seem, 'insisted' that they should be delivered in French, as well as in English, and we suppose that if the hon. gentleman chooses to stand upon his rights as a French Canadian, he must, technically speaking, be sustained. We are disposed to think that the member for Charlevoix is too good an Ultramontane to submit to heretical prayers without protest. He is the brother of a Bishop, as we have had reason to know of late, and wears on his breast the order of St. Gregory; but he certainly ought not to prove recalcitrant when so good a friend of the hierarchy as M. Masson gracefully and cordially supports the member for Centre Toronto. One point, mooted by the Speaker, was not settled apparently; it was whether the prayers were to be read before or after the doors were opened. It is to be hoped that the latter alternative will be adopted. There is no pretence that legislative devotions are matters of privilege; their ostensible reason is founded upon the theory that they constitute a public recognition of the Deity; that being the case, no proceeding of the House ought to be more public than its prayers. Indeed publicity might have a favourable effect upon the House itself in more ways than one. The Speaker appears to have undertaken the duties of chaplain with cheerfulness, and it will be entered on the chronicles of the time that prayers have been read for the first time, after a long interval, in the Lower House, by a Roman Catholic layman.

Mr. Casey, the persevering champion of civil service reform, has wisely determined to set about the work he has undertaken, early in the session. In order to procure information upon which to base a substantive motion or at least a demand for a select committee of inquiry, he has given notice of a motion for returns. It is fully time that some steps should be taken to place the civil service upon a more satisfactory footing, as well in the interests of the public as of the public servants. It is vain to hope for any effective reform in the service, so long as politicians are permitted to interfere with it, by the exercise of party patronage. Mr. Mackenzie would confer an inestimable boon upon the country, if he would take the subject earnestly in hand and show his moral courage, as well as his energy, by grappling with a gigantic mischief. The first step must be to warn party men, whether in or out of Parliament, off the ground, by at once and definitively abolishing the vicious system which now obtains of giving members, or leaders whose votes are sought, any claim or right whatever to a voice in appointments and promotions. This can only be done by establishing a rigid and inflexible system, which neither cajolery nor threats shall have power to bend or break.

No scheme, merely upon paper, will serve the purpose; that has been tried already and found wanting. In the first place, a

judicious competitive system ought to be adopted; this would, at once protect the service from the intrusion of drones heretofore foisted upon it at the bidding of politicians. In the next place, promotion should, as a general rule, he based upon seniority, and no outsider, unless for some special work for which he is peculiarly fitted, should be introduced over the heads of competent public servants already on the staff. But thirdly, in addition to seniority, or rather as a qualification of it within the civil service, intelligence, industry, punctuality, and general morality, so far as it bears upon the performance of duty, should all be taken into account. Special aptitude for particular work should be another consideration. One of the mischiefs of the naked principle of promotion by seniority is that it benefits equally the drone, who is lazy or incapable, and the man of conscientious purpose and energetic intelligence, who takes a pride in his work. On the other hand, the alternative system we have suggested would be liable to the risk of favouritism, either political or personal, by the minister, or his chief departmental officers. To obviate this danger, a civil service board, composed of impartial and competent men, should be constituted, with power to pronounce upon the fitness of any applicant for appointment or promotion after a careful and searching investigation. The result should be transmitted without delay to the minister for his approval.

There ought also to be a thorough revision of salaries with a view to make them regular and equitable throughout the service, and the normal increases from time to time should, upon the advice of the Board, and with the approval of the Finance Minister, be made promptly and as a matter of course. If Mr. Casey will exert himself to procure the aid of Government to some such plan as we have roughly limned, he will have accomplished the greatest administrative reform ever submitted to a Canadian Legislature. He will have secured, in the words of Mr. Trevelyan, in his admirable 'Life of Macaulay,' 'that a nomination to the civil service shall thenceforward become the reward of industry and ability, instead of being the price of political support, or the appanage of political interest or family connection.' It must be remembered also, so far as regards promotion, that the civil service is a profession, eminence in which requires peculiar abilities and untiring application. The Government office should no longer be a lounging place for waiters on Providence, but the workroom of the honest and earnest toiler with brain and pen. In no other profession or business of life is incompetence or indolence rewarded so readily as in this; in none does patient merit suffer so sorely from unjust preferences or culpable neglect, if not from overt and acknowledged wrong. 'There is something plausible,' says Lord Macaulay, (Life, &c., chap. XIII) 'in the proposition that the Governor-General should take able men wherever he finds them. But my firm opinion is, that the day on which the civil service of India ceases to be a close service, will be the beginning of an age of jobbing,—the most monstrous, the most extensive, and the most perilous system of abuse in the distribution of patronage that we have ever witnessed.' In a mitigated form we know something of this system in Canada. Much has been effected by ministers in the right direction, but all that has been done, together with all that has been attempted by the most conscientious head of a department, falls far short of the needs of the case. It is our earnest hope that Mr. Casey's efforts may be crowned with success, in order that justice be done to our public servants, in order that the reign of undiscriminating patronage and political favouritism may be brought to an end, and, above all, in order that the public service may be made a means to an end, rather than an end in itself, by excluding or eliminating baser elements and rewarding the faithful and assiduous toiler. By such means alone may the public hope to be honestly dealt with, and the purpose of the administrative service faithfully carried into practical effect.

The Ontario Legislature will shortly be prorogued and its members dispersed to their their homes, almost before their absence has been noticed by outsiders. The expiring Session has given no unwonted flash of vitality, before giving up the ghost; yet, from the dullness of the Ottawa debates hitherto, it has relieved the public ennui very much in the same way as a

sick man, long bedridden, is relieved by turning over upon one sore side, with a view to easing the other. In spite of argument and remonstrance, the Farmers' Sons Franchise Bill was pressed to a third reading and passed—a statutory monument to legislative fatuousness. It is needless to mention names, for we dislike the pillory of black-lettering, yet there certainly were found some names upon the division-list, in favour of invidious class legislation, one did not except to read there. Of course, the plea was that the bill is popular in the counties, of which there is not the slightest evidence. Yet it can be made effective, no doubt, at the hustings, and farmer's sons will, of course, be in honour bound to vote for men who have singled them out from the entire population, as the only relatives of the farmer and the only class of the community untaxed who are thought worthy of being gifted with the franchise. What other young men will say, who are left out in the cold, it is difficult to guess; the consolation of the politician is that they have no votes, without reflecting that, a few years hence, they may possess them. But, with most politicians, the eminently Christian aphorism, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof' has been interpreted by a gloss from the Talmud of the Philistines, and serves alike for present comfort and future hope.

The defeat of the Orange Bill was perhaps a foregone conclusion, yet it was the most imprudent of the unwise acts for which the Ontario Government is responsible. To Mr. Fraser belongs such praise as is due to the efforts of a good disciplinarian; he had 'marshalled his clan' and instructed them in the manual and platoon exercise, until, when the hour of trial came, they presented a serried front to the foe. Mr. Bethune and three other supporters of the Government, were the only ones who went over to the hostile camp. To drop the metaphor, Mr. Mowat appeared in a new *rôle*, as the champion of crass prejudices and the vindicator of subservience to the League. Some curiosity had been felt as to the course the Premier would decide to take on this occasion, but all doubt was speedily set at rest, when he 'took the floor.' His address was exceedingly good both in form and delivery; he spoke with unwonted animation and point, yet we hardly think he convinced a single hearer. There was evidently an *arrière pensée*, such as tender consciences unwittingly betray, when they are making out a case for a course to which they can give but a half-hearted assent. There were, after all, but three points in the Premier's speech worthy of special remark; the first was a bold defiance to the Orange body, coupled with the taunt that he had out-flanked them by skilful manœuvring; the second, an appeal to the fears of honourable members; the third, an appeal, *ad misericordiam*, for tender consideration to the prejudices of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Mr. Mowat stated that he had, on a former occasion, supported a similar measure to that then before the House, in opposition to all his colleagues. The course of the Government on that occasion has not been forgotten. A great deal of rubbish has been spoken about 'embarrassing' ministers by the introduction of this bill; but for what purpose was the former bill reserved, after its passage, if it were not to 'embarrass' Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues? As might have been foreseen the then Premier of the Dominion refused to be entrapped by so transparent a device, and the bill was returned upon Mr. Mowat's hands not assented to, but yet unvetoed. 'In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird'—especially a bird so wary and experienced as the right honourable gentleman. In his speech on the 7th ultimo, Mr. Mowat boldly avowed that to get rid of the awkward question which the Government had not the courage to face, he introduced a general Bill to meet the particular case—the most indefensible species of legislation perhaps that could be imagined, unless it be an *ex post facto* law. Now, it is unnecessary to go into the objections of Orangemen to the General Act of 1874, as being unsuitable for the purpose and unreasonably expensive. The Premier holds one opinion upon this subject, whilst the members of the society hold the opposite; but on the whole, we are inclined to think that the latter know better what they want, and are more likely to be well informed as to the cost, having had occasion to count it. Moreover, Mr. Meredith's objection that any County Judge might refuse the incorporation of all the lodges within his juris-

diction, although it was sneered at by the Premier, remains unanswered. It is surely not necessary to impute party bias to a Judge to imagine a case where the view suggested by the member for London might be honestly taken; and then of what avail would the General Act be? Besides, does he suppose that any high-spirited body of men would desist from their purpose, after being mocked and flouted with the taunt that they had been checkmated by a politic stratagem? Yet that is in effect, the purport of the Premier's explanation.

The second point was a menace of defeat at the polls, uttered in the true spirit of the Catholic League. 'Some of the members,' he observed, 'would not be in their present places, if they had not got Catholic votes.' The third was an appeal to Orangemen not to press a Bill which was offensive to Roman Catholics. Now it is far from being improbable that the great mass of the Roman Catholics do not care the value of a sparrow whether the Orange Society is incorporated or not. But were it otherwise, is that any reason why this Association should be refused a reasonable demand? If a wrong were to be done to the Roman Catholic Church, or the rights of one of its members infringed, in one jot or tittle, by the proposed Act, it would be a different thing; but the sole question is, ought the Legislature to succumb to a crass and unreasonable prejudice, because Mr Fraser commands it to do so? Mr. Bethune's reply to the Premier was terse, forcible, and conclusive, but the division-list showed a majority of ten against Mr. Merrick's motion to recommit.

It is much more agreeable to be able to agree, in the main, with Mr. Crooks's License Act. The evils inflicted on society by intemperance are too glaring to be ignored, and there is reason to fear that they are not yet perceptibly mitigated. Now, there cannot possibly be any doubt whatever, for it has been proved by unimpeachable statistics, that the amount of public drunkenness is intimately related to the number of licenses issued, or the number of places where liquors are sold by retail. At the same time it by no means follows that the entire suppression of the traffic would result in the extirpation of the vice. Apart from the question of their justice, it is our firm conviction that Dunkin Acts and Prohibitory Liquor Laws cannot be permanently maintained, and that, even if they could be rigidly enforced, which is impossible, they would fail of their object and, in addition, entail an amount of moral and social mischief of their own creation. The Legislature may, and in our opinion ought, to restrict the retail trade and subject it to proper supervision; anything beyond that is sure, in the long run, to prove abortive. With regard to the Acts passed at the instance of the Treasurer, they are of course open to some plausible objections. Perhaps the latest errs in the matter of domiciliary visits, and the first, no doubt, inflicted unmerited hardships in individual cases; yet the latter is always unfortunately the inseparable concomitant of every effective moral or social reform. The inspectors may not always have been selected with judgment, but that again is almost inevitable when so extensive a scheme is first put in operation. As for the charge of political favouritism, which has been made as a matter of course, we do not think that it has been substantiated. The applicants for the office would naturally be, in great part, friends of the Government, and if they are competent, there is no reason why they should not be appointed. At the same time we cannot but repeat that the Mowat Administration exhibits an unhappy *penchant* for patronage and centralization in every quarter. Then again the Commissioners perhaps have sometimes dealt rather roughly with those who have applied for permission to carry on what had hitherto been an apparently secure livelihood, certainly a business in which many of them had invested their entire capital. At the same time the duty imposed upon the Commissioners is by no means agreeable, and, on the whole, it has been performed conscientiously and well. It was with some astonishment that those who remember the experience of former years, observed the retrograde movement proposed by Mr. Harkin. To revert to the old method of appointing Inspectors by Municipal Councils is utterly out of the question. In Toronto, the office has at times been in the gift of the people, and at other times in that of the Council, and, in either case, the system was absolutely intolerable. A middle course of joint appointment might be practicable, but the former state of things ought never to be

renewed. While exception may be taken to some portions of Mr. Crooks's Bill, we agree with Mr. McDougall, of Simcoe, that it is, on the whole, a good one, and that, at any rate, the law, as thus amended, deserves a fair trial. The evil to be coped with is one which does not admit of trifling, and, therefore, any earnest effort to deal with it effectively, so long as it stops short of injustice or undue meddlesomeness with a legalized trade from which the Province derives considerable revenue, merits tender and patient consideration.

At the close of a session, it is usual to take a retrospective view of the work accomplished by the Legislature; but, on the present occasion, the review would scarcely be edifying. There appears little cause for congratulation in any respect. The Opposition has not discharged its legitimate functions with much credit, and, although we have felt constrained to speak in strong terms of ministerial shortcomings, it has assuredly not been with any desire to aid in restoring Mr. Cameron and his friends to place. It would doubtless be well that the Left should be stronger in numbers and effective power than they now are, because the Government, relying on the numerical strength of its following, seems determined to do as it pleases, and it pleases to do as little as possible. A sharp stimulus in the shape of a strong Opposition might arouse Ministers from their lethargy, infuse vigour into their languid wills, and urge them to pay some heed to the demands of the people. At present, there is a great deal of carping criticism, doubtless, but no strong grasp of principle, no settled and determinate policy. If Mr. Cameron's following were to go to the country to-morrow, what cry could they raise at the hustings? They could hardly hope to gain the ear of the electorate by parading once more the worn-out story of discharged officers and convicts from the Central Prison. The Orange Bill might perhaps do something, but they were quite as ready, under the former régime, to defer to the prejudices of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, as Mr. Mowat is to yield to the power or blandishments of Mr. Fraser. Take again the question of exemptions, why did the Opposition members confine themselves to the introduction of it in the form of a vote of non-confidence, when they knew well that the entire strength of the anti-exemption vote could not be brought out? Why did they not follow up their first abortive effort by the introduction of a substantive motion? Simply because their's is a house divided against itself upon that important subject and therefore they shirked it. Ministers have some show of principle and it is embodied in Mr. Fraser; but what shred or patch of policy can the Opposition call its own? It is always turning up some mare's nest or other; but what advantage would accrue to the country by substituting Mr. Cameron for Mr. Mowat? We know of none; indeed, in all probability, it would be a change for the worse.

It is now sufficiently clear that to secure radical reform in the matter of exemptions, which is, by all odds, the most pressing at this juncture, the people must rely on themselves and secure the triumph of their opinions at the polls. From neither party have they anything to hope; but it is in their power to settle the question, independently of both, by ignoring the party distinctions which separate them. Our complaint against the Government was, and is, that, with the exception of the Commissioner of Public Works, they are feeble in will and sluggish in action. They need a thorough stirring-up; they need to be reminded that the voice of the people should be respectfully heard, and heeded when it is heard. No one, unfettered by party ties, will refuse to acknowledge any signs of reinvigoration, energy, and resolution which may unexpectedly appear. But that is no reason why they should be exempt from severe criticism while they remain *fainéant* and inert. The truest friend of the Government can hardly desire that public affairs should be conducted as they have been, for the residue of the Parliamentary term; because it must be evident to him that if they are so conducted, the knell of the Mowat Cabinet would be heard without fail at the general election.

It is not pleasant to recur again to the sinister influence which rules the Cabinet and renders it utterly powerless for good. The Toronto Street Railway discussion was another evidence of its presence and potency. One of our city papers remarks that 'no stronger influence' than that of the Company 'ever comes into the lobbies o our Parliament House,' and further, tha

'the agents of the Company had for weeks been haunting those same lobbies.' Our contemporary does not venture, perhaps it scarcely dares, to indicate the source of this powerful pressure. The Messrs. Kiely, although they are eminently respectable and energetic men, have no such strength in their own proper persons. The 'agents,' let it be understood, are the co-religionists of these gentlemen, and the potent 'influence' is that of the Minister who, for the present, rules the Cabinet and sways the destinies of the Province. Now there can be no objection to any legitimate exertions being made on any man's behalf, by his friends, religious, social, or political; but there is every objection to a grave injustice to the chief city of Ontario being perpetrated by a coterie, with the active support of a Minister of the Crown. One need not be a partisan of the Opposition to perceive that so dangerous a perversion of the functions of Government deserves the most severe and trenchant reprobation. A disbelief in the intrinsic virtues of party does not imply, but contrariwise excludes, indifferentism to principle or conduct in rulers. The non-party man would act a craven part, if he feared to lose his character for impartiality by warmly assailing unjustifiable acts or culpable disregard of the public needs and desires. The Government of a country is responsible for legislation as well as for administration, and if vicious measures are adopted, or good and necessary reforms are treated with negligence, flippancy, and contempt, upon the heads of Ministers the weight of public displeasure must fall, by whatever party-name they may choose to be called.

The recent election in South Waterloo should serve as a warning to Mr. Mowat and his colleagues; it is only one of a series to be continued, if they persist in the course they appear to have deliberately selected. A majority which has fallen from four or five hundred to a dozen is not to be accounted for either by the nationality of the opposing candidate, or the fact that he professed to be a Reformer. If the electors of South Waterloo had confidence in the leaders and wire-pullers of the party, they would have believed all the stories circulated against Mr. Merner, and rejected with disdain his pretended adherence to their party. Two years ago, neither his German origin nor his Reform principles would have saved him from overwhelming defeat. His compatriots would not have preferred nationality to what was then supposed to be the orthodox political creed; and certainly it is no compliment to the Reformers to insinuate that they are so easily gulled or seduced from their party allegiance by a wolf in sheep's clothing, so poorly disguised as Mr. Merner was represented to be. It ought to be frankly admitted that the defection of so strongly Reform a constituency cannot be accounted for in any such manner. On the contrary, it indicates a breaking loose from the iron bands of party, a growing dissatisfaction at ministerial policy, and an eager longing for salutary reform in the management of public affairs. It is not too late for Mr. Mowat to respond to the changing aspect of the popular mind. It is too late to throw sops to selfish classes; yet, unless a serious revolution should occur within the Cabinet, the wretched device of giving votes to those having no logical or constitutional claim to them, so that there may be something to fall back upon in the hour of danger, will be repeated. Let the Government retrace its steps, cast off the malign influence which paralyzes it, and hear and obey the well-understood wishes of the people. If all this be done, ministers will have no reason to fear a divided and aimless Opposition.

It is difficult to say whether the interest taken in the question of University affiliation is the result of a growing public concern in superior education, or the evidence of a factitious agitation set on foot from rivalry and with dubious purpose. Certainly, if the asperity which has characterized the correspondence as well as the leading articles written on the subject, be any indication of the *animus* of some who have taken part in the controversy, we should reluctantly incline to the latter alternative. There is no reason why the subject should not be calmly and dispassionately examined, unless academic or professional jealousy has ruffled the temper or warped the judgment of the combatants. When too much feeling, and that of the angry rather than the earnest kind, manifests itself, there is too much reason to suspect that interest rather than principle is at the bottom of the affair.

That there has been much honest conviction exhibited, on both hands, we may cheerfully admit, but there also appears to have been a turbid under-current, full of sedimentary matter of the baser sort, in a saturated solution, and ready to be deposited. The subject has perhaps been debated *ad nauseam*, and it is only proposed here to give a few brief comments upon its general features. It should be mentioned, to begin with, that we must trace this wordy warfare to the rivalry of two schools of medicine, contending for the pre-eminence. It has passed into a proverb that, when doctors disagree, there is an end of controversy and a decision is hopeless. It may be so; but curiosity naturally leads one to ask when doctors did anything but disagree, especially if they form in squads or coteries? The unseemly rivalry between these institutions has been the chief cause of the virulence with which the discussion has been conducted, and had the further effect of narrowing, as well as of obscuring, the question at issue. To each of them the aspect of the subject it was thought desirable to present to the public with much embellishment and rhetorical flourish, was something altogether apart from the esoteric motives of which both possessed a hidden and inward consciousness. Upon these concealed springs of action it is not needful to enlarge, and they are merely hinted at to disabuse the public mind of the glamour which interested parties have managed to throw about the question. For our own part, so long as the governing power of the University is free to act in the matter of affiliation, unshackled by any obligation to admit to the privilege any or every institution without exception, and without conditions or stipulations precedent, we see no reason to fear that the special legislation of this year can do much harm. At the same time, it is, to say the least, anomalous, that a medical school which now virtually possesses University powers of its own, since the members of its faculty are the medical examiners of a chartered University, should clamour for a share in the endowment or a voice in the management of our great Provincial seat of learning. In spite of the laboured attempts recently made to draw a parallel between Canadian and British Universities, where none really exists, it is certain that such a claim was never put forth in the mother country. Moreover, the attempted analogy fails in another respect. The admission of students is one thing, and the double or triple affiliation of schools quite another, and totally distinct one. The first is defensible enough; the second only on the purely selfish ground that it is desirable to give schools or colleges two or three strings to their bows, simply for advertising purposes. In the struggle for existence amongst these rival institutions, the inevitable result must be that every school will demand the right which has been invidiously granted to one, and that, in consequence, an undignified scramble for students, of which we have already had a foretaste, will be the rule instead of the exception. If this is to prove the normal state of things, the medical profession will inevitably be degraded, and it is certainly too much to expect the University of Toronto to be any party to that degradation.

Much has been said about liberating the University, and, strange to say, it seems never to have occurred to those who employ the phrase so glibly, that the word 'liberation,' in connection with an established institution, whether church or university, bears a suspicious relation to disendowment, which is, in fact, its ultimate meaning. No one supposes that any large number of those who have taken part in the recent movement desire to injure the Provincial Institution; still there are knowing ones amongst them who can scarcely conceal the ulterior object of it. It appears—though, strange to say, no report of the remark appeared in the morning papers—that Mr. Lauder proclaimed, as an undoubted fact, that the University of Toronto had lost the confidence of the country, and that the work of superior education was carried on almost entirely by the denominational institutions. It is not necessary to indicate the path upon which the hon. member for East Grey has entered. Obviously his idea of education is clearly that which involves levelling and confiscation. Every true friend of the Provincial University is desirous that its basis should be as broad as its endowment will admit of its being; but he also desires that any scheme to 'liberalize' it should be made in the interest of the people and in the cause of superior education, not to bolster up other academic institutions, no matter how intrinsically deserving they may be.

The University Act of 1853 is invoked on behalf of the double affiliation party, and, from their point of view, with plausibility. At the same time, a brief consideration of the objects of that statute and the reasons assigned for it, would conclusively show that nothing could be more alien from its spirit, or so diametrically opposed to its scope and aim, than the novel agitation inaugurated in its name. The framers of the act were far from intending, when they remodelled the University, to make it one of a family of kindred institutions, equal in power and dignity. On the contrary, their obvious purpose was to render it *par excellence*, the National University and the scheme of affiliation adopted clearly makes manifest their earnest desire gradually to draw under its sheltering wing all the collegiate institutions of the Province. It was for this that they enlarged its basis, lengthened its cords, and strengthened its stakes. They were animated by the desire, though perhaps scarcely cheered with the hope, of one day reuniting the scattered members of the body academic, so as to complete and clothe with noble dignity the maimed and imperfect creation into which they had infused anew the breath of a higher, freer, and more vigorous life. By them, a proposal to make a further distribution of the degree-conferring power, and to enable schools and colleges of any kind to trade in its honours and make merchandize of its good name, would have been rejected with anger and disdain. The Legislature has, unfortunately, chosen the devious path leading to weakness, rivalry, and division. Side by side with the University which was designed to be the *corona vitæ academicæ*, it has given University privileges to any who coveted them. No one who is jealous for the pre-eminence of the people's University, though he may have reluctantly abandoned the dream of those who framed the Act of 1853, can desire to disparage the intellectual standing of any of the other Universities; it would be as unjust as it is unnecessary to do so. At the same time, it requires little penetration to discern in multiplied affiliations, a necessary corollary to the multiplication of Universities, followed, as must be, by the unworthy theory that they all stand upon a footing of equality, whether the property of churches and corporations or the noble heritage of an entire people. It is this new gloss upon the Act of 1853, by which it is designed to play off against the dignity of the Provincial University, the claims of each, or it may be all, of its competitors, that we firmly and vehemently protest against.

The Electoral Commission, upon which the hopes of both American parties were fixed, has bitterly disappointed Mr. Tilden and the Democrats. The decision arrived at by this tribunal, or board of arbitration, as it may be termed, has left the vexed question of the Presidency where it found it, with the important qualification that, in the end, the faith of both parties is pledged to abide by its decision. It is singular that a body so carefully selected as this commission, the members of which solemnly swore to decide impartially every question submitted to them, should, after all, be divided into unequal sections by a rigid party line. Five of the Congressional representatives belong to each party, and of the five Supreme Court Judges, three are Republicans, and two are Democrats. Had not Judge Davis been chosen as U. S. Senator for Illinois—and it was by a fortuitous combination of two parties that he was elected—he would have occupied Judge Bradley's position, and, in all probability, voted with the Democratic members of it. Now, upon all material questions, and in the absence of Mr. Davis, eight Republicans have carried their point against seven Democrats. Such is the irresistible power of party bias, that men of acknowledged ability and unimpeached integrity have found themselves unable to disentangle themselves from its trammels. Mr. Herbert Spencer merely appeals to universal experience when he observes: 'That the verdicts which will be given by different party-journals upon each ministerial act may be predicted, and that the opposite opinions uttered by speakers and applauded by meetings concerning the same measure, may be foreseen if the political bias is known; are facts from which anyone may infer that the party politician must have his feelings greatly moderated before he can interpret, with even approximate truth, the events of the past, and draw correct inferences respecting the future.' ('Study of Sociology,' p. 265.) The course pursued by the Electoral Commission affords strik-

ing testimony to the truth of these reflections. Selected by large majorities, both in the Republican Senate and the Democratic House, the bulk of both parties willingly submitted their conflicting claims to its arbitrament. Both individually and collectively, its members were charged with with a solemn and important duty. It was for them, after patiently sifting evidence and listening to arguments in every contested case, to decide in effect which candidate ought to be the next President of the United States. They were to satisfy the national mind, to disarm suspicion, to allay excitement, and to leave open no loop-hole for clamorous discontent. And yet, notwithstanding the deep sense of the responsibility which rested upon them, they separated into party sections as readily and as naturally as those who selected them divide in either House of Congress. President Grant had expressed an earnest desire that all matters in dispute should be sifted to the bottom, so that whoever were finally adjudged to be the legally elected President, might be inaugurated without murmur or objection. Yet, although all the evidence was laid before them in each disputed case, by a strictly party vote of eight to seven, the members refused to investigate the alleged frauds, or 'go behind' the Governor's certificates. There is no reason to insinuate that the members on either side were consciously influenced by an improper bias; it would be rash and ungenerous, at all events, to do so. Still nothing can be clearer than the fact that they were thus influenced, and that party spirit, in spite of all the potent motives which contended with it, was strong enough to carry away reason and conscience captive. That Mr. Tilden has been deprived of the electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana by barefaced and systematic fraud, stands in no need of proof, for the evidence of it is on record. The people of the United States will deserve the admiration of all men, if the patient endurance they have exhibited during the past four months is maintained to the end. It is our belief that it will be, and that, in spite of some natural soreness and just indignation, they will prove themselves worthy of the high place they occupy amongst the free commonwealths of the world.

The Imperial Parliament was opened on the 8th ult., by Her Majesty in person. The speech, read by the Lord Chancellor, much resembled, though of course pitched in a higher tone, another delivered at Ottawa on the same day. There was little information communicated, and very few tasks prescribed for Parliament to accomplish. The Earl of Beaconsfield's mundane apotheosis was publicly proclaimed by his reception into the British Olympus. The tantalizing fragments of debate reported by cable only serve to whet the appetite. The failure of the Conference which assembled at Constantinople appears to have taken the Powers by surprise. It had been anticipated that the chief obstacle to its success would arise from the pertinacious determination of Russia to urge matters to an extremity; and this seems to have weighed with Lord Salisbury so far as to induce him to pay marked attention to Gen. Ignatieff. In the end, after all the Powers had agreed upon a basis of settlement, the Porte proved obstinate and intractable. The embassies and delegates withdrew, and the last effort failed. What is to be the opening scene in the next act of the drama? or is there to be another act at all, without the usual melodramatic 'interval of ten years'? The spring will probably disclose the actual purpose of the Czar, concerning which many speculations are rife, and we have yet to learn the true significance of Midhat Pasha's dismissal. Two things are certain: First, that the new Turkish constitution is a mockery and a delusion, as all so-called representative contrivances must be, under which a constituency does not elect its representatives, but is told, as the *Daily News* asserts, that three boys and a Pasha have been appointed to speak and vote for it; and secondly, that whilst England will not coerce Turkey, she will not draw sword to protect her. Mr. Gathorne Hardy assured Mr. Gladstone of this, and it is the best justification possible of the ex-Premier's popular agitation.

February 22nd, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE AU CANADA: PRECIS HISTORIQUE ET STATISTIQUE. Par M. Chauveau, Ancien Ministre de l'Instruction Publique dans la Province de Quebec. —Quebec, Imprimerie Augustin Coté et Cie. 1876.

The work before us is a valuable repertory of facts and figures in connection with the history and present condition of public education in Canada. The author, M. Chauveau, has brought to his task many high qualifications; and, if there are in his works defects of proportion, these result, perhaps, rather from the peculiarity of his standpoint, than from any deliberate intention of doing more or less than justice to any particular division of the subject. Not a little was said last year about the poverty of the educational exhibit made by the Province of Quebec at the Centennial; while Ontario, in the same respect, was held to have done herself the highest honour. In M. Chauveau's work, the balance is, to some extent, redressed. The Province of Ontario has 41 pages 'consecrated,' as the French say, to her educational work, past and present; while the Province of Quebec has 103. A foreigner taking up the book, and glancing through it without much attention, would at once conclude, either that Quebec was a much more important province than Ontario, or else that education there was a much more important interest than here. No one could object to M. Chauveau as a French Canadian giving a disproportionate place to the educational systems of his own province, were it not that the work in which this occurs was, as the preface tells us, designed as a contribution to a vast Encyclopædia of Public Instruction, in ten octavo volumes, published by a learned and laborious German of Stuttgart, a Dr. Schmid. The mere fact that a French Canadian undertook to write the article 'Canada' for such an encyclopædia, was scarcely, we think, a justification for entering so much more into detail in regard to the Province of Quebec, than in regard to the other Provinces of the Dominion. We have, however, little or no fault to find with M. Chauveau's facts or figures. Full justice is done to the efforts that have been put forth in this Province in the cause of education; and the statistics furnished seem to have been faithfully compiled from the latest available returns. The systems prevalent in the different Provinces are carefully and clearly described; and their points of agreement and difference are noted in a supplementary chapter. Upon the whole, we must congratulate M. Chauveau on having done his work very completely, and also upon the perfect moderation which marks every expression of personal opinion throughout the work. As a Catholic, he is a strong partisan of 'separate schools;' but even in describing the public school laws of the Provinces of New Brunswick and British Columbia, where all public education is absolutely secularized, he never launches into anything like invective, but contents himself with remarking that such laws cannot in the end yield satisfactory results. Ontario is commended for her liberality in granting separate schools; but the remark—which we have often seen before—is made that Ontario liberality in this respect falls decidedly below that shown by the Province of Quebec towards the Protestant minority. This, however, is quite a mistake. It is true that in Quebec there is a more complete separation than in Ontario between the Protestant and Catholic school organizations, —that the Department of Education and the Council of Public Instruction are divided into independent sections, one Protestant and one Catholic; but the necessity for an arrangement of this kind is manifest when we consider that, in Quebec, the dominant church has seized upon popular education as her own domain, and openly moulds it to her own purposes. The common schools there are to all intents and purposes denominational schools; and every dollar of public money spent upon them goes to building up the influence of a church. The proper comparison to draw, is not between what is accorded to the minority in each Province, but between the claims put forward by the majority in each Province; that is to say, between what Protestants demand for themselves in Ontario, and what Catholics demand for themselves in Quebec. If the Catholics of Quebec were content with such a measure of recognition of their religion in the public schools, as Protestants are content with in Ontario, there would be no separate schools at all in that Province. But as the Quebec Catholics insist on teaching in public schools, among other things, that Protestantism is a damnable heresy, it is no wonder that it is found necessary to have two sides to the Department of Education.

We cannot enter upon any analysis of the figures furnished by M. Chauveau. His work will prove of great value to any one who de-

sires to obtain a summary view of what has been accomplished in the way of education in the Dominion. A vast amount of information is here brought together which would else have to be sought for over a very wide field. The most serious defect we find in the book is a certain lack of enthusiasm for the cause of education. It is possible that having been officially connected for so long with public education in his own Province, M. Chauveau finds it difficult to take any other than an official view of the facts he has presented. Or it is possible he has some sympathy with that party which regards popular education as a *pis aller*, something that has to be done lest worse should happen, but not a thing desirable in itself. M. Chauveau manifestly admires scholarship and every form of elegant learning; but we have not met with a sentence in his book that betrays a real zeal for popular instruction or a sanguine belief in its benefits, present and prospective. The history of public school education should, if full justice is to be done to the theme, be written by a man ardent in the cause, one who finds something to make his heart beat faster in the sight of a well-ordered, progressive public school.

The concluding chapter of the book is entitled "Literary and Intellectual Progress." It was undoubtedly a happy thought to append such a chapter; but here again, as he seems to be himself aware, M. Chauveau does rather more than justice to his own compatriots, and rather less than justice to his fellow-citizens of British origin. Moreover, the chapter is rather a catalogue of names than a real description or criticism of work accomplished. Canada has in truth but little to criticize in the way of literature; and it is far better to acknowledge the fact than to create a delusive appearance of literary wealth by reciting a number of names which, if we use words with any strictness, have absolutely no literary standing at all. When M. Chauveau says of one individual whom he mentions, that "he has published some very remarkable writings both in prose and verse," we must accuse him either of satire or of empty and preposterous compliment. Satire is out of the question; so we must fall back on the other alternative; yet what but injury can result to Canadian letters from this dubbing 'very remarkable' what perhaps, on its appearance, gained but a moment's derision and then passed into obscurity for ever? A notable illustration of personal or party bias in the work is the omission of all mention, among the literary societies of Canada, of which a tolerably full list is given, of the *Institut Canadien*, of Montreal, one of the most active and useful of all. The much more obscure *Institut* of Quebec is mentioned because it has never broken with the Church; but because the sister society at Montreal has asserted its independence, and once counted, *par exemple*, a Guibord among its members, even its literary influence must be ignored. To conclude, we can recommend M. Chauveau's work as a trustworthy and useful compilation, but as a history of education in Canada, we think it leaves something to be desired. With the best intentions in the world, M. Chauveau could not hope to do full justice to opinions and systems with which he has no sympathy. We want now a history written from the standpoint of a believer in purely secular education; and to make the narrative entertaining we want a little more *verve* and picturesqueness than M. Chauveau has cared to infuse into his pages. Such a work would be far from depriving the one before us of its value; it would probably take the two together to make the impartial reader fully master of the situation.

STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION AND HISTORY. By A. M. Fairbairn, New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., 1877.

This handy volume, as its author informs us in the preface, consists, for the most part, of essays and lectures, now collected for the first time. Notwithstanding Mr. Fairbairn's modest disclaimer of pretentious dogmatism, the "Studies" may be heartily commended as an earnest and singularly interesting effort to aid in the solution of some of the most absorbing problems of the time. It may be premised, before glancing rapidly at the tone and scope of the work, that it bears evident marks of careful and extensive study and of much original thought. It naturally divides itself into two parts, the first relating to the Philosophy of Religion, and the second to the Philosophy of History, or more strictly speaking of Race. It is to the former that we propose to direct special attention, contenting ourselves with briefly summarizing the contents of the latter.

The first paper treats of 'The Idea of God —its genesis and development.' The word 'development' naturally suggests Darwinian tendencies, and the author, whilst not professing to pronounce any opinion upon the theory of species which owes so much to the most distinguished living naturalist, unhesitatingly adopts the development hypothesis as almost beyond controversy. On this point Mr. Fairbairn remarks:—'There is no intention here of either questioning or denying evolution. Modern thought is too deeply penetrated with it to allow its exclusion from any scientific and speculative conception of the universe. Hegel lived before Darwin, and evolution was known to metaphysics long before it was adopted and naturalized by physics.' (p. 85). The author is not concerned, therefore, with the theory of species, which Mr. Darwin himself claims to

be 'in no way hostile to belief in the being of God.' 'Religion,' Mr. Fairbairn remarks, 'is practically co-extensive with man; its presence, even among savage tribes, being the rule, its absence the exception.' How then did man become religious, and what was the earliest form of that religion? How can 'the practical universality and apparent necessity' of his Theism be explained? The philosophical position of our author is at once determined, when he proceeds to examine the solutions proposed for these enigmas. The derivation of the theistic idea from 'natural objects, dreams, or fears' he combats at the outset, as assuming the truth of an empirical philosophy and resolving religious ideas into impressions of sense, without explaining man's faculty or tendency to believe. The faculty or tendency is innate, although the occasion of its development is from without. 'If infant and dog, savage and monkey, alike think natural objects alive, the man does, the animal does not, formulate his thoughts into a religion. Why? If man can get out of the Fetich stage, he can also get into it. Why? Faith is not the result of sensations. Mind is not passive, but active, in the formation of beliefs. The constitutive element is what mind brings to nature, not what nature brings to mind; otherwise no spiritual and invisible could be conceived.' (p. 21). But Mr. Fairbairn rejects the supernatural theory as well as the natural. 'A primitive revelation,' he says, 'were a mere assumption, incapable of proof—capable of the most positive disproof. Although often advanced in the supposed interests of religion, the principle it assumes is most irreligious. If man is dependant on an outer revelation for his idea of God, then he must have what Schelling happily termed "an original Atheism of consciousness." Religion cannot, in that case, be rooted in the nature of man—must be implanted from without. The theory that would derive religion from a revelation is as bad as the theory that would derive it from distempered dreams. Revelation may satisfy or rectify, but cannot create a religious capacity or instinct.' (p. 22). Our author then proceeds to an examination of the subject by the historic method. Having assumed the original unity of the Indo-European family, he traces the origin of Theism back necessarily through language. The similarity of the general term for God in all the languages of this group of nations proves that the idea had taken firm root before the various members of the family had dispersed. Now, what is the meaning of that general term? Simply *di*, to shine; man, therefore, looked to the heavens, and found Deity therein or concealed behind the azure canopy. Into the philological branch of the subject Mr. Fairbairn enters at considerable length, and brings some rather cogent arguments to prove that the farther back we go, the fewer were the gods, instead of being more numerous. The Indo-European God was not a fetich, or an idol-god. 'The God of our fathers was no ghost of a deceased ancestor seen in feverish dreams.' 'To Indo-European men, Heaven and God were one, not a thing but a person, whose *Thou* stood over against his *I*. His life was one, the life above him was one too. Then that life was generative, productive, the source of every other life, and so to express his full conception, he called the living Heaven, Diespiter, Dyaushpitar—Heaven-Father. (p. 43.) Then follows a most interesting attempt to trace out, by the aid of language and literature, the development of this idea through all its vicissitudes down the stream of time.

The second paper treats of 'Theism and Scientific Speculation.' The conflict between science and religion is one of the most important with which the present generation has to deal. Mr. Fairbairn metes out to each of the belligerent parties its own share of blame. It is his opinion that religion and science cannot properly be in antithesis, although theology and science easily may, and perhaps always will, be at war. 'Religion,' he observes, 'is a permanent and universal characteristic of man, a normal and necessary product of his nature. He grows into religion, but works into theology, *feels* himself into the one, *thinks* himself into the other. He is religious by nature, theological by art.' Conciliation by the division of the respective provinces of religion and science he regards as impossible, nor will peace be secured by conquest. After an earnest protest against the bitterness with which the controversy is conducted on both sides, Mr. Fairbairn proceeds to examine the chief causes of this untoward conflict. In the first place, 'our present theistic contests and perils arise, in great part, from changes effected, or being effected, in our cosmic conceptions.' In short, teleology, or the evidence from design, is the *bete noire* of modern science, 'Theism is represented as an anthropomorphic theory of creation, "process of manufacture" by "a manlike artificer."' In speaking on this point, our author is unusually severe upon Mr. Herbert Spencer, yet there is no portion of the book more attractive than that in which the true parentage of teleology is pointed out. Mr. Fairbairn shows that neither the Hebrew nor Buddhist theory sanctions the idea of 'a process of manufacture.' The real originators of it were the Greeks, from whom it passed to the Christian Fathers and the Schoolmen. In other words, it did not make its appearance as a theological, but as a scientific and philosophical dogma. In England, it was the offspring of the Royal Society, from which, through Boyle or Derham, it passed to Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises. Passing on to the evolution theory,

Darwin and Spencer are reviewed at length with great vigour and ability. Evolution is a modal and not a causal theory. 'The genesis of a form is not explained when it is shown how it came to be, but only when what caused it to be is made evident. Evolution has done the one, but not the other; has simplified our notion of the creational method, but not of the creational cause' (p. 87). And again: 'Granted the old handicraft theory is replaced by "the struggle for existence," in which by "survival of the fittest," nature evolves more perfect forms and creates new species—what then? Simply the old inevitable question—whence the "existence" to struggle, the "fittest" to survive, the "nature" which is the cause of the contest, whose potencies, too, perform so many wonderful things? The new creational process simply makes us confront the old question of cause—does no more.' (p. 86). The author exposes the futility of such phrases as the *Universum*, the Inscrutable, and the Unknowable, the last of which 'transmuted into forces, beguiles the physicist into fancying that he is walking in the, to him, sober and certain paths of observation and experiment, while, in truth, he is soaring into the heaven of metaphysics.' But we must draw our notice of this acute and interesting work to a close, without fulfilling the promise made at the outset. This is the more to be regretted because Mr. Fairbairn's paper on the origin, development, and varieties of 'The Belief in Immortality' is full of instruction. The second part unfolds comparative Psychology or the Philosophy of Race, marking out the place and office of the Indo-European and Semitic races in civilization, religion, literature, and philosophy. In concluding this necessarily imperfect sketch of the 'Studies,' we most sincerely recommend it to the reader as a concise, yet comprehensive survey of some of those perplexing problems which agitate the thoughtful minds of the age in which we live.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, AND MEMOIR. By his sons the Rev. David K. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M. A., Toronto. Belford Bros. 1877.

This handsome volume contains a faithful record of a Scottish clergyman, well known all the world over, and far beyond the limits of his own Church, as a man of cheerful piety, high principle, and untiring beneficence. If the work had only contained the bare outlines of such a life of active exertion and hallowing influence, it would deserve the perusal of those who are good and in earnest, as well as those who long to be both. But it is no mere religious biography—no new literary device for sermonizing, under the attractive guise of personal history. Nine out of ten of ordinary memoirs of the sort are profitless for good, unless the trial of the reader's patience and long-suffering. Ordinary biographies are sometimes fulsome in tone and tediously minute in detail, but the dullest, the most eulogistic and inane of them is not to be compared with the dreary records of pulpit triumphs, and the paltry details of humdrum work in the parish. Yet no one is obliged to read them, and presumably there is a public to which they afford inexpressible delight, or they would not be written, except to console, flatter, or oblige relations, or at any rate published so often as they are.

Dr. Guthrie's Life is not pious drivel; on the contrary its tone is robust and manly; it is full of graphic descriptions of 'Auld Scotia,' and neatly limned portraitures of her sons. Moreover it is full of racy Doric humour, full of anecdote, full of shrewd observations about men, measures, and all matters of human interest. The old classification of mankind into men, women, and clergymen, might be seriously adopted, and, if it were, no one who reads the entertaining volume before us would deny that it is full of interest for all three species of the *genus homo.*

Unfortunately, it is not possible here to quote at length from the work under review, or to attempt to follow the venerable clergyman from his birth at Brechin, in Forfarshire, to his calm and happy passing away, seventy years afterwards, at St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea. A brief glance at the general merits of the work and some few indications of the noble and thoroughly benevolent character of its subject must suffice, and if such a review induces our readers to peruse the volume for themselves, its purpose will be served. It is impossible to read this biography of a Free Churchman who made a prominent figure in the disruption of May, 1843, without almost involuntarily comparing him with another Presbyterian clergyman, who did not 'go out' at that memorable crisis. Of course reference is made to Dr. Norman McLeod, whose biography we had occasion to review last year. It may appear singular that the latter, whose Highland blood would, according to a popular English theory, render him peculiarly orthodox in faith and rigid in practice, should, like Maccaulay, sprung from the same stock, seem, in the eyes of strict Church people, woefully unsound in doctrine. Dr. Guthrie on the other hand was a Lowlander, and although he possessed a most cheerful temper, the broadest sympathies, and the kindest heart, he was neither broad nor sympathetic when the 'auld' creeds and national traditions in religious matters were threatened. Nevertheless, although he is unflinching in his adherence even to the least justifiable severities of Scottish habit or opinion, he always manages in his admirable

Autobiography to show the humorous side of the question. We may remark, *en passant*, that information of a valuable kind is given in the earlier part, regarding that invaluable parochial school system which so long proved Scotland's noblest boast, as her sons went forth to fight the battles of the world, across the border or far away beyond the sea. The University system also is unfolded to us in a series of firm, artistic touches. Like most of the old Scottish school, Dr. Guthrie had very strong ideas upon the sanctity of the Sabbath. He appears never to have doubted the propriety of making home, on one day of the week, a prison on the silent system, or rather something worse; for surely it is better to be left to one's reflections than to be bored to death. On the contrary, the good Doctor thought it better 'to lean to the side of scrupulousness than laxity,' as if all history, not to speak of the after-career of the average clergyman's son, did not inculcate a different moral. Still there was a humorous aspect to this stilted rigidity; and even the stern Sabbatarianism of Dr. Guthrie was not proof against it. Three amusing stories of 'unco' righteousness are told on that subject alone. Amusing anecdotes crop up about that fearful institution, an old-time Scotch communion, when Davie Key pronounced 'thae was grand times, sir, when there were six tables,' or successive batches 'of communicants at one sacrament.' 'The Hunder-an' Third Psalm was aye weel dune by the last table, and ye see we could only gie them aught (eight) lines for ilka ane o' the services, and she (the Psalm) was aye terribly throw (nearly finished) by the hinder end o' the tables. Six hours of service, 'to be begin wi', and then an hour o' interval, and syne in again in the evening,' were Davie's grand times, and no doubt he was happy. With much that Dr. Guthrie says, in his genial way, on behalf of some of the old features of the hard school discipline, the sternness and hard-headedness attributed to the Scots, we can heartily agree. Mr. Buckle never made a greater mistake than when he undertook to guage the Scottish character and weigh in his toy scales the sterling qualities which sent forth from a small, rugged, and exposed mite of territory, the power, the intelligence, the obstinate and indomitable energy, and, on the whole, the sterling probity of the nation 'ayont' the Tweed.

Dr. Guthrie's name is chiefly associated with two great movements widely different in character. No Free-Church-of-Scotland man has any need to be reminded of the disruption of 1843; but we fear that abnormal being the 'general reader,' who has heard something of everything and nothing of anything as he ought, has a very hazy idea of the heroic character of the step taken by four hundred and seventy-four ministers of religion who went forth from the Scottish establishment, leaving behind them home and salary and pastoral dignity, at the call of duty. As the memoir observes it was the spectacle of 'nearly five hundred ministers disestablishing and disendowing themselves, laying on the altar of conscience a revenue of more than one hundred thousand pounds a year—a sum, which, if capitalized, would amount to fully two millions sterling.' 'These men are mad, and the pity is there is no lunatic asylum big enough to hold them,' said one of their bitterest opponents. In 1870, as Dr. Guthrie's sons take pride in noting, Mr. Gladstone, then Premier of England, described that memorable exodus as that of 'a body to whose moral attitude scarcely any word weaker or lower than that of majesty is, according to the spirit of historical criticism, justly applicable.' Dr. Guthrie's share in the heroism of the time and the work of building the Free Church is detailed with many a thrilling incident of suffering patience, in this volume.

The other movement became a man whose heart was tender and loving, as well as courageous. The pastor of Greyfriars first gathered together the waifs and strays of Edina in what are now known as the ragged schools. Indeed, in every humanizing and benevolent work, he was the hardest and cheeriest worker. If his creed was narrow, his heart was broad and full of love and compassion for his kind. Charity may well own a multitude of intellectual sins and traditional prejudices in one who recognized to the full the apostolic declaration —'faith without works is dead.'

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE; By the Princess Salm-Salm. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

THE BASTONNAIS; Tale of the American Invasion of Canada in 1775-76. By John Lesperance. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

STUDENT-LIFE AT HARVARD. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

KATE DANTON; OR CAPTAIN DANTON'S DAUGHTERS. A Novel. By Agnes Fleming; Author of Norine's Revenge, &c. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE; A Series of detached Essays, Addresses, and Reviews. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. Fifth edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

LOVELL'S HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND OTHER PARTS OF BRITISH AMERICA. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Revised edition from new plates. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Co. 1876.

A YACHT VOYAGE. Letters from High Latitudes. By Lord Dufferin; New Edition. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE event of the past month in the dramatic world of Toronto was, of course, the production, for the first time in Canada, we believe, of Shakspere's 'Cymbeline,' with Miss Neilson as Imogen. The reasons why this play, which in many respects is quite worthy of its author, is so seldom produced on the modern stage are not far to seek. One of these is that the plot turns upon an incident which is of rather too strong a flavor to agree with the delicate, not to say squeamish, stomachs of modern audiences. Another is that the drama as a whole labours under the incurable defect that the latter half is much weaker than the first, and, consequently, comes after it as an anti-climax. The melodrama and sensationalism of the last two acts are but poor substitutes for the strong human interest which runs through the first three. In his creation of *Imogen*, however, Shakspere his given another proof of his marvellous power in depicting feminine nature; and the character is so strikingly beautiful that it will no doubt, in the future as in the past, be the means of bringing the play upon the stage from time to time, as affording a fresh opportunity for display to an actress capable of taking advantage of it, such as Miss O'Neil, Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Tree, —and we may now add, Miss Neilson. Not that Miss Neilson's impersonation is a thoroughly satisfactory one—far from it. She has appeared in the part on only about half-a-dozen occasions, a public experience quite inadequate to enable her to identify herself with the character as she has identified herself with Juliet and Rosalind. The consequence is that her performance does not give one the idea of a complete and consistent personality; we have before us, not the *Imogen* of Shakspere, but Miss Neilson acting *Imogen*. The impression is similar to that which one gets when looking at an unfinished portrait. The firm, free lines betokening the great artist, are there; but the want of completeness gives an air of crudeness to the general result. Moreover, Miss Neilson's conception of the character is occasionally at fault; particularly in the scene where she enters the cave. The strong element of comedy which the actress infuses into this episode is neither to be found in the text, nor is it in keeping with the painful circumstances in which *Imogen* finds herself placed.

During her brief visit Miss Neilson also played *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and *Julia*, in 'The Hunchback.' In this last character Miss Neilson is unapproachable. Of the numerous actresses who have played the part in Toronto, not one is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with her. Mrs. Rousby comes nearest; but at what an interval! Whether in the idyllic beauty of the first act, or in the supreme pathos of the later ones, the actress is equally at home, equally admirable. For exquisite refinement, purity, and depth of feeling we doubt if a more nearly perfect impersonation can be witnessed on the stage to-day. Indeed, it was not all acting, as the tears on the face of the actress more than once testified. Miss Neilson's *Julia*, in short, deserves to be placed on the same pedestal with her *Juliet*,—that is, making allowance for the fact that the latter is a far more difficult and trying character to act. Of the recent performance of this last it is only necessary to say that it was repeated in the same mutilated version—with one of the finest scenes cut out—as on the occasion of Miss Neilson's previous visit this season.

The *Posthumus* of Mr. Plympton, the young actor who accompanied Miss Neilson, was not one of his happiest efforts. Though in general spirited and intelligent, it was so demonstrative at times as to become almost boisterous. The substitution of a little repose and dignity would have been a considerable gain. In *Romeo* he showed decided improvement, even in the short time which has elapsed since his appearance two months ago. But his best character was unquestionably *Clifford*, in the "Hunchback," a thoroughly manly, dignified, and natural performance. In 'Cymbeline,' Mr. Fitzgerald's *Iachimo* was a tolerably effective picture of the wily Italian, though he spoilt the bed-chamber scene by pitching his voice so low as to be quite inaudible at a little distance. Mr. Gregory's *Cloten* was a capital bit of comedy, which would have been better had the actor known his lines.

Of the other plays given at the Grand Opera House during the month, the only ones calling for particular remark are 'Ours,' and 'Our Boys.' Mr. Robertson's military drama was appropriately given on the occasion of the benefit of the Queen's Own Rifles. Mr. Fitzgerald was excellent as *Hugh Chalcott*, except that in the last act he seemed to have been slightly discomposed by a visit from St. Vitus, so perpetually was he on the move; and Mrs. Morrison went through her drill, and made her Irish stew with even more than her accustomed spirit and 'go.' 'Our Boys' was given at Mr. Hudson's benefit, and the only feature of it calling for remark was that gentleman's humourous and natural performance as old *Middlewick*.

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 4.] WHOLE NUMBER LXIV. [VOL. II.

APRIL, 1877.

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TORONTO:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADIAN MONTHLY COMPANY,

BY HART & RAWLINSON,

5 KING STREET WEST.

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1877, Oct. 4. Lit.
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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. II.] APRIL, 1877. [No. 4.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

COLONEL FLEMING, thus suddenly ushered into the room, made one step forward, and then stopped short in some confusion.

'My dear Mrs. Travers, you are in trouble —what is the matter? can I help you? or rather I had better leave you—I have come at an inopportune moment.'

Juliet was standing with her face turned away from him, stifling down those bitter sobs which his entrance had interrupted. For a moment, prudence and wisdom counselled her to say, 'Yes, leave me, I am not well,' and to let him go. But for one moment, and then the old impetuous nature rose within her, the nature that was weak and uncalculating in its possibly unwise impulses, yet ever true and honest to itself.

She turned quickly towards him, and placed the faded yellow letter in his hands.

'Not inopportune, Colonel Fleming,' she said, in a low, trembling voice, as she looked up at him with eyes all heavy with unshed tears; 'you never came at a more appropriate moment—look at that!'

Hugh Fleming looked down at the torn paper she had thrust into his hand, and turned it over wonderingly.

'What is it?' he said: and then with a sudden flush he recognized his own handwriting, and remembered at once what letter it was that she had given him.

He looked up at her almost angrily, and then walked away to the window, and stood with his back towards her.

What did she mean by showing him this old, disregarded, disdained love-letter, of which for years she had never given the faintest sign or acknowledgment? was it to mock at his love and to insult him?

But no! what then meant her tears and her agitation? and why was the letter all torn and mutilated?

'What does it mean?' he asked, coming back close to her as she stood with drooping head supporting herself with both hands against the edge of the table.

'It means—' she said, looking at him, whilst a bright flush covered her face—'it means, that for years I have misunderstood

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you and done you injustice, that I thought you had scorned and forsaken me—it means that I have found out my mistake—it means—O God, Hugh! it means that my heart is broken!'

With a cry she sank down again as he had first found her, with her arms stretched out before her and her head bowed upon them, whilst convulsive sobs shook her whole frame.

Scarcely as yet understanding her meaning, but filled nevertheless with a great yearning pity for her sorrow, Hugh Fleming stood by her side softly stroking the small dusky head as it lay bowed down in bitter grief before him.

'My poor child!' he said gently, whilst his compassionate hands strayed tenderly as a woman's over her soft dark hair, and by degrees the soothing touch quieted and calmed her.

'Now tell me, Juliet,' he said at length, when her sobs had ceased, and he had with gentle force raised her and placed her in an arm-chair; 'tell me now, for I hardly understand what you mean, and why the sight of that old forgotten letter should have upset you so strangely.'

'Oh, don't you understand,' she said, wringing her hands together, 'don't you see that I never received it—never saw it until to-day?'

Colonel Fleming started.

'Never saw it before!' he repeated in amazement. 'What do you mean! can you mean that you never received it?'

'Never!'

'That you thought I had left England for years without a line or a word—that I had deserted you in such a heartless way, Juliet! did you think that of me?' he asked in great agitation.

Juliet nodded sadly.

'I did think all that of you,' she answered sorrowfully. 'I lost my belief in you and in all mankind.'

'But I cannot understand it,' he said, passing his hand in a bewildered way over his forehead; 'it seems impossible. Why, I wrote it quite a week before I left England; and, yes—I remember perfectly that I posted it myself—and, of course I could not have addressed it wrongly—it seems impossible that it could have gone wrong! and besides, if so, how did it come into your possession now? by what chance have you suddenly found it again?'

'It was brought to me not ten minutes ago by Ernestine—you don't remember Ernestine? she was my stepmother's French maid. It seems that Mrs. Blair has sent her away very suddenly for some cause or other; and partly, I suspect, from revenge, partly to extract money from me, she brought me this letter.'

'But how on earth did she get it?'

'Her story is that she only just found it slipped down between the linings of an old dress which Mrs. Blair gave her about that time, and which she had never unpicked nor made any use of; but that in turning out all her things, in order to pack them to go away, this old fragment of a letter fell out. She says—what must be true—that Mrs. Blair stole it out of the post-bag and destroyed it.'

'Good God! what could induce the woman to commit such an iniquity!' exclaimed Hugh, pacing excitedly up and down the room. 'What cause, what possible reason, could she have for such a wicked action?'

'It seems indeed hardly conceivable that any one could do such a thing,' answered Juliet; 'and yet I suppose that there is very little a spiteful wicked woman would not do to injure another.'

'But was she indeed so wicked and spiteful?' asked Hugh, as he came back and sat down beside her. 'Are you indeed sure that it was Mrs. Blair who did this thing? it hardly seems consistent with her character. I remember she used often to speak of you to me with great affection; and although she always seemed to be a very silly and conceited woman, yet I should have thought her a perfectly harmless one. Indeed, Juliet, I used often to think that you were hard on her.'

'Did you?' said Juliet in astonishment; 'did you really? In what way could you have thought me hard on her?'

'I never thought that you made sufficient allowance for her very frivolous and childish nature.'

'Ah, you did not know her as well as I did!' said Juliet, with a short bitter laugh. 'All that silly gushing childishness was put on. Mrs. Blair is by no means a fool: she is as cunning and designing a woman as I have ever met in my life, and perfectly dis-

honest and unscrupulous. Years ago I remember how she used to work and work with that soft playful manner, and yet with untiring perseverance, at anything she wanted to get out of my poor father. Young as I was, I could see perfectly through all her lies and her artifices. I believe she moved heaven and earth to get my father to make a will that would give her a life interest in Sotherne, curtail my rights, and place me under her guardianship and control. But my father was too wise for that: and when she found how things had been left, she hated me. Outwardly she was all sweetness and affection, because it suited her interests to be so; but in reality she hated me bitterly because I was rich and she was poor, because Sotherne was mine and she only a guest in it at my pleasure.'

'But still,' argued Colonel Fleming, 'why should she have stopped my letter? it seems such a senseless, meaningless piece of spite.'

'She stopped your letter because—because—' said Juliet hesitatingly, and a deep flush covered her face as she nevertheless ended her sentence bravely—'because she knew that had I received it I should have married you.'

Hugh Fleming shaded his face with his hand and was silent.

'She had found out that much about me,' continued Juliet after a short silence; 'she was sharp enough for that; and you know I was never very clever at hiding my feelings,' she added with a little sad smile that was unspeakably touching.

Still Colonel Fleming did not speak, and Juliet went on after a pause—

'Had things turned out so, it is certain that Sotherne and not London would have been my permanent home—and in that case Mrs. Blair would certainly not have continued to live there. I could never have tolerated her presence—she would have been forced to seek another home; and Sotherne is a comfortable house, and she gets it rent-free. It would not at all have suited her to leave it. She did not want to leave it. What she wanted is exactly what has happened. I see perfectly through all her devices now: she wanted me to marry a man who had no country tastes, whose society was not a sufficient resource to me to enable me to endure it in the retirement of a country home, and as whose wife I should probably prefer the excitement and variety of a London life. Everything,' added Juliet very bitterly, 'everything has turned out perfectly to her satisfaction: she first intercepted and tore up your letter—she then urged a marriage with Cis upon me in every possible way; other circumstances—poor little Georgie's death and my own utter recklessness and misery—played most conveniently into her hands. Mrs. Blair has remained in undisturbed possession of Sotherne Court, and I—have made a shipwreck of my life!'

Juliet ceased speaking, and bowed her head down upon her hands; whilst Hugh Fleming hastily left her side, and, walking away to the window, stood for some minutes with his back turned to her.

When he turned again and spoke to her, his voice was hoarse and trembling.

'Tell me one thing,' he said. 'You have said that your faith in me was broken; is that faith now restored, Juliet? will you trust me again now?'

'Trust you!' she exclaimed, rising quickly and stretching out both her hands towards him. 'Trust you! How can you ask it! Yes, through life unto death!'

'God bless you for that!' he answered. For one moment he bent over the hands he held within his, and pressed them passionately to his lips—then suddenly dropped them hastily, and without another word turned away and left her alone.

As the front door closed behind Hugh Fleming, the luncheon bell rang. Juliet hastily roused herself, brushed away the traces of her emotion, and went downstairs.

It is all the same—if our hearts are breaking, if we have lost our money or our happiness, if our eldest son has been rusticated, or our daughter has run away with the doctor's assistant—all the same we must go down to our meals at their stated hours, sit unmoved and impassive through the ordained number of courses, talk of the weather, or of any trivial subject we can think of, with a calm and smiling face; and all that we may conceal our wounds from the servants who wait upon us, and who would certainly, if we departed from the ordinary routine of our lives, begin to wonder and chatter over what ailed us.

Juliet Travers would have given a great deal to have escaped the tedious luncheon hour, with the two solemn men-servants in

attendance—but it was impossible. She went down and found Cis already at table. For a wonder, no one had 'dropped in,' and the husband and wife were alone.

'Not a thing fit to eat!' Cis said irritably as his wife came in and not looking up at her. 'You know I can't bear all these brown sauces—they always disagree with me; and this is the third day running you have had roast chicken for luncheon. I rearly wish, Juliet, you would see to things a little better.'

'I am very sorry, Cis,' said Juliet rather absently, sitting down and helping herself mechanically to the first thing that was handed to her.

Her husband sat opposite to her, looking the picture of misery. Like most people of delicate health and indolent habits, he was extremely fastiduous and dainty in the matter of food.

When they were first married, Juliet had taken some pains to study his tastes and fancies in this respect; but when she found that do what she would, Cis always grumbled equally, she gave up the effort to satisfy him as a hopeless task.

The cooking was always either too plain or too rich to suit him: this was too strong-flavoured, that had not flavour enough; and it generally ended in his pushing away his food untasted, and leaving the table in a fit of bad temper that was absolutely childish.

Juliet had no sympathy whatever for these daily complaints. She only felt pity, and almost contempt, for a man who could make a misery out of such trifles.

'What's this?' said Cis, standing up and poking his fork into a game-pie. 'All messed up with aspic jelly! Can't one get a good honest piece of roast meat in the house?'

'There is some cold beef on the side-board,' said Juliet, with a not very lively interest in her voice.

'Yes, I dare say! as tough as leather! I wish you would change the butcher; we get worse meat than anybody else in London.'

'Who's that went out just now?' asked Cis presently, as Juliet did not answer him.

'It was Colonel Fleming,' she answered shortly.

'Then why couldn't you have asked him to lunch?'

'It is a good thing I did not as you say everything is so nasty,' she said with a laugh. 'But Colonel Fleming would have stayed, I suppose, if he had wished to do so; I did not think it necessary to ask him.'

'No, you can have that horrid Mrs. Dalmaine and all your stuck-up lords and swells here every day, but you can't be civil to an old friend like Fleming!' said Cis tauntingly.

Juliet bit her lip and was silent.

'I am going down to Sotherne to-morrow,' she said presently; 'we have no dinner engagement to-morrow, and I am thinking of running down for the day.'

Now it so happened that Cis was under promise to take Gretchen Rudenbach down to the Crystal Palace for an afternoon concert, and he had been wondering much how he should manage to escape unnoticed from home for the best part of the day.

Cis was at heart terribly afraid of his wife. His friendship with Gretchen was, in truth, of the most innocent character, and if from the first he had made no secret of it with his wife, she would probably have been only too glad that he should find amusement anywhere, to object in the very least to it. But he had liked to keep up the little halo of romance with which his intercourse with Gretchen had from the first been surrounded. Cis Travers thought of no actual evil with regard to Gretchen Rudenbach, and yet he would have liked to be suspected of it; and it flattered his vanity to compromise her by taking her about with him rather publicly.

More than once lately he had been noticed at Richmond and at Maidenhead on a hot afternoon, with the blue-eyed music-player, when his wife was driving in the Park, or entertaining her friends at afternoon strawberries and tea—perfectly unconscious of her husband's occupations.

And it so happened that Cis had one of these expeditions with Gretchen in contemplation for the morrow, and had moreover been wondering what excuse he could frame for dining as well as spending the afternoon at the Crystal Palace. So that when Juliet announced her intention of going down to Sotherne, his face cleared at once, and he answered with alacrity:

'Well, I think you had better; you have not been down to Sotherne for some time,

and you ought to run down occasionally. You won't want me, I suppose?'

'Oh dear no, thank you! I am only going to see Mrs. Blair, and to look how Andrews has planted the garden out this summer. And perhaps I shall go on to Broadley and bring Flora back with me, if she can get ready in time.'

'Very well, then; as you say we have no dinner engagements, I think I will dine out, and then you need not hurry back before the evening train; it will be cooler for you to come back by, this hot weather; and if you are home by half-past nine, it will, I suppose, be in plenty of time for your evening engagements: if I am dining out, it will leave you free.'

'Thank you, Cis,' said Juliet, slightly surprised, for her husband did not often study her convenience and comfort. 'It will be pleasanter, certainly, to come up by the later train, and will give me more time there. Oh, yes, I shall be in plenty of time; I have only Lady Withers's ball, and I need not go to that till eleven—and if I am tired, I shall very likely not go to it at all.

And so it was settled.

Cis went his way up to Notting Hill after lunch, to settle with Gretchen about calling for her the next day, and to ask her to dine with him at the Crystal Palace after the concert; whilst Juliet went about her daily round of visits and shopping. But driving along at a foot-pace under the trees in the Park, listening wearily the while to Mrs. Dalmaine's chatter, she felt, notwithstanding, that the world was a little better and brighter and happier to her for that torn yellow letter that was folded upon her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

SMOTHERED in dust, and creaking dismally like a creature in agonies, the twelve o'clock train was steaming into the station at Sotherne.

The very sight made one hot—so covered with fine white dust and so begrimed with dirt and heat was every carriage and every passenger.

Simmonds, the porter, had sauntered leisurely forwards. No one now ever got out at Sotherne, and, apparently, no one ever got in—no one, at least, of any significance. Only a fat farmer from a second-class carriage, and two rough-looking drovers from a third, got out; whilst one girl with a bundle in a blue-checked handkerchief was waiting to get in.

To-day, however, there was a little variety, for a lady got out of one of the dusty, hot-cushioned first-class carriages.

At the sight of her, Simmonds, who had been bestowing considerable attention upon the blue-bundled young lady, suddenly and mercilessly left that damsel to find a seat for herself, and hurried forward, touching his cap obsequiously.

'I don't think the carriage has come yet, ma'am,' he said, taking Mrs. Travers's hand-bag and shawl from her, and shading his eyes with his hand as he looked down the white highroad.

'I don't expect the carriage,' answered Mrs. Travers. 'Is your wife quite well, and the baby?'

'Quite well, thank you, ma'am. You will find it very hot walking, ma'am,' added the man respectfully. 'Should I send a boy up to the house to say you've come, ma'am? He wouldn't be gone long, if you would not mind sitting in the waiting-room.'

'No, thank you, Simmonds; I had rather walk. I shall go slowly, and I dare say I shall not find it very hot.'

Nevertheless Juliet did find it very hot indeed.

It was one of those perfectly breezeless, cloudless days, when the whole air seems hazy and swimming with the heat. By the time she had walked along the quarter of a mile of dusty highroad, she began to regret that she had not allowed Simmonds to send up the boy for the cariage. But the worst part of the walk was over.

Presently, by a path well known to her she turned into a waving cornfield, cutting off the corner of which she came to a small wicket gate which led into her own park. Here at once was shade and peace and loveliness.

Juliet was in no hurry; she sat down under the first tree she came to and took off her hat.

Before her lay the cornfield through which she had passed, already in full ear, flecked all over with blue and purple cornflowers and great scarlet poppies, above which a

thousand white and yellow butterflies fluttered ceaselessly; behind her were the great woods that were her own; from their deep shades she could hear the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons, the occasional crackle of the branches as some squirrel scampered along them, and the soft everlasting ripple of the leaves. A little stream babbled fresh and cool at her feet, fringed by drooping ferns and tall meadow-sweet and star-like wild-parsley flowers. Behind her, from the green slope hard by, came the steady munch of big-eyed dark-skinned Alderney cows standing knee-deep in the luscious grass; and right above her head, up in the deep blue sky, was one fluttering lark singing away with all his might and main.

Sweet sounds and sights and smells! How delicious, how wonderful, after months of brick and mortar, of the stone pavements and the stunted shrubs of London squares! How intoxicating to find oneself suddenly transported into a scene like this! What a feast for the tired eyes is all the luxuriant greenery of midsummer! What peace to the wearied ears and head are the hundred hushing sounds of a summer's day!

Who is there that understands the country with the deep joy, the intensity of appreciation, the delight too rapturous for words, of the imprisoned Londoner set free for one blessed day from the unloveliness of his daily surroundings!

It is worth while to live nine months of the year in a city for the sake of the keen delight of the other three: a delight which I believe no country-nurtured person, however fond he may be of country life and country pursuits, ever understands and realizes with the same intensity.

Juliet had all the vivid imagination, the deep poetry of soul, which is above all needful to constitute a true lover of nature. It was not merely to her a fine day and a pleasant prospect; there was a whole world to her in the fair sights and sounds around her. There was a meaning in the deep shadows under the trees and the yellow glare of the sunlight beyond, a rhythm in every babble of the brook; a poem in every waving flower on its banks; it was like an essay on life to her to sit and look upon it all, like a lesson in all that is best and purest and loveliest. Sweet teachings of nature! how is it that to some you are but a a blank meaningless page, while others can read all the wisdom of your hidden story as in an open book?

Tired with the heat of her journey, and soothed by the murmuring sounds around her, Juliet leant her head back against the lime-tree under which she sat, and gradually fell asleep. A little breeze from beneath the drooping woods caught the soft rings of her dark hair; low-voiced insects hummed and buzzed about her; flakes of scented blossom fluttered down from the lime-tree above, and the brook gurgling on beside her blended vaguely with the music in her dreams.

Such a sweet picture she looked, sitting there in her cool blue muslin dress, with her head thrown a little back, her lips a little parted, and her hands clasped loosely together in front of her! She looked very young—hardly more than a girl; and yet there were many sad drooping lines on the clear pale face, that would never perhaps look free from care and suffering again.

By-and-by, a cloud stole for an instant over the face of the sun, and with it the breeze freshened. With a start and a little shiver, Juliet awoke and sprang to her feet. 'I did not come down here to go to sleep!' she said aloud to herself as she looked at her watch and found that she had wasted nearly half an hour. Skirting the shady border of the wood, she began slowly to climb the side of the hill, and presently the many-twisted chimneys and the three red gables of Sotherne Court appeared before her. Leaving the park, she turned into the gardens through the shrubbery gate. No one seemed to be moving around the house or gardens. It was about the men's dinner-time, and the roller was standing on the lawn and the wheelbarrow on the gravel walk just as Andrews and his assistant had left them to go off to their midday meal.

The windows stood wide open, and soft muslin draperies fluttered out from the morning-room. Mrs. Blair had adopted as her own the little morning-room that used in the old days to be Juliet's special retreat. It was here that she was sitting on this particular morning. A white muslin dress plentifully adorned with pink ribbons decked the somewhat angular lines of her spare figure, and a mob-cap of muslin and lace to match invested her with a combined elegance and simplicity suitable to the novel character of a betrothed damsel in which she was now figuring.

She sat on the sofa, whilst in front of her on a low stool squatted the happy lover, obediently holding a skein of white wool,

which his lady-love was deftly winding off his outstretched red hands.

'Now, Daniel!' said the lady playfully, 'how can I wind if you fidget so? do keep still!'

'My charming love, who could keep still at the feet of so much beauty!' returned the lover gallantly; 'when the heart is on fire, the—ahem, the—a—the tenement of clay is naturally restless!'

Mr. Lamplough was secretly ardently desiring to get up, as the position into which Mrs. Blair had sportively pushed him was beginning to be sadly trying to his back and knees.

'You naughty darling!' she answered, laughing affectedly and shaking her finger at him; 'always flattering your poor Maria! When we are married, Daniel, I am afraid you will no longer make me such pretty speeches!'

The Reverend Daniel promptly reflected that, when he was married, he was not likely to waste much time squatting on the floor like a journeyman tailor at his Maria's feet; but courtship, as he was well aware, brings its own appointed duties.

'Cruel, cruel angel!' he exclaimed tragically; 'already you begin to doubt my devotion!'

'Never, my dearest love—do not suspecty our own Maria! it is my exquisite sensitiveness that leads me for one moment astray. Doubt you, my love!—you that are the kindred soul so long sought for in vain by this widowed, lonely heart!'

And here Mrs. Blair, dropping the ball of wool, melted into gentle tearless sobs behind her lace handkerchief; upon which Mr. Lamplough joyfully seized the opportunity of releasing his cramped legs from their aching posture, and rising from the ground with difficulty, by holding on to the corner of the table, he landed himself safely upon the sofa by his Maria's side, where he proceeded to clasp her somewhat shrinking form to the rumpled and not altogether spotless shirt-front which veiled his manly bosom.

It was at this critical moment in the proceedings of these fond lovers that an intruding shadow suddenly darkened the window.

With a little scream Mrs. Blair pushed back her lover.

'We are watched, Daniel!' she cried; 'for Heaven's sake, leave me!'

The Reverend Daniel had also caught sight of the interloping somebody outside, and was not slow to take the hint. It was all very well to act the adoring lover in strict privacy with this charming widow, but he had no fancy for making himself ridiculous before a third person. With a sudden bound, he sprang for the door, and when Juliet Travers, pushing aside the muslin curtains, stepped in through the long French window, she just caught sight of a pair of black legs flying precipitately through the door.

It did not strike her that she had come in at an inopportune moment. It could not have been Higgs, of course, who had bolted in so undignified a manner; and it only vaguely crossed her mind that Mrs. Blair's visitor, whoever he might be, had an unpleasantly rough manner of slamming the door behind him.

Mrs. Blair, at the sudden appearance of her stepdaughter, jumped up with a little cry of genuine astonishment.

'My dearest Juliet, how you made me start! I could not think who it was. What made you come in that way? and what has brought you down to day? and why did you not write, my darling girl? and, dear me! you must have walked from the station—and in all this heat!'

'Yes, I walked—' answered Juliet quietly, as she threw down her hat and sunshade upon the table. 'I have something to say to you Mrs. Blair—something that could not well be written; so I thought it best to come down myself.'

'Have you, dearest Juliet? but you will have something to eat first? surely you must want something after your journey—a cup of tea or a little claret, at all events, to cool you?'

'No, thank you, Mrs. Blair,' answered Juliet, laying her hand on her stepmother's arm as she was rising to ring the bell; 'do not ring for anything—I shall have the carriage to take me on to Broadley to lunch as soon as I have said what I have to say to you. I want nothing but your attention for a few minutes.'

Something in Juliet's manner suddenly filled Mrs. Blair with a vague apprehension.

'Dear me!' she said, with a little nervous laugh; 'what can you have to say to me,

Juliet? I am sure I am delighted to listen to anything you have to say; but is it so *very* important, that you cannot even rest and have some luncheon first?'

'Yes it is very important,' answered Juliet gravely. And then for a moment she was silent, standing looking sternly down upon the woman who had wronged her so deeply and so remorselessly.

Mrs. Blair had turned a little pale under her rouge, and her heart was thumping in a manner very unusual to her. She could not meet her stepdaughter's eye, but sat fidgeting nervously with the pink ribbon bows on the front of her dress.

'I have seen Ernestine,' began Juliet. A sudden sense of relief sent the blood back into Mrs. Blair's face.

'Oh, my dear Juliet,' she said with alacrity, 'I know that you have come to plead with me about that poor misguided girl! I see she has been to you with some tale about my cruelty and harshness in sending her away so suddenly; it is just like your goodness and charity of heart to take her part and to come down to plead for her—and of course it *does* sound rather severe, I admit, after so many years, to send her off at a day's notice; but if you heard all the rights of it, and *my* version of the story, I think you would agree with me that I have done perfectly right in sending her away—such a flighty, untrustworthy wretch as she has turned out, and has been giving herself such airs—impertinence to my visitors, and Heaven knows what besides!'

'You are mistaken,' answered Juliet quietly; 'it is not about your dismissal of your maid that I came to speak. Whatever I may or may not think of your sending her away so suddenly, you had a perfect right to do so, and I should not dream of interfering with or questioning your arrangements. No, Mrs. Blair, it is not of your maid's dismissal, but of something which she told me that I have to speak to you.'

Again the color fled from Mrs. Blair's cheeks.

'Something she told you!' she repeated blankly.

'There was a letter,' said Juliet, 'a letter which should have been received by me five years ago—that letter is now, or was until yesterday, in Ernestine's possession. Mrs. Blair, I have come to ask you why that letter never reached me?'

'A letter?—I cannot think what you mean! What have I to do with Ernestine's letters? what on earth do you suppose that I am likely to know about it?' faltered Mrs. Blair, whilst their flashed rapidly through her mind the recollection of all that had happened on the morning of the arrival of that letter which she had destroyed.

As distinctly as if it had been yesterday she remembered tearing it in half upon her maid's sudden entrance, and then throwing it into the fire. No, there could not be a doubt of its destruction—she remembered well how the bright flames had danced up and licked up the white paper in a second, and how the charred and blackened fragments had fluttered with the smoke up into the chimney. It was as plain before her eyes as if she could see it now. The letter had most assuredly been utterly destroyed. Ernestine might have guessed at the story and raked it up out of revenge, but she could have no possible proof—and who would believe the word of a discarded servant against that of her mistress? She might (putting together the fact of her fetching the bag and seeing the blazing letter) have got hold of the truth, but it was quite impossible that she could bring forward any evidence to support her accusation; therefore Mrs. Blair rapidly decided that her best and safest plan was to brazen it out and to deny it utterly.

'I really cannot think what you are talking about, Juliet,' she said, in well-feigned bewilderment. 'You look at me in such a strange manner—you seem almost to be accusing me of something!' she added, with a nervous laugh.

'I do accuse you of something; I accuse you of intercepting and destroying a letter addressed to me by Colonel Fleming just before he went away to India!'

'Juliet, you positively insult me! what can you mean? *I* intercept a letter, indeed! *I* interfere with a another person's correspondence! What on earth do you take me for? I never was so insulted in my life!' and Mrs. Blair's voice actually quivered with the force of her righteous indignation.

'Then how do you account for this?' said Juliet, unfastening her pocket-book and holding out to her the torn letter which Ernestine had brought her. 'This, Mrs. Blair, your maid found in the lining of a dress which you had given her!'

Mrs. Blair stared blankly and speechlessly at the fragment in Juliet's hand; she recognized the letter immediately, but the sight of it filled her with utter amazement. How on earth did Ernestine get hold of it? for of course she knew at once that the dress story was a fabrication.

'I know nothing of it,' she faltered at last; 'I never saw it before: it must have been Ernestine's doing entirely.'

'What motive could Ernestine have had?' exclaimed Juliet impatiently. 'Mrs. Blair, do not take the trouble to deny what is as plain as daylight. You knew that I expected a letter from Colonel Fleming, for I had told you that he was going to write to me. You watched for it and intercepted it; how it came into your maid's possession I neither know nor care; but I do know that you—and you alone—stole my letter.'

Then Mrs. Blair, driven from her last entrenchment, burst into tears. 'I did it for the best, Juliet—indeed, indeed I did. I was so afraid you would be led into making an imprudent match. I only wished for your happiness.'

'*My* happiness!' repeated her stepdaughter scornfully. 'You did not think much of my happiness, I fancy. All you wanted was your own selfish ends and your own cruel revenge on a girl whom you always hated and envied.'

'Dearest Juliet, do not speak so! Pray believe me—I meant it for the best, I did indeed!' and Mrs. Blair sobbed and wrung her hands, and looked the picture of woe.

'And do you know what your "best" has done for me?' answered Juliet in a low concentrated voice; 'do you know that you have ruined my happiness and embittered my soul? do you know that you have spoilt two lives, his and mine? Remember that, if evil were to come of it, it would be your fault—lie at your door; and bitterest curses would fall upon your head.'

'Juliet, Juliet, spare me!' cried the unhappy Mrs. Blair, covering her ears with both her hands.

'What had I done—' continued Juliet, bitterly and wildly; 'good heavens! what had I done to you, that you should have treated me so cruelly? What in the whole course of my life had I been guilty of to deserve such a terrible retaliation? Had you not lived under my roof, been fed at my expense, been treated in my house with all due honour and respect as my father's widow? Are you not human, have you no womanly pity, that you were not able to stop short of breaking my heart! How could you do it! Good God! woman, how could you do it!'

She flung up her hands in a paroxysm of despair, whilst tears hot and bitter welled up suddenly into her eyes.

At the sight of her stepdaughter's emotion Mrs. Blair recovered her presence of mind.

For one moment, in her utter discomfiture, she had sobbed and prayed and owned herself to be guilty; but she soon began shrewdly to perceive that it would never answer for her to be too humble or too penitent.

The worst was over. Juliet, it is true, knew of her treachery and baseness, but she was not likely to betray that knowledge to others. After all, the cards were still in her own hands, for Juliet's secret was in her possession. She was a married woman, and she loved another man—here to her very face she had acknowledged it! what a hold such a confession gave Mrs. Blair over her stepdaughter!

Drawing herself up with a look of virtuous horror, Mrs. Blair addressed her stepdaughter in an altered voice.

'Juliet I am amazed at you. Whatever my faults may have been—and I confess that I am sorry now for what was simply an error of judgment, caused by over-anxiety for your happiness and welfare—whatever *mistake* I may have committed, I have at all events never lost sight of the decencies, I may say the moralities, of life. But can I believe my ears, that you, a married woman, the wife of Cecil Travers, have the audacity to confess to *me*, your father's widow—a pure-minded virtuous woman—to own to *me* with your own lips that you love another man who is not your husband!'

'Silence, woman!' cried Juliet, starting from her seat and crimsoning with anger to the very roots of her hair; 'how dare you say such words! what is it to you whom I love or whom I don't love?'

'I am disgusted—simply disgusted!' said the widow, turning away, and waving her scented handkerchief before her face as if the thought of Juliet's iniquities made her feel faint.

Juliet stifled down her anger and laughed a short bitter laugh.

'You will probably be still more disgusted at what I have to say further to you, Mrs. Blair,' she said scornfully. 'You have made my house your home for several years—I do not care that you should do so any longer. As soon as it is convenient to you, I shall be much obliged if you will find another abode. I do not wish to hustle you out with unkind haste, but my house is, after your insulting words and your wicked conduct to me, no longer fitted to be your home.'

Mrs. Blair turned livid with rage. She was silent for a minute, and then, with a sudden smile of triumph, she got up and made her stepdaughter a sweeping curtsey.

'Very much obliged to you, Mrs. Travers, I am sure! Your revenge is very nicely aimed, certainly; only, unfortunately it has no power to wound me. I was on the point of telling you that I no longer require the kind shelter of your house, which I should in any case have left altogether in a few months—to oblige you, I will make it a few weeks. But as I am going to be married very shortly, and have a house of my own in London, I am fortunately quite independent of the charitable tender mercies of my stepdaughter.'

'To be married!' gasped Juliet in amazement.

'Yes—very wonderful, of course,' said the widow, smiling and fanning herself with great *sang-froid*. 'Wonderful, of course, but nevertheless true. My future husband is the eminent divine the Reverend Daniel Lamplough, who has a nice house in Eccleston Street. I dare say I can hurry on my marriage to oblige you, Juliet, and turn out of Sotherne in about five or six weeks. Have you anything else to say to me?'

No, Juliet had nothing else to say. In truth she was so much astounded at this unexpected piece of news, that she forgot all her anger in blank bewildered amazement.

She could only take her leave shortly and coldly, and depart by the way she came; whilst Mrs. Blair, triumphant to the last, laughed a scornful laugh of victory as her adversary went out.

'I had the best of it there, I think!' she said aloud, as soon as Juliet was out of hearing.

And there is no denying it: she *had* very much the best of it. Juliet had been outtrumped!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLORA.

ON that same morning, Broadley House lay full in the midsummer sunshine, whilst its master sat out on the lawn under the shadow of a spreading walnut-tree.

The house was to the full as untidy and dilapidated-looking as of old. There had been no money spent upon house-painters and decorators since the days when little Georgie was the ruling spirit in it and the Squire kept the hounds.

What the old man called a 'lick of paint' had indeed been patched on here and there, just to keep body and soul together, as it were, in the rambling old house; but there had been no thorough overhauling and doing-up of the doors and windows, no repapering of the rooms, no resuscitation of the cracked yellow plaster and stucco, such as undoubtedly the whole place required in every part.

Neither was the garden any better kept and tended than of yore. The evergreens had grown up long and straggly, and, for want of being regularly clipped, had become weedy and thin-looking near their roots; the borders were a tangled mixture of flowers and weeds, with, if anything, a predominance of the latter; whilst the lawn was badly mown and scratched up by the swarm of chickens and dogs which strayed all day long unreproved over it.

They none of them cared for these things at Broadley. Mrs. Travers, indeed, sometimes fretted unavailingly over the untidiness and disorder of her surroundings, and pleaded for another gardener, and suggested the ejection of the live stock from before the drawing-room windows; but the Squire would only grumble savagely—'Another gardener! pray where's the money to come from, ma'am?' whilst Flora regarded the notion of exiling the dogs from any portion of the domain with such indignant horror, that Mrs. Travers, being quite in the minority, had to smoother her remonstrances into an aggrieved and snubbed silence.

Squire Travers sits in a low chair under the walnut tree, dressed in a sort of East Indian planter's costume of nankeen-coloured cotton, with a straw hat on the

ground behind him, his spectacles on his nose, and 'The Field' on his knees.

Flat on her back on the grass in front of him lies his daughter Flora—her arms stretched up behind her blonde shiny head, and her grey eyes looking sleepily up at her father from beneath their long dark lashes. Her lithe young figure, in its close-fitting pink cotton dress, gathered in by a simple leather belt at her slender waist, is shown off to full advantage by the *abandon* and ease of her attitude. Two fox terriers and a collie puppy at its most riotous age are tumbling and chasing each other with boisterous mirth round and round her recumbent form, without in any way disturbing her tranquillity; and a whole brood of soft white fluffy chickens, with their solemnly clucking mother at their head, are pecketing their way over the grass not a couple of yards from her head.

Flora has been dozing, but she is wide awake now, and she is wondering when on earth her father will have finished that article on salmon-culture in 'The Field.'

'He can't find it so very absorbing,' she said to herself; 'why doesn't he talk to me instead?' for Miss Flora was a chatterbox, and found enforced silence very hard to bear.

'Papa!' she said at last, seeing that the salmon-culture had been gone through, and a page on cricket-matches just turned to.

'Yes, my love?'

'Papa, that's the third small red spider I watched come down on the top of your dear old bald head.'

'Bless my soul! you don't say so, Flora!' said the Squire nervously, putting up his hand to rub his head, and dropping 'The Field' as he did so.

Flora laughed. 'All rubbish, papa—I only wanted you to stop reading! I'm not going to let you have "The Field" again;' and she took possession of the fallen paper, and placed it safely out of his reach under her own head.

'Now talk to me, papa.'

'Talk! bless the child! what is there to talk of out of the hunting season?'

'Why, there's Vesper's new litter, and Jock's distemper, and whether my mare is to be turned out to grass—and, good gracious, papa,' with a little scornful impatience, 'can you talk of nothing else but the dogs and horses?'

The Squire rubbed his chin thoughtfully—what did the child want to talk about? he wondered. Georgie had never wished for any more exalted topic of conversation.

'I thought you were so fond of the horses and dogs,' he said, reproachfully, looking at his younger daughter.

'So I am, the darlings, I love them!' said Flora, catching at one of the fox terriers as he bounded over her, and kissing his brown head rapturously ere she released his struggling, kicking body.

'So I am, of course; but they are dull to talk about. Do you know of what I have been thinking for the last quarter of an hour?'

'Not in the least.'

'Well, look up into the tree above you,' she said, casting up her clear grey eyes as she spoke; 'look right up into it. Do you see how the branches all bend out from the trunk in regular curves, and how all the leaves lie one over another in a sort of vaulted roof?—and listen, papa, to the sort of murmur the voices of the birds make high up above there; do you remember when we went into Wells Cathedral once, when the choristers were practising somewhere out of sight—and we stared up at the roof till the sound seemed to come from there like angels' voices—don't you remember how lovely it was! Now, doesn't looking up into the walnut-tree remind you of the roof of Wells Cathedral, papa?'

Mr. Travers had done as he was told, and leaned his neck back till it ached, to look up straight above his head. He listened attentively to all his daughter said, and then looked down again at her with a puzzled, bewildered face. What could he make of a girl who said a tree was like a cathedral?

'Upon my soul, Flora, I suppose I am very stupid,' he said, almost humbly; 'but I don't see how a green tree can be like Wells Cathedral!'

'Don't you, papa? oh, I see it so plainly,' she answered, with her eyes still above his head, continuing the drift of her own fanciful imaginations. 'I can see all the frettings and carvings of the groined roof, and the capitals of the columns with leaves and berries and arabesques, and there is one little grinning demon's head, yes, and there is another, and another too—those are the bosses, and then a whole legion of little saints and fiends mixed up together

under that arch—ah! cruel little puff of wind! it has blown them all away.'

The Squire had looked up again, half fancying the things must be there, since Flora saw them, and angry at his own stupidity for not doing so too, and then he looked down again at her in perplexity.

'What queer things the child has got in her head,' he said, half to himself. 'Is it from Wattie, I wonder, that you've got all these crazy notions, Miss Flora?'

A faint flush swept over the girl's face as her father spoke, and she half raised herself from the ground.

'Never mind all the nonsense I talk, papa. I like saying aloud all the odd things that come into my head—perhaps I ought not to expect you to understand—but hush! is not that the sound of carriage wheels coming up the drive? Yes, it is a carriage; fancy visitors at this hour in the morning—why, papa!' springing up gladly, 'it is the Sotherne carriage, and there is Juliet inside it,' and she ran eagerly forward; whilst the Squire, stooping to pick up his 'Field' and his straw hat, followed her more leisurely.

'There must be something wrong in the head of a child that sees cathedrals up in the trees,' he said to himself again, with a puzzled pucker on his old forehead.

'Anything wrong with Cis—is my dear boy ill?' cried Mrs. Travers, coming anxiously out of the front door to meet her daughter-in-law.

Mothers-in-law have a way of thinking that nothing else on earth can occupy the time or thoughts of their sons' wives, excepting only those sons, who to the mother are such demi-gods, and to the wife often such very commonplace and faulty personages.

'Nothing is wrong with Cis that I know of,' answered Juliet, smiling, as she alighted from the carriage; 'he was quite well this morning;' and a little pang went through her heart, at the thought that no one asked or cared whether anything was wrong with her, a pang which, an instant after, she accused herself of foolishness for feeling. 'How are you, dear Mr. Travers? can you spare me Flora? I have come to carry her off. Flora, do you think you can pack up your things and be ready to go back with me in a couple of hours? Never mind if your wardrobe is not quite what it should be—we are not going to a desert; there are plenty of shops in London, you know.'

'O Juliet! do you really mean it?' exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands in delight, whilst visions of London, of balls and theatres, and flower shows, dreamt of often, but never experienced, flashed through her mind and flushed her fair young face with a bright rose tint.

'Flora is too young to go out in London,' said her mother,—'a child not seventeen yet.'

'Indeed, mamma, I am!' interrupted the girl eagerly; 'I was seventeen last Monday—don't you remember? Oh! do let me go!'

'I think she had much better stay at home. I have no opinion of turning girls' heads with vanity and frivolity, before they are out of the school-room,' said the mother severely.

But the father was thinking of the cathedral up in the walnut-tree. High time something should be done to drive such fanciful notions out of the child's mind.

'Let her go, let her go,' he said. 'What's life to a girl out of the hunting-season, with no one but a couple of old folks to talk to? She only gets a pack of nonsense and poetry into her head. You may go with your sister-in-law, my dear; go and pack up your frocks; and Juliet, come in and have some lunch.'

Mrs. Travers sighed resignedly, as Flora executed a pirouette of delight, and fled indoors with her face all aglow with pleasure to pack up 'her frocks.'

So Juliet carried off her young sister-in-law to Grosvenor Street. Was it, perhaps, that she needed that pure young presence to defend her against herself?—that she dreaded to return alone to all the storms and temptations of her life—that she required a companion, some one to be with her and to stand by her daily, a some one who should be quite a different sort of person from Rosa Dalmaine?

Possibly, for with the events of the last two days, there had grown up a great terror in Juliet Travers's heart, a mortal fear, a terrible dread of herself. Whilst she had believed that she was unloved and forgotten, she had been indeed miserable, but she had been safe; but with the knowledge which the discovery of that old letter had brought her, that she was not unloved,

not scorned, not forgotten, every safeguard of pride and duty behind which she had formerly entrenched herself seemed to be crumbling away.

By the very joy that the knowledge of Hugh Fleming's love gave her, she realized the greatness of her danger. And now her secret was no longer her own—to her very face her enemy, the woman whose selfish cruelty had already ruined her life, had accused her of loving a man not her husband, and had worded her accusation in coarse uncompromising words, that had possibly scared and terrified her more than all her own most heart-searching thoughts. As this woman had wrecked her past, might she not also equally wreck her future.

With a shudder of terror she turned eagerly from her own thoughts, with a certain sense of security, to the girl who sat beside her in the railway carriage, and who was chattering gaily of the unknown pleasures and delights which London can contain for sorrowless seventeen.

Flora was in Fairyland. The fields and woods and villages, as they flew by in the deepening summer twilight, seemed to her a flower-bordered pathway, that was to lead her to the summit of all her dreams.

She had never been to London before, except for an occasional day's shopping, usually including a visit to the dentist, of which she had anything but pleasant reminiscences, and she had never been to a ball in her life. Flora was neither worldly nor frivolous, but she had that craving for enjoyment and pleasure which all young girls naturally possess, and which is so often unwisely checked and smothered away as a sin by mothers who believe themselves to be honestly doing their duty, but who seem to have entirely forgotten their own young days.

Why, in the name of all that is innocent and good, should not girls enjoy to the utmost their first hey-day of youth, when they are heart-whole and frolicksome as the young lambs in the cowslip-covéred field! God knows that heart-burnings, and disappointments, and weariness of mind, come soon enough to most women!

And beyond and above this natural pleasure and excitement in the change that had come into her life, there was hidden away somewhere in the depths of Flora's heart a certain joyous delight in the thought of something very specially happy, which might, in all probability, come across her path in London.

Now, this something had a tangible name—and the name of it was Walter Ellison.

Flora Travers was not at all 'in love,' with our old friend Wattie; at least, if you had accused her of such a thing, she would have laughed at you. Wattie was to her as an elder brother, a home authority, a somebody to be at times teazed and lorded over, and at other times admiringly listened to and meekly obeyed. She had had very little sisterly intercourse with her own brother—indeed, she knew very little of him at all; and the little she did know was so uncongenial to her own nature, that she could hardly be said to be fond of him.

But in Wattie, Flora had realized, as she thought, all her notions of fraternal affection, and perhaps a something more besides, of which she was hardly aware.

When he came down to Broadley from Saturday to Monday, an event which had happened less often now than in the first years after poor Georgie's death, Flora ran gladly to meet him at the front door, which in opening to admit his handsome figure, seemed to her to let in a flood of life and sunshine along with it.

When he talked to her she listened to him patiently, when he lent her books she devoured them eagerly; but when, as frequently happened, he gave her gentle fraternal scoldings and wise little bits of advice, she laughed at him scornfully, and told him to mind his own business, and then, after he was gone, repented in tears, and strove to do all he wished.

And Wattie loved the girl with all his heart and soul; not as he had loved Georgie, with the fervour and passion of a boy's first love, but soberly and gravely, and none the less deeply that he had hitherto suppressed every outward demonstration of it.

This transferring of his heart from his dead first love to her young sister was not done all in a minute.

Wattie had been attracted to her first because of the reflected light of his affection to Georgie, because she was so heart-broken at her death, and perhaps still more because of her great personal likeness to her sister. But by degrees, as time went

on, he grew to love her for herself alone, and to love her with a totally different and distinct love from that he had felt for Georgie.

Not for her sweetness or gentleness or unselfishness could anyone love Flora Travers. None of these things had she in common with Georgie; their love of riding, and of all healthy out-door occupations, and their fair shining hair alone, had made the sisters alike.

Flora was wilful and self-indulgent and spoilt, as only the younger child of a doting old father can be. She asserted her own opinions, spoke out her own views, contradicted her elders, and laughed at them to their faces, with a boldness which horrified Wattie, whilst at the same time it attracted him strangely.

She was so saucy, and so conscious of her own power, and so pretty with it all, that it would have required a stronger minded man than Wattie to have resisted her. And then Flora had a serious side to her volatile nature, a vivid imagination, a refined mind, and the warmest heart in the world.

Walter Ellison was no longer the impetuous lover who had wooed poor Georgie five years ago. He knew very well that the Squire would as joyfully give him his younger daughter, as he had jealously withheld the elder from him in days gone by. But Wattie did not mean to take advantage of that knowledge. The child should not be taken unawares; she should have time to look about her, and see other men, and learn her own heart thoroughly before he asked her for it. Meanwhile Wattie stuck to the Bar and worked in earnest. He had long ago given up the idea of rising to fame and fortune by the pursuit of the Fine Arts, and opportunity having on one occasion given him a brief with which he had made a slight success, he buckled down bravely to court the legal muse, and by this time was earning a small but steadily increasing income by his untiring energy and perseverance.

He did not go down very often to Broadley now. He fancied that the Squire's hints and nods and winks had made Flora slightly conscious and confused in his presence, and he did not want her to be driven into considering him as a lover, or even as an admirer, by the well-meant insinuations of anybody.

If she loved him she must do so of her own accord, he said to himself, or else not at all.

And yet, all the time he plodded away at his daily work, he was not constantly thinking that he was working and toiling for her. Indirectly, for her—yes, if she would have him; but if not, then for himself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FLORA IN LONDON.

THE whirl of London life went on—dinners, balls, evening parties all night, flower-shows, afternoon parties, visits, and shops all day—and no one among all the gay crowd of matrons and maids caught the spirit of the life more quickly, or entered more thoroughly into every passing pleasure, than did out little friend Flora Travers.

In three weeks Flora had developed from a girl into a woman; the hot-bed life of London excitement drew out of her things that had before lain dorment within her, and which it would have taken years of the quiet humdrum existence of Broadley House to have brought to light.

For in three weeks she had learnt the secret of her own attractiveness. She had gone to her first ball with a thousand tremors and misgivings. As she had followed Juliet up the flower-bedecked staircase, and had encountered all the gay couples of men and women coming down it—a quadrille was just over—talking and laughing and nodding to each other with the ease of perfect confidence in themselves and in their own enjoyment, her beating heart had sunk down in dismay.

She knew no one. Was it likely that she would get any partners? Who would care to dance with a girl so young and so ignorant of everything connected with London life as she was? And to sit still and watch other girls dance and enjoy themselves was, Flora felt, more than the fortitude of seventeen could bear. She knew she should disgrace herself and cry. Oh, how heartily she longed to be able to turn back and fly down that bright thronged staircase, jump into the dark carriage again, and be carried home to bed before the dreadful misery which she anticipated should overtake her!

And then, just as these agonized thoughts were at their climax, somebody introduced her to her first partner:

'Miss Travers, let me introduce Captain Hartley.'

And an unknown somebody, whom she had not the courage to look up at, straightway whirled her away in his arms.

Jack Hartley was wondering what on earth he should say to his partner. The lady of the house had asked him if he minded dancing with a very young girl, who knew nobody; and Jack, who was good-natured, pulled a grimace and submitted to be victimized.

'She is pretty, at all events,' was his first thought, adding, after a dozen steps or so down the room, 'and dances well, too, by Jove! Well, I'd better keep her at it, for I suppose she can't say a word!'

And keep her at it he did, until his own breath was utterly gone, and he had to come to a stop to recruit it, whilst Flora stood fresh and cool as a summer flower by his side.

'Well, I must say something to her,' thought Jack, when his violent panting had somewhat abated, 'so here goes for the Row or the Royal Academy for the nine hundred and sixteenth time this week!' and he was just clearing his throat to open fire on these interesting topics when a clear sweet voice by his side said:

'I am afraid you will find me very stupid!'

'Stupid!' said Jack, opening his blue eyes in amazement, but feeling rather guilty the while; 'what an extraordinary idea! what can make you think so?'

'Girls are always considered stupid when they are quite young. I know you were cudgelling your brains to think of something civil to say to me.'

'What a witch you are!' said Jack, laughing at being so cleverly found out, and beginning to notice that his companion was even more than pretty. 'Well, I won't deny the soft impeachment; but I see now that I was blind--you are not like ordinary girls at all.'

'Perhaps not,' said Flora, lowering her glance a little under her partner's admiring gaze, 'but this is my first ball.'

'Everybody must have a beginning,' said Captain Hartley, with reassuring condescension. 'So it is your first ball, is it? Well, and how do you like it?'

'Oh, not at all, as yet,' said Flora, with ingenuous earnestness.

Jack Hartley burst out laughing. 'Upon my word, Miss Travers, you are not complimentary, considering that I am "as yet" your only partner!'

'That is just it—I mean,' correcting herself with a blush, 'I don't mean to be rude, of course,—but it is because you *are* my only partner—I know you will be the only one,' she added, looking melancholy.

'Do you mean that I am to dance with you the whole evening? said Jack, more and more amused.

'Oh, no, no! how very stupid you are!' cried Flora, quite distressed; 'no, I mean of course that no one else will.'

'Why on earth should you imagine that such an awful state of imbicility is going to befall the whole of the male sex here present?'

'Because I am seventeen, and I don't know a single soul in the room,' answered the girl with a demure solemnity that was almost tragic.

Jack laughed heartily as he passed his arm round her waist, and as he carried her off again among the dancers he whispered, with his long moustache almost brushing against her smooth fair plaits,

'You little goose, you dance divinely; you are lovely, and, better still, you know how to flirt already. Take my word for it, before the end of the evening you will be queen of the room.'

And he was right. Before the evening was over Flora had more partners than she knew what to do with, and was lording it over them with all the saucy impudence of a young sovereign.

It is little to be wondered at that in three weeks' time there was no longer only one man reigning supreme in Flora Travers's imagination.

Wattie Ellison was no more the dominant influence of her life. Instead of him dozens of young men of all shades and kinds hustled and jostled each other through her thoughts night and day, one succeeding the other with surprising rapidity. Captain Hartley, with his blue eyes and long moustache, and with the privileged freedom of old friendship which that little talk at her first ball had empowered him to assume, was perhaps the foremost and most constant on her list of admirers—at all

events, he attracted her fancy and touched her vanity more than did any of the others.

Captain Hartley was a young man who understood women and the art of pleasing them thoroughly. He had studied them at all ages and in all moods from his boyhood upwards; he understood when to pursue them and when to stand aloof, when to cajole and when to appear indifferent, when to gaze with bold admiration and when to glance covertly with feigned timidity—he could be humble with them at times; but, above all, he knew when and how to be audacious; for what woman at heart is not attracted by audacity, though she must perforce feign to resent it? 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' is the truest proverb that ever was written concerning the much hackneyed subject of love-making. In a word, Jack Hartley was a finished flirt; moreover, he was a cavalry officer, in a crack Lancer regiment, and Flora was at that age when the military element makes a profound impression on the female imagination. When one morning she had been taken down to some field-day at Aldershot, and had seen him trot by at the head of his troop, a brilliant vision of blue cloth and gold lace and shining accoutrements glittering in the sunshine, little Flora gave in at once and believed herself, for that day at least, to be really and truly desperately in love with the fascinating captain.

Meanwhile, Wattie Ellison was not unmindful of what was going on, but he knew the child better than she knew herself.

He had met her at several balls, and, although he had never danced himself since the death of his first love, he had been partly pleased and partly pained to stand aside in some sheltering door-way to watch Flora.

He was pleased that she was so happy and so much admired, and to see her looking so lovely; but he was pained to note how much all the admiration and flattery engrossed her, and to see how little part he himself had in her present life. Especially did he dislike the very decided flirtation which Flora was carrying on with handsome Jack Hartley. Wattie well knew that Jack was the kind of man who never meant anything serious by attentions to young ladies, and he was terribly afraid lest Flora should allow herself to get too fond of the handsome lancer. He wondered that Juliet did not see and guard against the danger for her young sister-in-law; but Juliet, although she zealously performed all the arduous duties of chaperone, was possibly too much engrossed by her own troubles to notice very particularly how often Flora danced or sat out with one partner; and as long as the girl was well dressed and enjoying herself, she did not, perhaps, think her supervision over her need go further.

One evening, it was a day or two before the Eton and Harrow cricket-match, Juliet and Flora were together in a box at the Opera; for the moment no one was with them, and the curtain had gone down for the first act.

The house was crowded, and they were both looking down at the glittering *parterre* of stalls below them.

'Look, Juliet, at that fat old woman in a pink silk turban—did you ever see such an object?' said Flora, peering down through her opera-glass. 'Why, I do declare it's old Mrs. Rollick! I never saw her come out in that style before—and there is Arabella with her, in a low white tarlatan dress. Well, if I was thirty, with a scraggy neck and a couple of broomsticks for arms, I wouldn't appear in a low dress like that!' she added, with all the severity and disgust which the consciousness of undeniable youth and beauty can give.

'You are seventeen, and have pretty little plum shoulders,' said Juliet, smiling. 'If you are unmarried at thirty, and have grown scraggy—'

'*If!*' interrupted Flora, with a scornful little toss of her pretty chin.

Juliet laughed, and then sighed. She too had been looking eagerly down amongst the crowd below them—longing and yearning for a sight of Hugh Fleming.

Since that day when the truth about that old letter had been spoken between them, he had not once been to her house, and she had only twice seen him, once in a crowded ball-room and once out-of-doors. On both occasions merely a bow had passed between them.

She was perfectly conscious that he kept aloof from her purposely; and although she fully appreciated his motives and honoured him for them, and though she acknowledged the wisdom of his avoiding her for both their sakes, yet, womanlike, she could not

help reproaching him, and fretted angrily against his desertion.

'If he loved me more, he could not keep away,' she said to herself, whereas in her heart she knew that it was the very greatness of his love that made him keep away.

'There is Wattie,' said Juliet, looking down through her opera-glasses.

'Yes, I see,' said Flora, as if she did not care at all, although she had seen him a long time ago.

And presently Wattie came up into their box.

'What is this about your going to Lord's on Friday?' he said, sitting down by Flora, with perhaps a little too much of the elder brother in his tone.

'What about it?' said Flora defiantly, scenting opposition before it came.

'Why, I hear you are going on the drag of the 99th Lancers. I hope you won't think of it, Flora,—and without your sister-in-law, too.'

'Not think of it, indeed! As if I was going to give it up! Why on earth should I not go? I am going to be chaperoned by two married women, Mrs. Dalmaine and the Colonel's wife. You talk as if I was going off all by myself on the sly. Juliet has given me leave to go, haven't you, Juliet?'

'Given you leave to go where, Flora?' asked Juliet, rousing herself with an effort as the girl turned eagerly ro her.

'I was objecting to Flora's going by herself to the cricket-match on the 99th drag, Mrs. Travers,' put in Wattie.

'Mrs. Dalmaine is going to take her; I have been engaged myself long ago to go in Lady Caroline Skinflint's carriage, and I did not see how Flora was to go at all, so I was rather glad when she got such a pleasant invitation—how do you do, Lord George?' she added, turning to Lord George Mannersly, who at that moment entered the box and sat down beside her.

Flora turned triumphantly to Wattie.

'There!' she said, 'You see Juliet does not mind my going.'

'But *I* do very much, Flora; if you will give it up to please me, I will take you myself.'

'How?' she said, temporising a little.

'I will call for you in a hansom directly after lunch and take you up.'

'After lunch! well, and when there what shall we do?'

'Why, walk about,' said Wattie a little doubtfully, conscious possibly that his plan was hardly an equivalent for the 99th drag and the champagne luncheon.

'Thank you, sir,' said Flora, with a toss of her head, 'I prefer my own arrangements.'

At that moment Captain Hartley came into the box.

'I have just looked in, Miss Travers, in case I don't see you before Friday, to say that I will call for you in my phaeton at ten o'clock, if that is not too early. Mrs. Dalmaine will wait for you inside the door—I have just seen her—will that suit you?'

'Oh, perfectly, thank you, Captain Hartley; it will be delightful!' cried Flora, with a little more *empressement* in her tone than if Wattie had not been standing behind her chair.

'Very well, then, let us settle it so. We have nothing to do now but hope for fine weather; and of course, Miss Travers, you will wear Eton colours?'

'I will see about that,' said Flora, who had a new pale-blue bonnet just come home from the milliner's on purpose.

Jack Hartley bent over her chair and whispered something to her which Wattie did not hear.

She looked down, smiled, fidgeted with her fan, and then looked up with a sudden flash of her grey eyes into his.

'Well, for *your* sake I will try,' she said sentimentally.

Wattie ground his teeth together in a fury, whilst Captain Hartley, looking perhaps a little surprised at her manner, took his leave of both ladies.

'Good night,' said Wattie shortly, immediately after, and went out without shaking hands, with a face like a thunder-cloud.

And Flora pretended to listen to Patti, and felt a good deal elated by her small triumph, and a little bit sorry too.

What Jack Hartley had whispered to her had been very innocent indeed.

'That dreadful Rollick woman and her daughter have just been asking me to give them lunch on our drag at Lord's. I wish you would tell them the wheels are rotten and will give way, or something alarming; do try and keep them away,' was what he had said,—and Flora's words had answered

him perfectly; but her manner had been intended to make Wattie believe that something sentimental had been said about the Eton colours, for she did not forget that Wattie was a Harrow man.

Old or young, fair or plain, in their dealings with men who love them, woman are at heart all the same. Only the different circumstances of their lives make the different shades of their character in this respect.

Down at Broadley House, among the horses and dogs, and under the shady walnut-trees on the lawn, no little maid had been more simple-hearted and more free from every shade of coquetry than was Flora Travers; but up in London, courted and flattered and sought after, she had already learnt all the thousand and one trickeries by which a woman exasperates an honest lover to the verge of despair, and often half breaks her own heart by the way. What can be the pleasure of it?

The natural feminine result of Miss Flora's naughtiness was that she lay awake crying all night; and had Wattie only come again in the morning, she would have given up the cricket-match without a pang. But Wattie did not dream of coming.

Flora was in the depths of penitence—she would at all events do something to show her good intentions.

'Juliet,' she said diplomatically, 'that bonnet is hideous! I really cannot wear it to-morrow. I think I must change it.'

'I thought it suited you so well, Flora; why should you want to change it?'

'I have taken the greatest horror of it. I positively cannot bear the sight of it!'

'You funny child! I liked it so much; but if you wish, we will take it back this afternoon.'

And when the two ladies reached the shop with the rejected bonnet, to Juliet's astonishment, Flora insisted on having a dark-blue one.

'Changed your colours, Flora! Why, what is that for?'

'Light blue is horribly unbecoming to me,' said Flora, blushing guiltily.

'On the contrary, I think it is dark blue that does not suit you—but please yourself, child,' said her sister-in-law, with a smile, becoming aware for the first time of some romance that was taking place in the girl's life.

Flora was trying on a dark-blue bonnet. It did not suit her—her complexion was too pale. She was perfectly conscious of the fact, but stuck to her resolution with the heroism of an early martyr.

'He shall see that I can even make myself look a fright to please him,' she thought, and aloud she said, 'This one will do very well.' The dark-blue bonnet was paid for and carried off, and Flora felt that she had given Wattie every reparatiou within her power. All day long she longed for him to come, or at least for a note from him. If only he would offer again to take her himself, how gladly she felt she would give up the glories of the 99th drag and the champagne lunch, to say nothing of Captain Hartley's phaeton in the morning, to go with him humbly in a hansom! But Wattie made no sign, and Flora did not feel strong-minded enough to give up the expedition altogether. Towards evening she grew angry and impatient with him again.

'He is jealous, simply jealous,' she said to herself. 'Captain Hartley is much pleasanter, he never makes himself disagreeable for nothing. I shall certainly go now. Besides, it is too late to put him off. I almost wish I had not changed the bonnet.'

CHAPTER XXX.

A VISIT FROM A BRIDE.

On a blazing morning some four or five days before the London world thought it necessary to go mad in light and dark blue over the schoolboys' cricket-match, a heavily laden four-wheel cab might have been seen drawn up lazily in front of one of the stuccoed porticoes in Lower Eccleston Street.

On the top of the cab were two large dress boxes, a portmanteau, and a tin box, all marked very strikingly with the letter L in red and white paint. Out of the cab there emerged, when the cabman opened the door, first, a small bird-cage containing a canary, secondly, a larger ditto containing a grey parrot, thirdly, a wickerwork dog-kennel containing a Maltese poodle—which latter animal enlivened the noonday tranquillity of the street by uttering sundry dismal and jackal-like howls as soon as he was deposited on the pavement.

After the live stock, were handed out a lady's dressing-case, a gentleman's dressing-bag, a bundle of umbrellas, and a rug; and then came a middle-aged female in a rusty black silk dress, and with a severe cast of countenance, who proceeded to hand out a shapeless bundle of muslin flounces and blue ribbons, who descended cautiously to the ground and looked timidly around her.

'It's very trying for a bride to come home all alone like this, isn't it, Dorcas? And to think of its being broad daylight too, with everybody to stare at me in the open street.'

'What is the heye of man?' said the female addressed, sternly fixing her own on the only male observer of the proceedings, a one-legged crossing-sweeper at the corner, who was idly wondering if so many packages would mean 'a job;' 'the heye of man signifies little, marm; reflect upon the judgment-day when all our sins will be revealed.' And it was with those cheerful words sounding in her ears that Mrs. Lamplough passed the threshold of her new home.

Mrs. Blair had not allowed many days to elapse after her stormy interview with her step-daughter before securing to herself, by all the strength of marriage bonds, the various good things which she imagined would fall to her lot as the lawful wife of the Rev. Daniel Lamplough.

No sooner had Juliet virtually ejected her from Sotherne than she became possessed with a mortal terror lest her lover, who was now her only refuge, should slip through her fingers also, and she be left destitute and homeless.

With many blushes and much simpering shyness she communicated to her dearest Daniel her wish to be married soon—sooner than she had originally intended—so very soon, indeed, that even that worthy man, who was not troubled with many bashful sentiments, was a little bit surprised.

She was never well at Sotherne in the summer, she said. She wanted an immediate change of air—it fretted her to think she was keeping her Daniel away from his parish and his poor people, who must miss his ministrations so sorely; it would be nice, too, to be married quietly, without any fuss; indeed, in her delicate position, it would be more seemly; and then, they would get a little glimpse of the world before the London season was quite over; and as to her clothes, why, she really wanted very little, and could get everything much better in town after she was married.

Mr. Lamplough was only too pleased at the turn which his courtship was thus suddenly taking. Truth to say, he was getting very tired of the love-making; the lady once secured, he was anxious to get back to his ordinary life, and was thoroughly sick of winding Mrs. Blair's wools and carrying her shawls, and of making her pretty speeches all day long. It was time, he considered, that all these follies should come to an end. A certain amount of philandering he had always known to be requisite and desirable on these occasions, but he was beginning to think that he had had pretty well enough of it, so that he hailed with joy this sudden fancy of hers to be married in a week, and congratulated himself on having found a woman who was sensible enough to forego the extravagant delights of a large trousseau, and who did not mind walking into church arm-in-arm with him, without a wedding party and without a wedding breakfast.

'My Maria,' he said, with that ineffable sweetness which always characterised his language to the lady of his affections, 'you are the fairest ornament of your sex; your goodness and your solicitude for my happiness positively overwhelm me;' and then he hummed and hawed, and said something about the settlements.

As to that, Mrs. Blair said it would be all very easily arranged. She would send for Mr. Bruce, who had always managed her affairs, and he would come down and settle everything, and if Mr. Lamplough would write any directions he might wish to give to him, she would do the same, and he would bring down the necessary documents with him all ready to be signed, so that there need be no delay on that score. And then she added tenderly,

'And you know, Daniel, that everything I have is yours.'

And Mr. Lamplough murmured 'My angel!' with a fondness which was not altogether assumed, considering the circumstances.

But whether it was by accident or by design, certain it is that Mr. Bruce's letter to the bridegroom elect did not give him the least idea of the true state of the case. In all probability Mr. Bruce imagined that the amount of Mrs. Blair s fortune was

known to him; at any rate, it was only when the family solicitor arrived at Sotherne with the settlements all drawn out in his pocket, the very afternoon before the wedding-day, that Mr. Lamplough found out, to his horror and dismay, that his 'rich widow,' as he had always fondly imagined her to be, possessed three thousand pounds of her own, and five hundred pounds per annum settled upon her for her lifetime,—which upon her death lapsed again to the Sotherne estate, upon which it was chargeable.

Certainly Mrs. Blair had done her utmost for her lover, for her own three thousand pounds were to be settled absolutely upon him. He could find no fault with her; to the best of her power, she had behaved fairly, and even generously, to him; she had not cheated him nor lied unto him, she had never told him she was rich, nor misled him concerning her fortune in any way. It was entirely from the gossip of other people, from the style in which she lived, and from his own misguided suppositions, that this fatal misconception had arisen.

And it was now too late. Mrs. Lamplough had no overweening sense of honour, neither was he a man of any refinement of feeling; but to cast off a lady on the very eve of his marriage-day, because she had not so much money as he had imagined her to have, was a thing which even he felt to be an impossibility.

So Mr. and Mrs. Lamplough were duly married at Sotherne Church the following morning, and the only change in their programme was, that, instead of a week's honeymoon, two days at the Red Lion at Henley, on their way to London, was all that Mr. Lamplough considered necessary under the altered circumstances of his marriage.

Some days before the wedding there arrived from London, as lady's-maid to the bride, a stern-looking middle-aged woman, Mrs. Dorcas Mullins by name. She was engaged and sent down by Miss Lamplough, the Rev. Daniel's maiden sister, with a first-rate character; indeed, she was well known to her, having already lived with several members of the Lamplough family.

Mrs. Blair did not fancy the austere and puritanical aspect of the waiting-maid her future sister-in-law had chosen for her; but Mr. Lamplough having stated that she was a God-fearing woman, and came of a pious family, and further that it was his vary particular wish that his dearest Maria should engage her, she did not venture to make any more objections to her.

Dorcas was undoubtedly a good servant and understood her duties, so that Mrs. Blair could find no reasonable fault with her, but she felt vaguely that her new maid was a spy upon her actions, and that Mr. Lamplough had chosen her to be a sort of gaoler over her. When the bride and bridegroom arrived at Paddington Station from Henley, Mr. Lamplough said to his wife:

'My love, will you go home with Dorcas? —I have a little business to do in the City and shall be with you during the course of the afternoon.'

His smooth-toned, gentle words left no room for rebellion. Mrs. Lamplough felt it hard to be left to go to her new home alone, but already she had learnt that she was no longer a free agent, and that her husband was not a man whom she could dare to disobey, even concerning the smallest trifle.

So, accompanied only by her sour-faced scripture-quoting maid—a sad change from the voluble, worldly little Ernestine, whom her mistress already bitterly regretted—the three-days' wife arrived, as has been seen, at the unknown house of her new husband.

No. 160 Lower Eccleston Street was a large and well-built corner house, but when you went into it you felt much as if you were entering a family vault. Heavy mahogany furniture, black with age, faded flock papers of antediluvian designs, dingy threadbare carpets, and curtains out of which the sun had long ago taken every vestige of their original colour, and reduced them in every room to a uniform rusty hue; a great gaunt drawing-room, from whose misty ceiling depended a monstrous and hideous chandelier done up in a yellow muslin bag; old-fashioned console tables with white marble tops surmounted by mirrors, whose gilt frames of scrolled and floriated designs were also swathed in yellow muslin; a large round table in the middle of the front drawing-room, another a size smaller in the middle of the back drawing-room, with red Utrecht velvet covers on each of them; a few hard strait-

backed sofas and chairs, all in red Utrecht also, scattered at wide intervals over the room; a white alabaster clock, with a blackened ormolu cupid on the top of it, on the mantelpiece, flanked on either side by two large and extremely hideous cut-glass lustres, completed the decoration of this cheerful apartment. The rest of the house was in the same style. All was good indeed, but heavy, ponderous, and frightful. There was not a little table, nor a light chair, nor a scrap of prettiness, from the cellar to the garret.

Poor Mrs. Lamplough, who had been accustomed to all the feminine knicknacks of the day in the pretty rooms at Sotherne, looked about her in dismay. Something must of course be done to improve all this; everything ugly must be swept away, and all sorts of new-fashioned things must be substituted—but meanwhile how depressing, how appalling, was the present state of things!

When Mr. Lamplough came home he found the furniture in the drawing-room all dragged about from one side of the room to the other, the yellow muslin torn off the chandelier and the gilt frames of the mirrors, and his wife standing in the midst of the confusion jotting down sundry items with a pencil and paper.

The reverend gentleman stopped in amazement in the doorway.

'My love, what *are* you doing? Are you pushing up the furniture for a carpet dance, or are you taking an inventory to let the house?

'Neither,' she answered, a little sharply; 'I am only putting down what things I shall want to make this room decently habitable, and what old rubbish must be sold.'

'New things!' said Mr. Lamplough, with a short laugh. 'I don't quite know, my dearest Maria, where the new things are to come from. I shall not provide the money for any new things; do you feel inclined to do so?' It was the first time he had alluded to the lack of money which he so sorely repented in his bride, and, possibly feeling not altogether guiltless of deception in the matter, Mrs. Lamplough bit her lip and was silent.

'Here, Florizella!' he exclaimed, addressing somebody behind him, and for the first time Mrs. Lamplough discovered that he had not come in alone. A great puffing and panting was heard on the last steps of the staircase and in the landing outside, and then the individual addressed as 'Florizella' waddled, I cannot say walked, into the room.

A short woman, little more than four feet high, and very nearly as broad as she was tall, a very fat red face, and fierce-looking little brown curls which stuck out stiffly from under a salmon-coloured bonnet, very large hands arrayed in grey cotton gloves, and very large feet in black cloth boots that stuck out conspicuously from under her short green silk gown—such was the outer appearance of the woman who answered to the poetical name of Florizella, suggestive of shepherdesses and flowery meads and all sorts of summer blossoms.

'Here, Florizella!' cried her brother, 'here is Mrs. Lamplough talking of selling my furniture already!'

'Selling the furniture!' repeated Miss Florizella in dismay, in the cracked wheezy voice which extreme obesity and constant attacks of asthma had made habitual to her. 'Selling *my mother's* furniture! gracious heavens!' and from the sour expression in Miss Lamplough's face it did not appear that she was likely to be over-affectionate to her new sister-in-law.

But Mrs. Lamplough did not intend to let herself be snubbed by her new relative. She laid down her pencil and advanced to meet her. 'I suppose this is your sister, Daniel,' she said, 'although you have not introduced her to me. You find me all in confusion, my dear Florizella; it would have been better to have deferred your visit a little; still, I am very pleased to see you.'

Miss Lamplough submitted to be kissed with a sulky grunt, and offensively repeated some remark concerning her mother's furniture, and what was wrong with it.

'Oh, as to the furniture,' said Mrs. Lamplough with a very sweet smile, 'of course, if dear Daniel values it for his mother's sake, I should not dream of selling any of it; but you must confess that it is ugly, and in the worst possible taste. But perhaps we could not expect any great refinement from her, poor woman, could we?'

Now, the late Mrs. Lamplough had, at an early period of her career, been engaged in the useful but homely occupation of dis-

pensing butter and eggs behind the counter in her husband's shop in Southampton Row, and Miss Lamplough, who was always painfully alive to the humiliating fact, felt the sting of the allusion and was silenced.

Mr. Lamplough, who had been listening to the little passage of arms between the ladies of his family with an amused smile, not altogether displeased to find that his elegant wife had the best of it, here called out to Dorcas, who happened to be passing upstairs, to send the housemaid into the drawing-room to move the furniture back into its place again, and to replace the yellow muslin bag on the chandelier.

And thus ended Mrs. Lamplough's fruitless attempt at beautifying and reforming her new home.

It so happened that Juliet Travers did not go to the cricket match at all. After Flora had gone off in high and somewhat artificial spirits in Captain Hartley's phæton, Juliet had received a note from Lady Caroline Skinflint announcing her inability to go in consequence of a bad sick-headache, so she resigned herself not at all unwillingly to a quiet day alone.

Great was her astonishment when, early in the afternoon, a visitor was announced —none other than Mrs. Lamplough.

Mrs. Lamplough, arrayed in lace and satin and gorgeous apparel, and a wonderful Parisian bonnet, came towards her with outstretched lavender-kid hands, and with the most delighted and *empressè* manner, as if nothing unpleasant had ever passed between them.

'My dearest Juliet! how fortunate I am to find you alone, and how nice to think of having a chat with you, my dear girl? I knew you would not wish me to stand upon ceremony with you; of course, being a bride,' with a little affected giggle, 'I ought, I suppose, to have waited for you to have called upon me first, but between you and me, dearest, I felt that there could be no such formalities, and I was very anxious to see you;' and she took hold of Juliet's hands and made as if she would have kissed her.

Juliet had half risen from her chair, and and looked and listened to her stepmother in positive amazement.

It passed through her mind to wonder at the various phases of human nature which were constantly presenting themselves to her. What could this woman be made of to be smiling and fawning upon her, and calling her by loving names, as if the memory of their last interview were wholly wiped out of her mind?

Could she be neither a sincere friend nor even an honest enemy? The straightforwardness of her own nature revolted against the duplicity of the other.

She drew back a little coldly from the proffered embrace.

'I am surprised, I confess,' she said, with hesitation; "I did not think—I did not imagine that after our last interview—'

'Ah, my dear, I am not one that can bear malice,' exclaimed her visitor with easy self-possesion, sinking down into the cushiony depths of an easy-chair. 'You know I was always warm-hearted; my feelings always carry me away; my sensibility, as I often say, is a snare to me, a positive snare; often, where prudence would keep me back, my heart, Juliet, carries me forward with a glow of enthusiasm. I positively *cannot* keep up a little quarrel with anyone I love—to forgive and forget is ever my motto.'

'There are some offences so deep, Mrs. Lamplough,' answered Juliet, sternly, 'that it must be a matter of years to forgive them, and to forget them is perhaps impossible.'

And then Mrs. Lamplough was silent for a minute, looking keenly at her. Juliet was standing with her face turned slightly away from her, and her eyes bent down upon the pages of a book upon the table with which her slender fingers were trifling.

Through Mrs. Lamplough's mind there passed a rapid deliberation as to what was the best course for her to pursue. Here was a woman with whom it behoved her at all risks to keep on good terms; her own position in London society depended in a great measure upon her stepdaughter. She was bent upon entering into fashionable society, and Juliet's house was the threshold and stepping-stone by which alone she knew how to attain that coveted paradise. Time enough to cast her off and to quarrel with her by and by when she had made good her own footing within the charmed circle; but for the present, for the next year probably, Juliet's goodwill

and Juliet's invitations and introductions were an absolute necessity to her existence.

She had hoped to have established herself upon her old footing with her stepdaughter by a few affectionate words and caresses; it would have been much pleasanter and much easier to have ignored the stormy words that had passed between them, and to have avoided all reference to disagreeable subjects. But as Juliet did not seem disposed to let things slide into such easy grooves, there were other means at her disposal which she must perforce employ.

'Why are you so vindictive to me Juliet?' she said, looking fixedly at her stepdaughter. 'I really cannot see what you are to gain by making an enemy of me.'

'An enemy!' repeated Juliet, turning round upon her with a heightened colour, 'I would far rather have an open enemy than a false friend.'

'Fie, fie, Juliet!' putting up both her hands in front of her face; 'what ugly words to apply to me! My dear, how can you think I should wish to be anything but most fond of you? It is true that circumstances have perhaps given me more knowledge of the details of your life—'

'Use your knowledge,' broke in Juliet passionately, 'do your worst; I defy you to harm me.'

'Well, I *might* do you a great deal of harm, Juliet,' answered Mrs. Lamplough, with a glitter in her blue eyes that was almost a threat. 'I might, of course, take away your character—it does not take much to do *that* for a fellow woman nowadays, if one has the inclination; but, my dear, why should you imagine that I wish to do so? Depend upon it, Juliet, your happiest and best plan is to give me a kiss and let bygones be bygones, and we will say no more about it. Of course, you believe that I did you a very unkind turn in stopping that letter—well, I am sorry for it; but there is no real harm done; you are married, and rich, and sought after, and your husband does not bother you. Why should he or anyone else ever know that the Colonel Fleming who comes to your house now is an old lover for whom you are hankering? Will such knowledge improve your position or your happiness?'

Juliet did not answer, bitterly feeling the truth of her words, and forced to acknowledge that it would be indeed best for her to be friends with this woman, who held her secret so cruelly in her power; and yet an outraged turmoil of pride and anger kept her silent.

Mrs. Lamplough looked at her for a few minutes, watching the effect of her words, and then she said, with a little laugh:—

'If you are so obstinately silent, I shall begin to think that I am indeed in the way this afternoon; possibly, as you are alone to-day, you are expecting a favoured visitor, or perhaps, like the lovers in the French plays, he fled at my inopportune entrance, and is hidden behind the window-curtains.'

The gnat-bite answered where the open stab had failed. Juliet turned round to her like a wounded creature.

'For heaven's sake,' she cried, 'spare me such cruel pleasantries. My life is as innocent as yours, and you know it; and if my heart is guilty, you know better than anyone how far more sinned against than sinning I am. Say nothing more about this subject to me, I entreat you; it is an insult to me to allude to it, and—perhaps you are right—let us be friends; it will be better, possibly, for us all.'

'Ah, there is my own dear girl!' cried Mrs. Lamplough, with an easy return to her usual gushing manner. 'I knew you would be sensible and let this little cloud blow over, and leave us nothing but fair blue skies. Come, sit down beside me, and give me a kiss, dearest.'

She drew her stepdaughter down into a seat close to her, and kissed her impassive cheek with a sort of clinging rapture that almost made Juliet shudder. 'As if I ever could believe any naughty bad things of you, my dear girl! Pray don't imagine me to be such an unkind creature, I who am so fond of you. And now we will say no more about it ever again; let us talk of something else.'

With an effort Juliet roused herself to talk of ordinary topics—to ask her when she had come to town, how she liked her new home and her new life—and by degrees, as the bride's new hopes and aims and ambitions became revealed to her, Juliet began to undertand what was to be her part of the contract of peace between them, and what was the price she was expected to pay in order to ensure her silence upon the one subject on which alone she

was vulnerable—numberless invitations to her own house, and introductions to the houses of her friends. It would be a bore, of course, but Juliet was cheerfully prepared to do her best; and she could not help admiring the skilful cunning which had enabled her stepmother to turn everything so satisfactorily to her own ends, and to make use of her so cleverly as a stepping-stone to attain her own objects and desires.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES.

A withered lily in a book,
  A daisy crushed, to mark a place;
Oh! past and present, can I look
  On each and see not a dear face?
The Gospel page for Easter morn
  The daisy marks in book of prayer;
And there, one misty All Saints dawn,
  I found the lily, once so fair.

A shady place where lilies grew,
  With noise of rooks and minster chime;
The fairest face I ever knew,
  Which bloomed, and passed before its prime.
Oh lilies, plucked by hands so dear,
  All dearer for the eyes that smiled!
Vanished, ah me! one long past year,
  Those pale clasped hands, and sweet eyes mild!

An Easter morning, long ago,
  With distant church bells on the breeze,
And daisies like a drift of snow,
  A grassy bank, and hum of bees.
Again, the soft, smooth April wind,
  Reminds me of a child's caress;
And balmy sunshine, warm and kind,
  With Spring-like memories round me press.

A memory of a baby form,
  Dimpled and soft, a cooing dove;
Oh daisy! crushed by sudden storm,
  Oh daisy! reft from our poor love!
Blossoms like thee no Easter skies
  Nor April lights can e'er restore;
Mayhap, another morn will rise,
  And we may see our flower once more.

Balm for past pain and present care
  The future shows in faith's keen sight,
Another Easter, far, yet near,
  Whose flowers shall feel no wasting blight.
So let the withered lily stay,
  And daisy crushed, in book of prayer,
To mind me of the happy day,
  When we shall meet in gladness there.

M. B.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

IT HAS often been remarked with what curious simultaneity, great movements originate and grow at points far remote from each other, as if produced by some great general law, springing out of what is somewhat vaguely called the 'solidarity' of the human race. A striking instance of this is found in the extent to which the subject of restrictive legislation, as a mode of diminishing the terrible and wide-spread evils of intemperance, has taken hold of the public mind in countries far separated from each other by distance, and differing widely in institutions, habits, and manner of life. But they are all alike in this, that they have a hydra-headed enemy busily at work in sapping, silently but insidiously, their physical and moral welfare, an enemy whose deadly work has attained proportions so menacing to the public weal, that it has become, in the opinion of many of the most thoughtful observers, a matter of necessity for the state to take cognizance of the liquor traffic as a 'nuisance,' and, by legislation the most judicious that can be devised, to restrict its injurious effects within the narrowest possible limits.

Glancing at the present extent of this agitation, we find that distant Sweden seems to have taken the lead, and having tried her 'Gothenburg system' for more than ten years in some parts of her dominions, is now, encouraged by the success which seems to have attended it there, endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom. In Britain, ecclesiastical courts, bishops, and presbyteries, and the corporations of great cities, as well as members of parliament, are alike considering the best and most effectual means of meeting the great evil. Mr. Chamberlain, who has ably advocated the merits of the Gothenburg system, in the *Fortnightly Review*, giving the results of a careful personal investigation, has succeeded in securing its introduction into Birmingham, even at the cost of an immense expenditure in buying up the vested rights of the publicans, whose licenses have there a permanent value, which is secured by parliamentary law.* Sir Wilfrid Lawson and many others continue to advocate the 'Permissive Bill,' a measure very similar to our Dunkin Act, while some writers on the subject advocate absolute prohibition. The English reviews have been almost as prolific, of late, on this subject, as on the 'Eastern Question.' Mr. Lowe has come out in the *Fortnightly*, opposing Mr. Chamberlain; and writers in the *Contemporary* and other reviews earnestly advocate strongly restrictive or prohibitory legislation, as the only means of rescuing the country from the flood of pauperism, vice, and misery which intemperance brings in its train.

In New England, strenuous efforts are being made to extend the prohibitory system, which has already been found effectual at various points, into more general use, while we need hardly refer to the zeal and energy with which, in Canada, the advocates of the Dunkin Act have been prosecuting their crusade, and to the attempts which have been made, with considerable success, to amend our license legislation, so as to put some check on the ravages of the destroying traffic. Even in distant Madagascar, we find the queen exercising her power to prohibit the source of the evil, on the ground that 'the rum does harm to the persons of her subjects, spends their possessions in vain, harms their wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish, and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God.' No intelligent observer will maintain that its effects are at all less injurious in what we are accustomed to call 'more civilized countries.'

In dealing with an enemy so insidious, and one which has its interested apologists in all classes of society,—not indeed apologists for the evil results, which are far too flagrant for defence,—but for the super-

* Mr. Chamberlain has also undertaken to bring in a Bill before Parliament to make the 'Gothenburg System' general in Great Britain.

abundant traffic, which is the immediate cause of the results; it is small wonder if even honest and disinterested legislators, in countries representatively governed, are sorely perplexed as to what is their wisest course. On the one hand, there is the extreme right wing of the temperance cause, which demands absolute prohibition as the only effective safeguard; on the other hand the 'extreme left' of its opponents, who oppose every restrictive measure as an interference with individual liberty, and, in the face of the facts that the increase of the supply, in this case more than in any other, creates a fatal increase of demand, advocate free trade in one of the most deadly enemies to the welfare of the race.

It hardly seems necessary to spend much time in demonstrating the right of 'Society,' as representing no mere shadow, but a real, valid, and salutary human organization, arising out of man's social needs and relations, to regulate a traffic, the results of which so vitally concern its well-being. The common-sense of mankind, which looks at facts as they are, is one of the best correctives of the mistakes into which speculative and abstract theories, uncorrected by experience, are apt to lead even the noblest minds. And this common-sense has led to those attempts to regulate what has been perhaps too long regarded at a necessary evil, which are embodied in our license laws. But if society has the right to regulate the traffic at all, it has equally the right to restrict it still further, should the interests of the community demand it; and even to extend this restriction to prohibition, should this be deemed necessary.

The opponents of restrictive legislation do, indeed, often argue as if the right to sell intoxicating liquors were one of the 'natural rights' of man. Now every man has certainly the right of existence as one of his fundamental rights, and this further implies the right to practice any industrial calling unmolested, so long as this does not conflict with the rights of others. But in the case of the liquor-dealer, his occupation *does*, as a matter of fact, conflict with the rights of others. It con icts with the rights of wife and children to the support and protection of the husband and father; with the rights of employers* to the faithful service of the employed; with the rights of quiet and sober citizens, to live in unmolested security to life and property. It is because the natural fruits of liquor-selling are pauperism, domestic brutality, careless work and breach of contracts, and reckless injury to property and life, that the traffic cannot be classed among the ordinary industrial callings, which every man has a right to practice if he will. Mr. Lowe has certainly put himself 'out of court,' on this subject, with all thoughtful lovers of the well-being of man, by declaring the calling of a liquor-seller or publican to be 'as legitimate as any other.' That is, the dispensing, for the sake of gain, of that which the seller knows must act as a physical and moral poison in the case of the majority of the buyers, is as legitimate as the sale of the food which nourishes and sustains! If we are to accept such a verdict as this, we shall have first to get rid of the Divine morality which teaches: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and enthrone in its place that which has been well called a demoniacal one: 'Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself,' no matter what may be the consequences to others. If this is to hold good, then the man who reaps a large profit out of the unsafe railway bridge, at the expense of the lives and sufferings of the victims of its insecurity, is to be praised rather than condemned. But we are hardly ready for the reign of utter selfishness yet!

It should never be forgotten that it is only within certain limits that a man has a right to do as he pleases. To every human being, indeed, belongs the right to do good, but to none the right to do evil—a contradiction in terms. A man has no right to do that for his own pleasure or profit, which is dangerons to the common weal, still less that which is actually injurious, and in many cases fatal. One of the most distinguished political economists of the present day, Professor Jevons, remarks that 'the rights of private property and private action may be pushed so far that the general inter-

*From returns made to queries sent to manufacturers, merchants, and contractors in Ontario, by a Select Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, we find that six-tenths of the accidents and the destruction of property which annually occur, are traced by them to the use of intoxicating drinks, while seven-tenths of the employers agree in asserting that they will not employ *any* but temperance men, knowingly.

ests of the public are made of no account whatever.' Our statutory and municipal laws recognize this principle in restricting individuals in many things which, in themselves, might be considered rights. A proprietor may have an abstract right to do what he pleases on his own property and in his own house. But if he persists in leaving a stagnant pool undrained, or a reeking mass of decomposing matter, to spread the seeds of poison and disease around him—if he neglects to take proper precautions against making his house a source of nuisance or contagion—or if he insists on storing dangerous explosives on his premises—the authority of the community comes down with a veto and a penalty at once. It may be in itself an innocent act for one man to sell strychnine or arsenic to another. But the law says, you are dealing with *poison*, and these must be surrounded with the most rigid restrictions. Similarly it might be said that a bookseller has a right to sell what books he chooses. But if it can be shown that he is selling a class of literature which poisons and corrupts the mind, society again interferes, and its action will be endorsed by every parent who cares for the moral well-being of his child. This is not a 'short-cut to morality,'—it is simply removing gratuitous evil influences, whose natural result would be to increase immorality, just as malaria and miasmatic germs increase disease and mortality. If, then, 'Society' is justifiable—as we maintain it is—in restricting the absolute liberty of the individual in doing that which would naturally tend largely to increase physical or moral evil,—it is, *a fortiori*, assuredly, justifiable in restricting, to the utmost extent that is safe or salutary, the open sale of that which is a prolific source of both moral and physical evil, which acts as a slow poison to the body, enslaves the will, deadens or destroys the mental faculties, and ruins the moral nature! If the sale of unwholesome meat is rightly prohibited,—although no one is compelled to buy it, on what principle can the sale of unwholesome *drink*—as alcoholic liquor is to the immense majority of its consumers—be freely tolerated? If merely physical poison is to be surrounded with such careful restrictions, what is to be said of this poison, none the less deadly in its effects, because subtle and gradual? No one would assert that there are not among liquor dealers, some honest and upright men, who, from not fully appreciating the evils that flow from their traffic, regard it as a legitimate business. It may even be that there are among them—as one of their number has asserted—some who are enthusiastic missionaries of temperance, endeavoring with one hand to warn men away from the dangerous cup, which yet they hold out to him with the other! But looking at facts as they stand—facts which cannot be ignored—the term 'licensed poisoner,' might be applied, far more appropriately than the strange misnomer 'licensed victualler,' to those whose business it is to sell, not the food which nourishes and invigorates, but the alcoholic poison, which, used as it is used, debilitates and destroys, not the physical frame alone, but the mental and moral being of its thousands of victims.

None who candidly looks at its effects, direct or indirect, can question the truth of this description. Let us in the first place, merely glance at its direct effects. Its physical effects are unquestionable, and may be daily seen in every bar-room, and in many a wretched home, despoiled, for the liquor-seller's profit, of every comfort that made life endurable. There can be no doubt that innumerable lives are prematurely lost through the influence of drinking habits, weakening constitutional vitality, exhausting energy, fostering the seeds of disease, and exposing to accidental death. Their fatal effects on the mind follow closely those on the body, as is amply testified by all superintendents of Insane Asylums. From many testimonies we select one,—that of Dr. Mann, Medical Superintendent of the Emigrant Insane Asylum, Ward's Island, New York, who 'gives it as his opinion that it is impossible to estimate the complex influences exerted by intemperance upon the production of insanity. He has traced intemperance as a cause in almost every case of general paralysis that has fallen under his notice, and states that others have made similar observations, among which it is estimated that 50 per cent. of all the idiots and imbeciles that are to be found in the large cities of Europe have had parents who were notorious drunkards. Out of 350 insane patients admitted during two years at Charenton, insanity was attri-

buted to drink in 102 cases.' And in some of our own asylums, the proportion of insanity caused, directly or indirectly, by intemperance is placed as high as two-thirds at least.

Dr. Dickson, the well-known and skillful Superintendent of Rockwood Asylum at Kingston gave the following emphatic testimony to the Select Parliamentary Committee:

'Intoxicating liquors used as a beverage not only predispose to mental and physical disease, but actually produce more mental and physical suffering and disease than all other known noxious substances combined.'

As to the moral effects of intemperance, it seems hardly necessary to say to any one who has candidly thought about the matter at all, that the strongest words are far too weak to express the ruin, the misery, the degradation, and crime which are distinctly traceable to its influence. Judges, Recorders, Prison Inspectors, and Police Magistrates in all countries testify to this as with one voice,—a voice which might well silence certain vague assertions of interested persons, that 'it is not true,' or that if it is true, something else is just as bad! To begin with ourselves, the Recorder of Montreal* has set down the proportion of criminal cases before that court, due to intemperance, as nine-tenths. Lord Shaftesbury, in speaking for the Permissive Liquor Bill, in England, declares his belief that seven-tenths of the moral evil of London 'are attributable to that which is the greatest curse of the country,—habits of drinking and the systems of intoxication.' The testimony of the Inspector of Prisons in Belgium says: 'My experience extends over a quarter of a century, and I can emphatically declare that four-fifths of the crime and misery with which in my public and private capacity I have come in contact, has been the result of drink.' M. Quetelet says: 'Of 1129 murders in France during the space of four years, 446 have been in consequence of quarrels and contentions in taverns.' Judge Coleridge testifies: 'There is scarcely a crime that comes before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink;' and Judge Gurney and other English judges give the same testimony in almost the same words. Mr. Charles Paxton, M. P., a celebrated English brewer, gives the following candid testimony, which is in striking contrast to statements we have heard from persons similarly interested among ourselves: 'It would not be too much to say that if all drinking of fermented liquor could be done away with, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders might be indefinitely raised. Not only does this vice produce all kinds of wanton mischief, but it has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every agency is set to work that philanthrophy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will, soaking their brains with beer or inflaming them with ardent spirits.' And there are few, if any, who cannot supplement such testimonies from their own observations, who have not seen lives of promise irretrievably blighted, once happy homes made scenes of heart-rending misery and wretchedness and degradation unutterable, as the baleful fruits of this Upas tree.

But its poisonous influences do not stop even with its direct fruits, fatal as these are. One might well think that abounding pauperism, crime, physical suffering and degradation, ruined and wretched homes, wives and children brutally maltreated, too often murdered, brawls and manslaughter, with alienated or destroyed mental powers, shortened lives and ruined souls, presented a catalogue too dismal for the most selfish and apathetic opponent of restriction to contemplate without dismay. But there is still more behind—hereditary disease and suffering brought upon innocent beings through the drinking habits of their parents,—lives poisoned at the fountain-head by mental or physical disease, by tendencies to vice, by helpless idiocy, and by the terrible dipsomania, or constitutional craving for the poison, through which the sin and

* These expressions of opinion, with a number of others, were collected by the Rev. J. Hilts of Kincardine, and given by him in a published speech. In addition to these, the returns to the queries of the Select Parliamentary Committee, already referred to, from Judges, Police Magistrates, Justices of the Peace and Sheriffs in Ontario, agree in ascribing more than three-fourths of the crime of the Province to intoxicating drink; while the Coroners trace six-tenths of the cases coming under their official notice directly to intemperance.

degradation of the past are repeated in the present. If all these things, collectively, do not constitute a 'true bill' against the liquor traffic, on which the community has a right to proceed in restraining private liberty, then it would be hard to say in what case it has a right to protect the weak and the common weal against the utter selfishness and recklessness of the individual.*

Nor can we afford to overlook the aspect of the evil as it bears upon the education of the community. Large numbers of children in our cities and towns are robbed of the advantages of our common-school system, not only through the utter carelessness of intemperate parents, too degraded to care for the education of their children, but also because parents who habitually spend all they have upon ardent spirits, as habitually keep their children from school, that, by their begging, they may procure for them, under false pretences, the means of living, or, too often, of drinking. As a consequence, the children grow up ignorant also, contracting, too generally, habits of vice, imbibing the parental love for strong drink; and so the wretched families of drunkards go on reproducing themselves *ad infinitum*, a burden to the community, and resisting the most persevering efforts to rescue and raise them. And thus the influence of education, from which so much is hoped in the reduction of intemperance, is postponed from generation to generation, so far at least as a large class of the community is concerned. All who have ever tried to make education general among our poorer classes, know that the intemperance of parents is one of the most serious obstacles in their way.

Furthermore, it may be remarked, as against another argument of the opponents of restriction, that intemperance cannot be looked upon by society merely as a private vice for which a man is responsible only to his conscience and his God. It is, even in itself, and still more strongly when looked at in connection with its inevitable consequences, a crime against society. A man has no right to put himself in a condition in which he is disabled from performing his duties to society, or driven by a fury within him flagrantly to violate them, as in the case of the drunkard who disables himself, temporarily or permanently, from maintaining his family by his labour, or puts himself into a condition in which he brutally maltreats them; nor even, by a gradual course of self-poisoning, to bring himself to a premature grave, and leave society to support his children. To do this last, or to make himself temporarily an idiot, or a maniac, is a form of *felo de se*, and society, whose very foundation is mutual dependence, has a right to take cognizance of it as such, and does take cognizance of it to a certain extent,—even apart from the further consideration that the greater proportion of criminals against the public, and of actual and permanent lunatics, are made criminals and burdens to society through the same prolific source of evil. But if intemperance be a crime against society, then, assuredly the man who sells that which he knows will produce this crime, is actually an 'accomplice before the fact.' Society has a perfect right to deal with him as such. And if, by restrictive laws, it can prevent men from becoming such 'accomplices before the fact,'—can bar the way to a calling so injurious to the interests of the community,—this is surely wiser, more humane, and more effectual than any policy which merely punishes after the mischief is done, and seldom succeeds in preventing it in future. Moreover, those members of the community who are taxed, voluntarily or involuntarily, for the support of the criminals, lunatics, imbeciles, and helpless invalids,—the victims directly or indirectly of intemperance,—or who are compelled to stand in the breach and keep from starvation the families of able-bodied men whose earnings

* The following remarks are taken from a recent speech by Mr. Fortescue Harrison, M.P., on temperance legislation in England:—'I admit that legislation alone is incompetent to deal successfully with this evil. I myself rely mainly on the general spread of education, and that culture which is its outcome, on the influence of public opinion, and in the elevation of feeling amongst all classes of the people. The consideration I am brought to is this, what can legislation do to mitigate the present amount of drunkenness in this kingdom? I know that many good men on both sides of the House of Commons deprecate all legislative interference with any trade as being an encroachment on individual liberty. I am as unwilling as they can be to allow personal freedom in any matter to be trammelled by the legislature; at the same time, if it is proved that some particular form of personal freedom is opposed to the interest of the community, then I think no amount of abstract preference for liberty should stand in the way of its abolition.'

are swallowed up in the tavern, have a right to ask for the restriction of a traffic which causes heavy pecuniary loss to every temperate and hard-working member of the community. The extent of this loss may be to some extent estimated from the following statistics,*—calculated in 1872,—of what the liquor traffic costs the United States :—

Yearly retail cost of liquors....	$616,814,490
Labour wages, or value of time of dealers and clerks.....	250,000,000
Loss of productive industry to the community by drunkards and tipplers.....	225,000,000
Public support of 800,000 drunken paupers and children....	100,000,000

When to these sums are added the estimated cost of sickness, &c., caused by intemperance, the taxation and expenses caused by three hundred thousand intemperate criminals. and the burden of supporting as many maniacs and idiots, also victims of intemperance, the aggregate cost of the liquor traffic to a population of forty millions is swelled to twelve hundred millions of dollars. When this comes to be its cost to the State,—produced, too, through the physical and moral ruin of hundreds of thousands of lives,—surely the State is justified, simply on grounds of economy, hygiene, order, and the protection of property, in dealing with the traffic as a gigantic enemy to the community, which must be met or restrained by stringent legislation. Moreover, the wives and children of drunkards—as members of the community—have a claim to be protected from the brutality even of those who should be their natural protectors; and this protection can be given in no way so effectually as in the restriction of the sale of that which is the source of their inexpressible misery, and often of injuries resulting in death.

It is not surprising, taking into consideration this long array of injuries inflicted on society by the liquor traffic, that many earnest and thoughtful men should feel with Mr. Fortescue Harrison, that this 'particular form of personal freedom is opposed to the interests of the community,' and that 'no amount of abstract preference for liberty should stand in the way of' its restriction. The only question in the minds of many is, as to the special kind and extent of restrictive legislation which is best fitted to diminish the acknowledged evil. The various plans which have been devised to meet it may be included under three principles, that of government monopoly, on which is founded the 'Gothenburg system;' that of local control, which is the principle of the new English 'Permissive Bill'; that of our own 'Dunkin Act,' and that of Prohibition or absolute abolition of the traffic.

The first of these, the Gothenburg system, as almost every one knows, places the traffic entirely in the hands of the Government, or of the municipality under the Government, which appoints its own agents,—the smallest number deemed expedient,—and by preventing the seller from having any profit on the sale of liquor, while he has the ordinary profit on the other commodities he sells, makes it his interest to sell as little as possible of the intoxicating beverages, and so takes away from him all motive to tempt the buyer to his hurt. Of course the system is abstractly open to the objection of being a monopoly, as Mr. Lowe, somewhat unfairly, takes pains to show; but this ought to be met by the consideration, that unlike other monopolies, it has avowedly for its aim the restriction of a dangerous traffic, and the well-being of the whole community,—not the aggrandisement of any particular class. Such an aim, if successful, certainly relieves the 'monopoly' of any objectionable feature, and makes it not only innocent, but beneficial; and despite the opposition of Mr. Lowe and others, and the heavy expense entailed in buying up vested rights, the system is growing in favour in England, and has already, as has been said, been introduced by Mr. Chamberlain into Birmingham, where its results will be looked for with much interest. Of its success in Sweden we have very favourable accounts, which, as they were gathered by Mr. Chamberlain in person, may be considered trustworthy. We are told however, that while drunkenness and crime are very much decreased, intemperance is not entirely suppressed. 'But the advocates of the scheme in Sweden—and

* Also, from statistics compiled in 1873, we find that in every 5,000,000 of the national population, there are 50,000 confirmed drunkards, and that seventy-five per cent. of the crimes committed are traceable to oinopotic profligacy, and that of every 5,000,000 women, 21,429 are confirmed inebriates

these are the whole of the educated classes, with the exception of the distillers—say that as they never were sanguine enough to expect the absolute suppression of intemperance as the result of any practical legislation, so this is not the test by which their success in more limited aims is to be finally judged.'

'Experience has convinced me,' said one of the ablest supporters of the Gothenburg system, in Sweden, 'that there is absolutely only one way by which drunkenness can be put down, and that is by the entire prohibition of the use of intoxicating drinks. But such a measure is utterly impracticable (in Sweden), and you have therefore to consider how the evils attendant on the consumption of liquor may be reduced to a minimum. This is the object which we are gradually accomplishing by our plan.' 'It is clear that as the consumption of branvin is dependent on the desire for stimulants and the power of satisfying that desire, and also the desire of gain on the part of the seller, the consumption must decrease in proportion as one of these influences ceases to operate; and as the law does not allow a monopoly to a company unless the whole of the proceeds are devoted to public purposes without gain to any individual, we cannot but believe that such a company in Stockholm would cause a diminished consumption of spirits, as it has done in Gothenburg.'

The following is Mr. Chamberlain's summary of the benefits resulting from the Gothenburg system:—'A great reduction in the number of houses, the entire prevention of adulteration, the removal of all extraneous temptation, such as is now offered by the garish attractions of our gin-palaces, and by the music, the gambling, and the bad company which are permitted or winked at in so many cases;—the restoration of the victualler's trade to its original intention, and the provision of alternatives and substitutes for the intoxicating drinks to which the traffic is now confined;—the observance of the strictest order, and the certainty that all police regulations, now too often a dead letter, or enforced only by the employment of detectives, will be invariably obeyed;—these are all results which all friends of temperance are united in desiring, and which are proved to follow the adoption of the principle that the sale of strong drink is a monopoly which can only safely be entrusted to the control of the representatives and trustees of the community, and which should be carried on for the convenience and advantage of the people, not for the private gain of individuals.'

On the other hand, Mr. Harrison advances a reasonable objection:—'I want to see our Magistrates heartily engaged in limiting the sale of drink, not in directing their attention to its sale, and price, and quality. Its operation would, no doubt, give the temperate man a better article at a lower cost, but to the drunkard it would bring his vice home to him in a pleasanter and largely increased form. There is sure to be a considerable margin of profit in such a plan, and the temptation to reduce rates by an increased sale of liquor would be greater than I should wish to see our local authorities subjected to.' It is to be feared, from our experience of some Canadian town councils, that this is a temptation to which it would hardly be safe to subject them.

The principle of local control, as exemplified in the Dunkin Bill, is on its trial among us, and if it be found to work well where it has been adopted, will doubtless soon gain moral force enough to become general.* Its weak point, undoubtedly, is the apparent unfairness in virtually restricting the poor more than the rich. This, however, though plausible at first sight, cannot be fairly pressed when it is remembered that the very class in which the traffic works most injuriously, is the class most restricted, and that it is for their own good that they are restricted; and if a majority of that class as well as others desire to be freed from its injurious consequences by having its retail sale prohibited, the minority to whom the measure is distasteful, (generally those most injured by the evil they wish to perpetuate), must just submit

* The Act has actually been adopted in a majority of the townships or counties in which it has been submitted. In many cases, however, this does not betoken absolute satisfaction with the Act, which is accepted rather as a stepping-stone to Prohibition than as a finality,—the Government having intimated that while *this* means of restriction was untried they could not consider more stringent ones. Ontario will probably soon be in a position to demand these however, and public opinion is fast growing in favor of a Prohibitory Act for the whole Dominion.

as they are constantly called upon to do in regard to other matters.

In the meantime, we may be thankful that the recent amendments of our license laws will tend to mitigate to some extent the evils of intemperance among us. The following suggestion of Mr. Harrison as to the election of the licensing power might be considered as one of the amendments still possible and advisable :—'The friends of temperance say—give us a licensing board specially elected for the work its members are called upon to do. Put us on the same footing as are the friends of education. You don't allow your Councillors or Magistrates to select from their own numbers a board to control the teaching of your children. Why should you treat the control of a traffic which you admit is the greatest curse humanity can be inflicted with to hands not elected by the community. Surely the community, whose* quiet and expenditure and public decency is involved in the question of a larger or smaller number of public houses in a given radius, ought to be the sole and final arbiter on such a question.'

And there is another reform which might well be made, even with our present system. This is, the abolition of retail 'shop licenses,' so that intoxicating liquors shall not be sold in small quantities at groceries and provision shops. Liquor-selling in taverns is bad enough, but there, at least, it does not meet men unawares, as it does in the shops to which they must repair for other purchases. There, the man or woman who may have mastered moral courage enough to keep out of the tavern, meets the temptation and succumbs. Nay, the temptation is not seldom pressed on them by the seller, who will 'treat' even a female customer, to 'open her heart,' and induce her to buy, perhaps beyond her means. In this very way are drinking habits often formed which are the ruin of husbands, and, what is still worse, of wives and mothers of families; in this way are the chains of the habit often riveted, after many a brave and earnest attempt to break them. For these evils, is not the seller, the tempter, guiltily responsible? A tavern-keeper of many years' experience gave it as his opinion, that even were single glasses permitted to be sold in taverns, still, if no sale were allowed of anything between a single glass or a gallon, drunkenness would be very much restricted. For, he said, very few tavern-keepers will allow a man to drink himself intoxicated on their premises, and they might refuse even a single glass, to be drunk immediately, to a man just on the verge of intoxication, while they have no compunction in letting him take home with him enough to transform him into a brute, and sometimes, for the time, into a fiend incarnate. Moreover, there are many who are 'too respectable' to be seen going into a tavern and drinking there, who have no scruples about buying a pint or a quart of liquor at a grocery, and stealing off to some quiet spot to indulge their degrading appetite. The innocent-looking grocery or 'corner-shop' is too often a hot-bed of more extensive and more degrading drunkenness than is the more obtrusive, openly offensive tavern or saloon.

It were well that it should be generally known that the portion of the Dunkin Act which is generally in force,—whether the rest of it is adopted or not,—provides for giving damages in cases where spirits are sold to a known drunkard, and gives recourse against the seller when deeds of violence are done, under the influence of liquor. It would be well if these provisions could be carried out, but every one who knows the practical difficulty of doing so,—especially in the case of a tender or timid wife—knows that they are, actually, of but little avail. But the Dunkin Act, as a whole, is a measure, which, well enforced, would have a most beneficial effect in reducing intemperance, pauperism, and crime, and all lovers of their country should gratefully recognize the means for good which it affords, and in all sections of the country in which it is passed, should give it their cordial support.*

* In opposition to the strange assertion of Mr. Lowe, that the multiplication of taverns is not accompanied by an increase of intemperance,—the contrary of which has been again and again proved by statistics,—the London *Times* remarks that 'the marvellous multiplication of public houses which one sees going up in certain respectable districts, means only a most mischievous multiplication of the temptations to drink; nor can it see the slightest objection, on the score either of justice or expediency, to diminishing the number.'

* Since writing the foregoing, the writer has seen Mr. Totten's unfavourable report as to the working of the Dunkin Act, more especially in the County of Prince Edward. In this report however it is the

But there is little doubt that the more thorough-going measure of Prohibition would be at once a more effectual,* and, taking all things into consideration, a fairer measure, than one that seems to press unequally on the poor and the rich, or than one which privileges a certain class to sell liquor and declares that others may not. The unsatisfactoriness of all license laws has been shown by the almost incredible number which have been successively tried in Britain, without solving the difficult problem. Prohibition, at least, cuts the Gordian knot. Nor can it be said to interfere with any 'natural right,' for if it were the 'natural right' of any man to sell intoxicating liquor, it would be the natural right of all. And by submitting to license laws, men have already admitted that it is not; nor can it be said that any man has a 'natural right' to find alcoholic stimulants freely exposed for sale to suit his convenience. If he were not a member of 'society,' he certainly would not do so, and 'society,' by its very constitution, has a right to protect itself from the abuse of the privileges which itself creates. Let it be granted that there is some hardship involved in debarring temperate men from the opportunity to purchase freely that of which they may make no wrong use. But is the slight inconvenience of some—the loss of a petty sensual gratification, in any case a doubtful good to men in health†—to be put for a moment in comparison with the unutterable misery of thousands, that the first, as a means of preventing the last, should be called an 'intolerable inroad on personal liberty'? In times of raging epidemics many things which in ordinary times would be 'inroads on personal liberty' are right and necessary. It is the necessity which makes the right. Christian Missionaries in Africa speak of the Mahommedan legislation against intoxicating liquors as being the great bulwark which keeps the destroying tide of intemperance from rolling across the whole interior of the country; and in Lapland, which was being decimated by the traffic, the wholesale destruction has been stopped by prohibition. Desperate evils require desperate cures, and intemperance has become a desperate evil. Mr. Leslie Stephens, writing on Positivism, says most truly, that 'not the wants, or tastes, or desires of the individual, but the needs of the social organism, form the standard by which pleasures are to be measured.' And a recent writer on the History of Free Thought remarks that 'the social well-being may demand considerable sacrifices of happiness,—not only of individuals, but of a whole generation, as in periods of revolution, or foreign invasion.' If this be so, cannot we agree to give up for the sake of the 'social well-being,'—not happiness—not the lives of our nearest and dearest,—but only a dangerous luxury, which most of us are better without? If we cannot do this for our country's good, there must be

lack of sufficient machinery for enforcing the law to which its non-efficiency is mainly attributed. This defect is surely capable of being remedied. And moreover at the time when Mr. Totten visited Prince Edward, the working of the Bill was almost paralysed by doubts which had been thrown on its legal validity there,—doubts which have since been settled,—and by the determined efforts of the liquor sellers to thwart the operation of the law.

* That 'Prohibition does prohibit' is proved by abundant testimony in a published lecture on the Maine Liquor Law by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax. From numerous testimonies, I select the following by Dr. Leonard Bacon, of Newhaven, Conn. :—'The operation of the Prohibitory Law for one year is a matter of observation to all the inhabitants. Its effect in promoting peace, order, quiet, and general prosperity, no man can deny. Never for twenty years has our city been so quiet as under its action. It is no longer simply a question of temperance, but a governmental question—one of legislative foresight and morality.' And the following from New Britain :—'This law is to us above all price or valuation. Vice, crime, rowdyism, and idleness are greatly diminished, while virtue, morality, and religion are greatly promoted.' Of 538 answers returned by the clergy of Ontario to the query as to the best remedy for intemperance, nine-tenths of the respondents replied Prohibition! The distinguished advocate of total abstinence, Father Stafford, says: 'Prohibition. Stop the traffic. Prohibition immediate, pure and simple, unconditional and uncompensated; make the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors a crime of the worst kind; attach capital punishment to it; hang any man caught with it. In this way you may lose one or two lives a year, in any other way you will lose hundreds of lives yearly.'

† The almost unanimous consensus of the Medical men of Ontario, as of other places, testifies that the habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage predisposes to mental and physical disease; that total abstainers have a much better chance of recovery from disease in similar circumstances, and that even as a medicine, alcoholic remedies are not necessary to the extent which has often been supposed, while their remedial effect is much more powerful on those who habitually abstain from intoxicating beverages.

little heroism indeed among us;—little of the spirit which could 'do or die' to rescue a country from a less fatal bondage than that of intemperance;—less still of the spirit of him who declared that if meat should make his brother to offend, he would eat none, while the world standeth.'

Of course there will always be those who will have their 'glass,'—*coute qui coute*,—even though it be the price of blood. To such it is hardly worth while to appeal, since nothing but an entire moral revolution can bring them to a sense of their duty towards their brother. And there are others, of whom more might be expected, in whom sentiment overpowers sense,—who are blinded by the illusory glamour which surrounds the wine-cup to the poison which lurks within it. Let us grant all the poetic associations which cluster around the vine and its luscious clusters,—all that bards have sung in its praise, from Horace and his 'Falernian wine,' down to the stirring choruses of the German *Burschen lieder*. Let it be granted that an intended blessing has, by the 'trail of the serpent,' been turned into a curse. But will any one say that a scrap, either of beauty or poetry, lingers about the ordinary dram-shop,—about the wretched men who gather within it,—about the miserable, half-starved children, who bring under their pinafores bottles to be filled for their still more miserable parents? Men can no longer go on sentimentalizing about the beauty of the 'young Bacchus,' when the bloated and loathsome Silenus stalks by his side an inseparable companion. Surely the nobility and ideality which are the only stable foundations of poetry, are on the side of those who would fain wipe out this foul blot on our human nature, and who refuse to share in a system which perpetuates it!

Nor let any one say that to plead for temperance legislation implies any distrust of 'moral means.' No one pretends that any amount of legislation can make men moral,—though it may save them from needless temptation. But so long as men are kept in a state of chronic stupefaction,—so long as they are slaves to a tyrannical physical craving like that induced by intemperance,—they are not fair subjects for 'moral means.' * Their weakened wills are in bondage to the overpowering habit, their mental and moral powers are paralyzed; and those who have most earnestly sought to reform confirmed drunkards, know best that it is, humanly speaking, impossible to do so, so long as they are left in the midst of the abounding temptations, from which the poor victims themselves would often gladly be delivered. Let those who are seeking to raise their brothers out of the slough of intemperance have, at least, the vantage-ground of restricted opportunity, and they may hope, with God's help, to complete the victory by using 'moral means' with men who are no longer slaves! And so, in time, we may hope to banish from among us a wide-spread evil which is at present not only the direct cause of so much positive misery, crime, pauperism, and disease, but is also the greatest barrier to our elevation as a people,—to our physical, intellectual, and moral culture.

* A well-known lecturer in Canada, in the course of an able lecture on Burns, recently remarked that if the power expended by such men as Burns in attempts to subdue a fatal habit had not been exhausted in this way, they might have been able to accomplish far more in using their God-given genius for the good of their fellow man.

FIDELIS.

TO A SKYLARK.

Poor bird! within thy wiry prison pent,
What mournful music in thy captive song!
Each note seems as thy little heart it rent,
So like a sigh its sound, so sad, so long.
Ah! how unlike thy cheerful native hymn,
When erstwhile thou enjoyd'st sweet liberty,
And through blue air, on dewy wing did'st swim,
Pouring from throbbing throat thy minstrelsy.
Oh! who hath wrong'd thee thus poor bird,
And torn thee from thy constant, loving mate?
Here doomed thee widow'd thy sore woes to sing,
And beat thy breast against thy prison grate?
Fly forth, poor bird! now freely soar on high,
And taste again thy kindred sky.

T. W. A.

A LAND-LUBBER AT SEA.

I WONDER if the fishes know that nearly three-fourths of the globe is covered by the sea. What rare old times they must have had when the world of water was their own, and they had nothing to fear from men in general and fishermen in particular—not to speak of revolving screws and paddle-wheels. Old ocean, too, has been an aggressor from the outset, and still gnaws away at the very rocks and crags, biting and beating fiercely upon the shore, as if it hungered to bring creation back again into its monopoly. And looking superficially at a map of the globe, as land-lubbers devoid of gills and fins, to whom five minutes under the water means death and dropsy, there appears to be a confused distribution of land and water, as if the fishes had been given the lion's share, and we lions had been left out in the cold. Islands and continents seem to have fallen into pleasant and unpleasant places like the throw of the dice; seas, peninsulas, gulfs, and mountains appear to have drawn lots for position and to have dropped into the most inharmonious relations, like incompatible marriages. In fact, the whole globe seems to have been thrown together at haphazard: and doubtless there are cynics, like Alphonso of Castile, who think it would have been better made had they been consulted. But relations between the fluid and solid surfaces of the earth are as necessary and fixed as between the sun and moon and the movement of the tides; the balance is as beautifully adjusted as between the seed and the soil: and what appears chaos or chance to the ordinary observer, is one of the most harmonious and wonderful arrangements of Divine wisdom.

In the earliest ages there must have been an active curiosity to explore the breadth and mystery of the sea: but the Egyptians were the first to use ships, and they reached the western coast of India and the Mediterranean with no other guide than the constellation of the Little Bear. The progress of maritime discovery within the memory of man has so revolutionized the science of navigation, that England's wooden walls are as useless in modern warfare as Noah's ark, the 'schedeia' of Homer, or the coracle of the ancient Briton. Mariners can turn up their noses at Orion or the Dog Star, and compel the very sun to do them service; and passengers enjoy luxuries of diet and accommodation in mid-ocean, which would have made Phœnicians and Carthaginians weep tears of joy, and Homer's blind eyes in finest phrensy roll. Sailors no longer can call the sea their own. We are a seafaring, though still a sea-sick generation, and have, moreover, investigated the physical geography of the deep, so that we have vast stores of information about its basin, depths, temperature, currents, salts, winds, and fogs, and have measured and mapped its bounds and its routes, examined the make, manners, and morals of its inhabitants, and finally, cast a line which hooks a world at both ends and brings the hemispheres within electric-chatting distance. Puck never put his girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, but science has done it in fewer seconds. Ariel's flight and Prospero's wand may pass into the dark ages of fancy, for we live in a time when fact eclipses all that fancy ever bred.

I suppose many a one goes to sea and spends the voyage much after the manner of a fly in amber. Hamlet's 'trick of seeing' has more scope in a coal-mine than in the berth of a vessel, where No. 1 is howling violently for the doctor, and No. 2 is praying as vigorously for death. Yet there are scores of good sailors whose stomachs weather any storm, who have no faculty of observation, and who are as wise after ten voyages as one. But we must remember that there are people as insensible as a caraquet oyster to the wonders and charms of nature ashore: who see nothing to admire in the flowers and trees, the hills and streams; who, in fact, could only be tickled into anything like emotion by an electric shock, or the proximity of a snake. They would just as soon smell thistles as roses; would luxuriate and lie in them if the thorns

would let them; would rather jingle a tune for themselves out of baubees than stop to look for the first time at the lark, or listen for the first time to the nightingale. I sometimes think that insensibility to nature is nothing more nor less than that sort of affectation which prides itself in being odd: but I sat on the glorious shore of Dover one splendid moonlight night with a friend, who, though a scholar and a gentleman, honestly told me that he was no more affected by his first view of the sea than by his first shave; that the sight before and above us;—the sea solemnly swelling and surging 'in all its vague immensity;' the deep murmuring of the waves breaking lazily upon the sand, and rolling the pebbles at and over each other on the shore; the glamour of a full moon throwing a long avenue of golden glory, eclipsing the phosphorescence, and rivalling the stars; the sky, with its divine mosaic, twinkling with the night worshippers of God; the associations of history and tradition which rose from the noble cliffs behind us, and echoed over the deep in the clear notes of the British bugle as it sounded the last post, sounding away up from overhead, as if it came from the skies;—that all this and more had no power to move his soul. Yet when I ran a pin into him for experiment he evinced more sensation than a rhinoceros. I know he was sincere, and suppose it was some sort of 'moping melancholy' of taste or temper which wouldn't last long, for I knew him to rave a week about the arch of his favorite forehead, and lose his appetite over the mere memory of a pair of blue eyes. It just occurs to me that he must have been in love. I think it was Charles Lamb who, standing on the shore, uttered his dislike of the sea, and dubbed it 'the antagonist of the earth;' but a view from the yellow sands, with the '*oceanus dissociabilis*' of Horace in mind, and fogs in sight, is not fair play, and I doubt if the genial essayist was serious, for he was a creature of whims and wrote many quaint things on the spur of the moment, and hadn't the heart to hate even an enemy—if he had one.

Out in mid-ocean you are launched in a new world without anchor. Day after day passes away and you see nothing but the sea and sky. You are as effectually cut off from every-day scenes and associations, from land and landmarks, as if the earth was still without form and void. The sea has no parallel. It is the only thing in nature without rival. It rolls in majestic mystery and independence, nature's monarch. It is no respecter of persons. It humiliates the haughtiest and upsets the humblest: it turns a king inside out as unceremoniously as a beggar. Indeed, the beggars have generally the best of it. It only pities you after long acquaintance, and only spares you when you love it, and live on it. It never ages or shows its years. Its wrinkles are everlasting dimples. The hills moulder and the valleys change, but it is the same forever and ever. It has a thousand lessons to offer; and a voyage at sea, to an observing man, ought to be one of endless interest and information, given that he's not ill. But there's one thing worth remembering. It is worth your while to familiarize your mind with the history, art, and literature of lands you intend to visit, it is infinitely more necessary to learn something before you start of the physical geography of the sea, and the theory and practice of navigation. It opens a new world of interest on board your floating home, and does its share, at least, to keep you from the blue-devils and sea-sickness.

Lieut. Maury beautifully describes the basin of the Atlantic, which he calls 'a long trough separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole.' Its deepest part is southward of our Great Bank of Newfoundland—two miles and three quarters have been reached. 'Could the waters of the Atlantic,' he says, 'be drawn off so as to expose to view this great sea-gash, which separates continents, and extends from the Atlantic to the Antartic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks," with that dreadful array of dead men's skulls, "great anchors, heaps of pearls and inestimable stones," which, in the dreamer's eye,* lie scattered on the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death.'

* Shakspere, King Rich. III, act 1, scene 4.

When I first went to sea I found I had forgotten to learn, or even to wonder, why it is salt: but the question suggested itself to me when the spray from large waves shot in my face, and I could taste the brine on my lips. You will notice too that the sea-water which evaporates on your port-hole window has left a film behind, which consists of crystals of salt; and you learn that this salt is one of the waste mineral substances of the rocks dissolved by water, and carried by springs and rivers into the sea. Of course you won't learn this by merely looking at it, but by thinking and inquiring.

Is there any design in this condition of the ocean, or is it mere chance? It is shown that upon this very peculiarity largely depends the circulation of the ocean; that the Gulf Stream would probably have no existence if the sea was fresh water; that in this saltness we have an agent that mitigates and softens climates, giving to the equatoral current almost all its warmth. The vapour of salt water is fresh, and the evaporation feeds the winds with moisture to replenish the earth with showers. Over two millions of tons of water evaporate daily from the ocean into the atmosphere. Coral islands are dependent for their existence upon the saltness of the sea. Professor Chapman, of Toronto, maintains that the object of the saltness is mainly to regulate evaporation. Were the sea fresh water, the character and condition of nearly the whole earth would be seriously changed.

Then again, one's mind reverts to the Gulf Stream, and the wisdom of its Creator is seen in its influence upon climates, mitigating in Europe the rigours of winter, dispensing heat and warmth to the extra-tropical regions, clouds and rain to the dry land, and carrying cooling streams from Polar seas to the torrid zone; and yet,—with that mixed good and evil which seem as inseparable as Juno's swans, and which supply food for the grumbler,—breeding many of the great gales in the Atlantic and the fogs of Newfoundland, and being responsible for the dampness of the British islands. One learns that the sea is not a mere freak of creation, or a hydrographer's dream; but that it is a sort of organism, with a circulation as regular as that of the blood, 'a pulse ever beating and throbbing, veins, arteries, and a heart;' that over it and its very whirlwinds, harmony and order preside. The sea is more than a life study. Its waves and their formation, their velocity and height—bringing us down from the fiction of 'mountain high' to the fact of about thirty feet, except when they beat against a ship or a rocky coast. Then, the land and sea breezes, the drift of the ocean, its storms, inhabitants—these and a thousand other things open a new world of fact and fancy, where scientists can revel in the rich depths of its revealings, and poets run its lullaby into metre, and its rolling into rhyme.

Ten days spent on an ocean vessel is a precious bit of life, now that life is so short and fast; but if you only have the fortune to be a good sailor, and the luck to have fine weather, you may get such a new lease of life for body and mind, that it will prove the most wholesome ten days of your existence. Not only in the delight of waking fresh as a rose, free as a lark, and hungry as a hawk, but in the real pleasure of using your own eyes and ears, instead of stale second-hand information, about the practical working and management of the vessel, and the science of discovering how to steer in order to reach a given place. You will have to sit on deck with your book, ask proper questions at proper times from the officers when off duty, watch the sailors and the helmsman, and be neither presumptious nor shy. It won't take you long to learn that nowhere on earth—to use a Hibernicism— is it easier or harder to pick up information than at sea. Jack is terribly bored with the silly questions of people who've nothing else to do but bore him, and is a good bit of a practical joker if out of humour. I fancy one of the best medicines for body and mind at sea is an intelligent interest, not a presumptous meddling, in the day's work. A voyage is a revival and deepening too of old lessons. Even if you've been sick in your berth, there is a stage of convalescence to ninety per cent of the passengers, when it is enjoyable to lie on your back, and rub up forgotten knowledge of the sphericity of the earth and the definitions connected with it,—its diameter, axis, poles, equator, ecliptic, latitudes, and longtitudes,—with an interest which is increased by your situation. A bit of dry reading, and a bite of dry biscuit are often

a medicine to the soul at sea. I know that some travellers would prefer to pore over a work on domestic medicine, if they had one, and haunt the doctor with their queries; but if you mope and think of nothing more sublime than your 'bread-basket,' you get into a chronic state of dumps; the fogs of Newfoundland seem to settle upon your soul; the bell for dinner sounds like your last knell; every unusual noise at night startles you from sleep, with ugly dreams of wreck; and your berth becomes a literal cave of despair, especially if you haven't company in your misery. What little you know of the compass and its declination, the log, the mode of taking soundings, (the *catapeirates* of Lucilius), the construction and rig of the vessel, the philosophy and working of the engines, may be largely increased by the chances you will have on board for practical observation. Half the sea-sickness of which people complain is nature's and art's revenge for deliberate contempt of their teachings at hand. If on every ship there was the passenger's hour, when all hands in the cabin would be ordered on deck to take a tug at the ropes, or even to scour the anchor, or scrape the decks, I think sea-sickness would be confined to the swells and the lazy. Just think, too, what an impulse it might give to manning the navy. But I won't venture to guess how many good ships it might send to the bottom.

On board too, you constantly see the quiet observations made by the officers and crew, which, by the co-operation of all nations and navigators, have become a valuable system of philosophical research, and are carried on with regard to the winds, currents, and other phenomena of the sea. Every vessel is an independent floating observatory, using instruments compared with standards common to all, and combining their experience for the benefit of ship-masters of every nation. In the event of a vessel's capture in time of war, the log is held as sacred as the Jews kept the Talmud.

One of the hungering passions of many a school-boy is to run away to sea. At our school it was a sort of summer complaint, that came in with the ships and sailors in the spring, the inspiration of the songs they sang, and the yarns they spun, and only left when the last vessel turned its tardy rudder outward bound, and cut through the thickening cakes of floating ice. The prospect was cheerful for the open-air skaters, but rather chilled one's ardor for a life on the ocean wave. For who ever heard land-lubber, or even sailor, sing of the joys of a frozen sheet and an icy sea, a northern wind stiffening the reefed sails, while the bending masts, coated with glare ice, shone in the sun like pillars of glass, and slippery spars and rigging were untrustworthy for the grip of the nimblest tar afloat. The passion for the sea was more of a midsummer day's dream. When spring returned and the port was once more alive with the vessels, back came those darling daring fancies, which from time immemorial British boys have woven around ships and sailors; back came that hunger to taste and know the romance and mystery of the sea. The English sailor's song, his adventurous life, his changeful wanderings, his traditional pluck and cool daring, how he can woo fair maids ashore, and fight brave foes at sea,—are not they engraven in the warm heart of youth, as well as the hard adamant of fact and experience? But why should we not love the sea? Is it not our inheritance and in our blood? His trials and pains, his family separation and his poor pay, his tough work and 'hard tack,' were clean forgotten and consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Fancy had built castles in the air which needed no earthy fact to sustain them, and the imagination had been fed on the sunshine of inspiring pictures, books, and songs; the inherent combativeness of the race was in perfect harmony with the Mariners of England, and we longed to join them in their glorious mission of roaming about the sea, seeking enemies to devour. To feed the heart with fight, and fling defiance at foes, what greater glory could the boy descendants of the Vikings want? The future was one bright vista of unbounded hope and adventure. It is one of the privileges of boyhood to be utterly oblivious to the perils their sires foresee, and to pin perfect faith to the stability of the airy castles of which they are the most adventurous architects under the sun. May the shadows of splendid boyhood never be less!

I remember one of our old school-boys, who afterwards had a glorious death as a middy in the Crimea. He volunteered to

do a most daring deed, and did it as calmly as he would eat his dinner. An hour's realization of success, and a shot went through his heart. He used to spend all his legitimate holidays, as well as those on which he played truant, climbing up to the sky-sail masts, and sliding down the back stays of the ships in port; making a mental inventory of the terms connected with the hull, spars, and standing rigging, which he compared with a descriptive plate he carried in his pocket. He was a square-built lithe lad, as supple as a cat, and could beat us all at climbing trees for birds' nests, or telegraph poles for fun. Next to playing on a ship, his choice amusement was to slide down the roof of a high house, and enliven his affectionate sisters by hanging head downwards from the eaves by his toes. He was as clearly cut out for the ocean as a sea-gull. He had a large anchor in Indian ink on one arm, and various nautical hieroglyphics on the other. If you took up his English history, it opened of itself from frequent reading at the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the Battle of Trafalgar. He had not the remotest idea of the difference between the Æneid and the Ilaid, or whether Josephus was a Jew or a Gentile, but he could tell any kind of craft on water as far away as the keenest-eyed 'look-out.' Classics in the abstract were to him a horrid bore, but he knew by heart the English of Horace's ode, 'To the ship in which Virgil was about to sail to Athens,' and many of Virgil's and Homer's vivid descriptions of the convulsions of the sea; while the story of the Argonautic expedition and the voyage of Æneas were far more familiar than most of his father's dissuasive household words. He was somewhat confused as to the chronological order of the British Kings, but he could run over every term connected with a ship from the flying jib to the spanker boom, from the keel to the sky-sail masts and stays, as quickly as he could say his alphabet. He was happier on the spars of the fore, main, and mizzen masts than when sitting in school chewing the cud of a dreamy discontent, and drawing anchors on his bench and books. Fact and fable had linked to craze him for the ocean. To sail before the mast, to exchange the school floor for the forecastle, and Cerberus for the Captain; to sing Dibdin's and Campbell's ballads in the teeth of the 'rolling forties,' to hang between sea and sky like a bird on the dizzy mast, to risk a ride at single anchor on a lee shore; and again, to bear down upon the enemies whom our national anthem inspires us to confound, with British cheers that would paralyze their pluck, and broadsides that would send them to Davy Jones's locker, to flirt with the mermaids, or like Arion to ride on the backs of dolphins, or to stand in file down in the stillness of the deep, with bones changed to coral and eyes to pearls—such was the odd current of grave and gay fancies running through his waking or sleeping brain. He knew all the sea-songs and sailor's choruses, from the sublime 'Death of Nelson' to the ridiculous 'Whiskey, Jolly, O;' could imitate the boatswain's whistle to perfection; and though he was trained up in the way he should go at sea or on shore, the only approaches to hymns he knew were those sweet refrains which compare the journey of life to a sail on the ocean.

Another school-fellow, set on fire by our hero, ran off to sea, and in a few months came back with his metaphorical tail between his legs, as sick of his bargan as the Prodigal Son. Two more of us, with four shillings between us, made a start, like the Two Gentlemen of Verona,'

'To see the wonders of the world abroad;'

but were unfortunately caught on the 'Shandon,' cuffed on the deck by our respective fathers, taken home in a cab, given a taste of the 'taws,' and reduced to the ranks of dry bread, a week's restraint, and the stinging ignominy of going to bed at six o'clock. In such a way has Her Majesty's navy frequently been shorn of immature and perhaps immortal heroes.

I fancy this yearning for the sea is not altogether a fictitious dream of the undeveloped hobbledehoy. It is no doubt entirely absent in boys brought up on pap and petting, and who never, no never, never, tore their pants, or made mud pies. I fancy it is instinctive with the majority of genuine boys of British birth or descent, and is one of the vestiges in our veins of that old Norse love of the ocean which once vented itself on the coasts of its foes, but now has been tamed into a more intellectual taste,

'For always roaming with a hungry heart.'

Tamed, I say, yes, and all the worse for it. The love of adventure is now more restless than it was in the middle ages. The spirit of the Sea-kings has lost none of its ancient vigour during the last eleven hundred years. You find the Anglo-Saxon of the 19th century following his hereditary passion, and poking his inquisitive nose into every corner of earth, and on every shore. He is impelled by an instinct like the salmon, which returns from the depths of ocean to the stream where it was bred. The love of adventure, the pride and the peril in it, as a national trait, haunts the dream of the stripling who longs to sail before the mast, and warms the cockles of the Briton's heart who climbs the highest Alps and explores the frozen regions of the north. No longer a mere freebooter as were the Norse Vikings, but with the love of science and the genius of discovery filling his soul and obliterating every selfish consideration. Among the advances of civilization, few are marked with more splendid self-sacrifice and devoted zeal than the efforts of modern scientists to unravel the mysteries of nature in every part of the world. But side by side with this scientific afflatus, or rather impelling this scientific inspiration, we find a relish for abstract adventure as keen as Danish rovers ever felt when they penetrated into Switzerland, and played havoc in the English channel, the Bay of Biscay, and the North Sea. Aye, keener by far, and often grandly sanctified by the simple sense of loyalty and duty. Were there ever Norsemen dared to go down to certain death, cool as if on parade, like the British troops on the Birkenhead; or ever dared dash into its open jaws without earthly hope of escape, like the Light Brigade at Balaklava? Leander swam the strait of the Hellespont while his lover Hero in Sestos directed his course by a burning torch, and was finally drowned—which served him right. He was not the first man that came to grief for the love of a woman. But plain-going Captain Webb swam the English channel, twenty-eight times further, with neither lover nor reward in view. Had the bravest Norsemen such sons as the little gutter boys of London, whose heroism, born in the blood and bred in the bone, shone out like a thrilling epic on the 'Goliath'? The leap of Curtius into the gap of the Roman Forum is a myth. Poetry has exaggerated simple deeds of ancient courage into marvellous prowess. But England has a Victoria and an Albert cross, whose simple emblem tells of braver modern heroes by the score; and the stuff out of which their sinews are made is as plenteous as English daisies, Scotch thistles, Irish shamrocks, or Canadian maples. Valor is almost a national surfeit. The race is fond of peace until it wearies of it, and pretends to loathe what it is born to love. Valor is one of the constituents of British mother's-milk. If their boys thrive at all, they thrive on pluck as well as *casein*. Macaulay has left us some glowing lays of ancient Roman valor; but modern British history supplies far more splendid matter for future poets to portray. There was nothing valorous ever done by ancient Greek, Roman, or Norseman, but can be as bravely, if not more bravely, done by those who speak the English tongue to-day. There have been cool deeds of valor done by modern Britons, from a sheer sense of duty, and without any strut or show, which I trow, would have made Greek, Roman, and Norseman quail.

Doubtless it was something of this old spirit, this ancient instinct of sovereignty, which prompted Blackstone, the celebrated commentator on English law, to claim, the main or high seas as part of the realm of England. And so vigorously, and I may say, so conscientiously have we maintained in song and saying, that Britain at Heaven's command 'arose from out the azure main;' that not only have *we* adopted it as one of the fundamental articles of our national faith, but our very enemies seem disposed to believe, that guardian angels did sing this strain,—

> 'Rule Britannia!
> Britannia rules the waves!'

At any rate, the sailors believe it just as unreservedly as that—

> 'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.'

The novelty of a sea voyage has pretty well worn off, yet scientists and sailors never tire of describing its delights, while many land-lubbers never tire of telling their dislike. If one is ill, or has no taste for travel, or no desire to know the interior economy of a ship and the phenomena of the sea, and moreover has grumbling in his grain,

the best part of a sea voyage is ended. For my own part, my old passion for the ocean had clung to me like barnacles to a ship's bottom, and I had'nt quite overcome my regret at having been caught on the 'Shandon.' Following the custom of boys —a joy of life which no boy ought to be denied—I had devoured the sleep-stealing pages of Robinson Crusoe, and the dream-weaving story of Gulliver's Travels; while since leaving school I had read stacks of books of travel, rubbed off the rust from forgotten history, and dusted down the geographial lore I should need. In fact I was like a hair-trigger at full cock. A holiday on or over the sea! It must be had! It shall be had! Not long ago I heard a Montreal merchant, a man of wealth and taste, boast that he had not taken a holiday for over thirty years, and was surprised that modern workers wanted one every year. I suppose if we could get into the mind of a fish—if fishes have minds—we should find it wondering how we can live on land. A man who has lived and worked for over thirty years without a holiday, and who spins elaborate philosophy to show why others should do the same, ought to be pickled when he dies, bottled, and preserved beside the snakes in our museums as a natural curiosity. At least he need not be surprised if we holiday lovers wonder how he can be both a fool and a philosopher at the same time.

One Friday evening of last year I found myself *en route* to Quebec, to take the splendid steamer 'Sarmatian' for Liverpool. About 7 on Saturday morning we reached Point Levis, and after the large luggage and the various small boxes, big babies, and other darling bothers had been disposed of on board the tug, we were carried across the river to the side of our vessel, which opened a huge gap in its side to receive us. Some of our passengers, with dread presentiments of sickness and wrecking, looked as cheerful if they were entering a lion's den against their will, or the mouth of a monster whale, without the prospect of Jonah. After taking possession of my share of a cabin, and arranging various necessaries for the vicissitudes of the of the voyage, and finding I had the luck to have an old college friend for a companion, I went on deck. Most of us were soon naturalized, and promenaded from quarter deck to forecastle with the air of monarchs, or at least, holiday rovers. Youth was at the prow and Pleasure at the helm. A crowd of Quebecers stood on the wharf. How they envied us! How I pitied them! poor land-birds, with wings clipped. A lover and his lass—she is going home without him—were leaning over the starboard side of the vessel, talking of heaven —on earth—and vowing rash vows. The quick-repeated clatter of the ship's bell warned loiterers and lovers ashore. The nervous passenger rushed from below in his first outburst of excitement to know if the ship was on fire. The tender good-byes were bade: some legitimate and some foolish piping of the eyes. The lover and the lass had a farewell taste of successive sweetness long drawn out. It made my mouth water. Most of us were leaning on the port side; the orders of the officers rang out in the mother tongue of Neptune; the boatswain's whistle, in shrill notes, like a breath of the north wind, pierced the air; the sailors moved about in jolly spirits as if glad at leaving land; the man at the helm was a picture of attention, the hawser was let go, the screw revolved, and we were off! Waving of handkerchiefs; abbreviated farewells over the taffrail; an apology for cheers from the shore in honor of a certain illustrious nobody, or in other words, in honor of one of our Provincial Judges; a soft solitary response;—then sailors settled to duty in that simple way which marks the British tar, and we began to realize that now there was no retreat. The holidays for some and the horror for others had begun. The charm of change; the delicious freedom from overwork and worry; the beginning of the fulfilment of one's dreams of the sea and of travel made every sense yield to the novelty and pleasure of the hour. I thought then of Charles Kingsley's delight when he found himself 'at last' on board a West Indian steamer, about to realize the dream of his life, bound for the West Indies and the Spanish main.

In leaving Quebec, one leaves behind some of the finest natural scenery in the world. I felt this particularly when, two months afterwards, I stood on the rocky height of Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh from which the Lothains, the distant Highlands, the Firth of Forth, and the rich panorama of city and country challenged comparison with

the splendid view from the Citadel of Quebec. Naturally a Scotchman would prefer the modern Athens, even though the landscape was in a Scotch mist; but what can rival our Canadian Acropolis, with its rolling hills and valleys, its cataracts and woods, and the magnificence—which Edinburgh's princely heights do not possess—of the stately river flowing at its base, speaking of a history proud though not ancient, winding around islands and wending between mountains in its broad and beautiful journey to meet and marry the sea.

And here it seems to me we do not sufficiently estimate one of the great advantages of our Canadian over the New York route. If the river St. Lawrence and the Gulf belonged to our neighbours, all the world would ring with its praises, because our cute friends would blow their own trumpets with as much worldly wisdom as enthusiasm. By our route you have first of all the choice between all rail, or all river to Quebec; you have nearly three days inland, and, if a poor sailor, have a fair chance of getting acclimatized to the vessel—the motion and the novelty of your surroundings; while you learn to know your fellow passengers, and you get initiated in the ship games. By New York you are at sea in a short sail; get the pluck knocked out of you at the outset; and have nothing in the way of scenery to look at. By our route you have a succession of fine landscapes. The oldest history we possess looks down on you from Quebec; the lower St. Lawrence, with its mountains, woods, lakes, rivers, precipices, waterfalls, shipping, neat houses and farms on shore; a variety of scenery in the Gulf and along the stretch of the picturesque coast of Gaspe, where Jacques Cartier first planted the *fleur de lys*. Then the desolate Anticosti, looking like the fabled sea-serpent asleep, and not at all like a spot where the lotus-eaters would care to camp. Then lonesome-looking Labrador, famed for the quality and quantity of its fish; then Newfoundland, which one of our passengers could only associate with dense fogs and shaggy dogs. Many white cosy cottages on the way, bits of frames laid out in squares like a chess-board; tinned church steeples; clustering villages—Cacouna, Murray Bay, Tadousac, Father Point, and other favorite Canadian watering places; fishing smacks getting in and out of the way; outward and inward bound vessels within saluting and sometimes speaking distance;—all this company of land and water scenery makes our Canadian route unique and unparalleled.

No sea-voyage is complete for a novice, without a sight of 'the sea-shouldering whale,' of Spenser, porpoises, and icebergs. About Cape Rosier we saw several of the former, raising their bulky heads vertically on high, or playing with their enormous flukes in the air, or blowing huge spouts of water, which at a distance looked like smoke. Perhaps one big fellow is seen leisurely floating, looking like a rock. A bird from shore rests on his back, when down the monster goes with native terror, whipping the ocean into terrific foam, as he remembers the tradition in his family of his ancestor who was harpooned. The gambols of the porpoise seem more human, as they leap in the water, showing their backs, and keeping their heads and tails under cover. The icebergs are a sublime sight if they keep a respectful distance, and the sun lights up their cold splendor like a calcium light. Those in search of the picturesque want to see one iceberg; sailors prefer to give them the cold shoulder. Sea-water freeze; at a lower temperature than fresh waterd part of the salt separates, and if you coult, knock a chip off an iceberg and melt is you would have water much fresher than the original. Most of these bergs are wanderers from the polar ice-fields and glaciers, off for a holiday, runaways to sea, who have lost their way. Sometimes they are two hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, while their volume below the water is eight times that of the mass above. I did'nt measure this, but suppose some one did. Sometimes they look like massive cliffs of clean chalk, while the fresh fractures have a deep green or blue colour.

> 'Chaste as the icicle
> That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple.'

Occasionally they carry large pieces of granite from the coasts where they were formed, and the great bank of Newfoundland is covered with stones from 'Greenland's icy mountains.' When in sight of New-

foundland we saw a dozen, of various shapes and sizes, but one especially was so magnificent that our Captain said he had never seen a finer. It must have been nearly three hundred feet high; and little stretch of the imagination was needed to picture it as crystal ruins of some grand cathedral, with spire and pointed tower, Norman and Gothic arch and column. Its body was milk-white and untainted by blemish; its crest more translucent and dazzling than polished shaft of silver or column of glass. A thousand scintillations of light sparkled from its highest peak: no shade or shadow: a wierd, cold, death-like throne for the Ice-King, around which one might expect to find the Nereides or nymphs of the sea, sitting on dolphins, lost in admiration, until impetuous Neptune, seated in his chariot made of shell and drawn by winged sea-horses, scolds them back to their grottoes by the shore. About a hundred yards in front, looking like an outlying reef of this splendid berg, lay another, long and flat, like a footstool for the Ice-King. Were these islands of glass raised by Neptune with a blow of his trident from the bottom of the sea, from lust of territory? Well satisfied should he have been with his slice of Saturn's empire. Unpaternal old dog, to conspire against thy brother Jupiter, for his dethronement. Away he goes, saucy, stuck-up, crowned old Nep., with his Homeric hop, step, and a jump over the whole horizon. No 'seven-leagued boots' you need. You did earth a good service when you gave it the first horse, but if you've anything to do with the icebergs, pray keep them more due north, or send them singly for show.

The first Sunday outward bound, is generally passed in the Gulf. The bell tolls solemnly. The nervous passenger anxiously inquires 'who has died?' All hands, except those on immediate duty, and the passengers from the cabin and steerage, muster in the cabin. Ignorant fanatics get off into a corner on deck, and think, with their book in hand, they monopolize salvation; fools sit in the smoking-room, superior, in their own estimation, to creation itself. The service is read by one of the officers, or by a clergyman. The trim and tidy appearance of the sailors and the novelty of the surroundings, as you hear the revolution of the screw and feel the roll of the vessel, seems to make the service peculiarly impressive. Sometimes there is a special service in the steerage or on deck, where the conventionalism of the cabin is relaxed, and all voices rally round in praise and song. On the out voyage there are thus two Sabbaths spent at sea; the last one generally when sighting the coast of Ireland. If the weather is fair, the day does seem more like the primitive day of rest than any Sabbath on land. You feel, too, your utter helplessness, especially if you've passed through a storm. You may trust in your ship, your captain, and his crew; but he must be the soul of conceit who is ashamed to avow his trust in Him who ruleth the sea, and at whose command the waves are still.

When the shades of Monday night are falling, you generally reach Belle Isle. It is the land's end, after passing which you are on the Atlantic in all its purity. Several of us sat up till after midnight to see the reception old ocean would give its St. Lawrence bride and her friends. Just as eight bells (12 o'clock) struck and the look-out drawled his 'all's well,' we felt the long Atlantic roll, as a new sensation, and began to realize that at last we were leaving land and lighthouses behind. The giant had us in his grip. An unfathomable mystery lay beyond. The nervous passenger was sure the captain had mistaken the route; that we were going to certain death; that like the ancient mariner,

> 'We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.'

In the depths of his terror he appealed to the officer on duty on the quarter-deck, who gruffly told him to go to bed. Several of my companions were seized with ominous qualms, not of conscience, but of stomach, and bade us a sick, sad, soft farewell. I found I enjoyed the roll. We watched the phosphorescence, and pitied those who had to succumb, but thinking discretion the better part of valor, I retreated to my berth, where my friend had struck the key note of nausea, and faint echoes of feeble stomachs were heard rumbling from the other berths, like poor stage thunder, or the wail of souls in Dante's purgatory. I didn't feel exactly hilarious, but I had to laugh.

The next day dawned on a stiff storm. I felt a miserable tension in my head, as if my brains had been removed for some pur-

pose or other, and replaced wrong side up; or as if I had been at a succession of very late and indigestible dinners. My first fear was that I should die; my next was that I should not. I felt the most utter indifference to the life here and hereafter. I wanted to be an angel or a merman. I felt like poor Gonzalo in the 'Tempest.' 'Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, anything.' Yet I cannot confess to fear. My friend in the berth below had been running the gamut of sea-sickness all night. He clung to his basin like a frightened child to its mother. But for the life of me—and I think it would have been the life of me—I could'nt follow suit. My share of sickness simply—yes, simply, —consisted in extreme lassitude and languor when I tried to rise, with something of a cross between a headache and a nightmare. The ship was evidently in its element in the full pitch of its enjoyment. Sharp cries, from treble to deep bass, of 'Steward!'—melted from the pitiful 'Stew—ard!' into the pathetic and suggestive 'Stew—!' This provokingly hearty person, when he came at all, appeared with all the composure of a seraph, with the comforting assurance that sea-sickness was healthy and would do us all good when we got over it. The unfortunate passenger of nervous temperament was as bilious as nervous, and had 'no stomach for the fight;' but in the intervals of effervescence, he had strapped on a life-preserver and said his prayers. I determined to get up and die on the floor. I got one leg out on the washstand and both arms on the wooden edge of my berth, and at the imminent risk of breaking my neck rolled out in a limp lump—and there I lay. I managed to stand up like the crooked part of the letter K. Looking at the port hole, in one roll of the vessel you have an opportunity to study the sea; in the counter roll, a chance to meditate on the sky. I walked uphill at an angle of thirty-five degrees to the sofa, and just when I had strained every nerve and muscle to reach it, the roll of the ship sent me against it with a bang that nearly drove my nose against the window; and while I was rubbing that organ, another roll sent me back again, and I narrowly missed the excusable homicide of my friend in the birth below, without malice prepense. As it was, I mangled him badly. At last I succeeded in lying on that miserable sofa; but the next moment I rolled off like a round log. My brush and comb tumbled down off the rack on my head; a box of tooth-powder was spilled on my friend's quilt. The clothes hanging on the pegs were swaying and swinging like culprits hung by the neck, waiting to be cut down. The small traps were behaving as if bewitched; now careering over the floor, now under the sofa, now shunting back under the lower berth. You try to open your door. If you don't go slam against it, you will likely reach the knob in time and at that peculiar angle of gravity when it opens and goes slam against you. You try to pick up your stockings, but they slide away from you, and in your desperation to get them you probably get your nose or your crown severely bumped. You have to wait for the return of the tide to catch your boots, unless you go down on your marrow-bones and sprawl for them. One of the most ingenious performances for a gentleman is getting into your pants, and especially interesting, if, like my friend, you put them on wrong side foremost, and have to take them off again. By a series of expert gymnastics and improvised feats of posturing, you catch your equilibrium by fits and starts, feeling very much like a pendulum. You dress amid a consecutive order of rolls and jerks, bumps and thumps. You hear the dishes slipping and sliding in the pantry in battalions, as if they had gone to smash; and you picture to yourself for grim consolation the condition through all this of the various passengers. You remember the advice given you to keep on deck, but no one told you how to get there. It would be humiliating to your manhood to be carried, and it seems impossible to climb or to crawl. Finally, you feel you must conquer. The cabin is close and stuffy. You stagger to the companion-way as if your legs were jelly and your head lead, and if no one is looking, drop into your second childhood, and crawl up on your hands and knees. It rather abates your pride, if it doesn't assuage your malice, to meet a fellow sufferer at the top in the like predicament, shouting, not 'Excelsior!' but 'Doctor!' The first sight of the sea in mid-ocean is'nt nearly as glorious as poets and painters made you believe. You can

now sympathize with Lamb's disgust, and with him gladly exchange the sea-gulls for swans, 'and scud a swallow forever about the banks of Thamesis.' Your first step on deck is nearly your last. You grip the first rope, or rush into the first arms, lie down in the first corner, waddle a bit, walk a little, and try to keep midship. If the nervous passenger be on deck, you may mollify your own misery by regarding his distress. He has fully made up his mind to shipwreck. He would not care to be slain in battle on land, but thus to die 'unsepulchred' is to him as inglorious a death as to any Greek. You harken to the cheery chorus of the sailors as they haul on the ropes and trim the sails. Music hath charms at sea. It is a sort of sedative to your stomach as well as your soul. The songs are measured by the amount of rope to haul, and as you hear the rough strains of,

'Here's success to the old black Jack,
Whiskey, Jolly,
And may we all get plenty of that,
Whiskey, boys, ho! Jolly,'

you begin to think, after all, that though the sea and winds are stormy, and your ship is pitched about by the angry waves, your chances of reaching port are not worse than those of thousands who have sailed before, and your pluck comes to the fore again; you determine not to give in; you stiffen your lip and gird up your loins, and begin to like the motion and almost to forget there is such a thing as land.

A sight of the convulsions of the sea is something never to be forgotten. I think it was Vernet, who, in a storm where all hope was abandoned, yielded to his master-passion and sketched the waves. Another artist had himself lashed to the main mast to witness a storm. You see the huge billows swelling and rolling upon one another, charging in immensely long mountain ridges, which sometimes hurl themselves wrathfully against your ship, and dash up huge clouds and sheets of foam and spray on deck and masts. If you can stand near the stern—a dangerous spot in a storm—you can form some idea of the grandeur of the waves as they roll after you. When the vessel rises on the crest of a wave, the full height from screw to taffrail is seen at a glance, and you look down into a deep seething gully of foam, and the screw whizzes its anger at getting out of water. The next instant the taffrail almost touches the water and you probably get doused. If you pass a ship its whole hull is frequently lost to view as it dives into a valley, and then again is seen almost to its keel as it is pitched into full sight on the top of a wave. You can see but a short distance amid the surges lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, hiding the horizon in the spray, and tossing your iron vessel about like a helpless chip. What are a hundred fleets, with their thousands of souls and millions worth of cargo, to such a monster maw. Life hangs by a thread. The man at the helm has you on the brink of eternity. You may be the hero of a hundred fights, Alexander-like, longing for more, but you are a mere babe on the bosom of the sea. Pluck can do nothing more for you than conduct you to the bottom in that orthodox way with which Britons can look death in the face. But that's a good deal, is'nt it? Better than taking to the boats, and leaving the women and children to their fate, and thinking, not even of your own soul, but only of saving your own cowardly, contemptible carcass. Absolutely, you may as well grin and bear it bravely, and covet the wings of the gulls who follow the wake of your ship. The very life-boats mock you. If your fine vessel will not live in such a storm, how long would it take the boats to go to the bottom? The life preservers are a delusion and a snare. They might possibly float your corpse about for the gulls to roost upon, and the sharks to pick. Yet I'd rather wear a sixty pound cannon-ball to my feet than a life-preserver in such a storm, for then the agony would sooner be over, as you'd go down after the shot to the stillness of the deep, where, even when the tempest rages above, the ocean is as calm as a pond, and the very hand of decay is palsied. As the microscopic inhabitants of the deep are known to lie quiet and uninjured, so it is supposed that the dead are embalmed who are at the deepest part of the sea, salted down, and stand upright on the bottom, lineaments and features unchanged and preserved from decay.

But a grand calm comes; the great lifeless ocean, with scarcely a wrinkle

'mournful rolls
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.'

But the old salts whistle for the wind. The noble army of martyrs emerge from their cabins like worms after rain. The sailors look a little fagged. Poor fellows! they never get more than four hours sleep any night at sea, but in a heavy storm not even forty winks. The log has been heaved overboard, and tells us that from the average 300 miles a day, the storm has cut off a hundred. One morning the sailors were hauling in the log line, when our nervous passenger, who had finished his breakfast in haste, and who was as green as the sea, went up on deck. It was the first time he had observed the performance, and ventured to ask one of the crew what they were doing. 'Pulling up a whale, sir.' Down he ran, and with a shout cleared the breakfast table of its occupants, who rushed up pell-mell. The scene may be imagined. It was a standing joke during the rest of the voyage to lift the log when he was passing, and ask him if it was'nt 'very like a whale.' As time rolls on, most of passengers begin to get their sea legs, and learn to walk with some precision. When the weather is fair, and you are equal to the four or five meals a day, life is delicious. A friend of a sketching turn of mind told me he had discovered more when watching one rolling wave from the taffrail than he had learned from books and paintings in a lifetime. The sea-breeze braces you from top to toe. You feel it has blown away your land rust. Michael Angelo thought the pure air of Arezzo favourable to genius, but the sea air feeds every sense of body and soul whether you're a sage or a numskull. When the weather is not too cold, it is delicious to rise at four and have the sailors pump the sea-water on you when washing the decks, while you stand against the taffrail with a sheet around you, or *in puris naturalibus*. There is no end of pleasure to one who is well. If you make friends with the engineer, you can have an interesting exploration of the coal bins, where you'll feel as if you were in a coal mine; around the engines and furnaces, examining the beautiful mechanism of the power at full play, and the weirdness of the latter in full flame, when the stokers are feeding the hungry red-hot mouths with shovel-fulls of hard coal diet. A stooping walk or crawl along the low narrow space conducting to the screw should not be missed, and before you go up, examine the ingenious little register which tells to a figure that the screw makes 53 turns a minute, each turn revolving 26 feet, and that by the time we reach Ireland, it will probably make a million and a half.

At night, the calm moonlight is sublime beyond description. The stars, 'those everlasting blossoms of Heaven' as they were called by an old Greek, seem to shine with a softer light than on land, and as you approach the old world you'll observe they appear smaller and the sky more distant than in our own land of blue skies and clear atmosphere. Then you lean over the traffrail and watch the foamy milky-way furrows made by the revolution of the screw, and the masses of phosphorescence in round or long trails of flaming and fading light. This is one of the most splendid phenomena of the sea, and appeared to be much more brilliant on our side of the Atlantic. Many explanations have been given from time immemorial of this beautiful sight. Sea-water must derive great quantities of phosphorized matter from dead fish. Fresh water will not produce this effect. The sun or moon fish will, revolving like a wheel in the water; but the most common cause is the presence of great quantities of jelly fishes. Sometimes, by simply shaking a bottle of sea-water in the dark you will observe the luminous little animals. A stroke of an oar in the sea will produce phosphorescence. It is said if you even scoop up a handful of sea-water on a dark night the same thing will be observed.

For the benefit of those who dread sea-sickness, I will immortalize in detail the list of 'sure preventives' given me in the shape of advice before starting. Men who go to sea are as apt to differ as men who go to college. There is no infallibility in opinion, and what may cure you may kill me. Lying flat on the back was probably an old trick of the Egyptians; but there are rolls at sea that only make this possible for stout people whose sides nicely fit their berth. Another bit of advice is to lie with your head to the bow and your heels to the stern; while some perverse prescriber recommends lying on your face. No one has yet suggested standing on the head. No doubt bed is the best dose for most of our ills, and is as favorable to convalescence as a French philosopher said it is to thought. But whatever you do, by no means forget

the following *vade mecum*, which I carefully compiled from the lips and experience of various travellers. Previous Turkish Baths and blue pill; a good sleep and a good cigar; then, when on board, if nausea approaches, try one or all of the following: hard boiled eggs, raw eggs, lemons, sour apples, pickles, seltzer, brandy, grapes, cold tea, chloroform in drop doses, lime juice, chloral, ice along the spine and to your head, hot water at your feet, chlorodyne, sea-biscuit, Old Tom, and resignation. But the fact is, there's nothing in the pharmacopœia like the motto of Londonderry; conforming your will to the motion of the ship, as you would on a swing, joining in social games, walking the deck, and neither stuffing nor starving.

On the last Sunday out, our first arrival from the old world was an Irish thrush which flew on the mizzen-mast. The gulls had kept up with us pretty well, sailing at the stern, and soaring in circles and figures of 8, coaxing for food, or lying on the water as if they had cork bladders; but this was a real land-bird, one of our own kith and kin. The excitement was for the nonce intense, and mistaking our gladness for something worse, it was scared back to the land which as yet we could not see. Opera-glasses and telescopes were now in demand. By and bye, a dim, hazy cloud-like rise on the horizon could be observed. An hour or so afterwards we were able to make out Tory Island, and soon the island of Arranmore and other bits of the Irish coast. A reticent passenger, who had not spoken a word to any one but the steward, burst into eloquent exclamations of delight and nearly dropped his opera-glass into the sea. The nervous passenger crossed the line at the bow, and being at once 'chalked,' manfully gave Jack a sovereign, and started a subscription for the Sailor's Widows and Orphans Fund. Cabin and steerage began to mingle: strangers looked eye to eye: the sailors set to work to fold the sails and polish the brasses, when the lighthouse of Innistrahull and the bold Malin Head to the right, with its square tower on top, became clear, and by and bye we could see the ivy-covered ruins of Green Castle, nestling beside rocks and a fort, the fishing smacks, the yellow fields of grain, the living green hedges of privet and hawthorne and holly, trimmed with care, the cluster of houses and huts lying on the grassy slope of Innishaven Head, the peat drying on the high rocks, and, soon after, the two white light-houses and the group of white cottages and the soft undulating fields of the rounding into Moville. The emotion of those of us who saw the Old World for the first time may be surmised. The cattle on the hills walking over the daisies, the people on the roads taking it leisurely, the smoke curling up from the chimnies, the green grass—and such green! The sea-green of the ocean had a glorious tinge. Nature had her pallet and brush in hand for welcome, and had thrown her richest Old World colors on sea and sky. The sunset was to us a new one. A magnificent sky of golden mist, such as one sees wonderfully reproduced in the landscapes of Turner and Claude; while the sun itself—no older here than in Canada—set in a huge drowsy red ball, like a monster eye of fire, as if it was tired of the old land, or had been up too late. Sometimes we see such a sun in Canada when the woods are on fire in autumn. But our eyes were all for the green isle before us—its greeness even more beautifully developed by the ebbing of the day. And this was really the Old World; our first sight of the land of glorious tradition, of brave men and beautiful women. The grey mountains, the rich meadows and hills, the rough rocks, this was really the Emerald Isle,—fickle, funny, fighting, friendly, frolicksome Ireland.

A little below Green Castle, and about seven miles from Moville, the pilot to Liverpool came out in a boat pulled by four men. Light bets of a shilling were freely made as to the foot he would first put on deck. He was an Irishman, and he put down both together. When we reached Moville, his pretty daughter, a lady-chip of the old block, with bright eyes, a broad beautiful brow, and plump cheeks, came on board, having with her a bouquet of fresh flowers. The dew was scarcely dry on them. Eyes hankered and noses hungered for a smell. They were kindly handed over to their fate, and passed the ordeal of snuffing by many a sea-tired nose. But they were fresh from the dear old land, you know.

Well, a land-lubber loves the solid earth, after all, and is glad to get within sight again of familiar or even foreign green hills. Here I had better cast anchor.

W. George Beers.

BERMUDA.

LAND of the rose and the orange, the banana and the onion, how shall I do justice to thy hospitable shores, how paint thy coral glories and thy sapphire seas? Oh, muse, inspire my feeble pen!

I well remember the morning the island rose before me, from the deck of the gallant little *Canima*, (best of boats, with most courteous of captains,) three days after leaving New York, and the impression inspired by its rugged coasts and dark grey cedars, which was, I must confess, one of disappointment. I had pictured visions of tropical beauty, waving palms, graceful aloes, feathery bamboos, and all the luxuriance of West Indian vegetation, and beheld a land not dissimilar to our northern clime, the white houses bearing, from a distance, no small resemblance to patches of snow lying in some sheltered valleys in the early spring.

The sun's heat, however, was as tropical as the most ardent mind could desire, and after crossing the Gulf Stream I willingly laid aside all superfluous clothing, and donned the lightest attire my portmanteau could produce.

Off St. George's, 14 miles from Hamilton, the principal town, we were boarded by a pilot,—fattest and jolliest of negroes! How he succeeded in swinging himself from his small boat on to the deck of the *Canima*, while a heavy sea was rolling, will ever remain a mystery to me, though I spent some time in vain conjectures as to the relative weights of black and white fat.

His advent safely accomplished, we resumed our way along the north shore, past Government House and Admiralty House, conspicuous by their flag staffs and signal stations, past the dockyard, and steamed slowly through the narrow channel commanding the entrance to Hamilton Harbour.

Here the view became truly lovely. Hundreds of islands unrolled themselves before us, rising like emeralds from a sapphire sea. The clear sky, the warm sun, and the soft balmy air, made up a scene never to be forgotten. As we cast anchor, fired our gun, and swung slowly round to the wharf, numbers of boats put off from it, manned by negroes of every conceivable type of ugliness and variety of costume; here a stalwart individual struggled bravely to support the dignity of a battered high hat, there a grinning gamin peered saucily at you from beneath a brimless Panama, while all clamoured loudly for passengers and baggage.

Here I must explain that neither wharf nor steamer is provided with a gangway, and as there is not sufficient depth of water to allow a vessel to draw close alongside, one has to be slowly and laboriously constructed, of thick wooden poles drawn on board by ropes; these are straddled by men and boys, who lash bars of wood securely across them, forming a foundation on which planks are laid, and freight, passengers, and luggage disembarked. While this operation was going on, I examined the front street of Hamilton, which runs parallel with the water, and was at once struck with the blinding glare. The houses are all built of solid blocks of limestone, quarried from the soft native rock with saws, and cemented together. The island being totally destitute of fresh water, the roofs are whitewashed to purify the rain water, which is carried from them into tanks below. Walls and roads, all are white; everywhere the same dazzling colour, or rather want of it, prevails, affecting the tortured eye-ball much like new-fallen snow under a brilliant sun. I was not seriously inconvenienced by this, however, till late in the season, when the sun daily acquired fresh power, and many of my friends sported coloured spectacles.

The shops, with their cool, green verandahs, open doors, and lack of plate glass windows, were very strange and foreign, in strong contrast to those of Canadian cities. All goods must be hidden from the destructive glare of the sun and the insidious effects of damp, often so successfully, that a prolonged search is necessary to

produce the required articles, so that shopping in Bermuda is a work of time and patience.

I noticed a long line of zinc-covered sheds, filled with cargoes for the vessels lying alongside, or with those that had just been disgorged from them; the Club, with its airy verandahs; and the Pride of India trees, bordering the road at intervals, standing out bare and black, in their winter nakedness, against the clear, blue sky. I also observed that the harbor described a horse-shoe, running into a point at its eastern extremity, bounded on the north by the town of Hamilton, on the south by the continuation of the island stretching far away in an unbroken line to Somerset and the dockyard. My drooping hopes of tropical vegetation were revived by the discovery of five large cocoa-nut palms, with granite stems and huge tufted heads, innumerable palmetto palms, with their enormous fan-like leaves, and other denizens of the tropics.

By the time I had completed my survey, the gangway was finished, and my fellow-travellers were preparing to disembark. Now came the tug of war. For be it known unto you, oh unwary and innocent stranger! that custom and fashion in Bermuda ordain that its inhabitants, gentle and simple, shall assemble, *en masse*, to witness the arrivals per New York mail steamer, and scrutinize the wretched traveller, who, limp, yellow, and woe-begone from the nauseating effects of a three days' voyage—just long enough to stir up all the bile in his system—is ill prepared to run the gauntlet of a thousand critical eyes. I plunged gladly into the sheltering haven of a cab, and was rattled speedily up to the Hamilton Hotel, a fine building situated on a hill commanding a lovely view of the town, harbour, and surrounding country.

Such was its exterior; of the interior the less said the better. It was something between a railway station and a third-rate inn; but it has, I hear, much improved of late, and with its delightful situation and many advantages there is no reason why it should not be a charming winter resort, if in good hands and properly managed.

Good lodgings are difficult to meet with; in fact I heard of none that could be highly recommended, and came to the conclusion, after a prolonged residence on the island, that the only way to be truly comfortable was to hire a house and servants, and cater for one's self. Unfortunately, however, a house of any kind is not easy to procure, and a furnished one is truly a *rara avis*. A shelter once provided, the question of furniture may be speedily solved, either by importing it from New York, or getting it from the shop of Mr. Nelmes, known in vulgar parlance as the Tower, (I suppose because it is not one,) one of the institutions of Bermuda, a vast emporium of science, literature, and the arts, warranted to produce any article called for, from a toothbrush to a wheelbarrow, imitating a similar establishment on the far Pacific slope advertised to supply testaments and treacle, godly books and gimlets, soap, starch, and candles. Nor is Hamilton destitute of other shops, all trades being well represented except, so far as my personal experience went, in the matter of gloves and boots, an important but weak point. Otherwise I found things good in quality and reasonable in price. English money is the current coin of the realm.

The fair portion of my readers may be interested to learn that they will find silk and woollen costumes most useful; furs are never required, and a warm wrap only occasionally. Cotton dresses can be worn all the months of the year, with some few exceptions; and there is so much gaiety that a well-stocked wardrobe is a necessity, though the inhabitants dress very simply.

The climate of Bermuda is perfect from November until May, the average temperature ranging from 65 to 72° in the shade. The nights are delightfully cool, so much so that one is glad to sleep with doors and windows closed; the sun is always warm, and there is never a degree of frost. Invalids, however, suffering from throat and chest complaints, will find the climate damp, and the changes and heavy dews trying; also a difficulty in procuring food tempting to delicate appetites. The pampered palate, accustomed to all the dainties a city can provide, will sigh in vain for departed joys, never to be realised in Bermuda except through the agency of the fortnightly New York steamer. There are no oysters, and only one species of fish that I considered eatable—the angel fish, if one can imagine a fish so called being consumed by the vulgar public.

Bermuda is not a place to economise in; all the necessaries of life are dear; fish, flesh, and fowl selling at a shilling a pound, all standing, bones and feathers inclusive. The expense of living is easily accounted for when we remember that everything is imported, the island producing nothing but the annual crops of vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, arrowroot, and the odoriferous onion, most of which are exported to New York, little being retained for home consumption. Nor does the island afford good pasturage, the grass being of a coarse and innutritious quality; hence the difficulty of procuring good milk and fresh butter; while to supply the meat market, a large schooner monthly brings a hundred head of cattle to the island, besides those supplied fortnightly by the New York steamer, whose cargo always includes sheep.

This apparent sterility must be attributed to native laziness, not to any fault of the soil, which is so fertile that a bit of stick planted in it will soon sprout and grow. There are abundance of tropical trees, as I found on closer inspection—palmetto and cabbage-palms, cocoa-nut, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and pride of India trees, with bananas, cactus, aloes, and numerous other plants and flowering shrubs, seen elsewhere only in conservatories. The delicate maiden-hair fern grows luxuriantly from every nook and cranny in rock and wall, tapestring them with its graceful foliage. The life plant, so called from its tenacious nature, is a perfect weed in two senses of the word, with its dull, rich ruby colouring and fairy-like bells. Oleanders also overrun the place, in spite of the war that has long been waged against them, and are to be seen intersecting the country with their spear-like hedges, bursting in the spring into masses of pink, red, and white blossoms, stretching away in varied mosaics, as far as the eye can reach.

The drives throughout the island, over excellent hard roads free from all dust in the dryest weather, are lovely, especially that to St. George's, by way of the north shore and Harrington Sound; the landscape changes at every mile, and each view is perfect, set in an azure frame of sea and sky.

The water is remarkable for its great transparency, and brilliancy of colouring, being of a rich sapphire blue, streaked with purple by the numerous reefs below the surface, in deep water; in shallow it is of an exquisite pale malachite green, impossible to describe. The sunsets would baffle the wildest flights of Turner's gorgeous fancy, in their glories of crimson, purple, primrose, and lake, melting and mingling into perfect opal, every tint and hue reflected back in the transparent waters with their dancing shimmering lights and shadows. There are various lions to be visited in Bermuda. Foremost among them are the caves, huge subterranean caverns, deep in the bowels of the earth, only attainable by a long and weary scramble, up and down ladders, over rocks and boulders, through seas of slippery red mud, armed with staff and candle, at an immense sacrifice to one's clothes. However, the end justifies the means, and once obtained, is an ample reward for all one's toils and exertions. A brilliant illumination of dry brushwood, red and blue lights, and rockets, reveals a scene only comparable to fairy-land. Immense basaltic columns, white as driven snow, a roof arched and fretted like some huge cathedral, enormous stalactites hanging from every available point, and water clear as crystal, unfathomably deep, reflecting back the myriad dancing lights. The Joyce's Dock and Convolvulus Caves, at Walsingham, are the most remarkable, the latter taking its name from the mass of blue flowers covering the exterior, giant brethren of our puny garden specimens.

Moore's calabash tree at Walsingham* is

* This 'noble old tree,' as Moore calls it in the preface to the second volume of the collected edition of his works published in ten volumes, in 1841-2, is thus referred to by the poet, in the lines 'To Joseph Atkinson,' written from Bermuda:

'"Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.'

A picture of the tree is introduced in the vignette prefixed to the volume above mentioned. One of Moore's treasures was a goblet, presented to him by Mr. Dudley Costello, formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, tastefully mounted, and inscribed: 'To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree which bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who,' &c. In these days of bloated armaments, of wars and rumours of wars, it may not be amiss to reproduce here the following remark of Moore's made shortly after his visit to Bermuda: 'It is often asserted by trans-Atlantic

another object of interest, together with the picturesque old English house, fast falling into decay, associated indelibly, as they must be, with the name of the poet. He was appointed to a Government post at Bermuda, where he arrived in January, 1804, but finding the life not to his taste, he resigned and left the island in the April following. Nor must I omit to mention the Devil's Hole, *alias* Neptune's Grotto, a large pond stocked with every variety of fish peculiar to these waters, among which the angel fish with its rainbow hues is conspicuous; nor the floating dock, a huge unsightly monster, capable of containing the largest man of war, and in which the Bellerophon looked almost a toy.

I cannot close this brief sketch without dwelling upon the kindness and hospitality of the Bermudians, of which I enjoyed no small share; not that they scatter their favours broadcast; far from it. *Experientia docet*, and they are a more prudent and worldly-wise people; but any stranger provided with letters, or even one letter, of introduction, is sure of a welcome, and will receive every attention so long as he remains on the island.

Socially Bermuda is a great success, and I soon found myself plunged into quite a whirl of gaiety, with engagements many days ahead, principally for the afternoon, a most sensible form of entertainment, to which the delicious climate and the lovely grounds of the inhabitants not a little conduces.

The hospitable doors of the Governor, General Lefroy, and the Admiral, Sir C. Key, were thrown open regularly once a week, when every one assembled uninvited, and lawn tennis and badminton, varied with tea and claret cup, were the order of the day. There were various other At Homes, as they were called, the Colonel of the 20th and the officers of that regiment receiving on alternate fortnights at Prospect; so there was a continual round of diversions, the blank days being filled up with pic-nics, boating and riding parties, and lawn tennis matches. With two regiments of infantry, artillery and engineer officers, and the North American squadron, represented by the flag ship, the Bellerophon, there were plenty of idle men about, who made all entertainments pleasant.

The fortnightly hunts, lasting from November until March, were also very pleasant affairs,—an infinite source of chaff and amusement, from the motley array of steeds that were assembled to do them honor, and were hustled and scrambled over their jumps to the best of their riders' abilities, often amidst loud execrations, the struggle not unfrequently ending in the rider pulling his horse over, in ignominous defeat. The paper chase was an institution most creditable to its originator, in a land barren of all the elements of hunting,—foxes, hounds, I might almost add, horses, for with few exceptions, the equine race was miserably represented This novel method of hunting was conducted as follows: a couple of men started on foot, over a line of country previously marked out, provided with bags of paper, which they scattered as they went, for scent; the rest of the cavalcade followed on horseback. The jumps were stone walls, two to three feet high, with an occasional stiff post and rails, where it was a case of over or down, with horse and rider. The run usually finished at some private house, where numerous guests assembled, and the hunters dismounted to partake of their host's hospitality. The festivities of the island were not exclusively by daylight, however; many balls and parties were given in the course of the winter, all brightened with a good sprinkling of the various uniforms, and enlivened by the strains of an excellent band, most inspiring of music.

Sailing is another Bermuda pastime, for which the harbor, with its trim little boats, is admirably fitted. I am not sufficiently acquainted with nautical terms to explain the rig of these small craft, which are eminently seaworthy, and to be seen in all weathers scudding about under double and triple reefs, and crossing the open sound to the dockyard and Somerset, in the teeth of a biting gale.

It must not be imagined that Bermuda is

politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War, "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." ' Poems, p. 118, note.

a godless island because I have not dwelt upon the number of its churches, by no means a small one. Suffice to say that in Trinity Church, in Hamilton, the service is most carefully and nicely conducted. The interior is very handsome, and is provided with a magnificent organ. At Christmas and Easter the decorations, with abundance of tropical plants and flowers, were most artistic, the only drawback being the almost oppressive perfume of thousands of fragrant blossoms.

The active, energetic-minded man or woman may deem life in Bermuda, with its fortnightly mail steamer, its weekly paper, and its innocence of telegrams, a species of stagnation to be only patiently endured; but it is wonderful how soon habit becomes second nature. I often sighed involuntarily over my heap of home letters demanding an answer by return of post. Many, on the contrary, wearied in mind and body by the toils and anxieties of this busy world, will find Bermuda, with its primitiveness, kindliness, and simplicity, a haven of rest, a little garden of Eden dropt unawares on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and these will leave at last with as many regrets as I did, and an equally sincere desire to revisit the island at some not far distant day.

SHIRLEY.

LACROSSE.

'UNDER the heading of "Sports and Amusements," *The Field* of the 10th instant says, "Lacrosse is to be played at Rugby during the present term, and it is to be hoped that other English schools will follow the example." *Bell's Life* of the same date says: "If the game takes root at Rugby, a great step towards fixing it on the English soil will be accomplished." ' This extract from a recent issue of the Toronto *Mail* has recalled to my mind an intention long ago entertained, of saying a few words on the subject of Lacrosse, a game derived from the Aborigines, but which has obtained for itself among Canadians an historical interest; and to urge upon Lacrosse players, both here and in England, the adoption for it of its original Indian appellation of '*Baggatiway*,' in place of the unmeaning and altogether inappropriate French name by which the Jesuit missionaries christened it.

What the literal meaning of the word '*Baggatiway*,' may be, I regret to say, I do not know, but the name, if not of Chippeway origin, was at least such by adoption and use more than a hundred years ago, and some of your readers, better up than myself in the dialect of these people, may readily supply its meaning.

The language of the Indians is highly representative, emblematic, and significative in character; every name, whether of man, animal, or place, symbolizing clearly and characteristically the thing designated. Thus, the name of a rosy-cheeked maiden of the Ojibbeways was, 'Miskwabunokewa,' signifying literally, '*the red sky of the morning*;' 'Tabush'sha,' *he that dodges down*,' was the name of an Ojibbeway warrior who had evidently distinguished himself by 'dodging.' 'Saskawjawun,' the name of the river called by us '*Saskatchewan*,' signifies literally '*swift-running water*.' Jebingneezho-shinnaut,' the name of a beautiful landing-place on the little Saskatchewan, is literally '*two dead lie here*,' for here in days gone by a young Indian in a quarrel stabbed and killed his brother; the murderer was at once taken and slain by his tribe, and the two were buried together upon the spot. 'Nanahpahjinikase,' the name of the mole, means literally '*Foot the wrong way*,' and that of the flying squirrel 'Ozhugpiskondahwa,' literally, '*strikes flat on a tree*,' which is exactly what it seems to do when alighting from flight. There can be no doubt that the Indian name '*Baggatiway*' is equally significant, and adapts itself accurately to the character of the game it represents, and it is under any circumstances a better and more appropriate appellation

than that arbitrarily bestowed upon it by the Jesuit missionaries, who certainly showed little knowledge of the 'eternal fitness of things,' when they likened the peculiar racket-ended bat with which it is played to the Cross.

But apart from such considerations, we owe thus much recognition at least to those from whom we have adopted the game; it is little indeed we have left to them. There is no sadder history than theirs to be recorded—none which awaits with greater certainty this tardy justice at the hands of civilized man. Little more than three centuries and a half have elapsed since the Indian first gazed with terror and admiration upon the white strangers that the great waters cast up as hungry suppliants upon his shores; and already nine-tenths of his inheritance is reft away, and nine-tenths of his race have vanished from the earth; while the sad remnant, few and feeble, faint and weary, 'are fast travelling to the shades of their fathers beyond the setting sun.'

'All the relations of Europeans to the Indian,' says the lamented Warburton, 'have been alike fatal to him, whether of peace or war; as tyrants or supplaints; as conquerors armed with unknown weapons of destruction; as the insidious purchasers of his hunting-grounds, betraying him into an accursed thirst for the deadly "fire-water;" as the greedy gold-seekers, crushing his feeble frame under the hated labours of the mine; as shipwrecked and famished wanderers, while receiving his simple alms, marking the fertility and defencelessness of his lands; as sick men enjoying his hospitality and at the same time imparting that terrible disease which has swept away entire nations; as woodmen in his forests, and intrusive tillers of his ground, scaring away or destroying in mere wantonness those animals of the chase given by the Great Spirit for his food;—there is to him a terrible monotony of result. In the delicious islands of the Carribean Sea, and in the stern and magnificent regions of the north east, scarcely now remains a mound, or stone, or trace even of tradition, to point out the place where any among the departed millions sleep.'

The game of Baggatiway was known and cultivated by the Western Indians from time immemorial, as a means of encouraging emulation, activity, fortitude, endurance, and self-control among the young men of the nation. The form of the bat used, varied among different tribes; the Choctaws and other southern nations inhabiting the country now known as Alabama and Mississippi, played it with two bats, one in each hand, much resembling an English racket, only having the loop, which was a perfect oval, considerably smaller—about 6 x 4 inches—and bent slightly upon the handle, which was about three feet long, like the bowl of a mustard spoon. A description of the game as it was played by these people is given in a curious and now rather scarce book, written by one James Adair, who dwelt among them for forty years, from 1735 to 1775, a portion of which, as it may interest some readers I here transcribe.

'The ball is made of a piece of scraped deer-skin, moistened and stuffed hard with deer's hair, and strongly sewed with deer's sinews. The ball sticks are about two feet long, (other authorities say three), the lower end somewhat resembling the palm of the hand, and which are worked with deer-skin thongs. Between these they catch the ball and throw it a great distance, when not prevented by some of the opposite party, who fly to intercept them. The course is about five hundred yards in length; at each end of it they fix two long, bending poles into the ground, three yards apart below, but slanting a considerable way outwards. The party that happens to throw the ball over these counts one; but if it be thrown underneath, it is cast back and played for as usual. The gamesters are equal in number on each side; and at the beginning of every course of the ball, they throw it up high in the centre of the ground, and in a direct line between the two goals. When the crowd of players prevents the one who catches the ball from throwing it off with a long direction, he commonly sends it the right course by an artful sharp twirl. They are so exceedingly expert in this manly exercise, that between the goals the ball is mostly flying the different ways by the force of the playing sticks, without falling to the ground, for they are not allowed to catch it with their hands. It is surprising to see how swiftly they fly when closely chased by a nimble-footed pursuer; when they are intercepted by one of the opposite

party, his fear of being cut by the ball sticks commonly gives them an opportunity of throwing it perhaps a hundred yards; but the antagonist sometimes runs up behind, and by a sudden stroke dashes down the ball. It is very unusual to see them act spitefully in any sort of game, not even in this severe and tempting exercise.'

'By education, precept and custom, as well as strong example, they have learned to show an external acquiescence in everything that befalls, either as to life or death. By this means, they reckon it a scandal to the character of a steady warrior to let his temper be ruffled by any accidents,—their virtue, they say, should prevent it. Their conduct is equal to their belief in the power of those principles. Previous to this sharp exercise of ball playing, they will supplicate Yo-He-Wah,' (their name for the Great Spirit) 'to bless them with success. To move the deity to enable them to conquer the party they are to play against, they mortify themselves in a surprising manner; and except with a small intermission their female relations dance out of doors all the preceding night, chanting religious notes with their shrill voices to move Yo-He-Wah to be favourable to their kindred party on the morrow. The men fast and wake from sunset till the ball-play is over the next day, which is about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. During the whole night, they are to forbear sleeping under the penalty of reproaches and shame, which would sit very sharply upon them if their party chanced to lose the game, as it would be ascribed to that unmanly and vicious conduct.' 'Each party are desirous to gain the twentieth ball, which they esteem a favourite divine gift. As it is in the time of laying by the corn, in the very heat of summer, they use this severe exercise, a stranger would wonder to see them hold so long at full speed and under the scorching sun, hungry also and faint with the excessive use of such sharp physic as the button snake root, the want of natural rest and of every kind of nourishment; but their constancy which they gain by custom, and their love of virtue as the sure means of success, enable them to perform all their exercises without failing in the least, be they ever so severe in the pursuit.'

Every tribe wore its own peculiar dress in the game of Baggatiway—or rather adopted the same absence of dress. In all, the entire body was stripped naked, so as to afford the most perfect freedom to the limbs and lungs in an exercise so severe and often protracted as to tax the speed and endurance of the player to the utmost, the breech-cloth alone being retained, not even moccassins being worn by many tribes on these occasions. Sometimes, more especially among the southern tribes, inhabiting a territory scorched during summer by an almost tropical heat, the body was painted uniformly white. The Choctaw player wore no single article of dress 'except the breech-cloth around his waist, with a beautifully ornamented bead belt, a tail standing well out from the body made of white horsehair or quills, and a mane on the neck of horsehair dyed of various colours.'

Among the Naudowessies, now known by their French name of Sioux, once a great and warlike confederacy occupying a territory farther north, the game of Baggatiway was played with only one racket or bat, the handle of which was not less than four feet in length, and was used with both hands—a much more difficult and scientific game. The racket loop at the extremity of the Naudowessie bat was perfectly circular, inclined slightly from the handle like the bowl of a salt-spoon, slightly cup-shaped, and little larger than the half-closed hand. Their skill in catching the ball in its flight, with this instrument, even when running at the greatest speed, was amazing. Carver relates that though the game was often engaged in by more than three hundred at one time—the goals being six hundred yards apart—'they are so exceedingly dexterous that the ball is usually kept flying by the force of the rackets, *without touching the ground during the whole contention*,' and the distance to which it was occasionally thrown was extraordinary. Their dress on these occasions differed little from the Choctaws, already described, saving that they wore no mane except their own long, natural hair, and the tail, which drooped more than that worn by the Choctaws, and was made invariably of plumes, with which the head also was ornamented. The preparation, which always occupied the night before the game, and included dancing and absolute abstinence from food and sleep, was very similarly observed by a great number of

tribes. Jonathan Carver, an officer of the Provincial forces, who was present at the massacre of Fort William Henry in 1757, but managed to escape, and who afterwards spent some years with the Naudowessies, near the Falls of Minnehaha, on the Upper Mississippi, describes the game as played by those people, in his 'Travels,' published in London in 1784, to a portion of which I have already referred.

The incident however, which has invested the game of Baggatiway with historical interest, occurred on the fourth of June, 1763. It is familiar to most readers of Canadian history; but as I write for the information of those who *do not*, rather than for those who *do* know all about it, I may perhaps be excused for referring to it somewhat in detail.

Shortly after the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, when the English had taken possession of and garrisoned all the forts taken from the French, extending from Quebec to the western shores of Lake Michigan, a chief of the Ottawas, named Pontiac, possessed of great courage and capacity, and hostile to the English, whom once he received as friends but now justly regarded as invaders of his territory and usurpers of his authority, conceived the spirited design of uniting the nations over whom he held sway into one confederacy, of retaking the old French forts within his country, eleven in number, now garrisoned by English soldiers, exterminating or driving out the English, and restoring again to his Indian followers and allies those magnificent regions of the west, lately wasted by conquest, of which they only were the true and rightful lords. The nations which entered with him into this confederacy were the Miamis, Ottawas, Chippewas, Wyandots, Pottowotomies, Mississaugas, Shawanese, Outagamis, and Winnebagos. So boldly were his plans conceived, and so stoutly executed, that within fifteen days from the opening of hostilities ten out of the eleven forts in Pontiac's domains were in the hands of his followers; Detroit, the sole remaining one, garrisoned and afterwards strengthened by detachments from the 80th, 55th, 60th, or Royal Americans, and the Queen's Rangers, having been saved through the timely warning given to the commandant, Major Gladwin, by an Indian woman; but only to be ultimately rescued from a like terrible fate after the severe losses, sufferings, and privations of a six months' siege, by the arrival of provisions from Niagara, under circumstances demanding the greatest courage, heroism, and devotion, in a schooner manned for the most part by Mohawk Indians.

With the history of those not too well remembered times, our present article has nothing to do, save only so far as it relates to the capture of Fort Michilimakinak, now better known as Mackinaw, one of the French forts above referred to, which was surprised and taken from the English in broad daylight by a body of Chippewa and Saäkie Indians, a detatchment of Pontiac's forces, under a chief named Menehwehna, at the time referred to, during a game of Baggatiway.

The best account of this interesting episode in the history of the game which has come down to us, may be found in the 'Travels of Alexander Henry,' published in New York in 1809. Henry was a highly intelligent Englishman, who came out to Canada with the army of Gen. Amherst, and being a resident in Michilimakinak at the time of the massacre, was an eye-witness of the scenes he so graphically describes. As the book is already a rather scarce one, and the subject may prove of interest to many who have no opportunity of consulting the original, I give the account of the occurrence in his own words.

Some traders who had recently arrived at the Fort, had already made known to the commandant their belief that the dispositions of the Indians were hostile to the English, and that even an attack might be apprehended; but Major Etherington would give no ear to such reports, and expressed much displeasure with those who brought them.

'The garrison at this time consisted of ninety privates, two subalterns, and the commandant; and the English merchants at the Fort were four in number. Thus strong, few entertained anxiety concerning the Indians, who had no weapons but small arms.

'Meanwhile the Indians from every quarter were daily assembling in unusual numbers, but with every appearance of friendship, frequenting the Fort and disposing of their peltries in such a manner as to dissi-

pate almost everyone's fears. For myself, on one occasion, I took the liberty of observing to Major Etherington that in my judgment no confidence ought to be placed in them, and that I was informed that no less than four hundred lay about the Fort. In return the Major only rallied me on my timidity; and it is to be confessed that if this officer neglected admonition on his part, so did I on mine.

'Shortly after my first arrival at Michilimakinak in the preceding year, a Chippeway, named Wawatam, began to come often to my house, betraying in his demeanour strong marks of personal regard. After this had continued some time, he came on a certain day, bringing with him his whole family, and at the same time a large present consisting of skins, sugar, and dried meat. Having laid these in a heap, he commenced a speech in which he informed me that some years before he had observed a fast, devoting himself, according to the custom of his nation, to solitude and to the mortification of his body, in the hope to obtain from the Great Spirit protection through all his days; that on this occasion he had dreamed* of adopting an Englishman as his son, brother, and friend; that from the moment in which he first beheld me, he had recognized me as the person whom the Great Spirit had been pleased to point out to him for a brother; that he hoped that I would not refuse his present, and that he should ever regard me as one of his family.

'I could not do otherwise than accept the present and declare my willingness to have so good a man as this appeared to be for my friend and brother. I offered a present in return for that which I had received, which Wawatam accepted, and then thanking me for the favour which he said I had rendered him, he left me and soon after set out on his winter hunt.

'Twelve months had now elapsed since the occurrence of this incident, and I had almost forgotten the person of my *brother*, when, on the second day of June, Wawatam came again to my house, in a temper of mind visibly melancholy and thoughtful; he told me that he had just returned from his *wintering ground*, and I asked after his health; but without answering my question he went on to say that he was sorry to find me returned from the Sault; that he intended to go to that place himself immediately after his arrival at Michilimakinak, and that he wished me to go there along with him and his family the next morning. To all this he joined an inquiry whether or not the commandant had heard bad news, adding that during the winter he had himself been frequently disturbed with the *noise of evil birds*; and further suggesting that there were numerous Indians near the fort, many of whom had never shown themselves within it. Wawatam was about forty-five years of age, of an excellent character among his nation, and a chief.

'Referring much of what I heard to the peculiarities of the Indian character, I did not pay all the attention which they will be found to have deserved to the remarks and entreaties of my visitor. I answered that I could not think of going to the Sault so soon as the next morning, but would follow him there after the arrival of my clerks. Finding himself unable to prevail with me, he withdrew for that day, but early the next morning he came again, bringing with him his wife, and a present of dried meat. At this interview, after stating that he had several packs of beaver for which he intended to deal with me, he expressed a second time his apprehensions from the numerous Indians who were round the fort, and earnestly pressed me to consent to an early departure for the Sault. As a reason for this particular request, he assured me that all the Indians proposed to come in a body that day to the fort, to demand liquor of the commandant, and that he wished me to be gone before they should grow intoxicated.

'I had made at the period to which I am now referring so much progress in the language in which Wawatam addressed me, as to be able to hold an ordinary conversation in it; but the Indian manner of speech is so extravagantly figurative that it is only for a perfect master to follow and comprehend it entirely. Had I been further advanced in this respect, I think I should have gathered so much information from this my friendly monitor as would have put me into possession of the design of the enemy, and enabled me to save as much others as my-

* The dream of an Indian at such a time is regarded as prophetic, and he considers it a religious duty to fulfil it.

self. As it was it unfortunately happened that I turned a deaf ear to everything, leaving Wawatam and his wife, after long and patient but ineffectual efforts, to depart alone, with dejected countenances, and not before they had each let fall some tears.

'In the course of the same day, I observed that the Indians came in great numbers into the fort, purchasing tomahawks (small axes of one pound weight), and frequently desiring to see silver arm-bands, and other valuable ornaments, of which I had a large quantity for sale. The ornaments, however, they in no instance purchased, but after turning them over, left them, saying they would call again the next day. Their motive, as it afterwards appeared, was no other than the very artful one of discovering, by requesting to see them, the particular places of their deposit, so that they might lay their hands upon them in the moment of pillage with the greater certainty and despatch.

'At night, I turned in my mind the visits of Wawatam, but though they were calculated to excite uneasiness, nothing induced me to believe that serious mischief was at hand. The next day, being the fourth of June, was the King's birthday. The morning was sultry. A Chippeway came to tell me that his nation was going to play at Baggatiway with the Sacs or Saäkies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding, that the Commandant was to be there, and would bet on the side of the Chippeways. In consequence of this information I went to the Commandant, and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might have some sinister end in view; but the Commandant only smiled at my suspicions.

'Baggatiway, called by the Canadians * *le jeu de la crosse*, is played with a bat and ball. The bat is about four feet in length, curved and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are planted in the ground at a considerable distance from each other, as a mile or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. The ball at the beginning is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavours as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post, as into that of the adversary's. I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because there being a canoe prepared to depart the following day for Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me saying that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the back to enquire the news, it so happened that I still remained to finish my letters, promising to follow Mr. Tracy in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from the door, when I heard an Indian war-cry and a noise of general confusion.

'Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found; in particular I witnessed the fate of Lieut. Jemette. I had in the room in which I was a fowling-piece loaded with swan-shot; this I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living. At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian (French) inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury; and from this circumstance I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses. Between the yard-door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbour, there was only a low fence over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre;

* The word 'Canadian' whenever employed in Mr. Henry's recital, means always French Canadian; this should be borne in mind by the reader.

but while I uttered my petition, M. Langdale, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window shrugging his shoulders and intimating that he could do nothing for me:—'*Que voudriez-vous que i'en ferais?*' This was a moment for despair; but the next a Pani women,* a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret where I must go and conceal myself; I joyfully obeyed her directions, and she followed me up to the garret-door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

'This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld in shapes, the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumph of barbarous conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk, and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken not only with horror but with fear; the sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of "all is finished"! at the same instant I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

'The game of Baggatiway, as from the description above will have been perceived, is necessarily attended with much violence and noise. In the ardour of contest, the ball, as has been suggested, if it cannot be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that designed by the adversary. At such a moment, therefore, nothing could be less likely to excite premature alarm than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor, that having fallen there, it should be followed on the instant by all engaged in the game, as well the one party as the other, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, all in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. Nothing could be less fitted to excite premature alarm; nothing, therefore, could be more happily devised under the circumstances than a stratagem like this; and this was in fact the stratagem which the Indians had employed, by which they had obtained possession of the fort, and by which they had been able to slaughter and subdue its garrison and such of its other inhabitants as they pleased. To be still more certain of success, they had prevailed upon as many as they could by a pretext the least liable to suspicion, to come voluntarily without the pickets, and particularly the Commandant and garrison themselves.'

So far Mr. Henry. The anxieties and terrors to which he was subjected during the night following, in the garret where the Indian woman had secreted him, the hair-breath escapes he made from discovery by the savages who were searching the place for him, the conversation between the Indians and his amiable host, overheard by him the next morning, 'informing the Indians that he had been told that I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands.' How, after being seized and stripped to the skin by his captor, 'that my apparel might not be stained with blood when he should kill me,' he was driven naked towards the woods to be slain. Yet bare handed and naked, like a plucky Englishman as he was, he foiled the savage in the very act of striking the knife into his breast, and being swift of foot, regained the main body of the Indians and found temporary protection from death. How, in the night following, while his reckless conquerors drank long and deep, he, being placed with Major Etherington, Lieut. Leslie, and twenty-one others, including soldiers, all naked like himself, the sole surviving Englishmen of the fort, in the temporary charge of the French Canadians, three hundred in number, he 'proposed to Major Etherington to make an effort for regaining possession of the fort and maintaining it against the Indians,' but was discouraged by the Jesuit missionary, who was consulted, on the ground that little dependence could be placed upon the Canadians. How, at length, being led to the beach to be carried away in a canoe

* An Indian woman of a Southern tribe.

'a keen north-east wind' blowing, and suffering much from the cold in his unusually scant attire, he besought his courteous and hospitable neighbour, M. Langlade, who was, as usual, 'looking on,' to lend him 'a blanket, promising if I lived, to pay him for it at any price he pleased; but the answer I received from him was this, that he could let me have no blanket unless there was some one to be security for the payment;' how one John Cuchoise, to whom he afterwards addressed a similar request, kindly gave him a blanket, or 'naked as I was and rigorous as was the weather, but for this blanket I must have perished;' until at length after many painful vicissitudes he was ransomed and restored to his friends by his faithful Indian *brother* Wawatam, must be sought only in the original, as they are alike beyond the objects and the limits of this paper.

A great deal more concerning the history of the game of Baggatiway might be gathered from old records well known to those familiar with the habits and traditions of the North American Indians. Much also may yet be recovered from living representatives of the Red Race still inhabiting remote portions of our country, but enough has been said to show its origin and characteristics, and the relation it once bore to the early history of the land we live in. The game has already won for itself a deservedly high place in our regard and estimation; being, when governed by good taste, temper, and feeling, one of the very finest of out-door exercises; calculated to develop in our youths, as in those of the race whose inheritance they possess, not only the highest degree of physical perfection, but the greatest patience, endurance, and self-control. Such a game is certain to take a fast hold upon the affections of the English nation, a people who have ever pre-eminently distinguished themselves in those manly exercises and hardy field sports which have laid the foundation of her past glories and her present power, and which, so surely as they are wisely encouraged and maintained, must crown the future of her sons with a no less splendid and enduring fame. Let me then once more appeal to the sympathies of a brave and generous race in favour of adopting the Indian name. It is a great pity, to call it by no harsher term, that so many of the old traditional and significant Indian names of our rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys, and other natural objects, should have been permitted to pass away and be forgotten; and unmeaning, because totally misapplied, names, dear though they might have been in another land, established in their stead, thus leaving this glorious Dominion almost a stranger to its old familiar names; a very *terra incognita* so far as the past is concerned, a past which nevertheless had once a history, which like all others was a true poem—a poem now lost for ever—but which then endowed and rendered instinct with life every bay and headland and nameless isle, which now to us have little other significance than if they had but yesterday emerged from the deep.

Let it be remembered that the game is essentially an Indian game, a game to be loved and enjoyed by all who desire, even at the cost of hard labour and self-denial, to render their bodies, for other higher and noble uses, as perfect as the Great Giver of all our faculties has enabled us to make them. Let Frenchmen continue to call it 'Lacrosse,' if they will; it never was and never will be, any more than cricket, a French game. It must and will make for itself a new and permanent home among the Anglo-Saxon race. The name conferred upon it by the Jesuit missionaries is alike unnatural and absurd. The name given to it by its true fathers, and by them transmitted to us their rightful representatives here on Canadian soil, is unquestionably, like all other Indian names, representative—suggestive and symbolical—and its signification can yet be recovered: but whether this be so or not, its Indian name is here. Let all Canadians who love and cultivate the game for its own sake, learn henceforth, and the sooner the better, to call it by its rightful name of Baggatiway.

SHEBAYGO.

MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

Heroes there are unknown to fame,
Who live and die without a name,
And yet whose lives might put to shame
The proud of birth;
Meek, humble, unassuming ones!
Ye are the spiritual suns
That gladden earth!

My old Schoolmaster,—upright John!
Tho' to the world but little known,
Was one who might have fill'd a throne;
Well would it be
If all earth's thrones were only fill'd,
And men were taught, and train'd, and drill'd,
By such as he.

Wide was his spiritual ken;
One born to guide with tongue and pen;
A leader—yea, a king of men!
A soul upright!
Meanness and malice, lust and greed,
And all their hungry, heartless breed,
Quail'd in his sight.

A bulwark to the mild and meek,
A staff was he for all the weak,
A voice for all who could not speak;
And sorrow lone,
With none to succor, none to cheer,
Had aye thy sympathetic tear,
Great-hearted John!

Many there are could look on death,
And freely fling away their breath;
But few, like thee, could face men's wrath,
And do and dare
The bigot's frown, the tyrant's snoul:
The pointed finger of the fool,
How few can bear!

But throwing oft such things apart,
He found in music's melting art
A solace for his weary heart.
Music, ah me!
Amid a world of sin and strife,
Thou art the very bread of life
To such as he!

Oh how he sang Old Scotia's lays !
Of love in long forgotten days,
Of Freedom's battles 'mong the braes;
Heroic strains !
That thrill'd my heart, and sent the blood
All leaping like a roaring flood
Along my veins.

E'en ballads old to him were dear,
And still the wailing strains I hear,
That cost me many a sigh and tear,
Long, long ago !
Those little dramas void of art !
Those heavings of the Scottish heart
In joy or woe !

Tho' men were his peculiar care,
He lov'd all things of earth and air,
The bounding deer, the timid hare,
And he would say,
'Range, pretty creatures ! range at will !
We lie not here in wait to kill;
In freedom stray !'

By Nature's loveliness impress'd,
Each little wilding was his guest,
The gowan crept into his breast,
And blossom'd there;
Their loveliness his spirit caught,
And in his web of life he wrought
The jewels rare.

By valleys green and mountains hoar,
And on old Ocean's sounding shore,
He studied Nature's mystic lore,
And learn'd her tongue:
Creation widen'd—till he saw
All objects through the veil of awe
Around her hung.

Saw matter's forms from spirit spun—
This rock-built world—yon regal sun !
But types of the Eternal One !
With awe-struck mien
Beheld in the stupendous whole,
The grand procession of the Soul
That is not seen.

But leaving speculations high
For other things which round us lie—
Things which our inmost spirits try—
He spoke words fit,—
Ye living words all void of art,
The very coinage of his heart !
I hear them yet !

'Falsehood may flourish for an hour,
And sit within the seat of power,
And virtue in her presence cower,'
'Twas thus he spoke,
'But surely she'll be overcast,
And weary earth be free at last,
From her vile yoke.

'We see the just man vilely treated,
But God and Nature can't be cheated!
He still is victor, tho' defeated
Ninety times nine!
For who can put the Truth to rout?
Or who can ever trample out
Aught that's Divine?

'When once thy duty's plain and clear,
Then do it thou, and never fear,
Tho' friends may pity, fools may jeer,
And cowards flee!
Yea! what tho' all the world disdain;—
While God and Nature thee sustain,
What's that to thee?

'We issue from a bright abode,
But, weighted with this earthly clod,
We crawl through matter back to God,
The glory gone!
While all the hosts of angel eyes,
No, not in anger—but surprise,
Are looking on.

'Oh why will men not walk erect?
Their brows with native glory deck'd,
And feel the joy of self respect,
And moral worth;
And throw aside their castes and creeds,
And make their standard noble deeds,
Not blood and birth?

'Cast selfishness from out thy mind,
Feel for and with all human kind,
Leave nothing to regret behind,
And death shall be
A summons to a higher state,
Where all thy lov'd and lost shall wait
To welcome thee!'

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JELLY-FISH:

NOTES OF RECENT IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN RUDIMENTARY BIOLOGY.*

IF, as the theory of evolution postulates, our present complex life had an humbler origin; if the volume of the human nervous system, with its enormous power, now so specialised in the structure and functions of the several parts, originated in some simpler and more general primordial form, which, as time advanced, grew more 'heterogeneous, yet more definite,' it concerns us much, if we desire to understand our own mental structure, to trace back our being as we do in the case of the individual, to some more primitive root-type, and to study life as it gradually unfolds itself in an ever-growing complexity. Accordingly, we owe much to the laborious and careful student, who instead of guessing gives us facts, and, lifting the veil, shows us nature in her primitive workshop as she puts forth her simplest efforts, or as she forges the first rude links of that manifold divergent chain of progressive life which the history of nature discloses to our view.

That 'each organism, in the course of its development, progresses from homogeneity to heterogeneity,' is the special discovery of Von Baer. But this, which is true of each higher and of each human organism, has been shewn by that great massive thinker, Mr. Herbert Spencer, to be true of generic man—and of course of all complex organizations—in his development throughout the ages from a more rudimentary type of life.

In the simpler, as in the primitive organisms, the senses are embryonic, involved, indistinct, obscure; as life advances they become distinct, special, differentiated. In the first case, there is no clear division of labour, no limitation of the sense to special work; but one organ does its own work and the work of some other part or parts likewise, and what it does can scarcely be well done, for the sense is too vague and feeble.

With these preliminary remarks, I desire to lay before your readers a slight sketch of the results of the work of Mr. George J. Romanes, on the Medusæ,* from which it will be seen that Mr. Romanes possesses those essential endowments of mind which go to make up the true scientist. He first shapes to himself distinctly what he wants to elicit; then, he knows what questions to put to nature; and, thirdly, how to put them; and he is never satisfied with a reply of delphic ambiguity, but presses for an answer with ever increasing importunity and more and more definiteness of question, till he gets, if possible, what he wants, a simple yes or no. He has another valuable quality; he never dogmatises beyond his facts. If in his facts the conclusion seems involved, he states it. If these are only indications of a tendency in any direction or towards any hypothesis, no matter how leant towards, he never exaggerates or tries to force a verdict; and lastly, he is learned in the language of nature and knows how to read and interpret her cuneiforms.

The Medusæ—whether the naked-eyed or the covered-eyed—have among them-

* This article is based upon the following papers: 1. Observations on 'the Physiology of the Nervous System of Medusæ,' by George J. Romanes, M.A., F.L.S., being the Croonian Lecture of the Royal Society for 1876, and published in its Philosophical Transactions. 2. Abstract of a paper by Mr. Romanes, containing further investigations on the same subject, which will appear in the Philosophical Transactions for the present year. These important investigations should have especial interest for Canadians, from the fact that Mr. Romanes is a native of Kingston, Ontario, the son of the former Professor of Classics in Queen's University.

* The Imperial Dictionary gives the following account of the Medusæ or Jelly-fish: 'A genus of marine radiate animals, belonging to the class Acalepha. The Medusæ approach nearly to the fluid state, appearing like a soft and transparent jelly. The usual form of the Medusæ is that of a hemisphere with a marginal membrane: they are met with of various sizes, the larger abound in the seas around our coast, but immense numbers of the more minute, and often microscopic species occur in every part of the ocean.'

selves, according to their species, higher and lower degrees of organization. They are 'locomotive animals,' swimming more or less rapidly by means of an alternate contraction and dilatation of the entire swimming organ. It may not be so generally known, however, adds our author, 'that these swimming movements, although ordinarily rhythmical, are, at any rate in the the case of some species, to a limited extent voluntary' . . . for 'if Sarsia or Aurelia, &c., be *gently* irritated, the swimming motions immediately become accelerated.' Of all the naked-eyed Medusæ examined by Mr. Romanes, he informs us, that of every one of them it held true that 'excision of the *extreme margin* of a nectocalyx caused *immediate total and permanent* paralysis of the entire organ'—'this genus being remarkably active, the death-like stillness which results from the loss of *so minute* a portion of their substance being rendered by contrast the more surprising.' This shows 'an intensely localized system of centres of spontaneity.' The slight thread of 'severed margin, however, continues *its* rhythmical contractions with a vigour and a pertinacity *not in the least impaired* by its severance from the main organism; so that the contrast between the thread-like portion which has just been removed from its margin and the perfectly motionless swimming-bell, is as striking a contrast as it is possible to conceive. Hence it is not surprising that if the margin be left *in situ*, while other portions of the swimming-bell are mutilated to any extent, the spontaneity of the animal is not at all interfered with.' 'Indeed, if only the *tiniest* piece of contractile tissue be left adhering to a single eye-speck' (the swelling at the root of the tentacles that arise from the extreme rim of the bell of the Medusæ, so named) 'cut out of the bell of Sarsia, this tiny piece of tissue in this isolated state will continue its contractions for hours or even for days.' One exception only, and that 'in a somewhat aberrant form of the true Medusæ,' occurred, in which, after the removal of 'the entire margin,' there were 'still three distinct centres of spontaneity.'

Of the species of Medusæ examined by Mr. Romanes, the Sarsia were the most highly, the Aurelia the least highly, organized, the Discophorous species holding a position midway between these; 'and so,' he adds, 'I find the Sarsia-plexus most differentiated, the Aurelia least diffentiated, and the Discophorous intermediate.'

I said that at the extreme margins of the bells from which the tentacles arise and at the root of each tentacle is a slight swelling, which Agassiz conjectured to be an eye-speck and which Haeckel inclines to believe to be sense organs of some kind. The latter, however, says that these swellings are ganglionic, that the cells are distinctly nucleated, and that the nerves originate here. These swellings Mr. Romanes named 'loco-motor centres,' but for this term has lately substituted the words, 'ganglion cells and nerve-fibres.' For though he has not been able to 'distinguish any *structural* modification of the tissue' in the rim of the bell, yet it is owing to the nervous power here localized that 'the contractile tissue' of the bell can be utilized for locomotive purposes, and, therefore, 'these slender lines of differentiated tissue' of the margin are 'functionally nerves.' In the 'Aurelia aurita . . . all the spontaneity of the margin, and so, in most cases, of the whole animal, is concentrated in the eight lithocysts,' (the eye-specks or sense organs or ganglionic swellings), for when these are carefully cut out the creature becomes paralysed in the same way as if the whole margin had been removed; while, in the Sarsia, a greater 'degree of paralysing effect was produced by cutting out their four eye-specks alone than was produced by cutting out the intertentacular tissue alone.' In none of the covered-eye Medusæ had he found 'any evidence of the marginal tissue *between* the lithocysts' being endowed with spontaneity.

It had long been *guessed* as probable, I said, that the so-called eye-specks were 'rudimentary or incipient organs of vision,' though they bear no 'structural resemblance to an ocellus.' This question, however, Mr. Romanes has, so far, set at rest in the case of Sarsia at least. In these, he says, 'the visual sense is localized in the eye-specks. It has also been found that, in this *the first appearance* of a visual organ in the animal series, the rays by which the organ is affected are the properly luminous rays,' and not the heat rays.

With a view to determine this, he 'put

200 or 300 Sarsiæ into a large bell-jar' in a darkened room, and then 'by means of a dark-lantern and a concentrating lens he cast a beam of light through the water in which the Sarsiæ were swimming,' when 'from all parts of the bell-jar they crowded into the path of the beam.....and close against the glass they formed an almost solid mass, which followed the light wherever it was moved. The individuals composing the mass dashed themselves against the glass nearest the light, with a vigour and determination closely resembling the behaviour of moths under similar circumstances.' He then selected twelve Sarsiæ and 'removed all the eye-specks from nine and placed these together with the three unmutilated ones in another bell-jar. After a few minutes the mutilated animals recovered from the nervous shock and began to swim about with tolerable vigor.' He then subjected them to the former experiment, when the three 'sought the light, but the nine swam hither and thither without paying it any regard.' Again, it was supposed that, 'as the pigment spot of the eye-speck in Medusæ is placed in front of the presumably nervous tissue, the rays by which the organ would be affected would be the heat rays lying beyond the range of the visible spectrum.' To test this hypothesis 'a heated iron just ceasing to be red was brought close against the large bell-jar,' but 'not one' of the numerous Sarsiæ 'approached the heated metal.' Our author is evidently a man for facts and proofs. Still, if I may suggest anything for his next experiment, I would ask him to sift the luminous rays of their heat before letting in the beam on the Medusæ. It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Romanes maintains that the marginal eye-specks are 'so specialized as organs of sight as to be precluded from ministering to any other sense.'

In experiments made on Aurelia aurita he says, 'so far as I can remember, in every case, when sufficient care was taken to remove all the lithocysts, the contractile zone entirely ceased its contractions; and not only so, but by removing the little sac of crystals composing the central part of the lythocyst. . . I found that the whole spontaneity of the lithocyst appeared to be exclusively lodged in the minute sac of crystals.'

Mr. Romanes thinks (and who can say not justly?) that the rythmic action of Medusæ, and all rythmic action—that of the human heart and lungs, for instance—is 'due to the alternate process of exhaustion and recovery of the contractile tissues,' *i.e.*, to 'the primary qualities of these tissues'—the ganglia supplying continuous energy, not intermittent but constant.' For where the swimming organ of the Aurelia had been paralyzed by the removal of its lithocysts and subjected to Faradaic stimulation of minimal intensity, the response it gives is not tetanic' (not contractively constant) 'but rythmic.' 'Every time the tissue contracts, it must, as a consequence, suffer a certain degree of exhaustion, and must, therefore, become slightly less sensitive to stimulation than it was before, but after a time the exhaustion will pass away and the original degree of sensitiveness will return.' The marginal ganglia or eye-specks of Sarsia keep the muscular fibres in a state of tonic muscular contraction; for when cut out, 'the manubrium relaxes to five or six times its normal length.' Of course such chronic contraction could only be kept up by 'continuous ganglionic discharge from the margin'—'a kind of tetanus due to persistent ganglionic stimulus'—a state of tonus, not of rhythm.

It is curious, too, and yet what might have been expected, that the poisons and anæsthetics—ether, chloroform, arsenic, morphia—produce like effects on Medusæ as on men. There is, however, an exception, which is accounted for.

'All medusæ, after being paralyzed by the loss of their marginal centres, respond—like the brain-emptied frog—to artificial stimulation, and this by performing whatever action they would have performed in response to the stimulation employed, had they been in their perfect state.'

'To Medusæ,' he adds, 'we must look for the first decided integration of tissue, having, to say the least, something closely resembling a nervous function to subserve, ... localized centres of spontaneity. Is the swimming organ pervaded by a definite system of sensory and motor tracts, so to speak, radiating respectively to and from the marginal centres,' *i. e.* from the ganglia or nerve-roots there? Or is the whole apparatus of a 'more primitive nature'—'the functions of nerve and muscle being

blended more or less throughout its substance,' more vague, less differentiated; or does there 'exist a more or less intimate plexus of such lines of discharge, the constituent elements of which are endowed with the capacity of vicarious action, and that in some cases the section happens to leave a series of their anastomoses in a continuous state.' He does not, however, regard this 'plexus as presenting the high degree of integration characteristic of a properly nervous plexus.' 'In none of the excitable tissues of the Medusæ had he found any exception to any of the rules, with regard to chemical stimulation, which are conformed to by the excitable tissues of other animals.' 'Oxygen forced under pressure into sea-water containing Sarsiæ had the effect of greatly accelerating the rate of their rhythm.' 'Carbonic acid had the opposite effect . . . . and if administered in too large doses destroyed both spontaneity and irritability.' Mr. Romanes has also proved that 'the stimulating influence of light,' wherever producing an effect, 'is exerted solely through the sense-organs.' 'The plexus theory,' above referred to, I omitted to state, 'does not suppose anything resembling nerve-*fibres* to be present, but merely tracts of functionally differentiated tissue.'

'If any point in the irritable surface of the bell' of Tiaropsis indicans—'a bowl-shaped species of naked-eyed Medusa'—'be pricked with a needle, the massive manubrium moves over towards that point, and applies its tapered extremity to the exact spot where the wound has been inflicted' . . . but 'this apparent reflex action is independent of the only ganglia that can be shown to occur in the organism, —*i.e.* the pointing action of the manubrium is not at all interfered with by removing the margin of the bell' . . . and even when 'the manubrium was cut short or removed, the stump that remained *in situ* would continue to move over as far as it could towards any point of irritation situated in the bell.' Now if any function 'resembling this had occurred in the higher animals,' it would certainly have definite ganglionic centres for its structural correlative,' yet here 'it is shared equally by every part of the exceedingly tenuous sheet of contractile tissue that forms the outer surface of the organ. We have thus in this case a general diffusion of ganglionic function, which is co-extensive with the contractile tissues of the organ.'

Though this is the merest sketchy account of the work in which Mr. Romanes has been engaged, yet enough has been written to indicate the importance of the study of this rudimentary life, and to show the intimacy and strength of the nexus which binds the highest and most complex organism to the simplest and lowest.

If this simple creature has its rhythmic pulsings unconnected with the will; so have we: if these pulsings spring from nucleated ganglion cells; so do those of our hearts and lungs: if the cell with its molecular contents is a sufficient cause for the work it performs; so is it likewise in our case: if the force that is resident there is in itself adequate to the production of this constant rhythmic motion; the same force is adequate to its production in ourselves: if it is all causal with respect to the Medusæ; it is also causal with respect to us: if a lithocyst, so small as to be hardly ponderable, 'has animated a structure more than 30,000,000 times its own weight,'; has a speck of brain substance been known to much transcend this in action? And what a wonderful energy in that ever-exploding protoplasmic speck!

Again, if some of the actions of this rudimentary creature are likewise voluntary, 'subject to the control of will,'—of its vague weak will; so, too, are some of ours: and if the great motive power of pain and pleasure—the avoidance of the one and the attainment of the other—rules its will, does it always less rule ours?

The Medusæ, too, have their different species of low, higher, highest, as widely distinct from one another as the various tribes of men: and who can say to-day how much more developed is the very lowest of them than the creature from which they sprung? and if in the very highest of them there is only the merest speck of nerve-substance to work these rhythmic and voluntary and other movements, and to transmit to bell and tentacle and manubrium an unceasing stream of force, how enormous must be the energy of the human brain, where millions of corpuscles of this energetic substance have been gathered into one concentrated mass. The system under which we live is one of mediateness or

means, but in which the means are always causes, and no phenomena can ever be exhibited of Medusa or of man unless the root-power be imbedded in the organism which exhibits it.

In thinking over the facts elicited by Mr. Romanes in his experiments on Medusæ, we are continually reminded of the groundwork of the magnificent generalizations of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and of the course of evolution from homogeneity to heterogeneity,—from simple, vague indefiniteness to complexity and definiteness. But though the ascent has been long and slow and gradual, yet a great end has been accomplished, proving how wholly adequate were the means to the achieved result.

And now, let me add, that in seeking to reach the highest rung of the ladder, we can seldom do better than, with Mr. Romanes, begin low down.

J. A. ALLEN.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Daughter of Heth," "Three Feathers," "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

YOU may be sure there was a stir among our women-folk when they heard that a young man had come courting the Earl's daughter. We have among us—or over us, rather—a miniature major-domo of a woman, a mere wisp of a thing, who has nevertheless an awful majesty of demeanor, and the large and innocent eyes of a child, and a wit as nimble and elusive as a minnow; and no sooner is this matter mentioned than she says,

'Oh, the poor child! And she has no mother.'

'That,' it is observed by a person who has learned wisdom, and does not talk above his breath in his own house—'that is a defect in her character which her future husband will no doubt condone.'

She takes no heed. The large and tender eyes are distant and troubled. She has become a seer, a propheteess of evil things in the days to come.

'Think of the child!' she says to our gentle visitor—who was once being courted herself, but is now a brisk young matron blushing with the honors of a couple of bairns—'think of her being all alone there, with scarcely a woman friend in the world. She has no one to warn her, no one to guide her—'

'But why,' says our young matron, with mild wonder—'why should she want warning? Is it such a terrible thing to get married?'

Common-sense does not touch the inspired.

'The getting married? No. It is the awakening after. How can she tell—how can she know—that this young man, if he really means to marry her, is at the present moment courting her deadliest rival? Whom has she to fear in the future so much as her old idealized self? He is building up a vision, a phantom, no more like that poor girl than I am like her; and then, when he finds out the real woman after marriage, his heart will go back to the old creation of his own fancy, and he will won-

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der how she could have changed so much, and grieve over his disappointment. Yes, you may laugh '—this is a sudden onslaught on another meek listener—' but every woman knows what I say is true. And is it our fault that men won't see us as we are until it is too late? We have to bear the blame, at all events. It is always the woman. Once upon a time—and it only happens once—she was a beautiful, angelic creature; she was filled with noble aspirations; wisdom shone in her face; I suppose the earth was scarcely good enough for her to walk on. Then she marries; and her husband discovers, slowly and surely, not his own blunder, but that his imaginary heroine has changed into an ordinary woman, who has an occasional headache like other people, and must spend a good deal of her life in thinking about shops and dinners. He tries to hide his dismay; he is very polite to her; but how can she fail to see that he is in love, not with herself at all, but with that old ideal of his own creation, and that he bitterly regrets in secret the destruction of his hopes? That is no laughing matter. People talk about great tragedies. The fierce passions are splendid because there is noise and stamping about them. But if a man stabs a woman and puts her out of the world, is she not at peace? And if a man puts a bullet through his head, there is an end of his trouble. But I will tell you my belief, that all the battles and wars that ever were in the world have not caused the fifteenth part of the misery and tragic suffering that have been caused by this very thing you are laughing at—those false ideals formed before marriage. You may laugh if you like.'

Indeed, we were not disposed to laugh. She was really in earnest. She had spoken rapidly, with something of an indignant thrill in her voice, and a proud and pathetic look in her dark eyes. We had, after all, a certain fondness for this gentle orator; and it was difficult to resist the eager pleading of her impassioned words when, as now, her heart was full of what she was saying.

Or was it the beautiful May morning, and the sunlight shining on the white hawthorn and the lilacs, and the sleepy shadow of the cedar on the lawn, and the clear singing of the larks far away in the blue, that led us to listen so placidly to the voice of the charmer? A new-comer broke the spell. A heavy-footed cob came trotting up to the veranda; his rider, a tall young man with a brown beard, leaped down on the gravel, and called aloud in his stormy way,

'Donnerwetter! It is as warm to-day—it is as warm as July. Why do you all sit here? Come! Shall we make it a holiday? Shall we drive to Guildford?—Weybridge?—Chertsey?—Esher?'

The two women were sneaking off by themselves, perhaps because they wished to have a further talk about poor Lady Sylvia and her awful fate; perhaps because they were anxious, like all women, to leave holiday arrangements in other hands, in order to have the right of subsequently grumbling over them.

'Stay!' cries one of us, who has been released from the spell. 'There is another word to be said on that subject. You are not going to ride rough-shod over us, and then sneak out at the back-door before we have recovered from the fright. This, then, is your contention—that a vast number of women are enduring misery because their husbands have become disillusionized, and cannot conceal the fact? And that is the fault of the husbands. They construct an ideal woman, marry a real one, and live miserable ever after, because they can't have that imaginative toy of their brain. Now don't you think, if this were true—if this wretchedness were so wide-spread—it would cure itself? Have mankind gone on blundering for ages, because of the non-arrival of a certain awful and mysterious Surrey prophetess? Why haven't women formed a universal association for the destruction of lovers' dreams?'

'I tell you, you may laugh as you like,' is the calm reply, 'but what I say is true; and every married woman will tell you it is true. Why don't women cure it? If it comes to that, women are as foolish as men. The girl makes her lover a hero; she wakes up after marriage to find him as he really is, and the highest hope of her life falls dead.'

'Then we are all disappointed, and all miserable. That is your conclusion?'

'Not all,' is the answer; and there is a slight change of tone audible here, a slight smile visible on her lips. 'There are many

whose imagination never went the length of constructing any ideal, except that of a moor covered with grouse. There are others who have educated themselves into a useful indifferentism or cynicism. Unfortunately it is the nobler natures that suffer most.'

'Well, this is a tolerably lively prospect for every girl who thinks of getting married. Pray, Frau Philosophin, have you been constructing all these fiddle-stick theories out of your own head, or have you been making a special study of Sylvia Blythe?'

'I know Lady Sylvia better than most people. She is a very earnest girl. She has ideals, convictions, aspirations—a whole stock in trade of things that a good many girls seem to get on very well without. If that poor girl is disappointed in her marriage, it will kill her.'

'Disappointed in her marriage!' calls out the young man, who has been standing patiently with the bridle of his cob in his hand. 'Why do you think that already? No, no. It is the girl herself—she lives in that solitary place, and imagines mere foolish things—it is she herself has put that into your mind. Disappointed! No, no. There is not any good reason—there is not any good sense in that. This young fellow Balfour, every one speaks well of him; he will have a great name some day; he is busy, a very active man. I hear of him in many places.'

'I wish he was dead!' says my Lady; and, curiously enough, at this moment her eyes fill with tears, and she turns and walks proudly away, accompanied by her faithful friend.

The young man turns in amazement.

'What have I done? Am I not right? There is nothing bad that Balfour has done?'

'There is plenty bad in what he means to do, if it is true he is going to carry off Lady Sylvia Blythe. But when you, Herr Lieutenant, gave him that fine certificate of character, I suppose you didn't know that people don't quite agree about Mr. Hugh Balfour? I suppose you don't know that a good many folks regard him as a bullying, overbearing, and portentously serious Scotchman, a little too eager to tread on one's corns, and not very particular as to the means he uses for his own advancement? Is it very creditable, for example, that he should be merely a warming-pan for young Glynne in that wretched little Irish borough? Is it decent that he should apparently take a pride in insulting the deputations that come to him? A member of Parliament is supposed to pay some respect to the people who elected him?'

Here the brown-visaged young man burst into a roar of laughter.

'It is splendid—it is the best joke I have known. They insult him; why should he not turn round and say to them, "Do you go to the devil!" He is quite right. I admire him. Sackerment!—I would do that too.'

So much for a morning gossip over the affairs of two people who were not much more than strangers to us. We had but little notion then that we were all to become more intimately related, our lives being for a space intertwisted by the cunning hands of circumstance. The subject, however, did not at all depart from the mind of our sovereign lady and ruler. We could see that her eyes were troubled. When it was proposed to her that she should make a party to drive somewhere or other, she begged that it might be made up without her. We half suspected whither she meant to drive.

Some hour or two after that you might have seen a pair of ponies, not much bigger than mice, being slowly driven along a dusty lane that skirted a great park. The driver was a lady, and she was alone. She did not seem to pay much heed to the beautiful spring foliage of the limes and elms, to the blossoms of the chestnuts, nor yet to the bluebells and primroses visible on the other side of the gray paling, where the young rabbits were scurrying into the holes in the banks.

There was a smart pattering of hoofs behind her; and presently she was overtaken by a young gentleman of some fourteen years or so, who took off his tall hat with much ceremony, and politely bade her good-morning.

'Good-morning, Mr. John,' said she, in return. 'Do you know if Lady Sylvia is at home?'

'I should think she was,' said the boy, as he got down from his horse, and led it by the side of the pony-chaise, that he might the better continue the conversation. 'I should think she was. My uncle's gone

to town. Look here; I've been over to the "Fox and Hounds" for a bottle of Champagne. Sha'n't we have some fun? You'll stay to lunch of course?'

In fact, there was a bottle wrapped round with brown paper under his arm.

'Oh, Mr. John, how could you do that? You know your cousin will be very angry.'

'Not a bit,' said he, confidently. 'Old Syllabus is a rattling good sort of girl. She'll declare I might have had Champagne at the hall—which isn't true, for my noble uncle is an uncommonly sharp sort of chap, and I believe he takes the key of the wine-cellar with him—and then she'll settle down to it. She's rather serious, you know; and would like to come the maternal over you; but she's got just as good a notion of fun as most girls. You needn't be afraid about that. Old Syllabus and I are first-rate friends; we get on capitally together. You see, I don't try to spoon her, as many a fellow would do in my place.'

'That is very sensible of you—very considerate.'

The innocence of those eyes of hers! If that brat of a school-boy, who was assuming the airs of a man, could have analyzed the tender, ingenuous, lamb-like look which was directed towards him—if he could have seen through those perfectly sweet and approving eyes, and discovered the fiendish laughter and sarcasm behind—he would have learned more of the nature of women than he was likely to learn in any half dozen years of his idiotic existence. But how was he to know? He chattered on more freely than ever. He had a firm conviction that he was impressing this simple country person with his knowledge of the world and of human nature. She had been but once to Oxford. He had never even seen the place; but then, as he was going there some day, he was justified in speaking of the colleges as if they were all on their knees before him, imploring him to accept a fellowship. And then he came back to his cousin Sylvia.

'It's an awful shame,' said he, 'to shut up the poor girl in that place. She'll never know anything of the world: she thinks there is nothing more important than cowslips and daisies. I don't suppose my uncle is overburdened with money—in fact, I believe he must be rather hard up—but I never heard of an earl yet who couldn't get a town-house somehow, if he wanted to. Why doesn't he get another mortgage on this tumble-down old estate of his, and go and live comfortably in Bruton Street, and show poor old Syllabus something of what's really going on in the world? Why, she hasn't even been presented. She has got no more notion of a London season than a dairy-maid. And yet, I think if you took her into the Park she would hold her own there: what do you think?'

'I think you would not get many girls in the Park more beautiful than Lady Sylvia,' is the innocent answer.

'And this old place! What's the good of it? The whole estate is going to wreck and ruin because my uncle won't have the rabbits killed down, and he won't spend any money on the farm buildings. And that old bailiff, Moggs, is the biggest fool I ever saw: the whole place is overrun with couch-grass. I am glad my uncle gave him one for himself the other day. Moggs was grumbling about the rabbits. "Moggs," said my uncle, "you let my rabbits alone, and I shall say nothing about your couch." But it's an awful shame. And he'll never get her married if he keeps her buried down here.'

'But is there any necessity that your cousin should marry?'

'I can tell you it is becoming more and more difficult every year,' said this experienced and thoughtful observer, 'to get girls married. The men don't seem to see it, somehow, unless the girl has a lot of money and good looks as well. Last year I believe it was something awful; you could see at the end of the season how the mothers were beginning to pull long faces when they thought of having to start off for Baden-Baden with a whole lot of unsalable articles on hand.'

'Yes, that is a serious responsibility,' is the grave answer. 'But then you know, there need be no hurry about getting your cousin married. She is young. I think if you wait you will find at the right moment the beautiful prince come riding out of the wood to carry her off, just as happens in the story-books.'

'Well, you know,' said this chattering boy, with a smile, 'people have begun to talk already. There is that big boor of a Scotch fellow—what's his name?—Balfour—has been down here a good many times

lately; and, of course, gossips jump at conclusions. But that is a little too ridiculous. I don't think you will catch old Syllabus, with all her crotchets, marrying a man in the rum and sugar line. Or is it calico and opium?'

'But I thought he had never had anything to do with the firm? And I thought it was one of the most famous merchant houses in the world?'

'Well, I don't suppose he smears his hands with treacle and wears an apron; but—but it is too ridiculous. I have no doubt when my uncle gets all he wants out of him, he won't trouble Willowby again. Of course I haven't mentioned the matter to old Syllabus. That would be no use. If it were true, she would not confess it: girls always tell lies about such things.'

'There you have acted wisely; I would not mention such idle rumours to her, if I were you. Shall I take the bottle from you?'

'If you would,' said he. 'And I shall ride now; for we have little time to spare; and I want you to see old Syllabus's face when I produce the Champagne at lunch.'

So the lad got on his horse again, and the cavalcade moved forward at a brisk trot. It was a beautiful country through which they were passing, densely wooded here and there, and here and there showing long stretches of heathy common with patches of black firs standing clear against the sky. And the bright May sunlight was shining through the young green foliage of the beeches and elms; the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn and lilac; now and again they heard the deep 'joug, joug' of a nightingale from out of a grove of young larches and spruce.

By and by they came to a plain little lodge, and passed through the gates, and drove along an avenue of tall elms and branching chestnuts. There was a glimmer of a gray house through the trees. Then they swept round by a spacious lawn, and drew up in front of the wide-open door, while Mr. John, leaping down from his horse, rang loudly at the hall. Yet there seemed to be nobody about this deserted house.

It was a long, low, rambling building of gray stone, with no architectural pretensions whatsoever. It had some pillars here and there, and a lion or two, to distinguish it from a county jail or an asylum: otherwise there was nothing about it to catch the eye.

But the beauty of Lady Sylvia's home lay not in the plain gray building, but in the far-reaching park, now yellowed all over with butter-cups, and studded here and there with noble elms. And on the northern side, this high-lying park sloped suddenly down to a long lake, where there was a boat-house and a punt or two for pushing through the reeds and water-lilies along the shore, while beyond that again was a great stretch of cultivated country, lying warm and silent in the summer light. The house was strangely still; there was no sign of life about it. There was no animal of any kind in the park. There was no sound but the singing of birds in the trees, and the call of the cuckoo, soft and muffled and remote. The very winds seemed to die down as they neared the place; there was scarcely a rustle in the trees. It was here, then, that the Lady Sylvia had grown up; it was here that she now lived and walked and dreamed in the secrecy and silence of the still woodland ways.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISTRESS OF WILLOWBY.

THE Lady Sylvia arose with the early dawn, and dressed and stole noiselessly down the stairs and through the great stone hall. Clad all in a pale blue, with a thin white garment thrown round her head and shoulders, she looked like a ghost as she passed through the sleeping house; but she was no longer like a ghost when she went out on to the high terrace, and stood there in the blaze of a May morning. Rather she might have been taken for the very type of English girlhood in its sweetest spring-time, and the world can show nothing more fair and noble and gracious than that. Perhaps, as her boy cousin had said, she was a trifle serious in expression, for she had lived much alone, and she had pondered, in her own way, over many things. But surely there was no excess of gloom about the sweet, young face—its delicate oval just catching the warm sunlight—or about the pretty, half-parted, and perhaps somewhat too sensitive, lips; nor yet rest-

ing on the calm and thoughtful forehead that had as yet no wrinkle of thought or care. However, it was always difficult to scan the separate features of this girl; you were drawn away from that by the irresistible fascination of her eyes, and there shone her life and soul. What were they—gray, blue, or black? No one could exactly tell; but they were large, and they had dark pupils, and they were under long eyelashes. Probably, seeing that her face was fair, and her hair of a light, wavy, and beautiful brown, those eyes were blue or gray; but that was of little consequence. It was the story they told that was of interest. And here, indeed, there was a certain seriousness about her face, but it was the seriousness of sincerity. There was no coquetry in those tender and earnest eyes. Familiar words acquired a new import when Lady Sylvia spoke them; for her eyes told you that she meant what she said and more than that.

It was as yet the early morning, and the level sunshine spread a golden glory over the eastward-looking branches of the great elms, and threw long shadows on the greensward of the park. Far away the world lay all asleep, though the kindling light of the new day was shining on the green plains, and on the white hawthorns, and on the trees. What could be a fitter surrounding for this young English girl than this English looking landscape? They were both of them in the freshness and beauty of their spring-time, that comes but once in a year and once in a life.

She passed along the terrace. Down below her the lake lay still; there was not a breath of wind to break the reflections of the trees on the glassy suface. But she was not quite alone in this silent and sleeping world. Her friends and companions, the birds, had been up before her. She could hear the twittering of the young starlings in their nests as their parents came and went, carrying food, and the loud and joyful 'tirr-a-wee, tirr-a-wee, prooit, tweet!' of the thrushes, and the loud currooing of the wood-pigeon, and the soft call of the cuckoo, that seemed to come in whenever an interval of silence fitted. The swallows dipped and flashed and circled over the bosom of the lake. There were blackbirds eagerly but cautiously at work, with their short spasmodic trippings, on the lawn. A robin, perched on the iron railing, eyed her curiously, and seemed more disposed to approach than to retreat.

For, indeed, she carried a small basket, with which the robin was doubtless familiar, and now she opened it and began to scatter handfuls of crumbs on the ground. A multitude of sparrows, hitherto invisible, seemed to spring into life. The robin descended from his perch. But she did not wait to see how her bounties were shared: she had work farther on.

Now the high-lying park and ground of Willowby Hall formed a dividing territory between too very different sorts of country. On the north, away beyond the lake, lay a broad plain of cultivated ground, green and soft and fair, dotted with clusters of farm buildings and scored by tall hedge-rows. On the south, on the other hand, there was a wilderness of sandy heath and dark green common, now all ablaze with gorse and broom; black pine woods high up at the horizon; and one long, yellow, and dusty road apparently leading nowhere, for there was no trace of town or village as far as the eye could see.

It was in this latter direction that Sylvia Blythe now turned her steps; and you will never know anything about her unless you know something of these her secret haunts and silent ways. These were her world. Beyond that distant line of fir wood on the horizon her imagination seldom cared to stray. She had been up to London, of course; had stayed with her father at a hotel in Arlington Street; had been to the Opera once or twice; and dined at some friends' houses. But of the great, actual, struggling, and suffering world—of the ships carrying emigrants to unknown lands beyond the cruel seas, of the hordes driven down to death by disease and crime in the squalid dens of great cities, of the eager battle and flushed hopes and bitter disappointments of life—what could she know? Most girls become acquainted at some time or other with a little picturesque misery. It excites feelings of pity and tenderness, and calls forth port-wine and tracts. It comes to them with the recommendation of the curate. But even this small knowledge of a bit of the suffering in the world had been denied to Lady Sylvia; for her father, hearing that she contemplated some charitable visitation of the kind, had strictly forbidden it.

'Look here, Sylvia,' said he, 'I won't have you go trying to catch scarlet fever or something of that sort. We have no people of our own that want looking after in that way; if there are, let them come to Mrs. Thomas. As for sick children and infirm grandfathers elsewhere, you can do them no good; there are plenty who can—leave it to them. Now don't forget that. And if I catch either Mr. Shuttleworth or Dr. Grey allowing you to go near any of these hovels, I can tell you they will hear of it.'

And so it came to be that her friends and dependents were the birds and rabbits and squirrels of the woods and heath; and of these she knew all the haunts and habits, and they were her companions in her lonely wanderings. Look, for example, at this morning walk of hers. She passed through some dense shrubberies—the blackbirds shooting away through the laurel bushes—until she came to an open space at the edge of a wood where there was a spacious dell. Here the sunlight fell in broad patches on a tangled wilderness of wild flowers—great masses of blue hyacinth, and white starwort, and crimson campion, and purple ground-ivy. She staid a minute to gather a small bouquet, which she placed in her dress; but she did not pluck two snow-white and waxen hyacinths, for she had watched these strangers ever since she had noticed that the flowers promised to be white.

'Should he upbraid,
I'll own that he'll prevail,'

she hummed carelessly to herself, as she went on again; and now she was in a sloping glade, among young larches and beeches, with withered brackens burning red in the scattered sunlight, with the new brackens coming up in solitary stalks of green, their summits not the fiddle-head of the ordinary fern, but resembling rather the incurved three claws of a large bird. She paused for a moment; far along the path in front of her, and quite unconscious of her presence, was a splendid cock pheasant, the the bronzed plumage of his breast just catching a beam of the morning light. Then he stalked across the path, followed by his sober-colored hen, and disappeared into the ferns. She went on again. A squirrel ran up a great beech-tree, and looked round at her from one of the branches. A jay fled screaming through the wood—just one brief glimpse of brilliant blue being visible. Then she came to a belt of oak paling, in which was a very dilapidated door; and by the door stood a basket much larger than that she had carried from the Hall. She took up the basket, let herself out by the small gate, and then found herself in the open sunshine before a wide waste of heath.

This was Willowby Heath—a vast stretch of sandy ground covered by dark heather mostly, but showing here and there brilliant masses of gorse and broom, and here and there a small larch-tree not over four feet in height, but gleaming with a glimmer of green over the dark common. A couple of miles away, on a knoll, stood a windmill, its great arms motionless. Beyond that again the heath darkened as it rose to the horizon, and ended in a black line of firs.

She hummed as she went this idle song; and sometimes she laughed, for the place seemed to be alive with very young rabbits, and those inexperienced babes showed an agony of fear as they fled almost from under her feet, and scurried through the dry heather to the sandy breaks. It was at one of the largest of these breaks—a sort of ragged pit some six feet deep and fifty feet long—that she finally paused, and put down her heavy load. Her approach had been the signal for the magical disappearance of about fifty or sixty rabbits, the large majority being the merest mites of things.

Now began a strange incantation scene. She sat down in the perfect stillness; there was not even a rustle of her dress. There was no wind stirring; the white clouds in the pale blue overhead hung motionless; the only sound audible was the calling of a peewit far away over the heath.

She waited patiently in this deep silence. All round and underneath this broken bank, in a transparent shadow, were a number of dark holes of various sizes. These were the apertures for the gnomes to appear from the bowels of the earth. And as she waited, behold! one of those small caverns became tenanted. A tiny head suddenly appeared, and two black eyes regarded her with a sort of blank, dumb curiosity, without fear. She did not move. The brown small creature came out further; he sat down, like a little ball, on the edge of the sandy slope; he was just far enough

out for the sunlight to catch the tips of his long ears, which thereupon shone transparent, a pinky gray. Her eyes were caught by another sudden awakening of life. At the opposite side of the dell a head appeared, and bobbed in again—that was an old and experienced rabbit; but immediately afterward one, two, three small bodies came out to the edge and sat there, a mute, watchful family, staring and being stared at. Then here, there, every where, head after head became visible; a careful look round, a noiseless trot out to the edge of the hole, a motionless seat there, not an ear or a tail stirring. In the mysterious silence every eye was fixed on hers; she scarcely dared breathe, or these phantasmal inhabitants of the lower world would suddenly vanish. But what was this strange creature, unlike his fellows in all but their stealthy watchfulness and silent ways? He was black as midnight; he was large and fat and sleek; he was the only one of the parents that dared to come out and make part of this mystic picture.

'Satan!' she called; and she sprang to her feet and gave one loud clap of her hands.

There was nothing but the dry sand bank, staring with those empty holes. She laughed lightly to herself at that instantaneous scurry; and, having opened the basket, she scattered its contents—chopped turnips—all around the place; and then set off homeward. She arrived at the Hall in time to have breakfast with her cousin, though that young gentleman was discontentedly grumbling over the early hours they kept in his uncle's house.

'Syllabus,' said he, 'are you going to stand Champagne for lunch?'

'Champagne?—you foolish boy,' said she; 'what do you want Champagne for?'

'To celebrate my departure,' said he. 'You know you'll be awfully glad to get rid of me. I have worried your life out in these three days. Let's have some Champagne at lunch, to show you don't bear malice. Won't you, old Syllabus?'

'Champagne?' said she. 'Wine is not good for school-boys. Is it sixpence you want to buy taffy with on the way to the station?'

After breakfast she had her rounds of the garden and greenhouses to make; she visited the kennels, and saw that the dogs had plenty of water; she went to the lake to see that the swans had their food; she had a dumb conversation with her pony that was grazing in the meadow. How could the sweet day pass more pleasantly? The air was fresh and mild, the skies blue, the sun warm on the buttercups of the park—in fact, when she returned to the Hall she found that her small bronze shoes and the foot of her dress were all dusted with a gold powder.

But this was not to be an ordinary day. First of all she was greatly troubled by the mysterious disappearance of Johnny Blythe, who, she was afraid, would miss his train in the afternoon; then she was delighted by his appearance in company with a visitor, who was easily persuaded to stay to lunch; then there was a pretty quarrel over the production of that bottle of public-house Champagne—at which the girl turned, with a little flush in her cheek, to her visitor, whom she begged to forgive this piece of school-boyish folly. Then Mr. John was bundled off in the wagonette to the station; and she and her visitor were left alone.

What had Madame Mephistopheles to do with this innocent girl?

'Oh, Lady Sylvia,' she said, 'how delightfully quiet you are here. Each time I come, the stillness of the Hall and the park strikes me more and more. It is a place to dream one's life away in—among the trees on the fine days, in the library on the bad ones. I suppose you don't wish ever to leave Willowby?'

'N—no,' said the girl, with a faint touch of color in her face. And then she added, 'But don't you think that one ought to try to understand what is going on outside one's immediate circle? One must become so ignorant, you know. I have been reading the leading articles in the *Times* lately.'

'Oh, indeed!'

'Yes; but they only show me how very ignorant I must be, for I can scarcely find one that I can understand. And I have been greatly disappointed, too, with another thing. Have you seen this book?'

She went and fetched from an adjoining table a volume, which she placed in her visitor's hands. It was entitled *The Ideas of the Day on Policy*.

'There was a friend of papa's here one evening,' said Lady Sylvia, demurely, 'and

we were talking about the greatly different opinions in politics that people held, and I asked him how an ignorant person like myself was to decide which to believe. Then he said "Oh, if you want to see all the *pros* and *cons* of the great political questions ranged opposite each other, take some such book as Buxton's *Ideas of the Day;* then you can compare them, and take which one strikes you as being most reasonable." Well, I sent for the book; but look at it! It is all general principles. It does not tell me anything. I am sure no one could have read more carefully than I did the articles in the *Times* on the Irish Universities Bill. I have followed everything that has been said, and I am quite convinced by the argument; but I can't make out what the real thing is behind. And then I go to the book that was recommended to me. Look at it, my dear Mrs.——. All you can get is a series of propositions about national education. How does that help you to understand the Irish Universities?'

Her visitor laughed and put down the book. Then she placed her hand within the girl's arm, and they went out for a stroll in the park, through the long warm grass and golden buttercups and blue speedwells.

'Why should you take such a new interest in politics, Lady Sylvia?' said Madame Mephistopheles, lightly.

'I want to take an interest in what concerns so many of my fellow-creatures,' said the girl, simply. 'Is not that natural? And if I were a man,' she added, with some heightened color, 'I should care for nothing but politics. Think of the good one might do—think of the power one might have! That would be worth living for, that would be worth giving one's life for—to be able to cure some of the misery of the world, and make wise laws, and make one's country respected among other nations. Do you know, I cannot understand how men can pass their lives in painting pretty pictures and writing pretty verses, when there is all that real work to be done—millions of their fellow-creatures growing up in ignorance and misery—the poor becoming poorer every day, until no one knows where the wretchedness is to cease.'

These were fine notions to have got into the head of an ingenuous country maiden; and perhaps that reflection occurred to herself too, for she suddenly stopped, and her face was red. But her kind friend took no notice of this retiring modesty. On the contrary, she warmly approved of her companion's ways of thinking. England was proud of her statesmen. The gratitude of millions was the reward of him who devised wise statutes. What nobler vocation in life could there be for a man than philanthropy exalted to the rank of a science? But at the same time—

Ah! yes, at the same time a young girl must not fancy that all politicians were patriots. Sometimes it was the meaner ambitions connected with self that were the occasion of great public service. We ought not to be disappointed on discovering that our hero had some earthly alloy in his composition.

Indeed, continued this Mephistopheles, there was always a danger of allowing our imaginative conceptions of people to run too far. Young persons, more especially, who had but little practical experience of life, were often disappointed because they expected too much. Human nature was only human nature. Lady Sylvia now, for example, had doubtless never thought about marriage; but did she not know how many persons were grievously disappointed merely because they had been too generously imaginative before marriage?

'But how can any one marry without absolute admiration and absolute confidence?' demanded the girl, with some pride, but with her eyes cast down.

And there was no one there to interpose and cry, 'Oh, woman, woman, come away, and let the child dream her dream. If it is all a mistake—if it has to be repented for in hot tears and with an aching heart—if it lasts for but a year, a month, a day—leave her with this beautiful faith in love and life and heroism which may soon enough be taken away from her.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEMBER FOR BALLINASCROON.

IN the first-floor room of a small house in Piccadilly a young man of six-and-twenty or so was busily writing letters. By rights the room should have been a draw-

ing-room—and a woman might have made of it a very pretty drawing-room indeed—but there were no flowers or trailing creepers in the small balcony; there were no lace curtains to prevent the sunlight streaming through the open French windows full on the worn and faded carpet; while this half study, half parlor, had scattered about in it all the signs of a bachelor's existence in the shape of wooden pipes, time-tables, slippers, and the like. When the letters were finished the writer struck a bell before him on the table. His servant appeared. ,

'You will post these letters, Jackson, said he, 'and have a hansom ready for me at 3.15.'

'Yes, Sir,' said the man; and then he hesitated. 'Beg your pardon, Sir, but the gentlemen below are rather impatient, Sir—they are very excited, Sir.'

'Very well," said the young man, carelessly. 'Take my bag down. Stay, here are some papers you had better put in.'

He rose and went to get the papers—one or two thin blue-books and some drafted bills—and now one may get a better look at the Member for Ballinascroon. He was not over five feet eight; but he was a bony, firm-framed young man, who had much more character than prettiness in his face. The closely cropped beard and whiskers did not at all conceal the lines of strength about his cheek and chin; and the shaggy dark brown eyebrows gave shadow and intensity to the shrewd and piercing grey eyes. It was a face that gave evidence of keen resolve, of ready action, of persistence. And although young Balfour had the patient and steady determination of the Scotch—or, let us say, of the Saxon—as part of his birthright, and although even that had been overlaid by the reticence of manner and the gentleness—the almost hesitating gentleness—of speech of an Oxford don—any one could see that there was something Celtic-looking about the grey eyes and the heavy eyebrows, and every one who knew Balfour knew that sometimes a flash of vehement enthusiasm, or anger, or scorn, would break through that suavity of manner which some considered to be a trifle too supercilious.

On this occasion Hugh Balfour, having made all the preparations for his departure which he considered to be necessary, went down stairs to the large room on the ground-floor. There was a noise of voices in that apartment. As he entered, these angry sounds ceased; he bowed slightly, went up to the head of the room, and said, 'Gentlemen, will you be seated?'

'Sorr,' said a small man, with a big chest, a white waiscoat, and a face pink with anger or whiskey, or both—'Sorr, 'tis twenty-three minutes by my watch ye have kept us waiting—'

'I know,' said the young man, calmly; 'I am very sorry. Will you be good enough to proceed to business, gentlemen?'

Thus admonished the spokesman of the eight or ten persons in the room addressed himself to the speech which he had obviously prepared. But how could he, in the idyllic seclusion of the back parlor of a Ballinascroon public-house, have anticipated and prepared for the interruptions falling from a young man who, whether at the Oxford Union or at St. Stephens, had acquired a pretty fair reputation of saying about the most irritating and contemptuous things that could vex the soul of an opponent?

'Sorr,' said the orator, swelling out his white waistcoat, 'the gentleman' (he said gintlemen, but never mind)—'the gentlemen who are with me this day are a deputation, a deputation, Sorr, of the electors of the borough of Ballinascroon, which you have the honor, Sorr, to represent in Parliament. We held a meeting, Sorr, as you know. You were invited to attend that meeting. You refused to attend that meeting—although it was called to consider your conduct as the representative of the borough of Ballinascroon.'

Mr. Balfour nodded: this young man did not seem to be much impressed by the desperate nature of the situation.

'And now, Sorr,' continued the orator, grouping his companions together with a wave of his hand, 'we have come as a deputation to lay before you certain facts which your constituents, Sorr, hope will induce you to take that course—the only course, I may say—that an honorable man could follow.'

'Very well.'

'Sorr, you are aware that you succeeded the Honorable Oliver Glynne in the representation of the borough of Ballinascroon. You are aware, Sorr, that when Mr. Glynne contested the borough, he spent no less than £10,800 in the election—'

'I am quite aware of these facts,' interrupted Balfour, speaking slowly and clearly. 'I am quite aware that Mr. Glynne kept the whole constituency drunk for three months. I am quite aware that he spent all that money, for I don't believe there was a man of you came out of the election with clean hands. Well?'

The orator was rather disconcerted, and gasped a little; but a murmur of indignant repudiation from his companions nerved him to a further effort.

'Sorr, it ill becomes you to bring such charges against the borough that has placed you in Parliament, and against the man who gave you his seat. Mr. Glynne was a gentleman, Sorr; he spent his money like a gentleman; and when he was unseated' (he said onsated, but no matter), 'it was from no regard for you, Sorr, but from our regard for him that we returned you to Parliament, and have allowed you to sit there, Sorr, until such times as a General Election will enable us to send the man of our choice to represent us at St. Stephen's.'

There was a loud murmur of approval.

'I beg your pardon,' said Balfour. 'I must correct you on one point. You don't allow me to sit in Parliament. I sit there of my own choice. You would turn me out if you could to-morrow; but you see you can't.'

'I consider, Sorr, that in that shameless avowal—'

Here there was a flash of light in those gray eyes; but the indiscreet orator did not observe it.

'—You have justified the action we have taken in calling a public meeting to denounce your conduct as the representative of Ballinascroon. Sorr, you are not the representative of Ballinascroon. I will make bold to say that you are sitting in the honorable House of Commons under false pretences. You neglect our interests. You treat our communications, our remonstrances, with an insulting indifference. The cry of our fellow-countrymen in prison—political prisoners in a free country, Sorr—is nothing to you. You allow our fisheries to dwindle and disappear for want of that help which you give freely enough to your own country, Sorr. And on the great question which is making the pulse of Ireland beat as it has never beaten before, that is making her sons and her daughters curse the slavery that binds them in chains of iron, Sorr, you have treated us with ridicule and scorn. When Mr. O'Byrne called upon you at the Reform Club, Sorr, you walked past him, and told the menial in livery to inform him that you were not in the club. Is that the conduct of a member of the honorable House of Commons, Sorr? Is it the conduct of a gentleman?'

Here arose another murmur of approval. Balfour looked at his watch.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am sorry I must leave you at 3.15; my train goes at 3.30 from Paddington. Do I understand you that that is all you have to say?'

Here there were loud cries of 'No! no! Resign! resign!'

'—Because I don't think it was worth your while to come all the way to London to say it. I read it every week in the columns of that delightful print, the *Ballinascroon Sentinel*. However you have been very outspoken, and I shall be equally frank. You can't have all the frankness on your side, you know. Let me say, then, that I don't care a brass farthing what any meeting in Ballinascroon thinks, or what the whole of the three hundred and eighty electors think about me. I consider it a disgrace to the British constitution that such a rotten and corrupt constituency should exist. Three hundred and eighty electors—a population of less than five thousand—and a man spends close on £11,000 in contesting the place! Disfranchisement is too good for such a hole: it should be burned out of the political map. And so you took me as a stop-gap. That was how you showed your gratitude to Mr. Glynne, who was a young man, and a foolish young man, and allowed himself to be led by your precious electoral agents. Of course I was to give up the seat to him at the next General Election. Very well; I have no objection to that; that is a matter between him and me; though I fancy you'll find him just as resolved as myself not to swallow your Home Rule bolus. But, as between you and me, the case is different. You wished to make use of me: I have made use of you. I have got into the House; I have learned something of its ways; I have served so far a short apprenticeship. But do you think that I am going to give up my time and my convictions to your wretched projects? Do you think I would bolster up your industries, that are

dwindling only through laziness? Do you think I am going to try to get every man of you a post or a pension? Gracious heavens! I don't believe there is a man-child born in the town but you begin to wonder what the government will do for him. The very stones of Westminster Hall are saturated with Irish brogue; the air is thick with your clamour for place. No—no, thank you; don't imagine I'm going to dip my hands into that dirty water. You can turn me out at the end of this Parliament—I should have resigned my seat in any case—but until that time I am Hugh Balfour, and not at all your very obedient servant.'

For the moment his Celtic pulse had got the better of his Saxon brain. The deputation had not been at all prepared for this scornful outburst; they had expected to enjoy a monopoly of scolding. Ordinarily, indeed, Hugh Balfour was an extremely reticent man; some said he was too proud to bother himself into a passion about any thing or any body.

'Sorr,' said the pink-faced orator, with a despairing hesitation in his voice, 'after the language—after the language, Sorr, which we have just heard, my friends and myself have but one course to pursue. I am astonished—I am astonished, Sorr—that, holding such opinions of the borough of Ballinascroon as those you have now expressed, you should continue to represent that borough in Parliament—'

'I beg your pardon,' said Balfour, with his ordinary coolness, and taking out his watch, 'if I must interrupt you again. I have but three minutes left. Is there any thing definite which you wish to say to me?'

Once more there was a murmuring chorus of 'Resign! resign!'

'I don't at all mean to resign,' said Balfour, calmly.

'Sorr, it is inconceivable,' began the spokesman of the party, 'that a gentleman should sit in Parliament to represent a constituency of which he has such opinions as those that have fallen from you this day.'

'I beg your pardon; it is not at all inconceivable; it is the fact. What is more, I mean to represent your precious borough until the end of the present Parliament. You will be glad to hear that that end may be somewhat nearer than many people imagine; and again the bother comes from your side of the water. Since the government were beaten on their Irish Universities Bill they have been in a bad way; there is no doubt of it. Some folks say there will be a dissolution in the autumn. So you see there is no saying how soon you may get rid of me. In that case will you return Mr. Glynne?'

Again there was a murmur, but scarcely an intelligible one.

'I thought not. I fancied your gratitude for the £11,000 would not last as long. Well, you must try to find a Home Rule candidate who will keep the town drunk for three months at a stretch. Meantime, gentlemen, I am afraid I must bid you good-morning.'

He rang the bell.

'Cab there, Jackson?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Good-morning, gentlemen.'

With that the deputation from Ballinascroon were left to take their departure at their own convenience, their representative in Parliament driving off in a hansom to Paddington Station.

He had scarcely driven away from the door when his thoughts were occupied by much more important affairs. He was a busy man. The deputation could lie by as a joke.

Arrived at the station, Balfour jumped out, bag in hand, and gave the cabman eighteen pence.

'What's this, Sir?' the man called out, affecting to stare at the two coins.

Balfour turned.

'Oh,' said he, innocently, 'have I made a mistake? Let me see. You had better give me back the sixpence.'

Still more innocently the cabman—never doubting but that a gentleman who lived in Piccadilly would act as such—handed him the sixpence, which Belfour put in his pocket.

'Don't be such a fool next time,' said he, as he walked off to get his ticket.

He had a couple of minutes to spare, and after taking his seat, he walked across the platform to get an evening paper. He was met by an old college companion of his.

'Balfour,' said he, 'I wanted to see you. You remember that tall waiter at the Oxford and Cambridge, the one who got ill, had to give up—'

'And you got him into some green-grocery business or other. Yes.'

'Well, he is desperately ill now, and his affairs are at the worst. His wife doesn't know what to do. I am getting up a little subscription for her. I want a couple of guineas from you.'

'Oh,' said Balfour, somewhat coldly, 'I rather dislike the notion of giving money to these subscriptions without knowing something of the case. I have known so many dying people get rapidly better after they got a pension from the Civil List, or a donation from the Literary Fund, or a purse from their friends. Where does the woman live?'

'Three, Marquis Street, Lambeth.'

'Take your seats, please.'

So these two parted, and Balfour's acquaintance went back to the carriage in which he had left his wife and her sisters, and to these he said,

'Did you ever know anything like the meanness of these Scotch? I have just met that fellow Balfour—he has thirty thousand a year if he has a penny—and I couldn't screw a couple of guineas out of him for a poor woman whose husband is dying. Fancy! Now I can believe all the stories I have heard of him within the last year or two. He asks men to dinner; has Champagne on the sideboard; pretends he is so busy talking politics that he forgets all about it; his guests have to content themselves with a glass of sherry, while he has a little claret and water. He hasn't a cigar in the house. He keeps one horse, I believe—an old cob—for pounding up and down in Hyde Park of a morning; but on his thirty thousand a year he can't afford himself a brougham. No wonder those Scotch fellows become rich men. I have no doubt his father began with picking up pins in the street.'

Quite unconscious of having provoked all this wrathful animadversion, Balfour was already deeply immersed in certain Local Taxation Bills he had taken out of his bag. Very little did he see of the beautiful landscapes through which the train whirled on that bright and glowing afternoon; although, of course, he had a glance at Pangbourne; that was something not to be missed even by a young and enthusiastic politician. At the Oxford Station he was met by a thin, little, middle-aged man, with a big head and blue spectacles. This was the Rev. Henry Jewsbury, M.A., and Fellow of Exeter.

'Well, Balfour, my boy,' called out this clergyman, in a rich and jovial voice, which startled one as it came from that shrunken body, 'I am glad to see you. How late you are! You'll just be in time to dine in hall: I will lend you a gown.'

'All right. But I must send off a telegram first'

He went to the office. This was the telegram:

'H. Balfour, Exeter College, Oxford, to E. Jackson, —— Piccadilly, London: Go to three Marquis Street, Lambeth; make inquiries if woman in great distress. Give ten pounds. Make strict inquiries.'

'Now, Jewsbury, I am with you. I hope there are no men coming to your rooms to-night: I want to have a long talk with you about this Judicature business. Yes, and about something more important even than that.'

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury looked up.

'The fact is,' said the young man, with a smile, 'I have been thinking of getting married.'

CHAPTER IV.

ALMA MATER.

IT was a singular change for this busy, hard-headed man to leave the whirl of London life—with its late nights at the House, its conversational breakfasts, its Wednesday and Saturday dinner parties and official receptions, and so forth—to spend a quiet Sunday with his old friends of Exeter. The very room in which he now sat, waiting for Mr. Jewsbury to hunt him out a gown, had once been his own. It overlooked the Fellows' Garden—that sacred haunt of peace and twilight and green leaves. Once upon a time, and that not very long ago, it was pretty well known that Balfour of Exeter might have had a fellowship presented to him had he not happened to be too rich a man. No one, of course, could have imagined for a moment, this ambitious, eager, active young fellow, suddenly giving up his wealth, and his chances of marrying, and his political prospects, in order that he might lead a quiet student life within the shadow of these gray walls. Nevertheless, that dream had crossed his mind more than once: most commonly when he had got home from the house

about two in the morning, tired out, vexed with the failure of some pet project, unnerved by the apathy of the time, the government he supported being merely a government of sufferance, holding office only because the rival party was too weak to relieve it from the burden.

And indeed there was something of the home-returning feeling in his mind as he now slipped on the academical gown, and hurried across to the great, yellow-white hall, in which the undergraduates were already busy with their modest beef and ale. There were unknown faces, it is true, ranged by the long tables; but up here on the cross table, on the platform, he was among old friends; and there were old friends, too, looking over at him from the dusty frames on the walls. He was something of a lion now. He had been a marked man at Oxford; for although he had never made the gallery of the Union tremble with resonant eloquence, (he was, in fact, anything but a fluent speaker), he had abundant self-possession, and a tolerably keen instinct of detecting the weak points in his opponent's line of argument. Besides—and this goes for something—there was an impress of power in the mere appearance of the man, in his square forehead, his firm lips, and deep-set, keen, gray eyes. He had an iron frame, too—lean, bony, capable of enduring any fatigue. Of course the destination of such a man was politics. Could anyone imagine him letting his life slip away from him in these quiet halls, mumbling out a lecture to a dozen ignorant young men in the morning, pacing up and down Addison's Walk in the afternoon, and glad to see the twilight come over as he sat in the common-room of an evening, with claret and cherries, and a cool wind blowing in from the Fellows' Garden?

It was to this quiet little low-roofed common-room they now adjourned when dinner in hall was over, and the undergraduates had gone noiselessly off, like so many rabbits to their respective burrows. There were not more than a dozen around the polished mahogany table. The candles were not lit; there was still a pale light shining over the still garden outside, its beautiful green foliage enclosed on one side by the ivied wall of the Bodleian, and just giving one a glimpse of the Radcliffe dome beyond. It was fresh and cool and sweet in here; it was a time for wine and fruit; there were no raised voices in the talk, for there was scarcely a whisper among the leaves of the laburnums outside, and the great acacia spread its feathery branches into a cloudless and lambent sky.

'Well, Mr. Balfour,' said an amiable old gentleman, 'and what do the government mean to do with us now?'

'I should think, sir,' said Mr. Balfour, modestly, 'that if the government had their wish, they would like to be drinking wine with you at this moment. It would be charitable to ask them to spend an evening like this with you. They have had sore times of it of late; and their unpopularity is growing greater every day—why, I don't know. I suppose they have been too much in earnest. The English public likes a joke now and again in the conduct of its affairs. No English cabinet should be made up without its buffoon—unless, indeed, the Prime Minister can assume the part occasionally. Insincerity, impertinence, maladministration—anything will be forgiven you if you can make the House laugh. On the other hand, if you happen to be a very earnest person, if you are foolish enough to believe that there are great wrongs to be righted, and if you worry and bother the country with your sincerity, the country will take the first chance—no matter what services you have rendered it—of kicking you out of office. It is natural enough. No one likes to be bothered by serious people. As we are all quite content, why should we be badgered with new projects? May I ask you to hand me those strawberries?'

The old gentleman was rather mystified; but Mr. Jewsbury was not—he was listening with a demure smile.

'They tell me, Mr. Balfour,' said the old gentleman, 'that if there should be a general election, your seat may be in danger.'

'Oh, I shall be turned out, I know,' said Balfour, with much complacency. 'My constituents don't lose many opportunities of letting me know that. They burned me in effigy the other night. I have had letters warning me that I had better give Ballinascroon a wide berth if I happened to be in that part of Ireland. But I dare say I shall get in for some other place; I might say that, according to

modern notions, the money left me by my father entitles me to a seat. You know how things go together. If you open a system of drainage works, you become a knight. If you give a big dinner to a foreign prince, you become a baronet. If you could only buy Arundel Castle, you would be an earl. And as I see all round me in Parliament men who have no possible claim to be there except the possession of a big fortune—men who go into Parliament not to help in governing the country at all, but merely to acquire a social distinction to which their money entitles them—I suppose I have that right too. Unfortunately I have not a local habitation and a name anywhere. I must begin and cultivate some place—buy a brewery or something like that. Regattas are good things: you can spend a good deal of money safely on regattas—'

'Balfour,' cried Jewsbury, with a laugh, 'don't go on talking like that.'

'I tell you,' said the young man seriously, 'there was not half as much mischief done by the old pocket-borough system as there is by this money qualification. For my part, I am Tory enough to prefer the old pocket-borough system, with all its abuses. The patrons were men of good birth, who had therefore leisure to attend to public affairs—in fact, they had the tradition that they were responsible for the proper government of the country. They had some measure of education, experience of other countries, an acquaintance with the political experiments of former times, and so forth. So long as they could present to a living—to a seat in the House, I mean—a young fellow of ability had a chance, though he had not a penny in his pocket. What chance has he now? Is it for the benefit of the country that men like——and—— should be running about from one constituency to another, getting beaten every time, while such brainless and voiceless nonentities as——and——are carried triumphantly into Parliament on the shoulders of a crowd of publicans? What is the result? You are degrading Parliament in public estimation. The average member has become a by-word. The men who by education and experience are best fitted to look after the government of a nation are becoming less and less anxious to demean themselves by courting the suffrages of a mob, while the h-less men who are getting into Parliament on the strength of their having grown rich are bringing the House of Commons down to the level of a vestry. Might I trouble you for those strawberries?"

The old gentlemen had quite forgotten about the strawberries. He had been listening intently to this scornful protest. When Balfour spoke earnestly—whether advancing a mere paradox or not—there was a certain glow in the deep-set eyes that exercised a singular fascination over some people. It held them. They had to listen, whether they went away convinced or no.

'What an extraordinary fellow you are, Balfour!' said his friend to him, as they were on their way from the common-room to Mr. Jewsbury's easy-chairs and tobacco. 'Here you have been inveighing against the money qualification of members of Parliament, and you yourself propose to get into the House simply on the strength of your money.'

'Why not?' said the young man. 'If my constituents are satisfied, so am I. If that is their theory, I accept it. You called me no end of names because I took the seat those people at Ballinascroon offered me. I was reaping the harvest sown by bribery and I don't know what. But that was their business, not mine. I merely made use of them, as I told a deputation from them this very forenoon. I have not given them a penny. What I might have given, if there was a chance of my getting in again, and I could do it safely, I don't know.'

'Always the same!' exclaimed his friend, as they were going up the narrow wooden stairs. 'When you are a little older, Balfour, you will learn the imprudence of always attributing to yourself the meanest motives for your conduct. The world takes men at their own valuation of themselves. How would you like other people to say of you what you say yourself?'

There was no answer to this remark, for now the two friends had entered the larger of Mr. Jewsbury's two rooms—a sufficiently spacious apartment, decorated in the severe modern style, but still offering some compromise to human weakness in the presence of several low, long, and lounging easy-chairs. Moreover there were pipes and a stone canister of tobacco on a small table. Mr. Jewsbury lit a couple of candles.

'Now,' said he, dropping into one of the easy-chairs, and taking up a pipe, 'I won't listen for a moment to your Judicature Bill, or any other bill; and I won't bore you for a moment with any gigantic scheme for reforming the college revenues and endowing scientific research. I want to know more about what you said at the station. Who is it?'

The young man almost started up in his chair—he leaned forward—there was an eager, bright light in his face.

'Jewsbury, if you only knew this girl—not to look at her merely, but to know her nature; if you could only imagine—' Then he sank back again in his chair, and put his hands in his pockets. 'What is the use of my talking about her? You see, it will be a very advantageous thing for me if I can persuade this girl to marry me—very advantageous. Her father is a poor man; but then he is an earl—I may as well tell you his name; it is Lord Willowby—and he has got valuable connections. Willowby is not much in the Lords. To tell you the truth, I dislike him. He is tricky, and meddles with companies—perhaps that is to be forgiven him, for he hasn't a penny. But he could be of use to me. And his daughter would be of greater use, if she were my wife. Lady Sylvia Balfour could get a better grip of certain people than plain Mr. Hugh—'

His companion had risen from his chair, and was impatiently pacing up and down the floor.

'Balfour,' he cried, 'I am getting tired of this. You know you are only shamming. You are the last man in the world to marry for those miserable motives you are now talking about.'

'I am not shamming at all,' said Balfour, calmly. 'I am only looking at the business side of this question. What other would you like to hear about? I don't choose to talk about the girl herself—until you have known her; and then I may tell you what I think about her. Sit down, like a good fellow. Is it my fault that I am ambitious?—that I want to do something in politics?'

His friend sat down resignedly.

'She has accepted you?' he said.

'Not openly—not confessedly,' said the young man; and then his breath began to come and go a little more rapidly. 'But—but she could not mistake what I have said to her—if she had been angry, she would have sent me off—on the contrary, it is only because I don't wish to annoy her by undue precipitancy—but I think we both understand.'

'And her father?'

'Oh, I suppose her father understands too,' said Balfour, carelessly. 'I suppose I shall have to ask him formally. I wish to Heaven he would not have his name mixed up with those companies.'

'The Lady Sylvia—it is a pretty name,' said his friend, absently.

'And she is as sweet and pure and noble as her name is beautiful,' said Balfour, with a sudden proud light in his eyes—forgetting, indeed, in this one outburst all his schooled reticence. 'You have no idea, Jewsbury, what a woman can be until you have known this one. I can tell you it will be something for a man that has to muddle about in the hypocricies of politics, and to mix among the cynicisms and affectations and mean estimates of society, to find at home, always by him, one clear burning lamp of faith—faith in human nature, and a future worth striving for. You don't suppose that this girl is any of the painted fripperies you meet at every woman's house in London? Good God! before I would marry one of those bedizened and microcephalous playthings—'

He sank back in his easy-chair again, with a shrug and a laugh. The laugh was against himself; he had been betrayed into a useless vehemence.

'The fact is,' said he, 'Jewsbury, I am not fair to London women—or rather, I mean, to those London girls who have been out a few seasons and know a good deal more than their mothers ever knew before them. Fortunately the young men they are likely to marry are fit matches for them. They are animated by the same desire—the chief desire of their lives—and that is to escape the curse imposed on the human race at the gates of Paradise.'

'The curse was double,' said his clerical friend, with a laugh.

'I know,' said Balfour, coolly, 'and I maintain what I say. There is no use beating about the bush.'

Indeed, he had never been in the habit of beating about the bush. For him, what was, was; and he had never tried to escape the recognition of it in a haze of words

Hence the reputation he enjoyed of being something more than blunt-spoken — of being, in fact, a pretty good specimen of the perfervid Scotchman, arrogant, opinionated, supercilious, and a trifle too anxious to tread on people's corns.

'Do you see,' he said, suddenly, after a second or two of quiet, 'what Lady —— has done for her husband? She fairly carried him into office on the strength of her dinners and parties; and now she has *badinaged* him into a peerage. She is a wonderfully clever woman. She can make a newspaper editor fancy himself a duke. By-the-way, I see the Prince has taken to the newspapers lately; they are all represented at his garden parties. If you have a clever wife, it is wonderful what she can do for you.'

'And if you have a stupid wife, can you do any thing for her?' inquired Mr. Jewsbury, to whom all this business—this theatrical 'business' of public life—was rather unintelligible.

Balfour burst out laughing.

'What would you think of a cabinet minister being led by the nose—what would you think of his resigning the whole of his authority into the hands of the permanent secretary under him—simply because that sectetary undertakes the duty of getting the minister's wife, who is not very presentable, included in invitations, and passed into houses where she would never otherwise be seen? She is a wonderful woman, that woman. They call her Mrs. Malaprop. But Tommy Bingham gets her taken about somehow.'

The two friends smoked in silence for some time; the Irish Universities, the High Court of Judicature, the Endowment of Research, may perhaps have been occupying their attention. But when Balfour spoke next, he said, slowly,

'It must be a good thing for a man to have a woman beside him whose very presence will make the whole world sweet and wholesome to him. If it were not for a woman here or there—and it is only by accident they reveal themselves to you—what *could* one think of human nature?'

'And when are you to see this wonderful rose that is able to sweeten all the winds of the world?' his friend asked, with a smile.

'I am going down with Lord Willowby on Monday for a few days. I should not wonder if something happened during that time.'

CHAPTER V.

POLITICS AND NIGHTINGALES.

The Lady Sylvia was seated before a mirror, and her maid was dressing her hair. The maid was a shrewd, kindly, elderly person, who exercised a good deal of control over her young mistress, and at this moment she was gently remonstrating with her for her impatience.

'I am sure, my lady, they cannot be here for half an hour yet,' said she.

'And if I am too soon?' said the young lady, with just a trifle of petulance. 'I wish to be too soon.'

The maid received this admonition with much composure, and was not driven by it into scamping her work. The fact was, it was not she who was responsible for the hurry, if hurry there had to be. There was a book lying on the table. It was a description of the three Khanates of Turkistan when as yet these were existing and independent states. That was not the sort of book that ordinarily keeps a young lady late for dressing; but then there was a good deal of talk, about this time, over the advance of General Kaufmann on Khiva; and as there was a member of the House of Commons coming to dine with a member of the House of Lords, they might very probably refer to this matter; and in that case, ought not a certain young lady to be able to follow the conversation with something of intelligent interest, even when that school-boy cousin of hers, Johnny Blythe, could prattle away about foreign politics for half an hour at a stretch?

'Thank you, Anne,' said she, meekly, when the finishing touch was put to her dress; and a couple of minutes afterward she was standing out-of-doors, on the gray stone steps, in the warm sunset glow.

She made a pretty picture as she stood there, listening and expectant. She was dressed in a tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of cream white silk, and there was not a scrap of color, or ribbon, or ornament about it. She wore no jewelry; there was not even a soft thin line of gold around her

neck. But there was a white rose in her brown hair.

Suddenly she heard a sound of wheels in the distance; her heart began to throb a bit, and there was a faint flush of color in the pale and calm and serious face. But the next minute that flush had died away, and only one who knew her well could have told that the girl was somewhat excited, by the fact that the dark pupils of the gray eyes seemed a trifle larger than usual, and full of a warm, anxious, glad light.

She caught sight of the wagonette as it came rolling along the avenue between the elms. A quick look of pleasure flashed across her face. Then the small, white, trembling fingers were nervously closed, and a great fear possessed her that she might too openly betray the gladness that wholly filled her heart.

'How do you do, Lady Sylvia?' cried Hugh Balfour, with more gayety than was usual with him, as he came up the stone steps and shook hands with her.

He was surprised and chagrined by the coldness of her manner. She caught his eyes but for a moment, and then averted hers, and she seemed to withdraw her hand quickly from his hearty and friendly grasp. Then why should she so quickly turn to her father, and hope he was not tired by his stay in London? That was but scant courtesy to a guest; she had scarcely said a word to him, and her manner seemed extremely nervous or studiously distant.

Lord Willowby—a tall, thin, sallow-faced man, who stooped a little—kissed her, and bestowed upon her a ferocious smile. That smile of his lordship's, once seen, was not to be forgotten. If Johnny Blythe had had any eye for the similitude of things; if he had himself poured out a glass of that mysterious and frothy fluid he had bought at the 'Fox and Hounds;' if he had observed how the froth hissed up suddenly in the glass, and how it instantly disappeared again, leaving only a blank dullness of liquid—then he might have been able to say what his uncle's smile was like. It was a prodigious grin rather than a smile. It flamed and shot all over his contorted visage, wrinkling up his eyes and revealing his teeth; then it instantaneously disappeared, leaving behind it the normal gloom and depression of distinctly melancholy features.

'I hope you enjoyed the drive over from the station?' said Lady Sylvia, in a timid voice, to Mr. Balfour; but her eyes were still cast down.

He dared not tell her that he had not consciously seen a single natural object all the way over, so full was his heart of the end and aim of the journey. 'Oh, beautiful! beautiful!' said he. 'It is a charming country. I am more and more delighted with it each time I see it. Is not that—surely that is Windsor?'

All over the western sky there was a dusky blaze of red; and at the far horizon line above the dark blue woods, there was a tiny line of transparent brown—apparently about an inch in length—with a small projection just visible at each end. It was Windsor Castle; but he did not look long at Windsor Castle. The girl had now turned her eyes in that direction too; he had a glimpse of those wonderful clear depths under the soft dark eyelashes; the pale, serious, beautiful face caught a touch of color from the glow in the west. But why should she be so cold, so distant, so afraid? When they went into the hall, he followed mechanically the man who had been told off to wait on him. He said nothing in reply when he heard that dinner was at seven. He could not understand in what way he had offended her.

Mechanically, too, he dressed. Surely it was nothing he had said in the House? That was too absurd; how could this girl, brought up as she had been, care about what was said or done in Parliament? And then he grew to wonder at himself. He was more disturbed by a slight change of manner in this girl than by anything that had happened to him for years. He was a man of good nerve and fair self-confidence. He was not much depressed by the hard things his constituents said of him. If a minister snubbed him in answer to a question, he took the snub with much composure; and his knowledge that it would appear in all the papers next morning did not at all interfere with his dinner of that evening. But now, had it come to this already, that he should become anxious, disturbed, restless, merely because a girl had turned away her eyes when she spoke to him?

The dinner gong was sounding as he went down stairs. He found Lord Willowby and his daughter in the drawing-room—a spacious, poorly furnished chamber, that

was kept pretty much in shadow by a large chestnut tree just outside the windows. Then a servant threw open the great doors, and they went into the dining-room. This, too, was a large, airy, poorly furnished room; but what did that matter when the red light from the west was painting great squares of beautiful color on the walls, and when one could look from the windows away over the level country that was now becoming blue and misty under the deepening glow of the sunset? They had not lit the candles yet; the fading sunlight was enough.

'My dear fellow,' remonstrated Lord Willowby, when the servant had offered Balfour two or three sorts of wine, he refusing them all, 'what can I get for you?'

'Nothing, thank you. I rarely drink wine,' he said, carelessly. 'I think, Lady Sylvia, you said the archery meeting was on Wednesday?'

Now here occurred a strange thing, which was continued all through dinner. Lady Sylvia had apparently surrendered her reserve. She was talking freely, sometimes eagerly, and doing what she could to entertain her guest. But why was it that she resolutely refused to hear Balfour's praises of the quiet and beautiful influences of a country life, and would have nothing to do with archery meetings and croquet parties, and such trivialities, but, on the contrary, was anxious to know all about the chances of the government—whether it was really unpopular—why the Conservatives had refused to take office—when the dissolution was expected—what the appeal to the country on the part of ministers would probably be?

So much for her. Her desire to be instructed in these matters was almost pathetic. If her heart could not be said to beat with the great heart of the people, that was not her fault; for to her the mass of her fellow-countrymen was but an abstract expression that she saw in the newspapers. But surely she could feel and give utterance to a warm interest in public affairs and a warm sympathy with those who were giving up day and night to the thankless duties of legislation?

Now as for him. He was all for the country and green fields, for peace and grateful silence, for quiet days, and books, and the singing of birds. What was the good of that turmoil called public life? What effect could be produced on the character by regarding constantly the clamorous whirl of eager self-interest, of mean ambitions, of hypocrisy and brazen impudence and ingratitude? Far better, surely, the independence and self-respect of a private life, the purer social and physical atmosphere of the still country ways, the simple pleasures, the freedom from care, the content and rest.

It was not a discussion; it was a series of suggestions, of half-declared preferences. Lord Willowby did not speak much. He was a melancholy-faced man, and apathetic until there appeared the chance of his getting a few pounds out of you. Lady Sylvia and Mr. Balfour had most of the conversation to themselves, and the manner of it has just been indicated.

Mr. Balfour would know all about the church to which the young lady went. Was it High or Low, ancient or modern? Had she tried her hand at altar screens? Did she help in Christmas decorations? Lady Sylvia replied to these queslions briefly. She appeared far more interested in the free fight then going on between Cardinal Cullen and Mr. O'Keefe. What was Mr. Balfour's opinion as to the jurisdiction of the Pope in Ireland?

Mr. Balfour was greatly charmed by the look of the old-fashioned inn they had passed. Was it the 'Fox and Hounds?' It was so picturesquely situated on the high bank at the top of the hill. Of course Lady Sylvia had noticed the curious painting on the sign-board. Lady Sylvia, looking very wise and profound and serious, seemed rather anxious to know what were the chances of the Permissive Bill ever being passed, and what effect did Mr. Balfour think that would have on the country. She was quite convinced—this person of large experience of jails, reformatories, police stations, and the like—that by far the greater proportion of the crimes committed in this country were the result of drinking. On the other hand, she complained that so many conflicting statements were made. How was one to get to know how the Permissive Bill principle had worked in Maine?

Lord Willowby only stared at first; then he began to be amused. Where the devil (this was what he thought) had his daughter picked up these notions? They were

not, so far as he knew, contained in any school-room 'Treasury of Knowledge.'

As the red light faded out in the west, and a clear twilight filled the sky, it seemed to Balfour that there was something strange and mystical in the face of the girl sitting opposite to him. With those earnest and beautiful eyes, and those proud and sensitive lips, she might have been an inspired poetess or prophetess, he imagined, leading her disciples and worshippers by the earnestness of her look and the grave sweet melody of her voice. As the twilight grew grayer within the room, this magnetic influence seemed to grow stronger and stronger. He could have believed there was a subtle light shining in that pale face. He was, indeed, in something like a trance when the the servants brought in the candles; and then, when he saw the warmer light touch this magical and mystic face, and when he discovered that Lady Sylvia was less inclined to let her eyes meet his, it was with a great regret he bade good-bye to the lingering and solemn twilight and the vision it had contained.

Lady Sylvia rose to withdraw from the table.

'Do you know,' said she to Mr. Balfour, 'this is the most beautiful time of the day to us. Papa and I always have a walk through the trees after dinner in the evening. Don't let him sit long.'

'As for myself,' said Balfour, promptly—he was standing at the time—'I never drink wine after dinner—'

'You never drink wine during dinner,' said his host, with a sudden and fierce smile, that instantly vanished. 'Sit down, Balfour. You must at least try a glass of that Madeira.'

'Thank you, I am not thirsty,' said the younger man, with great simplicity. 'Really I would just as soon go out now—'

'Oh, by all means,' said the host. 'But don't hurry any man's cattle. Sylvia will take you for a stroll to the lake and back—perhaps you may hear a nightingale. I shall join you presently.'

O course it was with the deepest chagrin that the youug man found himself compelled to accept of this fair escort: and of course it was with the greatest reluctance that the lady Sylvia threw a light scarf over her head and led the way out into the cool clear evening. The birds were silent now. There was a pale glow in the northwestern skies; and that again was reflected on the still bosom of the lake. As they walked along the high stone terrace, they caught sight of the first trembling star, far over the great dark masses of the elms.

But in her innocent and eager desire to prove herself a woman of the world, she would not have it that there was any special beauty about this still night. The silence was oppressive to him; he would weary of this loneliness in a week. Was there any sight in the world to be compared to Piccadilly in the evening, with its twin rows of gas lamps falling and rising with the hollow and hill—and the whirl of carriages—the lighted windows—with the consciousness that you were in the very heart of the life and thinking and excitement of a great nation?

'We are going up the week after next,' said Lady Sylvia, 'to see the Academy. That is Wednesday, the 21st; and we dine with my uncle in the evening.' Then she added, timidly, 'Johnny told me they had sent you a card.'

He did not answer the implied question for a second or two. His heart was filled with rage and indignation. Was it fair—was it honorable—to let this innocent girl, who knew no more of London life or reputations than a child, go to dine at that house? Must not her father know very well that Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe, in regard to a betting transaction, was at that very time under the consideration of the committee of the County Club?

There was a good deal of fierce virtue about this young man; but it may be doubted if he would have been so indignant had any other girl told him merely that she was going to dine with her uncle—that uncle, moreover, being heir-presumptive to an earldom, and not as yet convicted of having done anything unusually disreputable. But somehow the notion got into Balfour's head that this poor girl was not half well enough looked after. She was left here all by herself, when her father was enjoying himself in London. She needed more careful and tender and loving guidance. And so forth, and so forth. The anxiety young men show to undertake the protection of innocent maidens is touching in the extreme.

'Yes,' said he, suddenly. 'I shall dine with Major Blythe on the 21st.'

He had that very day written to say he would not. But a shilling telegram would put that right, and would also enable Major Blythe to borrow a five-pound note from him on the first possible occasion.

And so these two walked together, on the high stone terrace, in the fading twilight and under the gathering stars. And as they came near to one dark patch of shrubbery, lo! the strange silence was burst asunder by the rich, full song of a nightingale; and they stood still to hear. It was a song of love he sang—of love and youth and the delight of summer nights: how could they but stand still to hear?

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE TABLE.

TO what mysterious harmony of adjustment between our mental constitution and the external world is due that indescribable sense of exaltation which is felt by most people—of sensitive organization at least—at the first token, however faint and indefinite, of coming spring? We all know how spring, when it comes, inspires the poets as well as the birds to sing, how the leaves and the flowers bud and blossom in their verses, and the ripple of the brooks dances through them. But there is a still more delicate and exquisite delight in the first thrill that runs through the system when the relaxation of the icy fetters of winter seems also to relax the fetters which it had thrown around our spirits, and these open once more, like the softening soil, to all sorts of sweet gracious impulses and influences.

'In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

The opening skies and tender ethereal sunsets seem to disclose glorious vistas of ineffable hope and joy, and we almost fancy that, with the new season, we are beginning a new life in which everything is to be absolutely fresh and new,—in which old troubles and old worries are to drop off forever. To many, every winter is a growing old, and every spring a growing young again. The soft balmy air, prophetic of opening buds, seems charged with all the ogue sweetness of anticipated summer,—v summer all roses and no thorns, no dust r sultry heat or flies or mosquitoes,—only rich verdure and crystal lakes and rippling streams and golden sunshine. Where do we ever see summer so fair as the summer that is coming? Even the animals seem to feel the subtle influence. The horse just let out from his long durance, shows in every line of his tense figure and uplifted head, with ears erect and tail jubilantly curved in air, that he is already dreaming of summer pastures, while as yet not a blade of grass is green. Chief among the 'pleasures of hope' should be placed the delights of approaching spring, which every year brings a new charm to steep the awakening fancy in a dreamland of indefinable sweetness. Keble alludes to this feeling—hard to embody in inflexible and inadequate words—in the lines beginning,—

'And wherefore is the sweet spring-tide,
Worth all the changeful year beside?'

Whatever be its precise explanation, it is evidently a part of the 'electric chain with which we are darkly bound,' and which, in some hidden and inexplicable way, binds together what we now call 'matter' and 'mind.'

—When last we were gathered round the table, I ventured to say that I thought a reading-party a sort of social entertainment which might be introduced into society with profit. I do not mean a party where everybody should be expected to bring a book and bury himself or herself in its pages, but a party where one, two, or three persons should read aloud and in succession

for the entertainment and edification of the rest. I mentioned this idea recently to a person of intelligence, and I am compelled to admit that the suggestion was not received with enthusiasm. 'My own impression' my friend said, 'is that your reading-parties would be an unmitigated bore. I suppose you would expect to hold a regular series of them, when once commenced, and as the greater part of the *literati* who attended them would be of necessity stupid people, you would be sure to have hackneyed or weak selections read for the most part, and the selections would generally be too long and read badly. But apart from that I have no faith in the success amongst us of any sort of amusement, to call it such, which implies the slightest exercise of the mental faculties. The fact is the tone of what claims to be considered our "best society" is hopelessly frivolous. The young men and women who give it its tone are barely half-educated. Sixteen or seventeen is the age when they give up school and self-improvement, the boys to go into business, the girls to 'come out.' So at the age when the mind of average beings is just becoming ripe for the reception of ideas, and before a taste for reading is created, our young folks are cut off from books, the most important sources of ideas. This is one reason why in our society any one who incautiously displays a taste for literature, or introduces a subject in conversation which requires any knowledge for its discussion, is looked upon as rather a prig, and arouses the suspicion of being unused to the ways of good society. Then we have nothing to think of but petty personal or local affairs. There are no high public questions in which even men and women of *ton* might condescend to take an interest, and on which they might seek an interchange of opinion, so as to lift them sometimes above the trivial details of everyday life. Public affairs with us are such that they can excite no enthusiasm in anybody except those who trade in politics. We have no national aims or longings, no future to look forward to with a glow of hope: we have nothing in fact affecting the public weal of which intelligent men and women in society consider it worth while to think and talk. There is no high ground of national interests upon which Canadians may meet, so that, throughout our whole social system, our individual interests are the sole objects of concern, and our ideas are small, commonplace, and vulgar in consequence. Frivolity—.' How long this malcontent might have continued in this unwarranted strain I know not, but finding he had mounted a hobby, I gently checked him. I remarked that if what he said about the ignorance of our gentlefolk were true, the necessity of reading-parties was manifest, although in truth it was not my desire to introduce them as an effective instrument of culture. My aims were not so ambitious: I should be content if a few people found them a source of rational and sensible enjoyment. I should invite to my reading-parties none who, from natural incapacity or an unconquerable hatred of literature, appeared to be able to get no pleasure out of books. I should endeavour not to violate the laws of hospitality by urging any one to come to my parties, who, having once tried them, found them productive only of pain. Before we parted, my cynical friend went so far as to admit, though not without incredulity, that enough people might be induced to come together and form an audience for *one* occasion. If he had anything to do with the matter no one should be allowed to read for more than twenty minutes at a time, and he would pass an edict forbidding, under the severest penalties, the admission of bank-clerks and young ladies with an uncontrollable tendency to giggle.

—While people are deciding whether 'Middlemarch,' or 'Daniel Deronda,' is their favourite amongst George Eliot's books, I do not hesitate to say that I like 'The Mill on the Floss' better than any of them. A friend of mine, who claims a sort of monopoly in appreciating the beauties of George Eliot, hears this assertion with pity, and tells me that I fail to comprehend the highest range of the writer's genius, or I would not confess such a preference. He asks what novel that was ever written displays such subtle analysis of character and motive, such a searching of the springs of thought and action, as 'Deronda,' and in self-defence I answer, that as a treatise on metaphysics 'Deronda' is admirable, but as a story I prefer 'The Mill on the Floss.' And indeed, to say nothing of the exquisite picture of child-life it contains, as a story, I think that for beauty and pathos,

'Romeo and Juliet' alone can be named with it. As a work of art, too, it seems to me 'The Mill on the Floss' is perfect. One becomes strongly impressed with this feeling after one's attention is drawn to a particular purpose which underlies the whole story, and which, half-concealed with the skill of the highest art, is probably not obvious to every reader. What I refer to I shall try to make clear. As I understand her writings, it is the groundwork of George Eliot's philosophy that our lives are not in our own hands, to make them what we will, but, in despite of our own aims and longings, are shaped for us by circumstances external to ourselves. In the 'Mill on the Floss' I think one purpose is to shew how the inanimate objects of nature which surround us may be the silent and unnoticed arbiters of our destiny. Read in this light we perceive that the life of every person in the book is more or less influenced by the stream which flows placidly by the old mill. Throughout the whole story we never lose sight of the Floss as it winds on its course like a thread of fate. To old Tulliver, the miller, it is the source of quarrels, ending in litigation, ruin, and premature death. Out of these disputes arises the enmity which places a bar between Philip Wakem and Maggie Tulliver. The river which ruined Tom Tulliver's father, and thereby hardened the disposition of Tom himself, becomes, at length, to the young man, the source of competence and prosperity, for it flows to the sea, enabling Tom to invest his earnings profitably in a modest trade with the foreign lands visited by the ships which sail upon its bosom. Even Bob Jakin, the most unpromising of water-rats, is converted by the same means into a thrifty and law-abiding citizen. It is the river again which decides the destiny of Stephen Guest and noble-hearted Maggie. Will they break the spell which draws them together? Will Stephen be true to his first love? Will Maggie be true to Philip; to her dear, trustful Lucy; to her own sense of truth and honour? The river flows pleasantly at the foot of the lawn on a summer afternoon: it invites Stephen and Maggie to embark upon its waters: they yield to the invitation: they are born unconsciously by the sleepless current far from home: they are detained on the treacherous stream: and Maggie awakes from the stupor of love to find herself compromised in the eyes of the world, and, to all seeming, hatefully false to those whose happiness is dearer to her than her own. (And, by the way, is there in all literature a more thrilling love-scene than that prolonged drifting in the boat, whose silence is hardly broken by a word from either of the hapless lovers?) Again, it is true art to make the stream, which has played so important a part in the earlier drama, the chief agent of the final tragedy. In a season of floods the Floss overflows its banks, and becomes a terrible minister of ruin. The stream which has for years flowed by the mill peacefully and silently, but with a sinister influence upon the life of poor Maggie, mercifully rescues her at last from the tragic sorrows amid which it has drifted her, and sweeps her away to unbroken rest, with the well-beloved brother, who is himself beset with the cares of this troublesome world, who has misjudged her and been estranged from her in life, but who in the hour of death partially fathoms the depths of her illimitable love.

—It is four hundred years ago since Caxton issued the first book printed in England, bearing a date. It rejoiced in the somewhat tautological title of 'The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers,' and no doubt both philosophers and fools in that year of grace, 1477, thought it little but a nine days' wonder. The one single press of which England could then boast was put up under the shadow of the Collegiate Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, in the Almonry Chapel of St. Anne, long since destroyed. As Dean Stanley reminds us, the name 'chapel,' still applied by printers to their meetings, is a relic of this old connection between things spiritual and things temporal; and perhaps the playful habit printers have (at least in England) of flinging a few loose type at any hat which is not doffed on entering their sanctum, may be accounted for in the same way. In those days the Abbey, with its almost regal powers and privileges, was capable of fostering the young invention. Since then keen winds have whitened and worn down the buttresses and pinnacles of that noble edifice, and, keener still, the lapse of years has sapped the temporal power of which that building was but the type. An underground

railway shakes the sepulchred dust beneath the paved precints where Caxton often walked; close by, the Civil Service Commission offers up its perennial sacrifices to the deity of Competitive Examinations; and, across the way from Henry the Seventh's chapel, the echoes will soon be awakened by Church Disestablishment. There has turned out to be much that was incompatible between the results of Caxton's work, and the system that harboured him; and the weak parts of that system have felt the erosive force of growing knowledge ever since. Yet the true Church will experience no desire to charge its *ci-devant* protégé with ingratitude, for it has gained more by its aid than it has lost through it. Dean Stanley recognized this gracefully in a fine sermon he preached five years ago in aid of the Printers' Orphans' Fund, and again in accepting the Presidency of the Caxton Celebration Committee now sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber. The Committee propose forming a Loan Exhibition at Stationers' Hall of interesting relics and appliances of the art, and specimens of typography of various dates and varying styles. Between the laborious blackletter of the 'Dictes' and the dainty dinner ménus or damp newspapers which are every day distributed 'round the table,' there have been some curious things set up in type.

—Few movements are advancing with greater rapidity in this age of rapid movements, than that which is fast opening to women, everywhere, facilities for that higher and more liberal education which formerly was considered the monopoly of the stronger sex. Edinburgh and St. Andrews in Scotland, as well as Oxford and Cambridge, in England, have established University examinations for women, and the tide is rapidly flowing westward and has reached our neighbours. An American teacher, Bishop Doane, who has a girl's school in Albany, has availed himself of the Oxford local examination, which he, last year, prepared four of his pupils to pass. Question papers were sent out from Oxford, were answered in strict accordance with the University rules, were returned to England, and were accepted,—all the candidates receiving certificates. One of these candidates was the Bishop's daughter. This year seven junior and five senior candidates have sent their papers to England. Harvard University has now, however, followed the example of the British Universities, and its faculty held examinations for women at Cambridge in 1874, 1875, and 1876. It is strange that a larger number have not taken advantage of them—only five, ten, and six, in these three years respectively; but the reason is supposed to be that they are comparatively little known. It has, however, been thought advisable to hold the examinations at a new and more prominent centre, and they are now to be held at both Cambridge and New York, in May or June of the present year. The 'Women's Education Association of Boston' has taken up the matter, and announces the subjects for examination in two grades or classes,—the first examination being a preliminary one for girls not less than seventeen, and the second for those who have passed through the preliminary examination and are not less than eighteen. The subjects for the preliminary examination embrace English, French, Physical Geography, with Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, or Greek. The advanced examination will be divided into five sections, one or more of which the candidates may select. These five sections are,—1 Languages, 2 Natural Science, 3 Mathematics, 4 History, and 5 Philosophy. Notices of intention for candidature were to be sent to the secretaries on or before April 1st. The fee for the preliminary examination is $15.00, and for the advanced examination $10.00. The address of the Women's Education Association is 94 Chestnut Street, Boston; that of the New York local committee is 60 Fifth Avenue. Any one who wishes to see a specimen of the Harvard examination papers, will find in *Scribner's Magazine*, for September, 1876, in 'Topics of the Time,' a specimen paper in English literature, showing what must be the proficiency of the candidate who would sustain a successful examination. New York University has also now opened its regular classes to female students, but, as the class-rooms are already overcrowded, the ladies who matriculate will have to be taught by themselves, at different hours from the young men, so that the vexed

question of co-education does not come up. Are our Canadian Universities going to bestir themselves in this matter? It is time they should.

—Among the most noticeable pictures of the New York Loan Exhibition, already referred to, was Géromes 'Gladiators,' the close of a gladiatorial combat in the Coliseum, at the moment when the conqueror, standing on the prostrate body of his foe, looks up for the signal from the spectators which decides the life or death of the conquered. The ferocious and bloodthirsty expression of the women, who are eagerly bending forward, with turned down thumbs, gives a painful sense of the reality of the old story, in which one has but half believed; and the figures of the two gladiators, with the light gleaming on their burnished armour, are exceedingly vivid. It is a painful picture, however. Another by Max, which hung near, represents a young girl—a Christian martyr—just about to encounter the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, while she stoops to pick up a rose that some one has thrown down. It is treated in a rather commonplace manner for such a subject, but the idea is original and pathetic enough. One of the most striking works, and the most attractive to mothers especially, was a naive and lively picture called 'Croquemitaine's Baggage,' by Sobrichen, which is somewhat known from photographs. The three chubby children in the basket and the little one sitting beside it asleep, are unmistakably real children, one of whom won't 'be good,' but is screaming lustily to be taken out. Jules Breton's somewhat hard and severe, but very characteristic pictures of Breton peasants, are a strong contrast to Bouguereau's beautiful but rather sensuous pictures of mothers and children. He seems to have taken up the role of a French Raphael, minus the religious idea. Meissonier's elaborate miniatures were pretty well represented, and Cabanel's large and somewhat shadowy style was shewn in three paintings at least; one of which—a Funeral in the Catacombs'—is interesting as an antiquarian study; while 'Aelae' is painted with wonderful and luminous softness. Gérome had several other paintings, taking their subjects from the picturesque Algerine life, which the French have interwoven with their own, as for instance 'The Pacha's Forerunners.' Troyon's charming poetic landscapes, with cattle, seemed to surpass everything else of the same kind, though Verboeckhoven's sheep and cattle pictures were strong and lifelike, and Achenbach's landscapes had a stern power of their own. Two of the most beautiful landscape paintings in the whole collection were Church's 'Parthenon,' and Kensett's 'Lake George.' The old Athenian temple stands vividly out in a glow of rosy sunset, which gives even the heaps of ruins at its base a poetic suggestiveness. 'Lake George' lies sleeping in a placid summer beauty, which soothed and tranquillized almost as the real scene would have done. Then there were some charming woodland pictures by James M. Hart—silvery birches reflected in a still woodland stream,—or woods bathed in the magic hues and ethereal haze of Indian summer. And Gifford had some exquisite mountain paintings among the Adirondacks, though his favourite subjects are Mediterranean or Adriatic sunsets, or picturesque views among Swiss and Italian lakes. These four painters are decidedly the most poetical of American landscape-painters at least; and both Church and Gifford seem to show the influence of Turner. Zamacois and Madrazo are Spanish painters who seem great favourites with American buyers. The former is more strong and rugged, the latter has a great deal of richness of colouring, power of expression, and often no little humour in his compositions. He is evidently fond of satirizing Spanish ecclesiastics and monks, and his 'Return to the Monastery' is full of most mirth-provoking and genial humour,—representing the struggles of one of a troop of mendicant monks with a refractory ass which has upset the heterogeneous contents of its panniers, while the surrounding monks are convulsed with contageous laughter. Meyer von Bremen is another naif painter, whose subjects are chiefly peasant children. Nothing could be more charming than his picture of 'Showing the Baby' to a group of wondering children, or more pathetic than his 'After the War,' a girl leaning sadly against her basket in a ruined cottage. Bach's 'Dogs not Admitted,' is almost as good as Landseer; and Verboeckhoven's 'Mother's Lament,—a woolly mother bleating mournfully over her dying lamb,—was worthy, in its almost human pathos, of the same great English painter.

—I am surprised that as yet I have seen no newspaper article referring to 'M's' very interesting contribution on the subject of the Treatment of Crime, in the February number of the *Canadian Monthly*. Had an article of that nature and quality appeared in an English Magazine or Review, it would have been speedily pounced upon by astute editors who, even if they were not philanthropically inclined, could appreciate the value of such a text for a 'leading article.' The subject of the treatment of crime—from a reformatory point of view—is one of the deepest importance to us as a community; one which will be freighted too, with results, long after the ephemeral political questions of the day have been forgotten. But our Canadian press, as a whole, seems to be nothing if not political, and is discouragingly unresponsive to great social questions,—always excepting that of temperance, however, for which some journals are enthusiastic advocates; and some of them act on the principle that their readers appreciate nothing so much as "spicy" exposures of the delinquencies of the opposite party. There may be readers who never get tired of this sort of thing, but I know that there are many who do, and who would gladly see something of another kind to vary the monotony. This particular subject is well worthy of the attention of our best writers and thinkers. I have much pleasure in quoting the following remarks of a thoughtful American writer—the author of 'A Living Faith'—upon 'M's' interesting article: 'Its leading suggestion was to me a novel one, and seemed to me highly valuable, not as admitting of immediate and full application, under the existing machinery of society, but as an expression of the proper spirit and aim of penal administration: an ideal toward which we ought to work. It is a subject of the highest consequence; indeed the real value of our theological speculations is largely measured by their effect upon our practice as individuals and in the community. Of what real good is it to believe all God's punishments to be remedial unless we make *our* punishments remedial?'

—*A propos* of revivals, on which a friend at 'the table' touches, it is a subject of no little perplexity to me why persons of 'culture' so often speak of these, and of those who conduct them, in a tone of patronising toleration, as if the latter were a species of irrational enthusiasts, whose fanatical zeal was only to be condoned by the excellence of their motives! I can quite understand that many good people dislike anything which seems to them like religious excitement, knowing that excitement of any kind is apt to be followed by an undesirable reaction. But revivals are not neeessarily attended by excitement, and who shall deny that there is only too much need for them? It would undoubtedly be in some respects better if they were not needed,—if men habitually gave to the things that most profoundly concern their higher life the full weight and practical consideration which their importance demands. But we know that human nature is always erratic,—that it has an incorrigible tendency to gravitate downwards, and allow the rush of sensuous and earthly interests to crowd out and stifle its purer aspirations. Most of us believe that all men do need and sorely need something or other,—to experience a 'change of conviction and purpose,' in other words, a 'change of heart.' In many cases this is the gradual and insensible result of years of teaching and training; while, in many others, it is necessarily conscious and abrupt,—the result of a state of aroused and 'awakened' feeling that impels them to make at once that decision, which, under other circumstances, they have indefinitely postponed. Now there are many natures which, without such arousing impulse, are likely to go on in a passive indifference to what most concerns them, — never once realizing their greatest spiritual needs, or the help which is ready to supply these needs. To such, a 'revival' brings the very treatment they need, and in the glow of awakened feeling they are lifted above their ordinary indifference and trust in outward things, and really experience an inward and vital change. No wonder that they who are gifted with the power of so influencing their fellow-men, (as distinctly a 'gift' as any other power), should find their highest happiness and privilege in exercising it, and in seeing the whole course of hundreds of lives altered by their earnest words. And those who cannot preach otherwise than by the example of a faithful Christian life, may well rejoice to see others accomplish what

they cannot. The greatest benefactors of the human race have been 'revivalists,' —men who, even without the light of Christianity, have roused their fellows to a deeper, truer spiritual life, and whose chief power has been their intense earnestness. Such an one was Buddha. Such an one, under a purer light, was the Apostle of the Gentiles, not to speak at present of the Divine founder of Christianity Himself, who stands at the head of all. And St. Paul, like other revivalists, was incomprehensible to the cultured indifferentism of his day. The luxurious Roman Governor could only suppose that 'much learning had made him mad.' But the sneeering Festus is now known only by his flippant charge, whereas the 'words of truth and soberness,' spoken by the despised but enthusiastic Jew, are still mighty to influence the hearts and lives of thousands. So it will be always in the spiritual sphere, which is ever reversing the judgments of those who look only at the outward appearance. And in these days, especially when materialism has, to many, spread like a thick cloud over the sky that once was open for angels to come down and speak with human souls, men need more than ever to be aroused to test by personal experience the truth of the poet's words:

'No fable old, no mystic lore,
No dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact,—stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—
But warm, sweet, tender,—even yet
A present help is He,
And love hath still its Olivet,
And faith its Galilee!'

All honour to the 'revivals' which 'revive' a cold and dead belief into a warm and living Faith!

—'Nothing like leather,' was a good cry in its day, but must plainly give way now to 'nothing like paper.' Armies have marched, or tried to march (across the border) on paper soles, sick folk have slept, or tried to sleep, on paper pillows, and now railway trains are to run, or try to run, on paper wheels. My facetious friend Jones says it is only a new form of a very old idea, "paper currency." But I ignore him and continue, in a statistical vein, to inform my friends that the material used is straw-paper, rendered adhesive by paste, pressed into a narrow compass by an enormous hydraulic force, and fitted into steel tires. Only think what a splendid opening for satire such an industry affords! We shall see among the 'locals' such items as the following: 'Messrs. Cream, Laid, & Co., the celebrated wheel makers, attribute their recent suspension to the bad success of the last batch of wheels turned out of their factory. Tempted by the lowness of the figure (waste paper price, less ten per cent. off) they took the entire stock of Mr. Blank's new work' (fill up name of author to taste) 'off the hands of his enterprising Toronto publishers. The material worked up splendidly, but unluckily the manufactured article proved so heavy that all trains fitted up with it got behind time, and the axle-greasers unanimously fell asleep, so that the firm has had its contracts cancelled at a very severe loss.' Or this: 'It is feared by experts that old files of the Mail and Globe will be useless for this purpose, owing to their inveterate propensity for running off the track, and the plentiful lack of even temper which they show. They might also be expected to explode or wax warm on the slightest application of the brake.' Whereupon our friend Jones, who is really incorrigible, and should not be encouraged at this table, remarks that he has often heard of *papier maché*, and supposes this would be a case of *papier smash, eh?*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE current Session of the Dominion Parliament, if it be noticed at all by the future historian, will probably strike him as having a tolerably good, and an essentially bad, side. Whatever other sins of omission or of commission may be laid to the charge of the Government, want of activity in the preparation of measures is certainly not one of them. The 'bill of fare' may have been as meagre as Sir John Macdonald pronounced it to be; the dishes actually served up have been varied in style and character, and there are plenty of them. The good wine has been kept, by way of a surprise, to the last, not until 'men have well drunk,' but until they have become heated and thirsty by acrimonious discussion. In addition to the consolidation of the Customs Laws and the Insurance Laws, there are measures on Insolvency, Extradition, Admiralty Jurisdiction, and various amendments to the Criminal Law, including one Bill of great importance on Breaches of Contracts of Service. This list is by no means exhaustive, but it may serve to show the practical turn Ministers have given to legislation. The Minister of Justice especially has distinguished himself by the large number of useful measures he has introduced. There is scarcely a department, not purely financial, left untouched by Mr. Blake, and, to our mind, he has touched none without leaving upon it the impress of his thoughtful and comprehensive intellect. Let us select one or two of these by way of illustration.

The Bill relating to breaches of contracts of service has provoked some discussion from the Opposition journals, though it would seem as if their objections took the form of adverse criticism, not because they had substantial fault to find with the measure, but merely because it was framed and introduced by a Minister. The events of last January on the Grand Trunk Railway should have inculcated this lesson at all events—that one of two courses is open to the public in similar contingencies. Either some limit must be imposed upon the overt acts of those, who although servants of a corporation, are really, to all intents and purposes, servants of the community; or the government, the national defences, and the health, convenience, and business facilities of the people must be left at the mercy of any capricious and self-willed combination. There is no need to recapitulate the incidents of the strike, because they are still painfully fresh in the minds of our readers. The question Mr. Blake propounds to the legislature is a simple one: 'are the public good, the public convenience, and the public safety, to be paramount, or the fancied grievances of a class?' It is asked why the employees of railway, gas, and water companies should be punished criminally for breaches of contract, when redress can only be obtained in other cases by civil process? The answer is obvious: because in the former cases the entire community is injured by the breach of contract, whilst, in the latter, it resolves itself into a dispute which is, in the main, confined to employers and employed. To refuse to work on certain terms in a factory may be productive of serious loss to its owner and perhaps indirectly to his customers; but to stop the traffic upon the only highway between the East and West, and that in the depth of winter, to cut off communication with the Capital, to stop the transportation of the mails and of freights, and to subject passengers to the rigours of a winter's snow-storm, form altogether, if anything does, an offence 'against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.' The more especially so, when, as at Belleville, the success of the conspiracy involved personal violence and the wanton destruction of property. At all events, notwithstanding *ad captandum* appeals to that modern Dagon, 'the working-man,' reasonable men have not yet discarded the ancient maxim, '*Salus populi*,

suprema lex.' The sentence passed upon the gas-stokers who left London in darkness to the mercy of foot-pads and burglars, was, in effect, an affirmation that no assertion of private rights, no attempt to redress private wrongs, can be permitted to operate against the peace, the security, or the welfare of the community. Mr. Blake's Bill deals only with breaches of contract; and those who are not satisfied with the terms upon which they have agreed, have their remedy by giving fair notice of their intention to terminate the contract. If they do so, they will not come within the purview of the measure. If, on the other hand, they prefer to break their agreements and to make war upon the community, they ought, and must expect, to suffer for it.

The question of extradition, again, is one which has attracted serious attention of late on both sides of the Atlantic. The position of Canada, conterminous as it is with a foreign country for thousands of miles, presents difficulties in the way of the administration of criminal justice on both sides of the boundary line. The inadequacy of the Ashburton treaty in the matter of extradition has long been felt as a serious evil, but for a variety of reasons, some of them traditional and obsolete, the government of the United States has always been disinclined to enlarge the scope of the Treaty. Yet it is certain that the monetary and commercial interests of the large American cities have suffered infinitely more, even in proportion to their extent, than ours. The crying sins of the time in the States, more especially since the war drove large classes into the race for sudden prizes in the gift of fortune, have been embezzlement, breaches of trust, and fraud of all descriptions. These offences, however, were non-extraditable, and Canada has been made the Alsatia of the New World. The contagion spread to Canada, unfortunately, as a melancholy experience of the past few years has too clearly proved, and thus the United States became in turn a refuge for Canadian fugitives from justice. Prior to the unfortunate controversy between Great Britain and the Republic, arising over the cases of Winslow and Brent, we believe there was some prospect that Mr. Fish would have consented to extend the Treaty so as to deal effectively with what had become a gigantic evil. During Mr. Blake's visit in England, he pressed the subject of extradition forcibly upon the attention of the Colonial Secretary, in an able State paper which covers the entire ground, including the history of past efforts, diplomatic and legislative. This document, as well as the correspondence which ensued, will be found in the Report of the Minister of Justice. The Bill introduced this Session, whilst it carefully guards against the surrender of political offenders, either directly or on a colourable pretext, extends the list of extraditable offences so far as practically to wipe out the boundary line altogether. Instead of the seven offences enumerated in the Treaty of 1842 and in our own Act of 1843, there are twenty-three classes of crimes, and, in addition to these, are included all other offences under five separate Acts. These are the Acts concerning larceny and similar offences, malicious injury to property, forgery, offences relating to the coinage, and those against the person. We are thus in a fair way of ridding ourselves of the crowd of miscreants who annually flock for refuge to our large cities; the recruiting ground for our criminal population will keep its baser elements to itself, and there is some chance that our assize calendars may be materially and permanently lightened. Whether the United States will think proper to follow this laudable example, remains to be seen. Such notices of Mr. Blake's Bill as have appeared in the American press have been highly eulogistic, and it is not unlikely that Congress, when it settles quietly down to prosaic business, may enact something in the shape of reciprocal legislation. At any rate Canada will have done its duty.

The claims of the present session to kindly remembrance, as we have said, will rest upon the value and varied character of its practical legislation. The only 'burning question' which has come before the House this year, has been temporarily disposed of, as will be seen presently. There is another aspect of Parliament during the past five weeks, which will leave no trace upon the statute-book, although it is enshrined in the 'Hansard'—an altogether unpleasant aspect. It cannot be concealed and should not be ignored that the tone of the debates on more occasions than one has been the reverse of healthy. The first

sign of the series of petty tempests which followed, appeared upon the horizon during the Budget debate. Dr. Tupper's angry assault upon the Government and the Premier's somewhat petulant retort might have passed away like a summer cloud; but following it, cropped up a vaporous and miasmatic mass made up of scandals, charges of official favouritism or downright peculation. The consequence was that during a number of sittings, the debates were disgraced by personal attacks, gross in their character and scurrilous in the language in which they were clothed. There is little use in attempting to apportion the blame between the belligerent parties, where both were, though not perhaps equally, in fault. Most of the springs of trouble had their source in the Maritime Provinces, where, we suppose, 'parish' politics and vestry squabblings make up the ordinary conception of legislative work. The dismissal of three officials at Great Bras d'Or, the throwing up and resumption of a contract, and even Mr. Vail's proficiency in orthography, not to speak of other matters equally insignificant, were quite sufficient, paltry though they were, to arouse on both sides a tempest of wrath. As a rule, it may be laid down with a certainty seldom attainable where human conduct is concerned, that bad temper and bad language in parliamentary debate are in an inverse ratio to the importance of the question at issue. The Tariff has been discussed in a great calm, as compared with the dismissal of a partisan landing-waiter, which aroused the passions because it is utterly without interest, except so far as it gives the opportunity for vituperation and personal attack. There are some cases where individual integrity or right conduct may be called in question with dignity, as well as with propriety; such were the Pacific Railway inquiry and the exposure of the 'big push' letter. In cases like these, scandal rises above itself, and personal assault is transformed into a vindication of public justice. In their eagerness to fasten the *tu quoque* upon a Minister, the Opposition is grasping at straws and endeavouring to magnify them into oaks. The attacks they have hitherto made upon the Government are puny attempts at retaliation, only serving one purpose—to disgust the people with the perpetual up-turning of mares' nests, and, as we hope and believe, to wean their political affections from a party system which can provide no better *casus belli* than such as these.

On the other hand it must be confessed that Ministers are not without blame. They ought, at least, to have remembered their responsibility and have had some respect for the dignity of office. Instead of that, it cannot be denied that some of them have descended into the *poissonerie* and exchanged bad language with any one who encountered them. They have had great provocation, it is true; the petty attacks of the rank and file of the Opposition, backed by the support of their leaders, were most galling; yet Ministers should be pachydermatous and even affect good humour, though they have it not. Besides they, and the party to which they belong, should not forget their own conduct when on the left of Mr. Speaker. From the time when Mr. Hincks was Inspector General, and for twenty years thereafter, their policy was substantially the same as that of the present Opposition. The Reform party were then *par excellence* 'the party of purity,' and remained so without impeachment until they attained power. So soon as they had possession of place and power, the poisoned chalice was commended in turn to their lips, and it does not become them now to be too virtuously indignant when another Opposition retorts in kind, following the example set by its predecessors. The Reform party made professions out of office it is powerless to make good now that it is in office. In Opposition, the leaders and members of it were not above making mountains of corruption out of molehills chiefly thrown up by active imaginations; and, therefore, they ought to submit to similar treatment now that their turn has arrived. When in Opposition they bore the banner of purity and laid down the law on all delicate questions of political ethics; the law is now turned against themselves and their banner is fouled by the foe. They may moralize with the lyric poet, *eheu! quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam*, but they should have thought of that before, and not grow indignant now. In short, to get rid of a disagreeable topic, it must be admitted that both sides are to blame. Upon Ministers and ex-Ministers, Reformers and Conservatives alike, must

rest the reproach of having, only for the time let us hope, made of our Parliament if not the rival of Western State legislatures in reckless *abandon*, at least a faint shadow of the demonstrative chamber which assembles at Versailles. Our hon. members have not yet advanced to the shaking of fists, but they ought to remember that foul language is the forerunner of threats and blows. Hitherto, save in times of wild excitement, the conduct of our representatives has been almost beyond reproach, and it is sincerely to be lamented by all who love Canada and are grieved by anything that can tarnish her honour or dignity, that such scenes as those to which we have referred should have been enacted in our Parliamentary arena, for reasons so paltry, and in controversies so unworthy of our statesmen and so degrading to the credit and reputation of the Dominion. The more so, when to the humiliation every Canadian must have felt when perusing the reports of these unseemly altercations, there is added the bitter reflection that they are the price paid for no boon to the Dominion,—the painful, but inevitable result of no attrition of opposing principles, worthy of the name, but simply an ugly and venomous struggle between the parties for place and power.

The requiem of 'Canada First' has so often been said or sung by party politicians, that Nationalists have become used to the melancholy crooning, and as a body have begun to feel weary even of their own obsequies. 'Canada First,' in the flesh, resembles in this respect what we conceive to be the feelings of a disembodied spirit permitted, from year to year, to listen to the masses offered for the repose of his soul. The lamentations and regrets of party men over the defunct 'party' were growing monotonous, when Mr. McCallum attempted a diversion the other day by striking Mr. Blake over the prostrate body of Nationalism. So noisy and hilarious was the hon. member for Monck, that his performance resembled nothing so much as the boisterous orgies of a wake, as they are pourtrayed by the comic muse of Erin. Mr. McCallum and his party allies in this matter seem to have forgotten the purpose of 'Canada First.' That purpose was, and still is, not to establish a third political party by the side of the other two, but to infuse a national spirit into the policy of our statesman and people. It is not so much as asked that men should abandon altogether the party to which, from habit more than anything else, they are attached; but only that they should reserve sufficient freedom of thought and action to enable them to sit loose from its entanglements. Unpromising as the effort may have appeared at the outset, it has already been crowned with an unexpected measure of success. The working of the national spirit manifests itself in both parties, in a growing indifference to the trifling concerns of party, in the prevailing impatience of old-time dictation, and, above all, in a readiness to discuss principles and measures upon their merits, without regard to the fate of ministries. It may be readily admitted that the transformation has not yet proceeded far; the majority of our public men still cling to their traditional attachments, preferring to be partisans first and patriots afterwards, or not at all. Yet the National movement retains what it has acquired, and year by year grows in strength aud influence. It knows no backward step; like the tortoise in the fable, its progress may be slow, but, by steady persistence, it cannot fail to win the race. Already there is a notable change for the better in the tone of public utterances on questions of principle, and an independence in the discussion of ministerial policy even by the friends of the Government, unknown until recently. If any one feels disposed to question it, let him examine the Reform journals of the day, especially the abler and more intelligent of them, and he will most frankly admit that there is a sturdy spirit at work which was unknown a decade or less ago. 'Canada First' then is neither dead nor smitten with catalepsy, but working silently yet vigorously in every department of the national life. That this is true, slavish adherents of the old factions are fully aware, and it is their consciousness of its truth which afflicts them with chronic uneasiness, prompting ever and anon the delivery of *oraisons funèbres* over the tenantless grave they have dug for 'Canada First.' Were it otherwise, we should hear less of Nationalism in the party journals; for men do not usually wax angry with the dead. If the movement has fallen still-born, why trouble their practical heads or vex the tranquillity of their souls by continuing to

denounce it? Why, moreover, do they persist in assailing Mr. Goldwin Smith, whom they regard as its hierophant, with a violence and rancour never before employed against any man not in public life, and seldom against those actively engaged in it? Even Sir John Macdonald, the *bete noire* of Gritism, is not abused by the Government organ with a tithe of the scurrility it chooses to pour upon an absent scholar. Why not expend a little of it on Mr. Blake, Mr. Bethune, or any of those public men who are striving to give practical effect to National principles? Simply because it dare not; simply because it has the courage of the bravo, smiting only where it is sure there is no danger of its being smitten in return.

Two motions introduced during the current session sufficiently attest the vitality of 'Canada First.' The first step towards the disintegration of our effete parties is the destruction of patronage in the Civil Service. Mr. Casey's resolution is a move in the right direction, and, sooner or later, will result in the purification of the Augean stable. It is surely time that we, in Canada, were alive to the importance of the subject, when, even in the United States, the paradise of party office-seekers, the President is making an earnest effort to abate the nuisance. It is not at all surprising that neither political party grows enthusiastic over the motion of the member for West Elgin. To oppose it boldly and openly was out of the question, because party men know that the existing system, which they are at pains to maintain and extend, is utterly indefensible from any point of view; they therefore look askance at Civil Service reform, nibble and quibble at it, and resolve in their hearts to stave it off, if possible, to the crack of doom. The Montreal *Herald*, as might have been expected from its wonted independence of tone, repudiates the favorite hack word 'hobby' as applied to Mr. Casey's labors in the cause. That term is one of the 'rusty weapons' in the armoury of party always at hand to be 'furbished up' whenever a distasteful principle is persistently urged or a crying abuse deftly exposed. The abolition of slavery was Wilberforce's hobby, retrenchment, Burke's, Parliamentary Reform, that of Lord John Russell. William Pitt boasted two hobbies, Catholic Emancipation and Reform, which he rode in turn until his Royal Master ordered him to turn them both out to pasture. Every salutary reform of the last hundred years has been called a 'hobby,' and Mr. Casey's, if its secret enemies choose, may rank in the honorable list. The reason of the natural opposition to any effective reform in the Civil Service is almost too obvious to need exposure. It is only necessary to deprive politicians of the power of rewarding party services by offices, bestowed without regard to fitness, and the zeal of many an unscrupulous adherent will rapidly wax cold. As there are electors who will not vote at all unless they be bribed, so there are party schemers and wire-pullers in every constituency who will not work unless the glittering bait of office be dangled invitingly before their eyes. To lose so potent a political agency as patronage would of itself be an important step towards the emancipation of the country from party thraldom. It is not to be expected that so important a measure as Mr. Casey is prepared to submit, will triumph for some years to come. The champions of the old system cannot attack it overtly; but they will take order that it shall be quietly burked so long as they can do it with safety. It rests with the people to assert themselves in their own case, and to insist upon it that the Civil Service for which they pay so much shall be constituted so as to subserve its ostensible purpose, and that party hacks, good for nothing elsewhere, shall not be quartered upon them and pensioned off with money abstracted from their pockets.

Mr. Devlin's motion on the representative system opens up another 'unsettling question' to the discomfort of all rigid partisans. It is a singular proof of their obtuseness that, notwithstanding the lucid explanatory speeches of Messrs. Blake and Devlin, they have not yet managed to grasp the significance of the proposed reform. Mr. Dymond made a temperate speech on the other side, but since he 'reserved to himself the right to be convinced by argument' he may be regarded, as the old theologians used to say, as still in a salvable state. Yet it is clear that neither he nor the *Globe*, which followed in his wake, has the faintest glimmering of intelligence on the

subject. The unfortunate illness of Mr. Devlin at the beginning of the session, will probably prevent a thorough inquiry at this late date; still the subject is not inexhaustible, and, in any case, documentary evidence may be laid before the House and printed for public information. That such information is sorely needed is abundantly evident. The motion was very properly extended at the suggestion of Mr. Blake; yet, after all, the only system likely to be the subject of investigation is that known as Hare's.

It seems advisable, just now, to show rather what this system is not, rather than what it is; yet it may be well to state that the objects aimed at by Mr. Thomas Hare are not only just and rational but eminently practicable ones. What the present system effects may be illustrated by a sentence or two from Mr. Blake's admirable speech: 'His investigation as to the elections of 1867 convinced him that the Liberal party had a slight popular majority as to the Province of Ontario, and under a system of minority representation would have had a slight majority in the House. Of the eighty-two members who were returned a popular vote would have returned forty-two against forty. As a matter of fact, the return was forty-nine for the gentlemen opposite and thirty-three for the Liberal party.' In short, as the Minister of Justice forcibly urged, 'there was no guarantee that the ruling party in the House was not an absolute popular minority in the country.' Now then, let us briefly examine the claims of this 'best possible' system of popular representation. In the first place, there is no certainty even that the desire of those who cling to majority representation will be fulfilled. If it be answered that in each contested election there is usually a majority for the elected member, we reply in the words of Mr. Dymond:—'They (the House) were all there, not as representatives of the mere constituencies from which they came, but as representatives from the whole country.' If so, why does not the whole country elect or reject them; and how comes it to pass that the majority of the country may be 'represented,' in Mr. Dymond's *bizarre* sense of the term, by members chosen by the minority? Now Mr. Hare's system, the proper name of which is the system of 'personal representation,' makes it certain that the House of Commons will be the exact reflex of the nation, and that every elector in it will be represented by some one for whom he voted, not misrepresented by some one else whom he opposed. The *Globe* claims that the right of the minority to representation has not been proved. Does it stand in need of proof? Is it not tacitly admitted when it is urged that they are virtually represented by somebody sitting for another constituency? If that be true, why should not a member of that minority vote directly for the man who is supposed to represent him at present by the most transparent of fictions? In this connection the *Globe* brings forth one of its 'rusty weapons.' It alleges that at the bottom of the proposed system there lurks a 'fundamental fallacy'—a favorite expression with other people besides our contemporary when they are unable to dislodge an opponent. In this case the fallacy consists in assuming that the minorities have 'an inherent and indefeasible right to direct representation.' This 'fallacy' seems so atrocious to the *Globe* as almost to merit the term 'fundamental falsehood.' Perhaps it is; but then that is exactly one of the things which Mr. Hare does not assert. He claims no inherent, indefeasible right even to the franchise, much less to representation; but he does contend on indisputable grounds, that it is a mockery to enfranchise any one and then virtually to disenfranchise him again, because he happens to be in the minority—and that as clearly and effectually as if it had been done by act of Parliament. Why should a Conservative living in a strongly reform constituency, vote, election after election, for his party candidate there, knowing well, perhaps during the whole of his adult life, that, for all practical purposes he might as well be without a vote at all? Who represents him, pray? The Reform member? Certainly not, for so far as his vote and influence went they were exerted against that member. A Conservative somewhere else? Then why should he be prevented from placing his vote where, instead of being lost, it would be available for the purpose every one has in view when he records a vote?

Even this does not exhaust the fallacies, and we have not far to go before receiving the grand *coup* from 'hobby,' the great sword Excalibur of our contemporary.

'This goes,' it would appear, 'upon the most absurd and untenable ground that the minority is a unit as well as the majority.' Now if the *Globe* knew anything at all about Mr. Hare's system, it could never have penned this sentence, for the exact reverse is the truth. That system regards neither the majority nor the minority as a unit, but as being made up of units, each of them being an individual, who thinks for himself and would vote, not for the nominee forced upon him, whether he likes him or not, but for the man of his choice, or at any rate, some man of whose principles and character he approves. It is of the very essence of 'personal representation' that it recognizes only one unit—the individual man between whom and the exercise of the franchise it permits no officious party mediator. It is the party system, with its devices of wire-pulling caucus and intrigue, which makes of both the existing parties a unit in the same sense as a flock of driven sheep may be termed a unit. Some new light is thrown upon the subject of 'hobbies' by the assertion that they are peculiarly characteristic of the minority. Prohibition is a 'hobby,' according to our contemporary, and yet its advocates are, for the most part, Reformers, and we suppose the *Globe* would contend that they form the majority. Majority and minority, in the article referred to, have in fact an equivocal meaning, sometimes being used to signify the parties respectively in power and in opposition, and elsewhere to signify sections of either or both parties riding 'hobbies,' which are or are not kept well in hand, and even national fractions of a party, united merely by the accident of birth. It is urged as a fatal objection to 'personal representation', that each of these fractions of the community could then if it chose be represented according to its numbers. Supposing that to be the case, what harm would be done? Would it not be a simple piece of justice? Take the Irish Roman Catholics of Ontario for example, who are in a chronic state of discontent on this subject. Under Mr. Hare's system they could only expect such influence as their numbers would entitle them to exert, and would probably exert much less, because a respectable number, perhaps a majority of them, would prefer the triumph of particular measures or opinions to the claims of nationality. Individual Irishmen, of course, could do as they pleased, but the body could no longer blame the parties with denying a rightful share in the representation, because the remedy would be in their own hands. And the same is true of the Prohibitionists and all other 'hobby' riders. The 'personal' system has no magic at its command by which to transform a minority into a majority, as Mr. Matthew Cameron once appeared to suppose; on the contrary, its chief purposes are, first, to make sure that what appears to be a majority in the Legislature is really a majority, and secondly, that every individual voter should be represented in fact and not constructively by a figment of the imagination. The argument in proof of the opinion that 'the decision of the majority, when fairly ascertained'—which, by the way, it never is under the existing system—'should determine the national action' is a work of supererogation, for who ever disputed the proposition? What the advocates of personal representation desire is to ensure that the majority shall be 'fairly ascertained.' Of a piece with that is the fatuous *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, that if you represent minorities in Parliament, they must be represented proportionately in the Cabinet! Surely the *Globe* has not forgotten that a minority is now represented in the House of Commons; does it seriously believe that Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper are entitled to seats in the present Administration?

The reasons why the leaders of party are opposed to 'personal representation' lie on the surface. It would at once and forever put an end to the trade of the political dictator, with his aides, wirepullers, and other assistant schemers. There would be freedom of candidature and freedom of choice for the elector. Parties would continue to flourish, no doubt, much as they do under the existing system; but their tactics and their management would undergo a beneficent reformation. No elector would be obliged either to vote with his party for a candidate he disliked and perhaps despised, or to support the nominee of the other side. As matters stand at present, he is often compelled to do one or the other, unless he prefers to lose his vote altogether. Under the Convention system, as it used invariably to be and still is, to some extent,

even the delegates are not free agents, and have no more real power of choice than the members of the Electoral College in the United States. Either a candidate is sent to them with a *congé d'élire* somewhat similar to that issued to a Dean and Chapter by the Royal authority in England, the meetings nominating delegates being often packed, oftener still taken by surprise; or the Conventions are manipulated by crafty intriguers: the result often is that even the majority is not 'fairly represented.' In this City, more than once, Reformers have been heard to protest against the nomination made by their leaders, but in vain. To them it was the choice of Hobson, 'this man or none,' and, in the end, they were wheeled into line and constrained to vote reluctantly for the man they would never have voluntarily chosen. Such abuses of political influence and authority as these would be impossible under the proposed scheme, and it would have the further advantage of preventing the exclusion of valuable men on either side the House, by the caprice of a small majority or plurality in single constituencies. It is to be hoped that the entire subject will receive careful and intelligent consideration next Session; meanwhile it may be as well to warn the newspaper reader against the idle attacks of those who know nothing of the 'personal system,' and are equally unacquainted with its logical basis and the method of its practical operation.

The annual debate on the Tariff was exceedingly flat and tedious. It is perhaps going too far to allege, as the Government journals have done, that Sir John Macdonald is not in earnest in his advocacy of a National fiscal policy; but he has certainly afforded some ground for the insinuation. Nobody knew better than the right hon. gentleman that the crucial vote, if it had been taken on his amendment to the resolution to go into Committee of Ways and Means must necessarily have been a party division. It could only be construed as a motion of non-confidence; indeed the amendment bears upon its face the proof, either that Sir John was unfortunate in phrasing it, or was careless whether he attracted support or repelled it. No adherent of any Government could be reasonably solicited to vote for a motion which declared—'That this House regrets that the financial policy submitted by the Government increases the burthen of taxation on the people, without any compensating advantage to Canadian industries' and so on. The occasion was inopportune, as Mr. Wood must really have felt when he introduced his amendment to the amendment; because, although it does not launch forth into the bold and bald censure of the Opposition leader, it could not help being in some sort, a motion of want of confidence. To resolve 'that the interests of the country would be better served' by a policy essentially different from that deliberately adopted by the Government, is surely tantamount to declaring that the Government policy does not deserve the confidence of the country. It was Mr. Wood's misfortune that he could hardly have framed his amendment in a more acceptable way; but the fact that Messrs. Blain and John Macdonald of Centre Toronto were unable to give it their support, is a sufficient proof that the one motion, from a party point of view, was only less objectionable than the other.

The debate was a very dreary one from the beginning, and it is certainly not our intention to pursue its course even in outline. Had the motion been a substantive motion—introduced without any ulterior party objection as the affirmation of a principle, the turn of the debate and the result of the divisions might have been different. Over the entire discussion there hovered a suspicion of insincerity on one or both sides. The arguments were stale and trite, the temper of the House was listless and languid, and the result, in consequence, eminently unsatisfactory to every lover of his country. Even the platitudes of Mr. Mills were refreshing to read, in comparison with the residue of the debate, because, whatever may be said of his reasoning, he was at least in earnest. Generally speaking, the reverse was the case with the purely partisan speakers. They either sheltered themselves under the form of the motion, opposing it whilst they were strong adherents of the principles it enunciated, or making *ad captandum* appeals in its favour with a view of laying up political capital against the day of reckoning. The election which is, in any case, not far distant, looms up before the politician's vision, magnified by

the mists of distance amid which the prospect of office, like a mirage of the desert, allures from afar. Mr. Wood's amendment attracted all the support that could be hoped for, considering that it was open to the objection already alluded to, that, although more gently phrased, it equally with Sir John Macdonald's was clearly a motion of non-confidence. Had the leader of the Opposition proposed a substantive motion, couched in language less hostile to the Administration, the division-list would have showed a more favourable result. Perhaps that would not have fulfilled the right hon. gentleman's strategic purpose, but it would certainly have been infinitely more satisfactory, not merely to the Canadian interests primarily concerned, but to the electorate as a whole. Mr. Wood's amendment was negatived by a vote of one hundred and nine to seventy-eight—a majority of thirty-one, being a gain of thirteen over the vote taken a year ago, notwithstanding the defection of a number of Government supporters.

It is far from our intention to attempt an outline of a debate which was barren and uninstructive throughout; yet it may be well to make a few remarks on the laboured speech of the Hon. Mr. Mills. The Minister of the Interior appears still to labour under the delusion that political economy is an exact science, the cardinal principles of which are as certain and universal in their application as those of natural philosophy. In Europe, especially on the Continent and in an increasing degree from year to year in England, the disciples of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill are beginning to understand that only a small portion of their so-called science is deserving of the name. Where man is a factor in the calculation, there can be no universal truths predicated with sufficient certainty to be an infallible guide either in government or in social life. To lay down with *ex cathedrâ* positiveness a fiscal policy from the text-books, supposed to be adaptable to all times and places, is as irrational as to frame a constitution with a similar purpose. Even the Hon. Mr. Wells, who is 'the guide, philosopher, and friend' of Mr. Mills, has sagacity enough to perceive that, in economical matters, it is wise to be content with moulding and applying axioms to the needs and circumstances of a particular community, instead of attempting the impossible task of stretching every country upon the Procrustes' bed of *â priori* doctrinairism. The Minister of the Interior repeats the saws of the elder economists as glibly as if they were indisputable and irrefragable principles, like the laws of Newton and Kepler. The diversion of capital and labour from their natural channels is one of the mischiefs denounced by Mr. Mills, without the slightest regard to the fact that Canada, in regard to capital and labour, differs *toto cælo* from England, and that no uniform maxims can be applied to both, without serious modification. Moreover, capital and labour are not, in fact, transferred so readily as Mr. Mills and his mentors seem to imagine. The one is, of course, more fluid than the other; yet even it has a tendency to flow in fixed channels from which it is not easy to divert it. In the case of labour, especially skilled labour, in a new country bordered upon by a much larger community, speaking the same language, the diversion seldom or never takes place. The printer, the sugar refiner, the tobacco manufacturer, and the cotton-spinner have learned their trades in many cases across the frontier or the ocean, and if their occupation be taken away, they do not turn farmers or carpenters on that account. Instead of abandoning their trades, they abandon the country, and, in the long run, capital follows them. It is not, therefore, a choice between the employment of capital and labour in a more or less advantageous way, but the more important one for a new country like ours, whether we shall surrender both agents in production to the United States, or enjoy them ourselves—whether we shall attract or repel them. When a publisher discovers that the Imperial copyright laws prevent his branch of business being remunerative, he does not change his trade and employ his capital in another way; he simply transfers the seat of his operations to the other side of the lines; his capital is employed elsewhere, and those engaged in paper-making, printing, and book-binding here suffer proportionately. It is hardly necessary again to expose the fallacy that a fair measure of protection to a number of manufacturing interests is afforded at the expense of the community. That is never the case, unless the protection be extravagant, and even then, unless a monopoly were guaranteed

to the manufacturer, competition would soon reduce prices to their normal level.

Mr. Mill's reference to the opinions of Sir Alexander Galt was particularly unfortunate, because it makes evident his entire ignorance of contemporary opinion in his own country, indeed, of any recent views upon the subject he discusses, except those of Hon. Mr. Wells—a foreigner discussing it from a foreign standpoint. If the hon. gentleman will take the trouble to read Sir Alexander's letter to the Hon Mr. Ferrier, dated the 6th Sept., 1875—and he will find it in Morgan for 1876—he may probably learn what egregious mistakes he has made. In that letter, the Minister of the Interior will discover the reasons why the ex-Finance Minister had felt constrained to modify his opinions. To one who imagines that the maxims of economists are stereotyped truths like the orthodox doctrines of religion or the axioms in Euclid, any alteration of opinion or policy which seems necessary under altered circumstances, appears to be an evidence of instability or want of consistency. Hence Mr. Mills imagines that he has disposed of Sir Alexander's matured views on our fiscal policy by balancing against them earlier utterances on the same subject. Even if this were a legitimate process in argument, the views of 1875, which remain settled convictions now, should be preferred, and, if capable of refutation, should be answered. That our new Minister is quite capable of replying to the letter without having read it, we entertain no doubt; still it would perhaps be as well, before again referring to Sir A. T. Galt, if he took the trouble to cast his philosophical eye over it. Two minor results of having omitted to do so hitherto may be noted. Sir John Macdonald had stated that he was 'a free trader in the abstract,' whereupon Mr. Mills professed ignorance of the meaning of the phrase, as it was natural that a believer in the plenary inspiration of Smith and Mill should do. In the letter of Sir Alexander Galt, he will find a definition of it, which is by no means so 'metaphysical as to be beyond his comprehension.' Then again the member for South Ontario was credited with the invention of the term 'modified free trade,' which was Sir Alexander Galt's own; and, as for the sense in which it was used, Mr. Mills will discover that he has made another blunder. The Minister of the Interior possesses many sterling qualities which command respect, but his mind unfortunately is not plastic enough when he comes to deal with the involved and complex elements of human society. Whether the responsibilities of office will enlarge his views and give spring and elasticity to his intellect remains to be seen. The progress of public opinion on trade questions is too obvious to be ignored. Last year the unpatriotic policy could boast a majority of fifty-five. It then dwindled to forty-six, and this year has sunk to thirty-one. The Ministers of Finance and the Interior may well ponder over these figures, because they forebode shipwreck to the Government, unless it shows some disposition to meet, half-way, the wishes of the people and the needs of the time. The later stages of the discussion have been protracted because of the bereavement which came, suddenly and unexpectedly at the last, upon the Premier. It is a melancholy evidence of the pitiless burden which rests upon our public men, that Mr. Mackenzie should have been denied the privilege of waiting upon his brother in sickness or even looking upon him again in life. Yet so urgent was the pressure of public business, so indispensable the presence of the Premier at Ottawa, that until the solemn voice of death had been heard, he could not venture to abandon the post of duty. We can only add our feeble tribute of sympathy to that universally felt and expressed by the entire community.

The Minister of Justice has introduced a large number of bills amending, or rather extending the scope of the Criminal Law. Some of these ought to have been on the statute-book years ago, and as there is not likely to be any serious discussion upon them, reference to them in detail is not requisite. Mr. Dymond introduced a Bill, which was afterwards withdrawn, to allow 'persons charged with crime to give evidence as witnesses for the defence.' With the object of that measure we must confess to some sympathy. That gross injustice often results from the established system of criminal procedure is beyond question. In cases where there is a clear *animus* in the private prosecutor, colouring and distorting every unfavourable circumstance, or where the most damaging evidence is that of one

witness only, fortified by concomitant facts which may admit of ready explanation, or under many other conditions which a student of criminal jurisprudence will have no difficulty in suggesting, it seems a great hardship that the lips of the only man who could clear up the mystery and probably free himself from the *onus* of the charge, are closed, although he has really the most lively interest in the issue. Unfortunately, the very fact that he has so vital a stake in the issue constitutes the chief obstacle in the way of an alteration in the law. The pressing temptation to perjury, to which Mr. Blake referred, suggests no imaginary mischief which may result from it. Moreover, if a prisoner be sworn, he must be open to cross-examination, and then there is but a short step to the French system of interrogation, so distasteful to Englishmen. Then again, an innocent man may really suffer more, in the end, than the cool and self-contained criminal. If he declines to submit to examination, jurors will be apt to regard that as *primâ facie* evidence of guilt; if he submits to the ordeal, he may be badgered and brow-beaten until he shows signs of that confusion which is vulgarly supposed to be an unequivocal evidence of guilt. The subject is confessedly a delicate one to deal with; perhaps it cannot be settled satisfactorily one way or the other; yet in endeavouring to strike a balance between the existing system and that proposed by the member for North York, we are reluctantly constrained to pronounce for the former.

The Senate has been enlivening the sluggish current of its torpid life by an animated outburst of self-assertion, which was as vigorous as it was unexpected. The general effect upon the public may probably be expressed by a slight amendment of Lady Macbeth's exclamation—'who would have thought the old men to have had so much blood in them?' It cannot be said that the majority of the Senate had no cause for the expression of their displeasure; on the contrary, we think they had ample justification for it. Since Mr. Mackenzie assumed the reins of power, there has been a majority in the Senate opposed to the Administration. This, of course, was to have been expected under the circumstances, but unless serious embarrassments arise from this cause, it ought to be a subject of congratulation rather than complaint. The only chance of any liveliness in the somniferous atmosphere of the Upper Chamber must lie in an opportunity for the display of pugnacity. Rip Van Winkle, in mortal combat with a brother Dutchman, would never have been lulled into that prolonged slumber on the Catskills; and it is certain that if the Senate be merely a registry of enactments by the Commons, its members will, before long, sink into a state of coma from which there will be no awaking. The Premier, in asking for the three or six new Senators, whose appointment is contemplated in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh sections of the British North America Act, desired something in the nature of a *coup d' état*. It may be very desirable in the eyes of a Minister to have a majority in both Houses, but that is no reason why he should invoke a provision obviously made for political crises, when no emergency has arisen. Even in 1832, although William IV had finally yielded to the demand of Grey and Brougham that he should create peers, he was spared in the end from being forced into a step which was most distasteful to him, by the prudence of some of the recalcitrant Lords. But no English Premier has ever thought of adding to the Upper House, merely to obtain an ordinary party majority. Every Whig government which has been in power during the century has been in a minority in the House of Lords, and yet not even the wildest Radical ever suggested new creations in order to bring the House into accord. It may be true, as the Hon. Mr. Brown remarked, that the analogy between the Senate and the House of Lords is an imperfect one, yet, for the question at issue, it is sufficiently exact. Indeed the Senate is not likely to maintain a settled political complexion for so long a time as the House of Lords. In the latter, party views as well as patrician honors are hereditary, although there are of course exceptions; but the Senate is in a state of perpetual flux and flow, and cannot long be one-sided, unless a particular party, by its long term of office, makes it so, and, in that case, if no extraordinary crisis arise, it is better to let time be the healer, instead of invoking the extraordinary powers contemplated by the statute. It appears to us that these clauses were a great mistake. They were intended to remove one possible source of trouble,

but may easily cause another. Suppose Mr. Mackenzie, by discounting the future, were to obtain a majority in the Senate, and then be ejected from office at the expiration of a year or so. His successor would be powerless to remedy, on his own behalf, the very same grievance which vexes Mr. Mackenzie; for until six vacancies had occurred, even the Crown could do nothing for him. It is also worthy of notice that similar difficulties would arise were the Senate elected, as we know from the history of the United States, and then there could be no remedy. Certainly our Senators were quite justified in censuring the course of the Government; nothing has occurred to justify the attempt to swamp the majority, and it will be time enough to make it when a serious emergency shall have arisen.

Two judgments lately delivered in our Courts deserve fuller attention than can be given to them here on the present occasion. We refer to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Charlevoix case, and to that of the Ontario Court of Appeal, on the copyright question in Smiles v. Belford. By the former it was authoritatively decided in the highest Court of the land, that clerical intimidation, or, as the judgment terms it, undue influence, is an offence against the election law sufficiently flagrant to void the election of any candidate on whose behalf it is employed. The Hon. Mr. Langevin owed his return for Charlevoix to the illegal exertions of five clergymen whose names are set forth in the judgment, and was unseated in consequence. The semi-ecclesiastical law of Judge Routhier, and the specious but scarcely ingenuous pleadings of the *Globe*, have thus been dissipated in the clear light of judicial scrutiny. It would not become us to revert to the consistent and unwavering line of argument always maintained in these pages; yet it is satisfactory, considering the dogmatic positiveness of the Quebec hierarchy and its Ontario backers, to see it definitively settled that the influence of the clergy in elections, put forth from altar or pulpit, is as contrary to law as it is repugnant to the eye of reason and commonsense. Henceforward it must be understood that clerical intimidation only differs from other forms of intimidation by being more heinous and offensive than any of them.

In the Chancery suit of Smiles v. Belford finally adjudicated upon by the Court of Appeal, a clear case has been made out for an immediate application to the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Justice Burton's judgment against the publishing firm leaves no doubt that the Act of 1842, as subsequently amended, is in full force in the Colonies, and that nothing our Parliament may do can vary or affect its provisions. Canadians are at the mercy of the American publisher, to whom, so far as they are readers, they are sold or thrown into the bargain, like a flock of sheep. There is no pretence that the British author cannot obtain adequate protection either by the imposition of a royalty on the sales, or on each edition. Indeed he is actually a loser by the prevailing system, from which also the publishing business of Canada, with all the trades employed in connection with it, suffers heavily. Here is a case in which foreigners are actually protected against this country; for the American publisher is the only gainer, and although he holds no copyright in his country, he actually owns one here. At the same time Canadian interests are totally disregarded, and our publishers, who are quite willing to pay the author of any works they may desire to reprint, are obliged to open printing offices at Rouse's Point or somewhere else across the border, employ foreign workmen and foreign paper, and then import their books for sale within the Dominion. The Messrs. Belford have acted with spirit in testing the question thoroughly, and we only venture now to express the hope that Mr. Blake, who has done so much for Canadian self-government already, will bring his great abilities, as well as the weight of his official influence, to bear upon this serious grievance.

The result of the Presidential struggle in the United States was no longer a matter of doubt from the moment the Electoral Commission, by a strictly partisan vote of eight to seven, refused to go behind the State certificates. It then became evident that Hayes would be declared elected, notwithstanding gigantic frauds in Louisiana and Florida, clearly and conclusively proved by the Congressional Committees. That the Republican candidate was not legitimately elected is as certain as any fact depending on human testimony can possibly

be, and he certainly would never have been inaugurated had a searching scrutiny of the returns been made, But although President Hayes owes his election to fraud, the people were so wearied by the suspense, and business interests have suffered so severely, that the result has been received with general acquiescence. The declarations of Mr. Hayes, both before and at his inauguration, were eminently satisfactory and reassuring to all parties, especially in the South. In constituting his cabinet, the new President's aim appeared to be eminently conciliatory. Messrs. Evarts and Schurz especially were favourably known as liberal Republicans opposed to Gen. Grant's Southern policy, and Postmaster General Key had been a prominent Confederate. Moreover, Mr. Hayes had, of set purpose, separated himself from the Grant connection and its unsavoury memories. No member of the late Cabinet was solicited to retain his portfolio, and the Chandlers, Mortons, Camerons, and Blaines were left out in the cold. With regard to the South, Mr. Hayes announced his determination to remove the National troops, and openly favoured the claims of Nicholls and Hampton to the Governorships of Louisiana and South Caroline respectively. He has now appointed a Southern Commission to investigate the rival claims of the parties—a step which appears to have revived the distrust of the people in the disputed States. They are beginning to fear that the insinuation that Mr. Hayes was wanting in inflexibility of will was too well founded. At the present time there are grave apprehensions of an armed outbreak in the South; but it is to be hoped that the same calm spirit of forbearance which has hitherto preserved the Union from turmoil and bloodshed may endure until the deadly legacy left by the rebellion ceases to vex the peace of the Republic.

As spring approaches the Russo-Turkish difficulty again appears to assume menacing proportions. The protocol submitted by England, though rejected by Turkey, has been assented to by Russia, but only with modifications Lord Derby refuses to admit, unless the Czar orders previously the demobilization of his army. Turkey having enacted the farce of a Parliamentary meeting, with a Royal speech, appears determined to make an obstinate stand upon that embodiment of false pretence. There are rumours of fresh outrages in Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Albania. The preparations for war are being hastily urged forward, and, as spring advances, there is too much reason to fear that the mask will be thrown aside by both the diplomatic mummers, and the quarrel submitted at last to the dread arbitrament of the sword.

March 23rd, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE. By the Princess Salm-Salm. Detroit: Belford Brothers, 1877.

Whatever faults this work may contain, and it is far from faultless, it is decidedly readable. It is probable that before the book is laid down, a doubt will have flitted across the reader's mind more than once as to the absolute reliability of all the statements it contains, and we have, certainly, neither time nor inclination to sift or test their accuracy. But for all that, the book is written in an easy manner, and the author carries her readers through some stirring scenes, in which, by her own account, she herself bore a sufficiently stirring part. Perhaps the earlier parts of the work, where she depicts camp-life near the Potomac, and the exigencies of recruiting agents at New York, when the War of the Secession was becoming increasingly serious, are the most interesting. Some of the touches are very graphic, and carry us, as it were, directly to the spot and time pictured. The irregularity of the mail delivery during the war is forcibly brought to our notice by the incident of her having received sixteen of her husband's letters at one time, rather an embarrassing pile of correspondence to answer. There is a good deal of quiet humour shown sometimes, as, for example, when after describing the clamorous devotion of the Baldwinites, who 'fought the devil' on stated nights next door to their lodgings, she adds that they 'afterwards always went out on those evenings.' That she can appreciate an enemy's good qualities is evidenced by the description that she gives of the humiliated, yet dignified bearing of the Southerners, driven by stress of need to enter the Federal Camp on the Tennessee in search of such necessities as salt. But the shade of suspicion drops over the reviewer's countenance when he finds the Princess gravely, and on two distinct occasions, giving graphic accounts of how she rode on the cow-catcher of a locomotive, comparing it to a high-trotting horse, and eulogising it for the absence of smoke and dust!

The method apparently in vogue in the States during the war, of ladies pestering high public officials for regiments or general's commissions for their husbands, must have been completely subversive of all proper departmental work, and, if we could believe the account our author gives of it, would draw down well merited odium on many names which are yet admired by our neighbours.

The second of the three subdivisions into which the work naturally ranges itself, treats of the author's life in Mexico, which might have been made the most interesting part of the whole book, but which, to our taste, is the poorest. The peculiar mode of travelling, with eight mules, harnessed by two, four, and two, and driven by a picturesque coachman aided by a small boy, who enforces his master's orders by well aimed stones, viciously directed at the erring quadrupeds, is hit off in an amusing fashion. But the accounts of the intrigues and difficulties which ended in the death of Maximilian are not well told. The writer is kept too prominently in the foreground; she never forgets her own personality, and although she disclaims any idea of *writing* history, she appears, at her own telling, to have no objection to *making* it. We cannot help commending the proverbial grain of salt to be taken with these *contes*. It is highly improbable, to say the least, that the Austrian Envoy would have let a scion of the Imperial family be sacrificed for lack of a few paltry coins of bribe money to administer to his guards, and if he objected to sign a cheque for the amount lest he should be implicated in the plot, he might surely have found other less dangerous ways of raising the money. Throughout these delicate negotiations, the Princess, even by her own showing, and while apparently under the delusion that she was hoodwinking Liberal leaders and Generals right and left, was evidently no match in cunning for the cool men of Spanish-Indian blood, and was completely countermoved and outwitted in all her plottings.

The opening scenes of the third part of the book are intensely stupid, more egotisical than ever, and snobbish to boot. It surely cannot concern the ordinary reader that the Princess 'met Baron von B—,' or that 'the Queen wanted to see Lieut. Colonel von G. and us next day,' or still less that 'the father of the fair bride led me to dinner which was splendid,' leaving us in doubt whether it was the dinner or the peculiar circumstance of her being taken to it that pleased her so. And thus it goes on for several chapters about our 'dear Queen,'

and our 'noble King,' and the names, dates, and hours of breaking up of all the balls she attended at Berlin and Coblentz, generally without further detail than that she 'danced every set with old and young' (which formula appears more than once), 'and made herself as amiable as she could!' On one occasion, the Chinese Embassy showed her respect at a concert by attempting to feed her (she was in the row in front of them) with ice cream from their 'own spoon,' (query, had they only one among them). She refers to this as a 'ludicrous calamity,' and directly afterwards as a 'highly interesting ceremony;' perhaps, however, she calls the concert a ceremony; if so, it is the first time we ever heard one so named.

The Princess's style is, at times, as in the preface, inclined to 'spread-eagle.' 'The genius of the age looks smilingly from its sunny height upon flying superstition, carrying tyranny on its back.' *Diplomast* can hardly be chargeable to the printer, and to write *Casadores* for Cacadores is to sacrifice orthography to the principles laid down by that radical rewspaper known as the 'Fonetik Nuz,' (Anglice 'Phonetic News'). Some errors are attributable to the Princess having spoken much in foreign tongues; we know what it means to say a lady is *passée*, but refuse to recognise the phrase 'rather past.' To foreign construction, too, we are indebted for this sweet sentence: 'He had scarcely so much a month as cost sometimes one dinner at his brother's.' And lastly, *are* we to believe that the rules of the Catholic Church were suspended in favour of Princess Salm-Salm, when she gravely assures us that 'Monsignore himself *conferred on me the distinction of celebrating*, assisted by one priest, a private mass, on the grave of St. Peter.'

TRIED, TESTED, PROVED. THE HOME COOK BOOK. Compiled from recipes contributed by ladies of Toronto and other cities and towns. Published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

Since man must eat in order to live,—and what he eats has no little bearing on how he lives,—and since no 'higher education of women' is complete without a competent knowledge of housekeeping, it is well that our infant literature should include a Canadian Cookery Book. The present is, we believe, the first appearance of the kind, and should be duly welcomed. It comes out in a neat and tasteful dress,—as a feminine book should,—is very clearly printed, and is published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children,—all which attractions should help to secure it a favourable reception. The recipes, which are the main feature, we cannot yet say we have 'tried, tested, and proved;' but we have feminine authority for saying that they 'look good,' and the names of the ladies who furnish them is a guarantee for their excellence. But it strikes us there is rather an *embarras de richesses*, in having occasionally a confusing number of recipes for the same dish, when one or two good ones would have sufficed. And how is it that in a Canadian Cookery Book we look in vain for a recipe for 'strawberry short-cake,' which is such a favorite institution with our neighbours? We should have liked, also, to have seen a little more space devoted to sick-room cookery, one of the most important branches of the culinary art. Also, there might have been, with advantage, added to the remarks on luncheons, dinners, &c., some words on the important matter of children's dinners, a subject on which a few judicious hints are by no means unnecessary, and to which a good deal of attention has been paid of late in some English family newspapers. In a second edition, however, the book could easily be made more complete in these departments. The preliminary remarks on Housekeeping, Table Service, &c., are sensible and useful, though occasionally, we think, unnecessarily detailed, and going a little too much into the A, B, C, of social deportment. For instance, is it necessary to tell any one who is likely to 'dine out,' that 'asparagus should not be touched with the fingers,' and that 'fish is eaten with the fork'? Some of the remarks, too, on 'social observances' are rather curious. Thus, we are told that 'unmarried ladies do not give their hands in salute to any but gentlemen relations,' and that when ladies *do* condescend to give the hand, 'the gentleman respectfully presses it without shaking.' However, perhaps no book on social etiquette ever appeared without containing something absurd, and we are sure that the 'Home Cook Book' will have—as the object for which it is published deserves—a wide circulation. We hope it may realize a large sum for an institution so benevolent and so important as the Hospital for Sick Children.

MADCAP VIOLET. By William Black. Harper Brothers, 1877.

'Madcap Violet,' notwithstanding its unpromising title, touches higher chords than any former novel of William Black's, since his 'Daughter of Heth,' which we have always thought the most touching of all his stories. His later ones have been too much filled up with 'word painting,' and the mere surface of human life, to be anything better than a recreation for an idle hour. The same remark will apply to much of the present book; still

the characters are more real, and the tragic close makes the simple little history take a firmer hold of the imagination. The scenery is, as usual, inimitably painted; in fact, reading William Black's stories is almost as good as going on a yachting excursion on the west coast of Scotland, so vividly does his pen call up fairy visions of mountain and sea and salt-water loch. The wild mountain and moorland scenery about 'Castle Bandbox,' becomes as real to our vision as to that of the yachting party, and nothing could be more exquisitely drawn than his misty mornings and calm, still moonlight nights at sea. The suburban scenery about London, too, is just as truly and poetically sketched, though the materials are less inspiring.

As to the characters, however, we are not quite so sure, especially the two in the foreground. The minor ones are very well drawn, especially Mr. Miller, who is a very fair portrait of a common type of young Englishman, and whom we can't help being sorry for in the end, much as we have been exasperated by his shallow self-complacency and unblushing worldiness. Mr. Drummond's deeper and more complex nature is hardly so real to us, although now and then we seem to indentify him, in his odd mixture of intense, but controlled feeling and whimsical fancy. He is by far the most interesting personage in the book, even where he is a little vague and shadowy; and we do not share his and his sister's incredulity as to the possibility of Violet's preference. But Violet herself is the least natural character of all, in one particular at least. It is by no means unnatural that an impulsive and irrepressible 'madcap,' as Violet is drawn in the beginning, should be susceptible of love so deep and enduring for such a man as her guardian. But that a young lady so exceedingly candid and outspoken should have allowed a stupid misunderstanding to wreck her own happiness and that of another, when a few words of frank explanation would have cleared it all up, or that she should have made up her mind to a tragic disappearance, as the only way of setting right the complications which distressed her, seems very unlikely,—more unlikely than Mr. Warrener's obstinate adherence to her surmises, when a simple question to either of the two concerned would have settled a matter too important to be left to surmise. This unnaturalness rather spoils the latter part of the story, which, however, in its close is so simply and profoundly touching that we forget all our fault-finding in the pathos of the closing chapter, and take a reluctant farewell of the girl, whose freaks are all obliterated in the devotion of her unselfish, self-sacrificing love.

THE BASTONNAIS: TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775–6. By John Lesperance. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

This is emphatically a Canadian story, and, in addition to that, an admirable story in every respect. The author is distinctively an artist, and whether regard be paid to the skilful grouping of his materials, the deft interweaving of history and fiction, or the delicacy of his touch in description, the same felicity is always conspicuous. The crisis which forms the historical background of the story is one of which everybody has heard and read; yet it may be doubted whether its momentous importance in determining the future destiny of this continent is fully realized by those who only glean their notions of it from our ordinary histories. It is no slight tribute to Mr. Lesperance's abilities, to bear testimony to this vivid presentment at once of the chances and the dangers of that brief but eventful invasion. Early in the struggle for American independence, it was clear to the revolutionary leaders, that, to cripple the power of England and to escape an attack in flank, it was necessary to overrun and possess Canada. It was in the latter end of November, 1775, that it first became certain that the rebel army would attempt to emulate the exploit of Wolfe. Montreal had fallen into the hands of the ill-fated Montgomery. Three Rivers, where Sir Guy Carleton made a temporary stand, followed, and so, by rapid marches, the entire country bordering on the St. Lawrence was occupied by the enemy. Montgomery had impressed it upon Congress that 'until Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered.' Most readers know something of Arnold's dreary march from Boston, through the dreary forests of Maine, to the shores of the St. Lawrence—the failure of his ambitious single-handed attack—the junction of his forces with those of Montgomery—the failure of the combined attack, and the death of the intrepid American commander.

Mr. Lesperance has succeeded in constructing an interesting historical tale, in which the facts of history are handled with scrupulous reverence. Evidence of careful and conscientious research are met with in abundance. But he has done more. He has contrived to clothe the dry bones of history with the flesh and blood of humanity, and has breathed into the reconstructed body of the past a fresh and vigorous vitality, which one recognizes as natural and of kin to ourselves.

It may be as well to explain here that the word 'Bastonnais' is a Canadian corruption of Bostonnais or Bostonians, a name by which the rebels were known amongst the *habitans*. Our author is by no means prejudiced against the revolutionary party; on the contrary, he deals with them, as well as with our own peo-

ple, in a generously appreciative spirit. Of Montgomery he speaks in warm terms of eulogy; but although he admires the bravery and strategic ability of Benedict Arnold, the shadow of the perfidy to come seems to be thrown across the scene in advance, casting a sombre gloom over the portraiture of the man who betrayed his country. Mr. Lesperance has a sense of honour too keen and delicate to speak with patience of that treason, still less to mention it, as we have somewhere read, as a 'returning to his allegiance.'

It would be unfair to give even a meagre outline of the imaginative portion of the tale, which gives light, life, and colouring to the whole. The circumstances under which so singular an exchange of lovers took place strike us as strange, and one would almost think that the author is sceptical of abiding constancy in love. Pauline Belmont and Roderick Hardinge appear to have been devotedly attached, and their affection has already survived several rude shocks when Cary Singleton, a noble specimen of the manly rebel, comes upon the scene. Then there is Zulma Sarpy, who appears to have been enamoured of both young men simultaneously, and in the end matters take a very strange turn. This appears to be odd, however, only when the tale is subjected to cold analysis, for the author is so fertile in expedients, and events happen so naturally, that everything seems to be inevitable. Pauline is a sweet girl, the beauties and latent strength of whose character are developed by the storm of adversity. Zulma, however, is the heroine, a noble, fearless, self-reliant maiden, a Gwendolen, differing from George Eliot's in her helpfulness, and in the want of petulance and wrong-headedness.

The author dwells with evident affection upon descriptions of the female character. He is a philogynist in the best sense of the word, and his tender delineations, displaying an intimate acquaintance with his subject, prove that he only can understand the character and idiosyncrasies of woman, who has learned to respect and reverence her. Mention has been made of the author's powers of description, especially of natural scenery. Perhaps the finest example of it is his word-painting of the Falls of Montmorenci. This graphic sketch, with its suggestion of supernatural machinery, reminds us of a firmly drawn and deeply interesting figure, that of Batoche, with his little Blanche, the intrepid recluse of the Falls. This weird old figure, either listening to the roar of the cataract, or extracting through his violin the meaning of its solemn sounds, is unique in character, and so tenderly limned as to be peculiarly attractive. The minor characters we have not space to comment upon, and it only remains to commend the work most conscientiously to our readers, as an ably written and thoroughly attractive Canadian story.

THANKFUL BLOSSOM. By Bret Harte. Illustrated: Toronto, Belford Bros., 1877.

Bret Harte has here taken a 'new departure,' and in so doing has overstepped the limits of ordinary comprehension. It may be that he has soared above it; but, while that is at least questionable, it is certain that he has got beyond it. He has broken new ground by choosing, as the scene of his story, 'The Jerseys,' during the War of Independence, and by leaving the 'rough-diamond' type of miners and adventurers, with whose large hearts and vigorous profanity he has made us familiar, for a group of shadowy last-century personages, whom regard for brevity rather than for accuracy forces us to call characters. 'Thankful Blossom' is grievously disappointing. It opens with one of those clever, clear-cut bits of description which are always charming in Bret Harte's writings, notwithstanding that they are all much of one pattern, and have of late conveyed suspicions of a tricky and monotonous rather than a spontaneous and flexible skill. Nor is there wanting the dry humour and the ready perception of quaint and incongruous detail which are peculiarly his. But pretty description and quiet fun—both very good things in their way—obviously will not suffice for a story, without a connecting thread of interest either in plot or characters. We will not say that 'Thankful Blossom' is lacking in plot. On the contrary, it glories in a superabundance of little plots, leading with much mystery away from one another, and up to nothing in particular. They leave the impression that the author changed his intention at every few pages, without caring to start afresh each time that he did so. The characters have nothing distinctive or positive about them but their names; in two cases there is mystery even about these. All of them suffer from an absence of motive or intention, and from a general vagueness, resulting in painfully jerky and purposeless action. The hero (or the gentleman we venture to suppose the hero) allows Mistress Thankful Blossom to lash him playfully across the face with her whip on the slightest of provocation, and thus to furnish a prominent instance of an artless impetuosity by which that young lady is evidently expected to win the hearts of all readers. Unfortunately she just falls short of the point where faults become virtues. She is silly rather than artless, rude rather than frank; and her general behavior is less coquettish than hoydenish. The sketch of George Washington is one of the few things in the book worthy of Bret Harte. It is marred, however, by the introduction of phantom-like nocturnal wanderings on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, with no apparent purpose but that of compassing one more joke on the threadbare subject of his veracity.

On the whole it is a pity that an author capable of better things should draw so heavily,

by the publication of such a crude and confused story as 'Thankful Blossom,' upon a popularity already somewhat on the wane.

KATE DANTON; OR CAPTAIN DANTON'S DAUGHTERS: A Novel. By May Agnes Fleming. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

This work is, we believe, from the pen of a compatriot, a daughter of New Brunswick, therefore, following Prior's advice, its readers will no doubt—

> Be to its virtues very kind;
> Be to its faults a little blind.

The story opens in an old-fashioned country-house (in Lower Canada we suppose), whose inmates are two girls, Eeny, and Grace Danton, a poor relative, who plays the part of half mother, half sister to her motherless companion. Rose, Eeny's sister, another member of the household, and a very disturbing element, is absent on a visit. Captain Danton, their father, after leading a nomadic life for many years, suddenly returns to the bosom of his family, with a highly accomplished and beautiful daughter, who has been educated in England, and is the heroine of the story. With them comes a Mr. Richards, a mysterious stranger, an invalid, who is said never to leave his room, and is only seen by the Captain, Kate, and his valet Ogden.

Kate Danton, though a little too superfine, is a most admirable girl, deserving a more worthy lover than the Hon. Lieut. Reginald Stanford, of Stanford Royals, Northumberland, England, younger son of Lord Reeves, a fickle swain who eventually elopes with and marries the piquant Rose, a wicked, but alas! too fascinating little sprite, one of the best drawn characters in the book. Such a marriage could hardly turn out happily, and accordingly Rose meets with retributive justice by being deserted in her turn for some less exacting fair one, and she and her child are rescued from poverty and starvation in a London lodging-house, and are restored to her sorrowing but forgiving relatives in Canada. Here her punishment is completed by the mortification and envy which she feels at the marriage of her sister, Eeny, to Jules La Touche, an old and discarded lover of Rose's, who since his rejection by her has come in to a vast fortune. In the meantime, Kate, having recovered from the loss of her worthless lover, consoles herself with Dr. Frank Danton, Grace's brother, a penniless physician (the best character in the book), who also falls most opportunely into a large fortune.

The mysterious Mr. Richards proves to be Captain Danton's only son, a wild youth, supposed to have been killed in a duel in New York. It seems however, that his opponent had been the victim, and Richards, impelled by remorse and by fear of the terrors of the law, lives hidden away in his father's house, from which he only ventures out at night, accompanied by his devoted sister Kate, whose character for a time suffers much misconstruction in consequence. Eventually, through the unwearied exertions of Dr. Frank, the supposed victim is discovered alive and well in New York, and Harry Danton, thus freed from the imputation of guilt, is restored to the arms of a loving and long-lost wife, and the curtain falls amidst great and general rejoicing.

There are some good points about the book: the plot, though improbable and sensational, is well contrived, the characters are fairly drawn, and there is no lack of interest. The descriptions of Canadian life and scenery, too, are excellent. Notwithstanding these merits, however, Mr. Fleming's novel has nothing in it to place it outside or above the general run of novels of average merit which are poured from the press in a perennial stream, to be read, laid aside, and forgotten. If Mrs. Fleming wishes to leave a permanent impress upon Canadian literature and to make for herself a name therein, she will do well to engage in a profounder study of human nature than she yet appears to have done, to write less, and to take greater pains with what she does write. If, on the other hand, her aim is merely to enable her readers to pass away a few idle hours pleasantly and without fatigue, then novels of the calibre of 'Kate Danton' will very well answer her purpose.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STUDENT-LIFE AT HARVARD. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE; A Series of detached Essays, Addresses, and Reviews. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. Fifth edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

A YACHT VOYAGE. Letters from High Latitudes. By Lord Dufferin; New Edition. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.

SIDONIE. (Fromont Jeune et Rister Aine). From the French of Alphonse Dandet. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

THE HERITAGE OF LANGDALE. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MAJOLICA AND FAYENCE: Italian, Sicilian, Majorcan, Hispano-Moresque, and Persian. By Arthur Beckwith. With Photo-engraved Illstrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

LESSONS IN ELECTRICITY. By John Tyndall, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE; By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877. Paper.

LE CHIEN D'OR. The Golden Dog. A Legend of Quebec. By William Kirby. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

KISMET. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

THE ART OF TEACHING: A Manual for the use of Teachers and School Commissioners. By Frederick C. Emberson, M.A. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

ELI PERKINS (At Large): His Sayings and Doings. By Melville D. Landon. With multiform Illustrations by Uncle Consider. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AS usual during Lent, theatre-going has diminished considerably, and the audiences at the Grand Opera House during the past month have been much scantier than ordinary. The bill of fare, too, has been of a somewhat lenten character, the only things which call for notice being Boucicault's 'Forbidden Fruit,' given for three nights and a matinée by a New York Company, and Mr. Montague's week's engagement.

'Forbidden Fruit' is an adaptation from the same French drama which supplied the materials for the 'Great Divorce Case,' in which Sir Randall Roberts appeared early in the season. Mr. Boucicault's play is very much the cleverer and more entertaining of the two; indeed, no more amusing performance has been witnessed in Toronto since the Vokes Family appeared last summer. It is a mistake, however, to call that a comedy which is really a farce in three acts; the plot and situations are so wildly absurd as to remove the production altogether out of the category of legitimate drama. A far graver objection is that much of the business of the piece is of a more than questionable description. A fast and vulgar female trapeze performer, whose manners and morals appear to be equally free and easy, exercising the arts and wiles of the demi-monde upon every man, married or unmarried, with whom she comes into contact, is not precisely the kind of spectacle which a wise mother would select for the edification of her unmarried daughters,—unless, indeed, on a principle akin to that acted upon by the old Spartans when they made their Helots drunk. It must be admitted, however, that the dialogue is so exceedingly sparkling and witty, the situations and surprises are so ludicrous, and the whole thing is acted with such unflagging zest and spirit, that the objectionable features are, to a certain extent, kept in the background. Still, the taint is there, and being of the very substance and fibre of the piece, is ineradicable. The best drawn and best acted character is *Sergeant Buster*, said to be a 'portrait in oil' of a well-known member of the London bar. It was played by Mr. Herbert (the English actor who supported Mr. Toole during his visits here last season) with a freedom from exaggeration, an unforced humour, and a lifelike naturalness that made it a really delightful bit of comedy. Next best in artistic merit, was Miss Dickson as the irrepressible *Mrs. Sergeant Buster*. Miss Josie Bailley, as *The Great Zulu*, the Princess of the Trapeze, was also, alas! unquestionably amusing, notwithstanding a good deal of exaggeration. The other characters were all well acted, but do not call for special mention.

'False Shame' and 'Our Idol,' the two principal plays in which Mr. Montague appeared, are both admirable specimens of the modern society drama, and perfectly unobjectionable in every respect. In both, we have simply a modern society novel cut down to the limits of three or four acts. Mr. Montague acted the part of *Jack Beamish*, in 'Our Idol,' naturally, and with a good deal of spirit; but there are many actors who could perform it equally well, and one or two, much better. As *Lord Chilton*, in 'False Shame,' however, Mr. Montague is unapproachable. The impersonation is as unique in its way as the *Dundreary* of Mr. Sothern. There is, however, no real likeness between the two parts. The semi-idiotic, semi-supernaturally-clever nobleman whom Sothern has created, exists nowhere except on the boards of the theatre. *Lord Chilton*, however,—making allowance for some exaggeration and idealization,—is a genuine specimen of a by no means uncommon type of young English aristocrat. Miss Wyndham, who accompanied Mr. Montague, is a sister of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the well-known English actor. She appeared in Toronto last season with Mr. Sothern, and is a natural and charming actress in light society parts such as those filled by her during her two visits. Of the other characters in 'False Shame,' the best acted were *Col. Howard* (Mr. Hudson) and the *Earl of Dashington* (Mr. Stokes). The last named actor has greatly improved during the present season. The scene in the third act, where these two badger *Lord Chilton* about his supposed cowardice, was so admirably played as to make it one of the richest episodes in a piece fertile in telling situations.

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The Annual Examinations in Law, Art, Civil Engineering, and Agriculture, and the Senior Matriculation Examination, will commence on Friday, May 4th.

The Annual Commencement for conferring Degrees, etc., will be held on Friday, June 8th.

Candidates for Degrees higher than that of Bachelor in any Faculty must give notice (according to a printed notice furnished on application) on or before April 14th.

The Ordinary Junior Matriculation Examination in Arts will commence on Wednesday, June 20th.

The Supplemental Pass Examination for Junior Matriculation in Arts, and the Regular Annual Matriculation Examinations in Law, Medicine, Civil Engineering, and Agriculture will commence on Tuesday, September 18th.

Candidates for any Examination are required to give notice to the Registrar (according to a form which will be furnished on application) at least three weeks before the commencement of the Examination for which they intend to present themselves.

W. G. FALCONBRIDGE, M.A.,

Registrar.

University of Toronto,
13th January, 1877.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY & NATIONAL REVIEW.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1877.

TRANSFER OF PROPRIETARY.

With the close of the volume for the latter half of 1876, THE CANADIAN MONTHLY completed the fifth year of its existence. Some delay in completing the negotiations necessary for a transfer of the proprietary has been unavoidable; but now that the transfer has actually been made, the Company who have undertaken the future of the Magazine feel justified in claiming the support of the old friends of the MONTHLY, and the literary public throughout the Dominion. When, amid many difficulties, the venture was launched originally, its promoters were not over sanguine of success. They were well aware that the investment that they were about to make, of time, means, and ability, would hardly prove a profitable one; yet, although quixotism in commercial enterprises may perhaps deserve some of the ridicule it has been of late the fashion to heap upon it, when displayed on behalf of national culture, the work of the past five years has not been without its reward.

Those who have associated themselves together for the purpose of continuing the work, are not unmindful of the service rendered by their predecessors, upon whom the burden and heat of the day have fallen. Proposing to follow substantially the same lines, and actuated by the same unselfish spirit, they are determined to infuse into the management of the MONTHLY renewed energy, to place it, with the aid of the public, upon a sounder commercial basis, and, so far as may be, to render it more acceptable to the general reader. From the first, the aim has been to maintain a high and liberal tone, to rise above the spirit of party, and to establish, in Canada, at least one organ of independent opinion, expressing the liberal thought of the age. How far the attempt has been successful, it is for others to say. The advantage of a broad and non-partisan consideration of public questions need not now be vindicated at length. The spirit which inspired the MONTHLY at it inception has been widely diffused throughout the Dominion, and has made itself felt even in the party press, so that independent journalism is now recognized as a boon which the country cannot dispense with. To the merit of contributing its share to this result THE CANADIAN MONTHLY may fairly lay claim; and having done thus much in the past, it will be the aim of its new proprietors to continue the same good work in the future.

The political tone of the Magazine will be National in the broadest and best sense of the term. It will serve no interests narrower than those of the whole Dominion and nation. During the current volume the proprietors will add some new features of interest, and no effort will be wanting on their part to make the MONTHLY universally acceptable from one extremity of the Dominion to the other. The assistance of the old staff of writers has been retained, while new writers in England and the United States, as well as our own country, have promised their aid.

It will be the object of the Company to establish the Magazine upon a sound commercial basis—to make a vigorous effort, in short, to place its future existence beyond the risk of failure; and they are happy to be able to state that they have concluded arrangements for its publication which, in their opinion, will ensure such a result.

In future THE CANADIAN MONTHLY will be published for the Company by Messrs. HART & RAWLINSON, Publishers, Toronto, to whom all business communications and remittances are to be addressed.

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 5.] WHOLE NUMBER LXV. [VOL. XI.

MAY, 1877.

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TORONTO:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADIAN MONTHLY COMPANY,

BY HART & RAWLINSON,

5 KING STREET WEST.

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Amherstburg	Chambly Canton	Georgetown	L'Original	Orangeville	Riviere du Loup	Thornhill
Angus	Chatham, West	Georgina	Lucan	Orillia	en ba	Thorold
Arkona	Chelsea	Glenallan	Lucknow	Orono	Rockingham	Three Rivers
Arnprior	Chippawa	Goderich	Lyn	Osceola	Rondeau	Thurso
Arthur	Clarksburg	Granby	Madoc	Oshawa	Rosemont	Tilsonburg
Aurora	Clearville	Grimsby	Manchester	Ottawa	St. Andrews, E.	Toronto
Aylmer, East	Clifton	Guelph	Markham	Otterville	St. Catharines, W	Trenton
Aylmer, West	Clinton	Haliburton	Meaford	Owen Sound	St. Cesaire	Uxbridge
Ayr	Coaticook	Hamilton	Melbourne	Paisley	St. Hyacinthe	Valleyfield
Baltimore	Cobourg	Harriston	Merrickville	Pakenham	St. Jacobs	Vanleek Hill
Barrie	Colborne	Hastings	Millbrook	Paris	St. Jerome	Vienna
Bayfield	Coldwater	Hawkesbury	Mille Roches	Pembroke	St. John's East	Vittoria
Beachville	Collingwood	Hespeler	Milton, West	Penetanguishene	St. Mary's Blan-	Walkerton
Beamsville	Compton	Hull	Mitchell	Perth	chard	Wallaceburg
Beauharnois	Cookstown	Huntingdon	Montmagny	Peterboro'	St. Paul's Bay	Wardsville
Beaverton	Cornwall	Ingersoll	Montreal	Petrolia	St. Roch de Que-	Waterdown
Belleville	Creemore	Inverness	Morpeth	Picton	bec	Waterford
Berlin	Danville	Iroquois	Morrisburg	Plantagenet	St. Thomas, West	Waterloo, East
Berthier	Dresden	Joliette	Mount Brydges	Point St. Charles	Sandwich	Waterloo, West
Blairton	Drummondville, W	Keene	Mount Forest	Portage du Fort	Sarnia	Welland
Bobcaygeon	Dungannon	Kemptville	Muir	Port Burwell	Saugeen	Wellesley
Bond Head	Dundas	Kincardine	Murray Bay	Port Colborne	Scarboro'	Wellington Sq're
Bothwell	Dunnville	Kingston	Napanee	Port Dalhousi	Seaforth	West Farnham
Bowmanville	Durham	Kingsville	Newboro'	Port Dover	Seneca	Weston
Bracebridge	Elora	Kirkfield	Newburgh	Port Hope	Sherbrooke	West Winchester
Bradford	Embro'	Knowlton	Newbury	Port Robinson	Simcoe	Whitby
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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA,

January, 1877.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. II.] MAY, 1877. [No. 5.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Daughter of Heth," "Three Feathers," "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A LIFE-PLEDGE.

LORD WILLOWBY had fallen asleep. Through the white curtains of the window they could see him lying back in an easy chair, a newspaper dropped on his knee. Why should they go in to wake him?

The wan light was dying away from the bosom of the lake down there, and there was less of a glow in the northern skies; but the stars were burning more clearly now—white and throbbing over the black foliage of the elms. The nightingale sang from time to time, and the woods were silent to hear. Now and again a cool breeze came through the bushes, bringing with it a scent of lilacs and sweet-briar. They were in no hurry to re-enter the house.

Balfour was talking a little more honestly and earnestly now; for he had begun to speak of his work, his aims, his hopes, his difficulties. It was not a romantic tale he had to tell on this beautiful night, but his companion conferred romance upon it. He was talking as an eager, busy, practical politician; she believed she was listening to a great statesman, to a leader of the future, to her country's one and only saviour. It was of no use that he insisted on the prosaic and commonplace nature of the actual work he had to do.

'You see, Lady Sylvia,' he said, 'I am only an apprentice as yet. I am only learning how to use my tools. And the fact is, there is not one man in fifty in the House who fancies that any tools are necessary. Look how on the most familiar subjects—those nearest to their own doors—they are content to take all their information from the newspapers. They never think of enquiring, of seeing, for themselves. They work out legislation as a mere theorem; they have no idea how it is practically applied. They pass Adulteration Acts, Sanitary Acts, Lodging-house Acts; they consider Gas Bills, Water Bills, and what not; but it is all done in the air. They don't know. Now I have been trying to cram on some of these things, but I have avoided official reports. I know the

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pull it will give me to have actual and personal experience—this is in one direction only, you see—of the way the poorer people in a great town live: how taxation affects them, how the hospitals treat them, their relations with the police, and a hundred other things. Shall I tell you a secret, Lady Sylvia?'

These were pretty secrets to be told on this beautiful evening: secrets not of lovers' dreams and hopes, but secrets about Gas Bills and Water Bills.

'I lived for a week in a court in Seven Dials, as a French polisher. Next week I am going to spend in a worse den—a haunt of thieves, tramps, and hawkers; a very pretty den, indeed, to be the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey.'

She uttered a slight exclamation—of deprecation and anxious fear. But he did not quite understand.

'This time, however,' he continued, 'I shall not be so badly off; for I am going to live at a common lodging-house, and there the beds are pretty clean. I have been down and through the whole neighborhood, and have laid my plans. I find that by paying eighteenpence a night—instead of fourpence—I shall have one of the married people's rooms to myself, instead of having to sleep in the common-room. There will be little trouble about it. I shall be a hawker, my stock in trade a basket; and if I disappear at three in the morning—going off to Covent Garden, you know—they won't expect to see me again till nine or ten in the evening, when they meet me in the evening to smoke and drink beer. It is then I hope to get all the information I want. You see there will be no great hardship. I shall be able to slip home in the morning, get washed, and a sleep. The rooms in these common lodging-houses are vere fairly clean; the police supervision is very strict.'

'It is not the hardship,' said Lady Sylvia to her companion, and her breath came and went somewhat more quickly, 'it is the danger—you will be quite alone—among such people.'

'Oh,' said he, lightly, 'there is no danger at all. Besides I have an ally—the great and powerful Mrs. Grace. Shall I tell you about Mrs. Grace, the owner of pretty nearly half of Happiness Alley?'

The Lady Sylvia would hear something of this person with the pretty name, who lived in that favoured alley.

'I was wandering through the courts and lanes down there one day,' said Balfour, 'and I was having a bad time of it; for I had a tall hat on, which the people regarded as ludicrous, and they poured scorn and contempt on me, and one or two of the women at the windows above threw things at my hat. However, as I was passing one door, I saw a very strong-built woman suddenly come out, and she threw a basket into the middle of the lane. Then she went back, and presently she appeared again, simply shoving before her—her hand on his collar—a man who was certainly as big as herself. "You clear out," she said; and then with one arm—it was bare and pretty muscular—she shot him straight after the basket. Well, the man was a meek man, and did not say a word. I said to her, "Is that your husband you are treating so badly?" Of course I kept out of the reach of her arm, for women who are quarrelling with their husbands are pretty free with their hands. But this woman, although she had a firm, resolute face and a grey mustache, was as cool and collected as a judge. "Oh, dear no," she said; "that is one of my tenants. He can't pay, so he's got to get out." On the strength of this introduction I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Grace, who is really a most remarkable woman. I suppose she is a widow, for she hasn't a single relative in the world. She has gone on renting house after house, letting the rooms, collecting her rents and her nightly fees for lodgers, and looking after her property generally with a decision and ability quite out of the ordinary. I don't suppose she loses a shilling in a month by bad debts. "Pay or you go," is her motto with her tenants; "Pay first or you can't come in," she says to her lodgers. She has been an invaluable ally to me, that woman. I have gone through the most frightful dens with her, and there was scarcely a word said; she is not a woman to stand any nonsense. And then, of course, her having amassed this property, sixpence by sixpence, has made her anxious to know the conditions on which all the property around is held, and she has a remarkably quick and shrewd eye for things. Once, I remember, we had been exploring a number of houses that

were in an infamous condition. "Well," I said to her, "how do the sanitary inspectors pass this over?" She answered that the sanitary inspectors were only the servants of the Medical Officer of Health. "Very well, then," I said, "why doesn't the Medical Officer of Health act?" You should have seen the cool frankness with which she looked at me. "You see, Sir," she said, "the Medical Officer of Health is appointed by the vestry; and these houses are the property of Mr. ——, who is a vestry-man; and if he was made to put them to rights, he might as well pull them down altogether. So I suppose, Sir, the inspectors don't say much, and the Medical Officer he doesn't say any thing, and Mr. —— is not put to any trouble." There is nothing of that sort about Mrs. Grace's property. It is the cleanest bit of whitewash in Westminster. And the way she looks after the water-supply—. But really, Lady Sylvia, I must apologize to you for talking to you about such uninteresting things.'

'Oh, I assure you,' said the girl, earnestly and honestly, 'that I am deeply interested —intensely interested; but it is all so strange and terrible. If—if I knew Mrs. Grace, I would like to—to send her a present.'

If never occurred to Balfour to ask himself why Lady Sylvia Blythe should like to send a present to a woman living in one of the slums of Westminster. Had the girl a wild notion that by a gift she could bribe the virago of Happiness Alley to keep watch over a certain Quixotic young man who wanted to become a Parliamentary Haroun-al-Raschid?

'Mr. Balfour,' said Lady Sylvia, suddenly, 'have you asked this Mrs. Grace about the prudence of your going into that lodging-house.'

'Oh yes, I have got a lot of slang terms from her—hawkers' slang, you know. And she is to get me my suit of clothes and the basket.'

'But surely they will recognize you as having been down there before.'

'Not a bit. I shall have my face plentifully begrimed; and there is no better disguise for a man than his taking off his collar and tying a wisp of black ribbon round his neck instead. Then I can smoke pretty steadily; and I need not talk much in the kitchen of an evening. But why should I bother you with these things, Lady Sylvia? I only wanted to show you a bit of the training that I think a man should go through before he gets up in Parliament with some delightfully accurate scheme in his hand for the amelioration of millions of human beings—of whose condition he does not really know the smallest particular. It is not the picturesque side of legislation. It is not heroic. But then if you want a fine, bold, ambitious flight of statesmanship, you have only got to go to Oxford or Cambridge; in every college you will find twenty young men ready to remodel the British Constitution in five minutes.'

They walked to the window; Lord Willowby was still asleep in the hushed yellow-lit room. Had they been out a quarter of an hour—half an hour? It was impossible for them to say; their rapidly growing intimacy and friendly confidence took no heed of time.

'And it is very disheartening work,' he added, with a sigh. 'The degradation, physical and mental, you see on the faces you meet in these slums is terrible. You begin to despair of any legislation. Then the children—their white faces, their poor stunted bodies, their weary eyes—thank God you have never seen that sight. I can stand most things: I am not a very soft-hearted person: but—but I can't stand the sight of those children.'

She had never heard a man's sob before. She was terrified, overawed. But the next moment he had burst, into a laugh and was talking in rather a gay and excited fashion.

'Yes,' said he, 'I should like to have my try at heroic legislation too. I should like to be made absolute sovereign and autocrat of this country for one week. Do you know what I should do on day number one? I should go to the gentlemen who form the boards of the great City guilds, and I should say to them, "Gentlemen, I assure you you would be far better in health and morals if you would cease to spend your revenues on banquets at five guineas a head. You have had quite as much of that as is good for you. Now I propose to take over the whole of the property at present in your hands, and if I find any reasonable bequest in favor of fishmongers, or skinners, or any other poor tradesmen, that I will adminis-

ter, but the rest of your wealth—it is only a trifle of twenty millions or so, capitalized—I mean to use for the benefit of yourselves and your fellow-citizens." Then, what next? I issue my edict: "There shall be no more slums. Every house of them must be razed to the ground, and the sites turned into gardens, to tempt currents of air into the heart of the city." But what of the dispossessed people? Why, I have got in my hands twenty millions to whip them off to Nebraska and make of them great stock-raising communities on the richest grass lands in the world. Did I tell you, Lady Sylvia,' he added seriously, 'that I mean to hang all the directors of the existing water and gas companies?'

'No, you did not say that,' she answered, with a smile. But she would not treat this matter altogether as a joke. It might please him to make fun of himself; in her inmost heart she believed that, if the country only gave him these unlimited powers for a single year, the millennium would *ipso facto* have arrived.

'And so,' said he, after a time, 'you see how I am situated. It is a poor business, this Parliamentary life. There is a great deal of mean and shabby work connected with it.'

'I think it is the noblest work a man could put his hand to,' she said, with a flush on her cheek that he could not see; 'and the nobleness of it is that a man will go through the things you have described for the good of others. I don't call that mean or shabby work. I should call it mean or shabby if a man were building up a great fortune to spend on himself. If that was his object, what could be more mean? You go into slums and dens; you interest yourself in the poorest wretches that are alive; you give your days and your nights to studying what you can do for them; and you call all that care and trouble and self-sacrifice mean and shabby!'

'But you forget,' he said coldly, 'what is my object. I am serving my apprenticeship. I want these facts for my own purposes. You pay a politician for his trouble by giving him a reputation, which is the object of his life—'

'Mr. Balfour,' she said proudly, 'I don't know much about public men. You may say what you please about them. But I think I know a little about you. And it is useless you saying such things to me.'

For a second he felt ashamed of his habit of self-depreciation; the courage of the girl was a rebuke—was an appeal to a higher candour.

'A man has need to beware,' he said. 'It is safest to put the lowest construction on your own conduct; it will not be much lower than that of the general opinion. But I did wrong, Lady Sylvia, in talking like that to you. You have a great faith in your friends. You could inspire any man with confidence in himself—'

He paused for a moment; but it was not to hear the nightingale sing, or to listen to the whispering of the wind in the dark elms. It was to gain courage for a further frankness.

'It would be a good thing for the public life of this country,' said he, 'if there were more women like you—ready to give generous encouragement, ready to believe in the disinterestedness of a man, and with a full faith in the usefulness of his work. I can imagine the good fortune of a man who, after being harassed and buffeted about—perhaps by his own self-criticism as much as by the opinions of others—could always find in his own home consolation and trust and courage. Look at his independence; he would be able to satisfy, or he would try to satisfy, one opinion that would be of more value to him than that of all the world besides. What would he care about the ingratitude of others, so long as he had his reward in his own home? But it is a picture, a dream.'

'Could a woman be all that to a man?' the girl asked, in a low voice.

'You could,' said he boldly; and he stopped and confronted her, and took both her trembling hands in his. 'Lady Sylvia, when I have dreamed that dream, it was your face that I saw in it. You are the noblest woman I have known. I—well, I will say it now—I love you, and have loved you almost since the first moment I saw you. That is the truth. If I have pained you—well, you will forgive me after I have gone, and this will be the last of it.'

She had withdrawn her hands, and now stood before him, her eyes cast down, her heart beating so that she could not speak.

'If I have pained you,' said he, after a moment or two of anxious silence, 'my presumption will bring its own punishment.

Lady Sylvia, shall I take you back to the Hall?'

She put one hand lightly on his arm.

'I am afraid,' she said; and he could but scarcely hear the low and trembling words. 'How can I be to you—what you described? It is so much—I have never thought of it—and if I should fail to be all that you expect?'

He took her in his arms and kissed her forehead.

'I have no fear. Will you try?'

'Yes,' she answered; and now she looked up into his face, with her wet eyes full of love and hope and generous self-surrender. 'I will try to be to you all that you could wish me to be.'

'Sylvia, my wife,' was all he said in reply; and indeed there was not much need for further speech between these two. The silence of the beautiful night was eloquence enough. And then from time to time they had the clear, sweet singing of the nightingale and the stirring of the night wind among the trees.

By-and-by they went back to the Hall; they walked arm in arm, with a great peace and joy in their hearts; and they re-entered the dining-room. Lord Willowby started up in his easy-chair and rubbed his eyes.

'Bless me!' said he, with one of his violent smiles, 'I have been asleep.'

His lordship was a peer of the realm, and his word must be taken. The fact was, however, that he had not been asleep at all.

CHAPTER VII.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

LORD WILLOWBY guessed pretty accurately what had occurred. For a second or two his daughter sat down at the table, pale a little, silent, and nervously engaged in pulling a rose to pieces. Then she got up and proposed they should go into the drawing-room to have some tea. She led the way; but just as she had gone through, Balfour put his hand on Lord Willowby's arm and detained him.

At this juncture a properly minded young man would have been meek and apologetic; would have sworn eternal gratitude in return for the priceless gift he was going to demand; would have made endless protestations as to the care with which he would guard that great treasure. But this Hugh Balfour was not very good at sentiment. Added to the cool judgment of a man of the world, he had a certain forbidding reserve about him which was, perhaps, derived from his Scotch descent; and he knew a great deal more about his future father-in-law than that astute person imagined.

'Lord Willowby,' said he, 'a word before we go in. You must have noticed my regard for your daughter; and you may have guessed what it might lead to. I presume it was not quite displeasing to you, or you would not have been so kind as to invite me here from time to time. Well, I owe you an apology for having spoken sooner than I intended to Lady Sylvia—I ought to have mentioned the matter to you first—'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Willowby, seizing his hand, while all the features of his face were suddenly contorted into what he doubtless meant as an expression of rapturous joy, 'not another word! Of course she accepted you—her feelings for you have long been known to me, and my child's happiness I put before all other considerations. Balfour, you have got a good girl to be your wife; take care of her.'

'I think you may trust me for that,' was the simple answer.

They went into the room. Not a word was said; but Lord Willowby went over to his daughter and patted her on the back and kissed her; then she knew. A servant brought in some tea.

It was a memorable evening. The joy within the young man's heart had to find some outlet; and he talked then as no one had ever heard him talk before—not even his most intimate friend at Exeter, when they used to sit discoursing into the small hours of the morning. Lord Willowby could not readily understand a man's being earnest or eloquent except under the influence of wine; but Balfour scarcely ever drank wine. Why should he be so vehement? He was not much of an orator in the House; in society he was ordinarily cold and silent. Now, however, he had grown indignant over a single phrase they had stumbled against—'You can't make men moral by act of Parliament'—and the gray eyes under the heavy eyebrows had an intense earnestness in them as he denounced what he chose to call a pernicious lie.

'You *can* make men moral by act of Parliament—by the action of Parliament,' he was insisting; and there was one there who listened with rapt attention and faith, even when he was uttering the most preposterous paradoxes, or giving way to the most violent prejudices; 'and the nation will have to answer for it that proceeds on any other belief. For what is morality but the perfect adjustment of the human organism to the actual conditions of life—the observance by the human being of those unchangeable, inexorable laws of the universe, to break which is death, physical or spiritual, as the case may be? What have all the teachers who have taught mankind —from Moses in his day to Carlyle in ours —been insisting on but that? Moses was only a sort of divine vestry-man; Carlyle has caught something of the poetry of the Hebrew prophets; but it is the same thing they say. There are the fixed, immutable laws: death awaits the nation or the man who breaks them. Look at the lesson the world has just been reading. A liar, a perjurer, and traitor gets up in the night-time, and cuts the throat of a nation. In the morning you find him wearing imperial robes; but if you looked you would find the skirts of them bespattered with the blood of the women and children he has had shot down in the street. Europe shudders alittle, but goes on its way; it has forgotten that the moment a crime is committed, its punishment is already meted out. And what does the nation do that has been robbed and insulted—that has seen those innocent women and children shot down that the mean ambition of a liar might be satisfied? It is quick to forgiveness; for it finds itself tricked out in gay garments, and it has money put in its pocket, and it is bidden to dance and be merry. Everything is to be condoned now; for life has become like a masked ball, and it does not matter what thieves and swindlers there may be in the crowd, so long as there is plenty of brilliant lights and music and wine. Lady Sylvia, do you know Alfred Rethel's "Der Tod als Feind?"—Death coming in to smite down the maskers and the music-makers at a revel? It does not matter much who or what is the instrument of vengeance, but the vengeance is sure. When France was paying her penalty—when the chariot wheels of God were grinding exceding hard—she cried at her enemy, "You are only a pack of Huns." Well, Attila was a Hun, a barbarian, probably a superstitious savage. I don't know what particular kind of fetish he may have worshipped—what blurred image or idol he had in his mind of Him who is past finding out; but however rude or savage his notions were, he knew that the laws of God had been broken, and the time for vengeance had come. The Scourge of God may be Attila or another: an epidemic that slays its thousands because a nation has not been cleanly—the lacerating of a mother's heart when in her carelessness she has let her child cut its finger with a knife. The penalty has to be paid; sometimes at the moment, sometimes long after; for the sins of the fathers are visited not only on their children, but on their children's children, and so on to the end, nature claiming her inexorable due. And when I go down to the slums I have been talking to you about, how dare I say that these wretched people living in squalor and ignorance and misery, are only paying the penalty for their own mistakes and crimes? You look at their narrow, retreating, monkey-like forehead, the heavy and hideous jowl, the thick neck and the furtive eye; you think of the foul air they have breathed from their infancy, of the bad water and unwholesome food they have consumed, of the dense ignorance in which they have been allowed to grow up; and how can you say that their immoral existence is anything but inevitable? I am talking about Westminster, Lord Willowby. From some parts of these slums you can see the towers of the Houses of Parliament, glittering in gilt, and looking very fine indeed. And if I declared my belief that the immorality of these wretched people of the slums lay as much at the door of the Houses of Parliament as at their own door, I suppose people would say I was a rabid democrat, pandering to the passions of the poor to achieve some notoriety. But I believe it all the same. Wrong-doing—the breaking of the universal laws of existence, the subversion of those conditions which produce a settled, wholesome, orderly social life—is not necessarily personal; it may be national; it may have been continued through centuries, until the results have

been so stamped into the character of the nation—or into the condition of a part of a nation—that they almost seem ineradicable. And so I say that you do and can make people moral or immoral by the action of Parliament. There is not an Education Bill, or a University Tests Bill, or an Industrial Dwellings Bill, you pass, which has not its effect, for good or ill, on the relations between the people of a country and those eternal laws of right which are forever demanding fulfilment. Without some such fixed belief, how could any man spend his life in tinkering away at these continual experiments in legislation? You would merely pass a vote trebling the police force, and have done with it.'

Whether or not this vehement and violently prejudiced young man had quite convinced Lord Willowby, it was abundantly clear that he had long ago convinced himself. His eyes were 'glowering,' as the Scotch say; and he had forgotten all about the tea that Lady Sylvia herself had poured out and brought to him. The fact is, Lord Willowby had not paid much attention. He was thinking of something else. He perceived that the young man was in an emotional and enthusiastic mood; and he was wondering whether, in return for having just been presented with a wife, Mr. Hugh Balfour might not be induced to become a director of a certain company in which his Lordship was interested, and which was sorely in need of help at that moment.

But Lady Sylvia was convinced. Here, indeed, was a confession of faith fit to come from the man whom she had just accepted as her husband. He had for the moment thrown off his customary garb of indifference or cynicism; he had revealed himself; he had spoken with earnest voice and equally earnest eyes; and to her the words were as the words of one inspired.

'Have you any more water-color drawings to show me, Lady Sylvia?' he asked, suddenly.

A quick shade of surprise and disappointment passed over the calm and serious face. She knew why he had asked. He had imagined that these public affairs must be dull for her. He wished to speak to her about something more within her comprehension. She was hurt; and she walked a little proudly as she went to get the drawings.

'Here is the whole collection,' said she, indifferently. 'I don't remember which of them you saw before. I think I will bid you good-night now.'

'I am afraid I have bored you terribly,' said he, as he rose.

'You cannot bore me with subjects in which I take so deep an interest,' said she, with some decision.

He took her hand and bade her good night. There was more in the look that passed between these two than in a thousand effusive embraces.

'Now, Balfour,' said his lordship, with unaccustomed gaiety, 'what do you say to changing our coats, and having a cigar in the library? And a glass of grog?—a Scotchman ought to know something about whiskey. Besides, you don't win a wife every day.

It was Lord Willowby who looked and talked as if he had just won a wife as the two men went up stairs to the library. He very rarely smoked, but on this occasion he lit a cigarette; and he said he envied Balfour his enjoyment of that wooden pipe. Would his guest try something hot? No? Then Lord Willowby stretched out his legs, and lay back in the easy-chair, apparently greatly contented with himself and the world.

When the servant had finally gone, his lordship said,

'How well you talked to-night, Balfour! The flush, the elation, you know—of course a man talks better before his sweetheart than before the House of Commons. And if you and I, now, must speak of what you might call the—the business side of your marriage, well, I suppose we need not be too technical or strict in our language. Let us be frank with each other, and friendly. I am glad you are going to marry my daughter, and so doubtless are you.'

The young man said nothing at all. He was smoking his pipe. There was no longer any fire of indignation or earnestness in his eyes.

'You know I am a very poor man,' his lordship continued. 'I can't give Sylvia anything.'

'I don't expect it,' said Balfour.

'On the other hand, you are a rich man. In such cases, you know, there is ordinarily

a marriage settlement, and naturally, as Sylvia's guardian, I should expect you to give her out of your abundance. But then, Balfour,' said his lordship, with a gay air and a ferocious smile, 'I was thinking—merely as a joke, you know—what a rich young fellow like yourself might do to produce an impression on a romantic girl. Marriage settlements are very prosaic things; they look rather like buying a wife; moreover, they have to mention contingencies which it is awkward for an unmarried girl to hear of. Wouldn't a girl be better pleased now, if an envelope were placed on her dressing-room table the night before her marriage—the envelope containing a bank-note—say for £50,000? The mystery, the surprise, the delight—all these things would tell upon a girl's mind; and she would be glad she would not have to go to church an absolute beggar. Of course that is merely a joke; but can't you imagine what the girl's face would be like when she opened the envelope?'

Balfour did not at all respond to his companion's gaiety. In the drawing-room below he had betrayed an unusual enthusiasm of speech. But if Lord Willowby had calculated on this elation interfering with Mr. Balfour's very sober habit of looking at business matters, he had made a decided mistake.

Balfour laid down his pipe, and put his out-stretched hands on his knees.

'I don't know,' said he, coolly, 'whether you mean to suggest that I should do something of the sort you describe—'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Willowby, with an air of protest. 'It was only a fancy—a joke.'

'Ah! I thought so,' said Balfour. 'I think it is better to treat money matters simply as money matters; romance has plenty of other things to deal with. And as regards a marriage settlement, of course I should let my lawyer arrange the whole affair.'

'Oh, naturally, naturally,' said his lordship, gayly; but he inwardly invoked a curse on the head of this mean-spirited Scotchman.

'You mentioned £50,000,' continued the younger man, speaking slowly and apparently with some indifference. 'It is a big sum to demand all at once from my partners. But then the fact is, I have never spent much money myself, and I have allowed them to absorb in the business a good deal of what I might otherwise have had, so that they are pretty deep in my debt. You see, my lord, I have inherited from my father a good deal of pride in our firm, though I don't know anything about its operations myself; and they have lately been extending the business both in Australia and China, and I have drawn only what I wanted for my yearly accounts. So I can easily have £50,000 from them. That in a safe four per cent. investment would bring £2,000 a year. Do you think Lady Sylvia would consider—'

'Sylvia is a mere child,' her father said. 'She knows nothing about such things.'

'If you preferred it,' said Balfour, generously, 'I will make it part of the settlement that the trustees shall invest that sum subject to Lady Sylvia's directions.'

Lord Willowby's face, that had been gradually resuming its sombre look, brightened up.

'I suppose you would act as one of the trustees?' said Balfour.

His lordship's face grew brighter still. It was quite eagerly that he cried out,

'Oh, willingly, willingly. Sylvia would have every confidence in me, naturally, and I should be delighted to be able to look after the interests of my child. You cannot tell what she has been to me. I have tended her every day of her life—'

['Except when you went knocking about all over Europe without her,' thought Balfour.]

'I have devoted all my care to her—'

['Except what you gave to the Seven Per Cent. Investment Company,' thought Balfour.']

'She would implicitly trust her affairs in my hands—'

['And prove herself a bigger fool than I took her to be,' thought this mean-spirited Scotchman.]

Lord Willowby, indeed, seemed to wake up again. Two thousand pounds a year was ample pin-money. He had no sympathy with the extravagant habits of some women. And as Sylvia's natural guardian, it would be his business to advise her as to the proper investment.

'My dear lord,' cried Balfour, quite cheerfully, 'there won't be the slightest

trouble about that; for, of course, I shall be the other trustee.'

The light on Lord Willowby's worn and sunken face suddenly vanished. But he remained very polite to his future son-in-law, and he even lit another cigarette to keep him company.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISLEADING LIGHTS.

THE two or three days Balfour now spent at Willowby Hall formed a beautiful, idle, idyllic period not soon to be forgotten either by him or by the tender-natured girl to whom he had just become engaged. Lord Willowby left them pretty much to themselves. They rode over the great dark heath, startling the rabbits; or drove along the wooded lanes, under shelter of the elms or limes; or walked through the long grass and buttercups of the park; or, in the evening, paced up and down that stone terrace, waiting for the first notes of the nightingale. It was a time for glad and wistful dreams, for tender self-confessions, and—what is more to the purpose—for the formation of perfectly ridiculous estimates of each other's character, tastes, and habits. This man, for example, who was naturally somewhat severe and exacting in his judgments, who was implacable in his contempt for meanness, hypocrisy, and pretense, and who was just a trifle too bitter and plain-spoken in expressing that contempt, had now grown wonderfully considerate to all human frailties, gentle in judgment, and good-natured in speech. He did not at all consider it necessary to tell her what he thought of her father. His fierce virtue did not prevent his promising to dine with her uncle. And he did not fancy that he himself was guilty of any gross hypocrisy in pretending to be immensely interested in the feeding of pigeons, the weeding of flower-beds, the records of local cricket matches, and the forthcoming visit of the bishop.

During those pleasant days they had talked, as lovers will, of the necessity of absolute confidence between sweetheart and sweetheart, between husband and wife. To guard against the sad misunderstandings of life, they would always be explicitly frank with each other, whatever happened. But then, if you had reproached Balfour with concealing from his bethrothed his opinion of her relations, he would probably have demanded in his turn what absolute confidence was? Would life be tolerable if every thing were to be spoken? A man comes home in the evening: he has lost his lawsuit—things have been bad in the City—perhaps he has been walking all day in a pair of tight boots: anyhow, he is tired, irritable, impatient. His wife meets him, and before letting him sit down for a moment, will hurry him off to the nursery to show him the wonderful drawings Adolphus has drawn on the wall. If he is absolutely frank, he will exclaim, 'Oh get away! You and your children are a thorough nuisance!' That would be frankness: absolute confidence could go no further. But the husband is not such a fool—he is not so selfishly cruel—as to say any thing of the kind. He goes off to get another pair of shoes; he sits down to dinner, perhaps a trifle silent; but by-and-by he recovers his equanimity, he begins to look at the brighter side of things, and is presently heard to declare that he is quite sure that boy has something of the artist in him, and that it is no wonder his mother takes such a pride in him, for he is the most intelligent child—etc.

Moreover, it was natural in the circumstances for Balfour to be unusually gentle and conciliatory. He was proud and pleased; it would have been strange if this new sense of happiness had not made him a little generous in his judgments of others. He was not consciously acting a part; but then every young man must necessarily wish to make of himself something of a hero in the eyes of his betrothed. Nor was she consciously acting a part when she impressed on him the conviction that all her aspirations and ambitions were connected with public life. Each was trying to please the other; and each was apt to see in the other what he and she desired to see there. To put the case in as short a form as may be: here was a girl whose whole nature was steeped in Tennyson, and here was a young man who had a profound admiration for Thackeray. But when, under the shadow of the great elms, in the stillness of these summer days, he read to

her passages from 'Maud,' he declared that existence had nothing further to give than that; while she, for her part, was eager to have him tell her of the squabbles and intrigues of Parliamentary life, and expressed her settled belief that *Vanity Fair* was the cleverest book in the whole world.

On the morning of the day on which he was to leave, he brought down to the breakfast-room a newspaper, He laughed as he handed it to her.

This was a copy of the *Ballinascroon Sentinel*, which contained not only an account of the interview between Mr. Balfour, M.P., and a deputation from his constituents, but also a leading article on that event. The *Ballinascroon Sentinel* waxed eloquent over the matter. The Member for Ballinascroon was 'a renegade Scotchman, whose countrymen were ashamed to send him to Parliament, and who had the audacity to accept the representation of an Irish borough, which had been grossly betrayed and insulted as the reward for its mistaken generosity.' There was a good deal more of the same sort of thing; it had not much novelty for Balfour.

But it was new to Lady Sylvia. It was with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheek that she rose and carried the newspaper to her father, who was standing at the window. Lord Willowby merely looked down the column and smiled.

'Balfour is accustomed to it,' said he.

'But is it fair, is it sufferable,' she said, with that hot indignation still in her face, 'that any one should have to grow accustomed to such treatment? Is this the reward in store for a man who spends his life in the public service? The writer of that shameful attack ought to be prosecuted; he ought to be fined and imprisoned. If I were a man, I would horsewhip him, and I am sure he would run away fast enough.'

'Oh no, Lady Sylvia,' said Balfour, though his heart warmed to the girl for that generous espousal of his cause. 'You must remember that he is smarting under the wrongs of Ireland, or rather the wrongs of Ballinascroon. I dare say, if I were a leading man in a borough, I should not like to have the member representing the borough simply making a fool of it. I can see the joke of the situation, although I am a Scotchman; but you can't expect the people in the borough to see it. And if my friend the editor uses warm language, you see that is how he earns his bread. I have no doubt, when they kick me out of Ballinascroon, and if I can get in for some other place, I shall meet him down at Westminster, and he will have no hesitation at all in asking me to help to get his son the Governorship of Timbuctoo, or some such post.'

Was not this generous? she said to herself. He might have exacted damages from this poor man. Perhaps he might have had him imprisoned and sent to the treadmill. But no. There was no malice in his nature, no anxious vanity, no sentiment of revenge. Lady Sylvia's was not the only case in which it might have been remarked that the most ordinary qualities of prudence or indifference exhibited by a young man become, in the eyes of the young man's sweetheart, proof of a forbearance, a charity, a goodness, altogether heroic and sublime.

Her mother having died when she was a mere child, Lady Sylvia had known scarcely any grief more serious than the loss of a pet canary, or the withering of a favorite flower. Her father professed an elaborate phraseological love for her, and he was undoubtedly fond of his only child; but he also dearly liked his personal liberty, and he had from her earliest years accustomed her to bid him good-by without much display of emotion on either side. But now, on this morning, a strange heaviness of heart possessed her. She looked forward to that drive to the station with a dull sense of foreboding; she thought of herself coming back alone—for her father was going up to town with Balfour—and for the first time in her life the solitude of the Hall seemed to her something she could not bear

'Sylvia,' said her father, when they had all got into the wagonette, 'you don't look very bright this morning.'

She started, and flushed with an anxious shame. She hoped they would not think she was cast down merely because she was going to bid good-by to Mr. Balfour for a few days. Would they not meet on the following Wednesday at her uncle's?

So, as they drove over to the station, the girl was quite unusually gay and cheerful. She was no longer the serious Syllabus whom her cousin Johnny used to tease into petulance. Balfour was glad to see her looking so bright; doubtless the drive through the sweet fresh air had raised her spirits.

And she was equally cheerful in the station; for she kept saying to herself, '*Keep up now, keep up. It is only five minutes now. And, oh! if he were to see me cry—the least bit—I should die of shame.*'

'Sylvia,' said he, when they happened to be alone for a moment,' I suppose I may write to you?'

'Yes,' said she, timidly.

'How often?'

'I—I don't know,' said she, looking down.

'Would it bother you if you had a letter every morning?'

'Oh,' she said,' you could never spare me time to write to me so often as that. I know how busy you must be. You must not let me interfere in any way, now or at any time, with your real work. You must promise that to me.'

'I will promise this to you,' said he, taking her hand to bid her good-by,' that my relations with you shall never interfere with my duties toward the honourable and independent electors of Ballinascroon. Will that do?'

The train came up. She dared not raise her eyes to his face as she shook hands with him. Her heart was beating hurriedly.

She conquered, nevertheless. There were several people about the station who knew Lord Willowby's daughter; and as she was rather a distinguished person in that neighbourhood, and as she was pretty and prettily dressed, she attrached a good deal of notice. But what did they see? Only Lady Sylvia bidding good-by to her papa and to a gentleman who had doubtless been his guest; and there was nothing but a bright and friendly smile in her face as she looked after that particular carriage in the receding train.

But there was no smile at all in her face as she was being driven back through the still and wooded country to the empty Hall. The large, tender, dark gray eyes were full of trouble and anxious memories; her heart was heavy within her. It was her first sorrow; and there was something new, alarming, awful about it. This sense of loneliness—of being left—of having her heart yearning after something that had gone away—was a new experience altogether, and it brought with it strange tremors of unrest and unreasoning anxiety.

She had often read in books that the best cure for care was hard work; and as soon as she got back to the Hall she set busily about the fulfilment of her daily duties She found, however, but little relief. The calm of mind and of occupation had fled from her. She was agitated by all manner of thoughts, fancies, surmises, that would not let her be in peace.

That letter of the next morning, for example, she would have to answer it. But how? She went to her own little sitting-room and securely locked the door, and sat down to her desk. She stared at the blank paper for several minutes before she dared to place anything on it; and it was with a trembling hand that she traced out the words, '*Dear Mr. Balfour.*' Then she pondered for a long time on what she should say to him—a difficult matter to decide, seeing she had not as yet received the letter which she wished to answer. She wrote, '*My dear Mr. Balfour,*' and looked at that. Then she wrote, with her hand trembling more than ever,'*Dear H——,*' but she got no further than that, for some flush of color mounted to her face, and she suddenly resolved to go and see the head gardener about the new geraniums. Before leaving the room, however, she tore up the sheet of paper into very small pieces.

Now the head gardener was a soured and disappointed man. The whole place, he considered, was starved; such flowers as he had, nobody came to see; while Lord Willowby had an amazingly accurate notion of the amount which the sale of the fruit of each year ought to bring. He was curt of speech, and resented interference. On this occasion, moreover, he was in an ill humor. But to his intense surprise his young mistress was not to be beaten off by his short answers. Was her ladyship in an ill humor too? Anyhow, she very quickly brought him to his senses; and one good issue of that day's worry was that old Blake was a deal more civil to Lady Sylvia ever after.

'You know, Blake,' said she, firmly, 'you Yorkshire people are said to be a little too sharp with your tongue sometimes.'

'I do not know, my lady,' said the old man, with great exasperation, 'why the people will go on saying I am from Yorkshire. If I have lived in a stable, I am not a hoarse. I am sure I have telled your ladyship I was boarn in Dumfries.'

'Indeed you have, Blake,' said Lady

Sylvia, with a singular change of manner. 'Really I had quite forgotten. I think you said you left Scotland when you were a lad; but of course you claim to be Scotch. That is quite right.'

She had become very friendly. She sat down on some wooden steps beside him, and regarded his work with quite a new interest.

'It is a fine country, is it not?' said she, in a conciliatory tone.

'We had better crops where I was born than ye get about the sandy wastes here,' said the old man, gruffly.

'I did not mean that quite,' said Lady Sylvia, patiently; 'I meant that the country generally was a noble country—its magnificent mountains and valleys, its beautiful lakes and islands, you know.'

Blake shrugged his shoulders. Scenery was for fine ladies to talk about.

'Then the character of the people,' said Lady Sylvia, nothing daunted, 'has always been so noble and independent. Look how they have fought for their liberties, civil and religious. Look at their enterprise—they are to be found all over the globe—the first pioneers of civilization—'

'Ay, and it isn't much that some of them make by it,' said Blake, sulkily; for this pioneer certainly considered that he had been hardly used in these alien and unenlightened regions.

'I don't wonder, Blake,' said Lady Sylvia, in a kindly way, 'that you should be proud of being a Scotchman. Of course you know all about the Covenanters.'

'Ay, your ladyship,' said Blake, still going on with his work.

'I dare say you know,' said Lady Sylvia, more timidly, 'that one of the most unflinching of them—one of the grandest figures in that fight for freedom of worship—was called Balfour.'

She blushed as she pronounced the name; but Blake was busy with his plants.

'Ay, your ladyship. I wonder whether that man is ever going to send the wire-netting.'

'I will take care you shall have it at once,' said Lady Sylvia, as she rose and went to the door. 'If we don't have it by to-morrow night, I will send to London for it. Good-morning, Blake.

Blake grunted out something in reply, and was glad to be left to his own meditations. But even this shrewd semi-Scotchman semi-Yorkshireman could not make out why his mistress, after showing a bit of a temper, and undoubtedly getting the better of him, should so suddenly have become friendly and conciliatory. And what could her ladyship mean by coming and talking to her gardener about the Covenanters?

That first day of absence was a lonely and miserable day for Lady Sylvia. She spent the best part of the afternoon in her father's library, hunting out the lives of great statesmen, and anxiously trying to discover particulars about the wives of those distinguished men—how they qualified themselves for the fulfillment of their serious duties, how they best forwarded their husbands' interests, and so forth, and so forth. But somehow, in the evening, other fancies beset her. The time that Balfour had spent at Willowby Hall had been very pleasant for her; and as her real nature asserted itself, she began to wish that that time could have lasted forever. That would have been a more delightful prospect for her than the anxieties of a public life. Nay, more; as this feeling deepened, she began to look on the conditions of public life as so many rivals that had already inflicted on her this first miserable day of existence by robbing her of her lover. She began to lose her enthusiasm about grateful constituencies, triumphant majorities carrying great measures through every stage, the national thanksgiving awarded to the wearied statesman. It may seem absurd to say that a girl of eighteen should begin to harbour a feeling of bitter jealousy against the British House of Commons, but stranger things than that have happened in the history of the human heart.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S TRIALS.

'SUSAN,' said Master Johnny Blythe, to his sister—her name was Honoria, and therefore he called her Susan—'you have got yourself up uncommon smart to-night. I see how it is. You girls are all alike. As soon as one of you catches a fellow, you won't let him alone; you're all for pulling him off; you're like a lot of

sparrows with one bit of bread among you.'

'I don't know what you are talking about,' said Miss Honoria, with proud indifference.

'Oh yes, you do,' retorted Johnny, regarding himself in a mirror, and adjusting his white tie. 'You don't catch a man like Balfour stopping down at Willowby three whole days in the middle of the session, and all for nothing. Then it was from Willowby he telegraphed he would come here to-night after he had refused. Well, I wonder at poor old Syllabus; I thought she was a cut above a tea-and-coffee fellow. I suppose it's his £30,000 a year; at least it would be in your case, Susan. Oh, I know. I know when you part your hair at the side you mean mischief. And so we shall have a battle-royal to-night—Susan *v.* Syllabus—and all about a grocer!'

Those brothers! The young lady whom Master Johnny treated with so much familiarity and disrespect was of an appearance to drive the fancies of a young man mad. She was tall and slender and stately; though she was but just over seventeen, there was something almost mature and womanly in her presence; she had large dark eyes, heavy-lidded; big masses of black hair tightly braided up behind to show her shapely neck; a face such as Lely would have painted, but younger and fresher and pinker; a chin somewhat too full, but round with the soft contour of girlhood. She was certainly very unlike her cousin both in appearance and expression. Lady Sylvia's eyes were pensive and serious; this young woman's were full of practical life and audacity. Lady Sylvia's under lip retreated somewhat, and gave a sweet, shy, sensitive look to the fine face; whereas Honoria Blythe's under lip was full and round and ripe as a cherry, and was in fit accordance with her frank and even bold black eye.

Mrs. Blythe came into the drawing-room. She was a large and portly person, pale, with painted eyelashes and unnaturally yellow hair. Lord Willowby had no great liking for his sister-in-law; he would not allow Sylvia to go on a visit to her; when he and his daughter came to town, as on the present occasion, they stopped at a private hotel in Arlington Street. Finally, the head of the house made his appearance. Major Blythe had all the physique that his elder brother, Lord Willowby, lacked. He was stout and roseate of face, bald for the most part, his eyes a trifle blood-shot, and his hand inclined to be unsteady, except when he was playing pool. He wore diamond studs; he said 'by Gad'; and he was hotly convinced that Arthur Orton, who was then being tried, was not Arthur Orton at all, but Roger Tichborne. So much for the younger branch of the Blythe family.

As for the elder branch, Lord Willowby was at that moment seated in an easy chair in a room in Arlington Street, reading the evening paper, while his daughter was in her own room, anxious as she never had been anxious before about her toilette and the services of the faithful Anne. Lady Sylvia had spent a miserable week. A week?—it seemed a thousand years rather; and as that portentous period had to be got through somehow, she had mostly devoted it to reading and re-reading six letters she had received from London, until every word and every phrase of these precious and secret documents was engraven on her memory. She had begun to reason with herself, too, about her hatred of the House of Commons. She tried hard to love that noble institution; she was quite sure, if only her father would take her over to Ballinascroon she would go into every house, and shake hands with the people, and persuade them to let Mr. Balfour remain their representative when the next general election came round; and she wondered, moreover, whether, when her lover went away on that perilous mission of his through the slums of Westminster, she could not, too, as well as he, put on some mean attire, and share with him the serious dangers and discomforts of that wild enterprise.

And now she was about to meet him, and a great dread possessed her lest her relatives should discover her secret. Again and again she pictured to herself the forthcoming interview, and her only safety seemed to be in preserving a cold demeanour and a perfect silence, so that she should escape the shame of being suspected.

The Blythes lived in a small and rather poorly furnished house in Dean Street, Park Lane; Lord Willowby and his daughter had not far to drive. When they went into the drawing-room, Lady Sylvia dared scarcely look around; it was only as she

was being effusively welcomed by her aunt that she became vaguely aware that Mr. Balfour was not there. Strange as it may appear, his absence seemed to her a quick and glad relief. She was anxious, perturbed, eager to escape from a scrutiny on the part of her relatives, which she more than half expected. But when she had shaken hands with them all, and when the two or three strangers began to talk those staccato commonplaces which break the frigid silence before dinner, she was in a measure left to herself; and it was then that—not heeding in the least the chatter of Master Johnny—she began to fear. Had he already adventured on that Haroun-al-Raschid enterprise, and been stopped by a gang of thieves? There was a great outcry at this time about railway accidents; was it possible that—. Or was he merely detained at the House of Commons? She forgot that the House does not sit on Wednesday evenings.

She was standing near the entrance to the room, apparently listening to Master Johnny, when she heard a knock at the door below. Then she heard footsteps on the narrow staircase which made her heart beat. Then a servant announced Mr. Balfour. Her eyes were downcast.

Now Balfour, as he came in, ought to have passed her as if she had been a perfect stranger, and gone on and addressed himself first of all to his hostess. But he did nothing of the kind.

'How do you do, Lady Sylvia?' said he, and stopped and shook hands with her.

She never saw him at all. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, and she did not raise them. But she placed her trembling hand in his for a moment, and murmured something, and then experienced an infinite relief when he went on toward Mrs. Blythe.

She was glad, too, when she saw that he was to take his hostess in to dinner. Had they heard of this secret, might they not, as a sort of blundering compliment, have asked him to take her in? As it was, she fell to the lot of a German gentleman, who knew very little English, and was anxious to practice what little he knew, but who very soon gave up the attempt on finding his companion about the most silent and reserved person whom he had ever sat next at dinner. He was puzzled, indeed. She was an earl's daughter, and presumably had seen something of society. She had a pale, interesting, beautiful face and thoughtful eyes; she must have received enough attention in her time. Was she too proud, then, he thought, to bother with his broken phrases?

The fact was, that throughout that dinner the girl had eyes and ears but for one small group of people—her cousin and Balfour, who were sitting at the further corner of the table, apparently much interested in each other. If Lady Sylvia was silent, the charge could not be brought against Honoria Blythe. That young lady was as glib a chatterer as her brother. She knew everything that was going on. With the bright audacity of seventeen, she gossiped and laughed, and addressed merry or deprecating glances to her companion, who sat and allowed himself to be amused with much good-humoured coolness. What were poor Sylvia's serious efforts to attain some knowledge of public affairs compared with this fluent familiarity which touched upon every thing at home and abroad? Sylvia had tried to get at the rights and wrongs of a question then being talked about—the propriety of allowing laymen to preach in Church of England pulpits: now she heard her cousin treat the whole affair as a joke. There was nothing that that young lady did not know something about; and she chatted on with an artless vivacity, sometimes making fun, sometimes appealing to him for information. Had he heard of the old lady who became insane in the Horticultural Gardens yesterday? Of course he was going to Christie's to-morrow; they expected that big landscape would fetch twelve hundred guineas. What a shame it was for Limerick to treat Lord and Lady Spencer so! She positively adored Mr. Plimsoll. What *would* people say if the Shah did really bring three of his wives to England, and would they all go about with him?

Poor Sylvia listened, and grew sick at heart. Was not this the sort of girl to interest and amuse a man, to cheer him when he was fatigued, to enter into all his projects and understand him? Was she not strikingly handsome, too, this tall girl with the heavy-lidded eyes and the cherry mouth and the full round chin curving in to the shapely neck? She admitted all these things to herself; but she did not love

her cousin any the more. She grew to think it shameful that a young girl should make eyes at a man like that. Was she not calling the attention of the whole table to herself and to him? Her talking, her laughing, the appealing glances of those audacious black eyes—all these things sank deeper and deeper into the heart of one silent observer, who did not seem to be enjoying herself much.

As for Balfour, he was obviously amused, and doubtless he was pleased at the flattering attention which this fascinating young lady paid him. He had found himself seated next her by accident; but as she was apparently so anxious to talk to him, he could not well do otherwise than neglect (as Lady Sylvia thought) Mrs. Blythe, whom he had actually taken in to dinner. And was it not clear, too, that he spoke in a lower voice than she did, as though he would limit their conversation to themselves? When she asked him to tell them all that was thought among political folks of the radical victories at the French elections, why should he address the answer to herself alone? And was it not too shameless of this girl—at least so Lady Sylvia thought—who ought to have been at school, to go on pretending that she was greatly interested in General Dorregaray, the King of Sweden, and such persons, merely that she should show off her knowledge to an absolute stranger?

Lady Sylvia sat there, with a sense of wrong and humiliation burning into her heart. Not once, during the whole of that dinner, did he address a single word to her; not once did he even look toward her. All his attention was monopolized by that bold girl who sat beside him. And this was the man who, but a few days before, had been pretending that he cared for nothing in the world so much as a walk through Willowby Park with the mistress thereof; who had then no thought for anything but herself, no words or looks for any one but her.

Lady Sylvia was seated near the door, and when the ladies left the room, she was one of the first to go. You would not have imagined that underneath that sweet and gracious carriage, which charmed all beholders except one ungrateful young man, there was burning a fierce fire of wrong and shame and indignation. She walked into the drawing-room, and went into a further corner and took a book—on the open page of which she did not see a single word.

The men came in. Balfour went over and took a seat beside her.

'Well, Sylvia,' said he, lightly, 'I suppose you won't stay here long. I am anxious to introduce you to Lady ——; and there is to be a whole batch of Indian or Afghan princes there to-night—their costumes make such a difference in a room. When do you think you will go?'

She hesitated; her heart was full; had they been alone, she would probably have burst into tears. As it was, he never got any answer to his question. A tall young lady came sweeping by at that moment.

'Mr. Balfour,' she said, with a sweet smile, 'will you open the piano for me?'

And again Lady Sylvia sat alone and watched these two. He stood by the side of the piano as the long tapering fingers—Honoria had beautifully formed hands, every one admitted—began to wander over the keys; and the dreamy music that began to fill the silence of the room seemed to lend something of imagination and pathos to a face that otherwise had little in it beyond merely physical beauty. She played well, too; with perfect self-possession; her touch was light, and on these dreamy passages there was a rippling as of falling water in some enchanted cave. Then down went both hands with a crash on the keys; all the air seemed full of cannonading and musketry fire; her finely formed bust seemed to have the delight of physical exercise in it as those tightly sleeved and shapely arms banged this way and that; those beautiful lips were parted somewhat with her breathing. Lady Sylvia did not think much of her cousin's playing. It was coarse, theatrical, all for display. But she had to confess to herself that Honoria was a beautiful girl, who promised to become a beautiful woman; and what wonder, therefore, if men were glad to regard her, now as she sat upright there, with the fire and passion of her playing lending something of heroism and inspiration to her face?

That men should: yes, that was right enough; but that this one man should—that was the bitter thing. Surely he had not forgotton that it was but one week since she had assigned over to him the

keeping of her whole life; and was this the fashion in which he was showing his gratitude? She had looked forward to this one evening with many happy fancies. She would see him; one look would confirm the secret between them. All the torturing anxieties of absence would be banished so soon as she could reassure herself by hearing his voice, by feeling the pressure of his hand. She had thought and dreamed of this evening in the still woodland ways, until her heart beat rapidly with a sense of her coming happiness; and now this disappointment was too bitter. She could not bear it.

She went over to her father.

'Papa,' she said, 'I wish to go. Don't let me take you; I can get to the hotel by myself—'

'My dear child,' said he, with a stare, 'I thought you particularly wanted to go to —— House, after what Balfour told you about the staircase and the flowers—'

'I—I have a headache,' said the girl. 'I am tired. Please let me go by myself, papa.'

'Not at all, child,' said he. 'I will go whenever you like.'

Then she besought him not to draw attention to their going. She would privately bid good-night to Mrs. Blythe; to no one else. If he came out a couple of seconds after she left the room, he would find her waiting.

'You must say good-by to Balfour,' said Lord Willowby; 'he will be dreadfully disappointed.'

'I don't think it necessary,' said Lady Sylvia, coldly. 'He is too much engaged—he won't notice our going.'

Fortunately their carriage had been ordered early, and they had no difficulty in getting back to the hotel. On the way Lady Sylvia did not utter a word.

'I will bid you good-night now, papa,' said she, as soon as they had arrived.

He paused for a moment and looked at her.

'Sylvia,' said he, with some concern, 'you look really ill. What is the matter with you?'

'Nothing,' she said. 'I am tired a little, and I have a headache. Good-night, papa.'

She went to her own room, but not to sleep. She declined the attentions of her maid, and locked herself in. Then she took out a small packet of letters.

Were these written by the same man? She read, and wondered, with her heart growing sorer and sorer, until a mist of tears came over her eyes, and she could see no more. And then, her grief becoming more passionate, she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, the letters being clutched in her hand as if they, at least, were one possession that could not be taken away from her. That was a bitter night—never to be forgotten; and when the next day came, she went down—with a pale and tired face, and with dark rings under the beautiful, sad eyes—and demanded of her father that she should be allowed at once to return to Willowby Hall, her maid alone accompanying her.

CHAPTER X.

REPENTANCE.

BALFOUR was astounded when he learned that Lord Willowby and his daughter had left without bidding him good-by; and he was more astounded still when he found, on calling at their hotel next morning, that Lady Sylvia had gone home.

'What is the meaning of it?' said he in amazement.

'You ought to know,' said Lord Willowby. 'I can not tell you. I supposed she and you had had some quarrel.'

'A quarrel!' he cried, beginning to wonder whether his reason had not altogether forsaken him.

'Well,' said his lordship, with a shrug, 'I don't know. She would come home last night, though I knew she had been looking forward to going to Lady ——'s. And, this morning, nothing would do but that she must get home at once. She and Anne started an hour ago.'

'Oh, this is monstrous—this is unendurable,' said Balfour. 'There is some mistake, and it must be cleared up at once. Come, Lord Willowby, shall we take a run down into Surrey? You will be back by four or five.'

Lord Willowby did not like the notion of being dragged down into Surrey and back

by an impatient lover; but he was very anxious at this time to ingratiate himself with Balfour. And when they did set out, he thought he might as well improve the occasion. Balfour was disturbed and anxious by this strange conduct on the part of his sweetheart, and he was grateful to Lord Willowby for so promptly giving him his aid to have the mystery cleared up. He was talking more than usual. What wonder, then, that in the course of conversation Lord Willowby should incidentally allude to the opportunities which a man of means had of multiplying his wealth? If he had a few thousands, for example, how could he better dispose of them than in this project for the buying of land in the suburbs of New York? It was not a speculation; it was a certainty. In 1880 the population of New York would be two millions. The value of this land for the building of handsome boulevards would be enormously increased. And so forth.

'I heard you were in that,' said Balfour, curtly.

'Well, what do you think of it?' said Lord Willowby, with some eagerness.

'I don't know,' answered the younger man, absently looking out of the window. 'I don't think there is any certainty about it. I fancy the Americans have been overspending and overbuilding for some time back. If that land *were* thrown on your hands, and you had to go on paying the heavy assessments they levy out there, it would be an uncommonly awkward thing for you.'

'You take rather a gloomy view of things this morning,' said Lord Willowby, with one of his fierce and suddenly vanishing smiles.

'At any rate,' said Balfour, with some firmness, 'it is a legitimate transaction. If the people want the land, they will have to pay your price for it: that is a fair piece of business. I wish I could say as much—you will forgive my frankness—about your Seven per Cent. Investment Association.'

His lordship started. There was an ugly implication in the words. But it was not the first time he had had to practice patience with this Scotch boor.

'Come, Balfour, you are not going to prophesy evil all round?'

'Oh no,' said the younger man, carelessly. 'Only I know you can't go on paying seven per cent. It is quite absurd.'

'My dear fellow, look at the foreign loans that are paying their eight, ten, and twelve per cent.—'

'I suppose you mean the South American republics.'

'Look how we distribute the risk. The failure of one particular investment might ruin the imdividual investor: it scarcely touches the Association. I consider we are doing an immense service to all those people throughout the country who *will* try to get a high rate of interest for their money. Leave them to themselves, and they ruin themselves directly. We step in, and give them the strength of co-operation.'

'I wish your name did not appear on the Board of Directors,' said Balfour, shortly.

Lord Willowby was not a very sensitive person, but this rudeness caused his sallow face to flush somewhat. What, then, must he look to the honour of his name now that this sprig of a merchant—this tradesman—had done him the honour of proposing to marry into his family? However, Lord Willowby, if he had a temper like other people, had also a great deal of prudence and self-control, and there were many reasons why he should not quarrel with this blunt-spoken young man at present.

They had not remembered to telegraph for the carriage to meet them; so they had to take a fly at the station, and await patiently the slow rumbling along the sweetly scented lanes. As they neared the Hall, Balfour was not a little perturbed. This was a new and a strange thing to him. If the relations between himself and his recently found sweetheart were liable to be thus suddenly and occultly cut asunder, what possible rest or peace was there in store for either. And it must be said that of all the conjectures he made as to the cause of this mischief, not one got even near the truth.

Lady Sylvia was sent for, and her father discreetly left the young man alone in the drawing-room. A few minutes after the door was opened. Balfour had been no diligent student of women's faces; but even he could tell that the girl who now stood before him, calm and pale and silent, had spent a wakeful night, and that her eyes had been washed with tears; so that his first impulse was to go forward and draw her toward him, that he might hear her confession with his arms around her. But there

was something unmistakably cold and distant in her manner that forbade his approach.

'Sylvia,' he cried, 'what is all this about? your father fancies you and I have quarrelled.'

'No, we have not quarrelled,' she said, simply; but there was a tired look in her eyes. 'We have only misunderstood each other. It is not worth talking about.'

He stared at her in amazement.

'I hear papa outside,' she said; 'shall we join him?'

But this was not to be borne. He went forward, took her two hands firmly in his, and said, with decision,

'Come, Sylvia, we are not children. I want to know why you left last night. I have done my best to guess at the reason, and I have failed.'

'You don't know, then?' she said, turning the pure, clear, innocent eyes on his face with a look that had not a little indignation in it. It was well for him that he could meet that straight look without flinching.

'I give you my word of honour,' said he, with obvious surprise, 'that I haven't the remotest notion in the world as to what all this means.'

'It is nothing, then?' said she, warmly, and she was going to proceed with her charge, when her pride rebelled. She would not speak. She would not claim that which was not freely given. Unfortunately, however, when she would fain have got away, he had a tight grip of her hand; and it was clear from the expression on this man's face that he meant to have an explanation there and then.

So he held her until she told him the whole story—the red blood tingling in her cheek the while, and her bosom heaving with that struggle between love and wounded pride. He waited until she had spoken the very last word, and then he let her hands fall, and stood silent before her for a second or two.

'Sylvia,' said he, slowly, 'this is not merely a lover's quarrel. This is more serious. I could not have imagined that you knew so little about me. You fancy, then, that I am a fresh and ingenuous youth, ready to have my head turned if a schoolgirl looks at me from under long eye-lashes; or, worse still, a philanderer—a professor of the fine art of flirtation. Well, that was not my reading of myself. I fancied I had come to man's estate. I fancied I had some serious work to do. I fancied I knew a little about men and women—at least I never imagined that any one would suspect me of being imposed on by a girl in her first season. Amused?—certainly I was amused—I was even delighted by such a show of pretty and artless innocence. Could any thing be prettier than a girl in her first season assuming the airs of a woman of the world? could any thing be more interesting than that innocent chatter of hers? though I could not make out whether she had caught the trick of it from her brother, or whether she had imparted to that precocious lad some of her universal information. But now it appears I was playing the part of a guileless youth. I was dazzled by the fascination of the school-girl eyes. Gracious goodness! why wasn't my hair yellow and curly, that I might have been painted as Cupid? And what would the inhabitants of Ballinascroon say if they were told *that* was my character?'

He spoke with bitter emphasis. But this man Balfour went on the principle that serious ills needed prompt and serious remedies.

'Presented to the Town Hall of Ballinascroon,' he continued, with a scornful laugh, 'a portrait of H. Balfour, M.P., in the character of a philanderer! The author of this flattering and original likeness—Lady Sylvia Blythe!'

The girl could stand this no longer. She burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, in the midst of which he put his arms round her, and hushed her head against his breast, and bade her be quiet.

'Come, Sylvia,' said he, 'let us have done with this nonsense at once and forever. If you wait until I give you real cause for jealousy—if you have no other unhappiness than that—your life will be a long and fairly comfortable one. Not speaking to you all through dinner? Did you expect me to bawl across the table, when you know very well your first desire was to conceal from those people the fact of our being engaged? Listening to no one but her? I hadn't a chance. She chattered from one end of the dinner to the other. But really, Sylvia, if I were you, I would fix upon some more formidable rival—'

'Please don't scold me any more,' said she, with a fresh fit of crying.

'I am not scolding you,' he said. 'I am only talking common-sense to you. Now dry your eyes, and promise not to be foolish any more, and come out into the garden.'

After the rain the sunshine. They went out arm in arm, and she was clinging very closely to him, and there was a glad, bright, blushing happiness on her face.

Now this was the end of their first trouble, and it seemed a very small and trivial affair when it was over. The way was now clear before them. There were to be no more misunderstandings. But Mr. Hugh Balfour was a practical person, not easily led away by beautiful anticipations, and the more he pondered over the matter, in those moments of quiet reflection that followed his evenings at the House, the more he became convinced that the best guarantee against the recurrence of misunderstandings and consequent trouble was marriage. He convinced himself that an immediate marriage, or a marriage as early as social forms would allow, was not only desirable, but necessary; and so clear was his line of argument that he never doubted for a moment but it would at once convince Lady Sylvia.

But his arguments did not at all convince Lady Sylvia. On the contrary, this proposal, which was to put an end to the very possibility of trouble, only landed them in a further trouble. For he, being greatly occupied at the time—the Parliamentary session having got on into June—committed the imprudence of making this suggestion in a letter. Had he been down at Willowby Hall, walking with Lady Sylvia in the still twilight, with the stars beginning to tell in the sky and the mist beginning to gather along the margin of the lake, he might have had another answer, but now she wrote to him that in her opinion so serious a step as marriage was not to be adventured upon in a hurry; and she added, too, with some pardonable pride, that it was not quite seemly on his part to point out how they could make their honeymoon trip coincide with the general autumn holiday. Was their marriage to appear to be a merely trivial or accidental thing, waiting for its accomplishment until Parliament should be prorogued?

He got the letter very late one night, when he was sorely fatigued, harassed, and discontented with himself. He had lost his temper in the House that evening; he had been called to order by Mr. Speaker; as he walked home he was reviling himself for having been betrayed into a rage. When he saw the letter lying on the table, he brightened up somewhat. Here, at least, would be consolation—a tender message—perhaps some gentle intimation given that the greatest wish of his heart might soon be realized. The disappointment he experienced doubtless exaggerated what he took to be the coldness of its terms. He paid no attention to the real and honest expressions of affection in it; he looked only at her refusal, and saw temper where there was only a natural and sensitive pride.

Then the devil took possession of him, and prompted him to write in reply there and then. Of course *he* would not show temper, being a man. All the same, he felt called on to point out, politely but firmly, that marriage was, after all, only one among the many facts of life; and that it was not rendered any more sublime and mysterious by making it the occasion for a number of microscopic martyrdoms and petty sacrifices. He saw no reason why the opportunity offered by the close of the session should not be made use of; as for the opinion of other people on the seemliness of the arrangement, she would have to be prepared for the discovery that neither on that point nor on any other was he likely to shape his conduct to meet the views of a mass of strangers. And so forth. It was a perfectly sensible letter. The line of argument was clear. How could she fail to see her error?

But to the poor fluttering heart down there in the country these words came with a strange chill; and it seemed to her that her lover had suddenly withdrawn from her to a great distance, leaving the world around her dark enough. Her first impulse was to utter a piteous cry to him. She sat down and wrote, with trembling fingers, these words:

'DEAREST HUGH,—*I will do whatever you please, rather than have you write to me like that.*

'SYLVIA.'

Probably, too, had she sent off this letter at once, he would have been struck by her simple and generous self-abnegation, and he would have instantly refused to demand from her any sacrifice of feeling whatsoever. But then the devil was abroad. He gener-

ally is about when two sweethearts try to arrange some misunderstanding by the perilous process of correspondence. Lady Sylvia began to recollect that, after all, something was due to her womanly pride. Would it not seem unmaidenly thus to surrender at discretion on so all-important a point as the fixing of the wedding day? She would not have it said that they were waiting for Parliament to rise before they got married. In any case, she thought the time was far too short. Moreover, was this the tone in which a man should ask a woman to fix the day of her marriage?

So she answered the letter in another vein. If marriage, she said, was only one of the ordinary facts of life, she at least did not regard it in that light at all. She cared for tittle-tattle as little as he; but she did not like the appearance of having her wedding trip arranged as if it were an excursion to Scotland for grouse-shooting. And so forth. Her letter, too, was clever—very clever indeed, and sharp. Her face was a little flushed as she sealed it, and bade the servant take it to the post-office the first thing in the morning. But apparently that brilliant piece of composition did not afford her much satisfaction afterward, for she passed the night, not in healthful sleep, but in alternate fits of crying and bitter thinking, until it seemed to her that this new relationship into which she had entered with such glad anticipations was bringing her sorrow after sorrow, grief after grief. For she had experienced no more serious troubles than these.

When Hugh Balfour received this letter he was in his bedroom, about eight o'clock in the evening; and he was dressed for the most part in shabby corduroy, with a wisp of dirty black silk round his neck. His man Jackson had brought up from the kitchen some ashes for the smearing of his hands and face. A cadger's basket stood on the table hard by.

CHAPTER XI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A MORE ruffianly-looking vagabond than the honorable member for Ballinascroon could not have been found within the area of London on that warm June evening. And yet he seemed fairly pleased with himself as he boldly took his way across the Green Park. He balanced his basket jauntily over the dirty seal-skin cap. He whistled as he went.

It was his third excursion of the sort, and he was getting to be quite familiar with his *rôle*. In fact, he was not thinking at all at this moment of tramps' patter, or Covent Garden, or anything connected with the lodging-house in which he had already spent two nights. He whistled to give himself courage in another direction. Surely it was not for him, as a man of the world, occupied with the serious duties of life, and, above all, hard-headed and practical, to be perturbed by the sentimental fantasy of a girl. Was it not for her interest, as well as his own, that he should firmly hold out? A frank exposition of their relations now would prevent mistakes in the future. And as he could not undertake to play a Cupid's part, to become a philanderer, to place a mysterious value on moods and feelings which did not correspond with the actual facts of life, was it not wiser that he should plainly declare as much?

And yet this scoundrelly-looking hawker derived but little consolation from his gay whistling. He could not but think of Lady Sylvia as she wrote the letter now in his pocket; and in his inmost consciousness he knew what that tender-hearted girl must have suffered in penning the cold, proud lines. She had none of his pressing work in which to escape from the harassing pain of such a discussion. He guessed that weary days and sleepless nights were the result of such letters as that he now carried with him. But then, she was in the wrong. Discipline was wholesome. So he continued his contented trudge and his whistling.

He crossed St. James's Park, passed through Queen Anne's Gate, and finally plunged into a labyrinth of narrow and squalid streets and lanes with which he seemed sufficiently familiar. It was not a pleasant quarter on this warm night; the air was close and foul; many of the inhabitants of the houses—loosely dressed women, for the most part, who had retreating foreheads, heavy jowls, and a loud laugh that seemed scarcely human—had come out to sit on the door-step or the pavement. There were not many men about. A few

hulking youths — bullet-headed, round-shouldered, in-kneed—lounged about the doors of the public-houses, addressing each other in the most hideous language apropos of nothing.

The proprietor of the common lodging-house stood at the entry in his shirt-sleeves. He took no notice of Balfour, except, that on his approach, he went along a passage and unlocked a door, admitted him, and shut the door again: this door could not be re-opened on the other side, so that there was no chance of a defaulter sneaking off in the night without paying his four-pence. Balfour went up stairs. The doors of the various rooms and the rickety little windows were all wide open. The beds—of coarse materials, certainly, but clean—were all formally made. There was not a human being in the place.

He had a room to himself—about eight feet square, with two beds in it. He placed his basket on the bed; and then went downstairs again, and out into the back yard. The only occupant of the yard was a grizzled and feeble old man, who was at this moment performing his ablutions in the lavatory, which consisted of three pails of dirty water standing on a bench in the open shed. The man dried his face, turned, and looked at Balfour with a pair of keen, ferrety eyes, said nothing, and walked off into the kitchen. Balfour was left in sole occupation of the yard, with its surroundings of tumble-down out-houses, and dilapidated brick walls. He lit a pipe and sat down on a bench.

It was not a good time of the year for these researches, the precise object of which he had formerly explained to Lady Sylvia. The summer weather draws tramps, hawkers, and other branches of our nomadic population into the country, where they can cadge a bit for food, and where, instead of having to pay for a bed in a hot room, they can sleep comfortably enough beneath an empty cart, or by a hedge-row, or in a new drain-pipe. Nevertheless, a good many strange people turned into this lodging-house of a night; and Balfour, on his first appearance, had rather ingratiated himself with them by pretending to have had a drop too much, and insisting on standing beer all round. As he muttered his determination to fight any man who refused to drink with him—and as there was a brawny and bony look about the build of his shoulders—the various persons present overcame their natural modesty, and drank the beer. Thereafter the new-comer relapsed into a gloomy silence; sat on a bench in a corner which was hidden in shadow; and doubtless most of his companions, as they proceeded to talk of their experiences of unions, guardians, magistrates, and the like—the aristocracy, of course, preferring to talk of the money they had made in by-gone times, when their particular trade or lay had not been overrun with competition—imagined he was asleep.

On the following night he was well received; and now he entered a little more into conversation with them, his share in it being limited to occasional questions. But there was one man there who, from the very first, regarded him with suspicion; and he knew that from the way in which this man followed him about with his watchful eyes. This was an old man called Fiddling Jack, who, with a green shade over his eyes, went about Lambeth as a blind man, accompanied by his daughter, a child of nine or ten, who played the violin and collected the coppers. Whether his care of the child was parental or merely prudential, he always brought her back to the lodging-house, and sent her to bed by nine o'clock; the rest of the evening he spent in the great kitchen, smoking a black clay pipe. From the very first, Balfour knew that this old man suspected something; or was it that his eyes, being guarded from the light all day, seemed preternaturally keen when the green shade was removed?

But the man whom Balfour most feared was another old man, who in former days had been the owner of a large haberdashery business in the King's Road, Chelsea, and who had drunk himself down until he now earned his living by selling evening papers on one of the river piers. His brain, too, had given way; he was now a half-maudlin, amiable, harmless old man, whose fine language and courteous manners had got for him the title of 'Mr.' Now Mr. Sturt excelled in conversation, and he spoke with great propriety of phrase, so that again and again Balfour found himself on the point of replying to this old gentleman as he would have done to a member

of the House of Commons. In fact, his only safeguard with respect to Mr. Sturt lay in complete silence.

But indeed, on this third evening of his explorations, his heart was not in his work at all. As he walked up and down the squalid yard, occasionally noticing a new-comer come in, his mind was filled, not with any social or political problem, but with a great compunction and yearning. He dared not take Lady Sylvia's letter from his pocket, but he tried to remember every word in it; and he pondered over this and the other phrase to see if it could not somehow be construed into an expression of affection. Then he began to compose his answer to it; and that, he determined, would be a complete abandonment of the position he had taken up. After all, was not a great deal to be granted to the woman one loved? If she was unreasonable, it was only the privilege of her sex. In any case, he would argue no longer; he would try the effect of a generous surrender.

Having come to this decision, which afforded him some internal comfort, he bethought himself of his immediate task; and accordingly he walked into the kitchen, where a number of the *habitués* had already assembled. An excess of courtesy is not the order of the day in a common lodging-house, and so he gave no greeting and received none. He sat down on a rickety stool in the great, dusky den; and while some of the odd-looking folks were having supper, he lit another pipe. But he had not sat there five minutes when he had formed a distinct opinion that there was an alteration in the manner of those people towards him. They looked at him askance; they had become silent since the moment of his entrance. Moreover, the new-comers, as they dropped in, regarded him curiously, and invariably withdrew to the further end of the big apartment. When they spoke, it was among themselves, and in a low voice.

So conscious did he in time become of all this that he resolved he would not spoil the evening of these poor folks; he would go up to that small room above. Doubtless some secret wish to re-read Lady Sylvia's letter had some influence on this decision; at any rate, he went out into the yard, took a turn up and down with his hands in his pockets; and then, with apparent carelessness, went up stairs. He sat down on the edge of the small and rude bed, and took out the letter.

He had not been there five minutes when a woman rushed into the room, greatly excited. She was a stalwart woman, with an immensely broad bust, keen gray eyes, and a gray mustache that gave a truculent look to her face.

'For God's sake, get out o' this, sir!' she said, hurriedly, but not loudly. 'The boys have been drinking at the Blue Tun, and they're coming down on you. Look sharp, Sir. Never mind the basket; run for it—'

'But what's the matter, Mrs. Grace?' said he, stubbornly, refusing to rise. He could not submit to the ignominy of running without knowing why.

'It's all along o' that Fiddling Jack—by the Lord I'll pay him out!' said the woman with an angry look. 'He's been about saying you was a buz-man—'

'A what?'

'He says it was you got Billy Rowland a lifer; and the boys are saying they'll do for you this very night. Get away now, sir. It's no use talking to them; they've been drinking.'

'Look here, Mrs. Grace,' said he, calmly, as he removed a false bottom from the basket beside him, and took out a six-chambered revolver. 'I am a peaceable person; but if there's a row, I'll play ducks and drakes with some of them.'

'For God's sake, don't show them that, or you're a dead man,' said the woman. 'Now, Sir, off you go.'

He seemed in no great hurry; but he put the pistol into his breast pocket, put on his cap, and went down stairs. There was no sound at all—no unusual excitement. He got the proprietor to unlock the dividing door, and went along the passage. He called a good-night to Mrs. Grace.

But he had no sooner got to the street than he was met by a great howl, like the roaring of wild beasts; and then he saw before him a considerable crowd of people who had just come along, and were drawing round the entrance in a semicircle. He certainly turned pale for a moment, and stood still. It was only in a confused sort of way that he perceived that this hoarsely murmuring crowd was composed chiefly of women—viragoes with bare heads and arms—and louts of lads about nineteen or

twenty. He could not distinguish their cries; he only knew that they were mingled taunts and menaces. What to do he knew not, while to speak to this howling mass was on the face of it useless. What was all this about 'Billy Rowland,' 'Scotland Yard,' 'Spy,' 'Buz-man,' and the rest?

'What is it you want with me?' he called aloud; but of what avail was his voice against those thousand angry cries?

A stone was flung at him and missed him. He saw the big lout who threw it dodge back into the crowd.

'You cowardly scoundrel!' he shouted, making an involuntary step forward. 'Come out here and I'll fight you—I'll fight any one of you. Ah! skulk behind the women, do!'

At this moment he received a stinging blow on the side of the head that sent him staggering for a yard or two. A woman had crept up by the side of the houses and pitched a broken piece of tile at him. Had she thrown it, it must have killed him; as it was, it merely cut him, so that instantaneously the side of his head and neck was streaming with blood.

He recovered his footing; the stinging pain awoke all the Celtic ferocity in him; he drew out his revolver, and turned to the spot from whence his unexpected assailant had attacked him. There was one terrible moment of hesitation. Had it been a man he would have shot him dead. As it was, he paused; and then, with a white face, he threw his revolver on the pavement.

He did not quite know what happened next, for he was faint from loss of blood, and giddy. But this was what happened. The virago who had pitched the piece of tile at him, as soon as she saw the pistol lying on the pavement, uttered a screech of joy, and sprang forward to seize it. The next moment she received a stinging blow on the jaw, which sent her reeling senseless into the gutter; and the next moment Mrs. Grace had picked up the revolver, while with the other hand she caught hold of Balfour as with the grip of a vice, and dragged him into the passage.

'Run!' she said. 'The door is open! Through the yard—there is a chair at the wall. Don't stop till you're at the Abbey!'

She stood at the narrow entrance and barred the way, the great brawny arm gripping the revolver.

'Swelp me,' she shouted—and she knew how to make herself heard—'swelp me God, if one of you stirs a foot nearer, there'll be murder here this night! I mean it. My name's Sal Grace; and by the Lord there's six of you dead if you lift a hand against me!'

At the same moment Balfour, though he felt giddy, bewildered, and considerably weak about the knees, had bolted down the back yard until he came to the brick wall. Here he found a rickety cane-bottomed chair, and by its aid he managed to clamber over. Now he was in an open space of waste ground—it had just been bought by the Government for some purpose or other—and, so far as he could see, it was closely fenced all round. At length, however, he descried a hole in the paling that some children had made, and through that he managed to squeeze himself. Presently he was making his way as fast as he could through a series of slums; but his object was less to make straight for the Abbey than to rout out the policemen on his way, and send them back to the relief of his gallant defender, and this he most luckily and successfully accomplished. He had managed too, during his flight, to partly mop up the blood that had streamed from the wound in his head.

Then he missed his way somehow, for otherwise a very few minutes running and walking must have taken him either to the Abbey or the Embankment; and now, as he felt faint, he staggered into a public-house.

'Well, my man, what's the matter with you?' said the burly publican, as he saw this new-comer sink down on a bench.

'Some water—some brandy,' said Balfour, involuntarily putting his hand up to the side of his head.

'Good Lord! you've 'ad the worst of it, my lad,' said the publican—he was familiar with the results of a free fight. 'Here, Jim, get a pail o' water, and let this chap put his 'ead in it. Don't you let that blood get on the floor, my man.'

The cool water applied to his head, and the glass of brandy, vile as it was, that he drank, pulled Balfour together. He rose, and the publican and the pot-boy were astonished to find the difference in the appearance of this coster's face produced by the pail of water. And when, on leav-

ing, he gave the pot-boy half a crown for his attention, what were they to make of it?

By some means or other he finally managed to wander into Victoria Street; and here, with some difficulty, he persuaded a cabman to drive him up to Piccadilly. He was secure himself, and he had little fear for the safety of Mrs. Grace. He knew the authority wielded over the neighborhood by that stalwart Amazon; and in any case, he had sent her sufficient police aid.

He got his man to wash that ugly cut along the side of his head before sending for a surgeon to have it properly dressed.

'Will you look at your letters, Sir?'

'No, not to-night,' he said, for he was feeling tired.

But on second thoughts, he fancied he might as well run his eye over the envelopes. He started on finding there one from Lady Sylvia. Had she then written immediately after the dispatch of her last?

'*Dearest Hugh,*' the girl wrote. '*It will be when you please. I can not bear quarrelling with you. Your Sylvia.*'

As he read the simple words—he was weak and feverish—his eyes became moist. This girl loved him.

(To be Continued).

THE PULPIT AND REVIVALISM.

A LAY SERMON.

'The influence of the pulpit has declined, is declining, and ought to be increased.'—*Dunning's famous Resolution,—altered.*

A sermon on the declining influence of the pulpit may seem strange in a secular review; but a sermon from the pew, addressed to the pulpit, with the avowed object of helping to regain a lost influence, is a necessity, if the misunderstanding which exists between pulpit and pew is to be cleared up.

In a plain practical discourse, the present writer will seek to set forth some of the hindrances to pulpit influence as they are seen from a hearer's standpoint. It may be that, in the course of the discussion, doubts will be advanced that to some will appear as heresis, but the wisdom of at once uncovering a smouldering heresy, if it be such, will commend itself to every thinking mind.

The subject will be treated under two heads: First, the general diffusion of knowledge amongst the people; and secondly, the introduction of extraordinary means in religious services. These will again be subdivided for the sake of convenience, but under one or other of these heads will be found all the hindrances to pulpit influence which it is proposed to discuss in this paper.

First, then, as to the general diffusion of knowledge amongst the people. No reformation is possible where the first ministers of that reformation are not clothed with an authority that overawes the popular mind. Men look for leaders in every movement, and expect to find in those who take the lead, qualities of mind or of character that elevate them above the masses. This is a feeling inherent in the human breast, and man's self-respect, as he surrenders himself to the lead of another, demands that the qualities of leadership shall be so evident as to be instinctively recognized. Much has been done by the church to fill the pulpit with trained men, qualified in every respect to act as leaders, but with all the advantages thus given it will not be contended that the average occupants of the pulpit exhibit, as compared with the occupants of the pew, any very marked signs of ability, education, or intellectual superiority. All these they possess to a greater or less degree, but they possess them in common with the men before whom they have to stand at stated times as preachers and teachers. And if ever there were men who had a claim upon the sym-

pathy of their fellow men, these are they who have to stand week after week expounding or enforcing a message, every phase of which is as familiar to the hearer as it is to the preacher. Thus, that which is desirable in itself—the increase of knowledge—by its equalizing tendency lessens that respect which is the first step towards submission, and by so much it is a hindrance to the influence of the pulpit.

But as the natural result of such widespread information, there lurks in the minds of the people an amount of latent infidelity, the existence of which is not dreamt of in the philosophy of the pulpit. It is not active; it takes no tangible form; it is not even acknowledged by its votaries; but it exercises an influence all the more potent because it is vague, shadowy, and undefined. In many of the most religiously disposed minds, there is a vague sense of insecurity, as if the groundworks of religious belief were crumbling somewhere, and there is a yearning for more solid support.

This is but the rocking caused by the disturbing elements of controversy as they sweep hither and thither over the land, and it would soon subside if it were not kept in agitation by the injudicious, nay, the reckless manner in which the mysteries of religion are too frequently presented in the pulpit. Young ministers, or impulsive ministers of any age, hearing the distant echoes of religious controversy everywhere rife abroad, are roused into a thoughtless activity in defence of certain doctrines which find a place in their creeds, and congregations are not unfrequently treated to flippant discourses on such themes as the Foreknowledge of God and Foreordination, the Atonement, future rewards and punishments, and others of a kindred character. It is not contended that all such doctrines are to be avoided in the pulpit, but it is one of the imperative demands of the age, that the teacher who undertakes to expound them shall be fully and thoroughly equipped for his work, not with the rusty armour of a bygone age, but with something that will stand the keenest criticism of the present day. Better far to avoid any disputed point than touch it so as to betray an ignorance that is pitiable. There are doctrines held in every church creed which by common consent ought to be allowed to lie in abeyance. And yet these are the very doctrines that are assailed or defended, as the case may be, by overheated disputants when the rage for orthodoxy is upon them. The preachers in every instance mean well, and have unbounded confidence in their own logical powers, but the frequent result on a congregation is a vague feeling that common-sense is in some way hopelessly at variance with portions of scripture.

To give an instance of what it meant, and how it acts upon a congregation, let it be supposed that the doctrines already named are under discussion—Foreknowledge and Foreordination. With what confidence will the young enthusiast rush in to explain how easily they are reconciled. Passage after passage of scripture is quoted, and a round of syllogisms, as full and complete as Aristotle himself could make them, are showered upon the bewildered hearers, until there seems to be no room for further argument. And what is the effect upon the congregation? The probability is that one man only has been convinced, and that man the preacher himself. Running round and through and ahead of the preacher's reasoning, there has been a logic of instinct working amongst the people, and its conclusion is the very opposite of that which he has tried to establish. With them, Foreknowledge and Foreordination are one and the same thing. Common-sense has put the question to a practical test and decided against the preacher. Let the reasons for the decision be put into the form of an argument, and they would shape themselves in this way: If I know, and my knowledge is absolute, that on a certain day I shall be in a certain church at a given hour, then there is no power in heaven or on earth or under the earth, that can prevent me from being in that church at that identical hour. All the powers of nature may combine to hinder me, but in that church I must be, at the time specified, or my foreknowledge is at fault. If, with the same absolute knowledge I know every step that brings me to the church, that it will be laid on a certain spot and at a certain moment, then it follows just as inexorably that no power on earth or in heaven can prevent a single step from being taken at the exact time and place. No part of this may be foreordained, but if there be an absolute foreknowledge of

every step leading up to the final result, the difference between foreknowledge and foreordination is one that had better not be too frequently dwelt upon by the average preacher. The more passages of scripture he advances to establish his position, the greater the strain upon the common-sense of his people, and common-sense in the end will triumph, even though it has to contend against a man's own superstition. There is not in the whole range of opposition to pulpit influence a more dangerous foe than this. It is the logic of instinct asserting its supremacy over the logic of the schools. But by the same instinctive logic I *know* that I have power to go to church or stay at home on that very given day. There is therefore a contradiction that cannot be reconciled, and my reason bows to the incomprehensible and submits to be led through the darkness by the light of Revelation. Why should it not be allowed to rest there and not be dragged out into opposition by the weak arguments of self-satisfied logicians?

Let the preachers but understand that the newspapers of the present day have so educated the masses, that nine-tenths of any congregation will readily detect a flaw in their reasoning, and they will avoid dangerous subjects, or come to them only after much preparation. Let them but consider that the argument which does not convince, unsettles the mind, and introduces doubt, and there will at least be less self-confidence owing to the sense of responsibility resting upon them. Let them remember, what they not unfrequently teach, 'that some doctrines have to be accepted by faith,' and they will not vex the souls of men by a reasoning that brings the doctrine into disrepute. Faith is often more easily exercised when going into a church than it is when coming out.

What has been said with reference to the treatment of the doctrines of Foreknowledge and Foreordination is equally applicable to other great doctrines of the Bible. What man in his senses would attempt to solve the mystery of the Atonement? or explain how it is that guilt is removed by the death of the innocent? And yet there are ministers who seem to think the undertaking a light one. Their mission, one would think, is to make clear what the Holy Spirit has left in obscurity. Future rewards and punishments, Heaven and Hell, have no difficulties for them, nor do they see any force in the objections to Prayer. Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley are denounced with a flippant assurance that only proves how little their writings have been studied. If the mischief ended here it could be borne by the church, but unfortunately it is just these ministers that are sapping the foundations of the pulpit, for if it has been shown that the people are educationally on an equality with the preacher, and if as the result of that education, there is much latent infidelity even in the bosom of the church, and if this infidelity is fostered and fanned into a flame by the self-confident assertions of men who rashly rush into arguments upon subjects so profound that Angels have feared to look into them, then the responsibility for a declining influence in the pulpit is largely due to ministers themselves. Ministers are but men, and the very wisest men will sometimes overestimate their strength; but the man who lightly and wilfully introduces a controversy without having mastered all that is to be said on either side, is inexcusable, and to a large extent he is accountable for a decline of ministerial influence.

The second division of the subject is surrounded with many difficulties, and the lay preacher will have to walk warily to avoid as well as he can the rocks of stumbling and offence that lie strewn in his pathway. But in order to show how the introduction of extraordinary means into religious services can possibly be a hindrance to the just influence of the pulpit, it may be well to take a glance at some of the attendant circumstances of religious revivals as they present themselves to the ordinary mind, and see if their tendency in most cases is not to create a distaste for the ordinary means of grace, and a trust only in special instruments. That times of religious revival have their place in the economy of grace is admitted; that they are productive of enduring good cannot, in view of well known facts, be denied; but that they ought to be the natural outgrowth of a religious fervour that has been steadily gaining strength under the ordinary means until it passes ordinary bounds is as stoutly affirmed. This, however, is a very different thing from the revivals got up to order, to be delivered at certain seasons of the year

under the patronage of this or that church; and it is to such revivals that reference is here made. It is not denied that even these are productive of good in some instances, but the general tendency is to produce an artificial warmth or life that can only be sustained by powerful stimulants. Here, then, is where the injury is done. A very large class of church members whose religious life is sustained by stimulants, find that the dose must be repeated at regular intervals or the tone of the system is lost; there is a relaxation of nerve, a want of vigour, a morbid craving for something to fill an unsatisfied want, ending in a most unhealthy state, which is communicated by sympathy or by contact to the whole church. Doubt is a leaven that is easily diffused, and as the conversation of such members is always burthened with doubts as to the state of religion in the church, not unmingled with fears as to the pastor's sense of duty or responsibility in the matter, it is no matter of surprise if these doubts and fears take possession of other minds, and the church very soon becomes what its members believe it is; then there is a spasmodic effort for relief, not in the use of the ordinary means of grace, but in the abuse of the extraordinary. There could scarcely be a surer way of bringing the ordinary preaching of the Word into contempt. And yet pastors unite with people in exalting special services until the faith of the church in the ordinary preaching is lost. If there was a corresponding gain in the services themselves, there might be some excuse for conduct that certainly has not in it either the wisdom of the serpent or the harmlessness of the dove. And to show what that gain is, perhaps it would be as well here to attempt a description of the meetings as they come under the notice of unprejudiced observers. They are usually held in winter, when the nights are long and time is not too valuable. The services are continued night after night for two, three, or four weeks, as the case may be. It will be safe to say that of those who attend, three-fourths are already church members in good standing, who are divided into three classes:—First, Those who find their enjoyment in religious excitement; Secondly, Those who from loyalty to the church lend their countenance to the services because the church has decided that the services shall be held; and Thirdly, Those who look upon such services as a kind of protestant pilgrimage, and go with a vague idea that there must be something meritorious in what is pressed upon them so strongly as a duty. The first class are the most active and exercise most influence, exhorting, beseeching, coaxing, and denouncing, when they are not engaged in prayer. The second class are earnest, thoughtful, and observing; they would not for the world say a word that might hinder a good work, and yet they are not satisfied that the work is good. Most of their time is taken up in wondering whether their want of enthusiasm is a sign of better sense or declining grace. The third class lend themselves to the predominant feeling of the moment, but the merit of having attended makes them happy. Besides these there is the remaining fourth of the meeting for whom the services are specially held. These are made up of two classes: the curious who would flock to any place where numbers congregate; and the seriously disposed whose presence is an evidence that under the ordinary means of grace they were awakened. With very rare exceptions it will be found that the additions made to any church during a season of revival are from this latter class. Whether it required the stimulus of a protracted meeting to bring them into the church may be an open question, but the danger of losing them is certainly more than counterbalanced by the risk incurred in saving them. For obvious reasons this danger has only been lightly indicated, not fully treated. It would not serve any good purpose to point out with much particularity actions which, however offensive in the sight of some, are associated with things sacred in the minds of others. But the very fact that some of the practices are becoming offensive in the eyes of a growing and intelligent class of members, ought to have its weight with the pulpit, and its influence ought to be exerted in restraining rather than in stimulating the exuberant zeal that is carrying the services to such an extreme.

Revival services at the best are an anomaly. They presuppose the salvation of souls to be dependent upon the caprice of men. Hold the services and souls will be saved. Do not hold them and souls will be lost. There is an assumption in

this that is really appalling. And yet, how easily men can be brought to imagine that the keys of heaven are committed to their trust. As has been already observed, revival services have their place in the economy of grace, but it is not a good sign in any church to see minister or people looking forward with eagerness for special seasons and special instruments. There is an instinct that tells the most thoughtless hearer that if special services are necessary, they are always necessary, and that the church which believes in their efficacy is culpable if it does not keep the door of safety continually open.

In conclusion let it be observed that the object of this discourse has been to point out some of the causes which have led to the declining influence of the pulpit, as these present themselves to the minds of the pew. In doing this it may seem to some that the argument has taken some strange turns, and yet there has been a unity of purpose throughout, which, owing to difficulties in the way, may not have been made as clear as it ought to have been. The great danger to pulpit influence lies in this: That ministers and people, under the spell of a magnetism which proceeds from numbers united for one common object, have their enthusiasm so roused in favour of special services, that all confidence in ordinary means is growing weak and cold, just at a time when, owing to the education of the people, it is most necessary that the ordinary means shall be conducted by a pulpit of marked ability, jealous of its honour, and well versed in all the phases of modern thought.

The remedy is with the pulpit. Let it exalt its office. Let it remember that no man can be too well armed who comes before a congregation as a teacher; that it is extremely dangerous in a mixed audience to attack or defend doctrines upon which the church is evenly divided; that a weak attack or defence is mischievous; that every word or act which tends to lower the ordinary means of grace in the estimation of the people is suicidal; and with the ability and earnestness which now characterizes the preachers, it will not be long before the ground lost will be fully recovered.

BILDAD.

CONSTANTIA TO HER LOVE.

Say shall I see thee after all these days?
  Time may not name them, cannot count their length;
God only in His wisdom knows the ways
  By which we have been led with hourly strength.

Farewell past years, lone memories of thought!
  My hand shall rest in thine and feel thy touch;
The waiting time is o'er, the battle fought;
  And can I trust thee, love thee, dear, too much?

For love like that which thou to me hast given,
  It seems to those who view this life aright,
That Truth and Love are both the gifts of Heaven,
  The glorious lights that shine o'er earth's dark night.

Grey hairs and wrinkles, accidents of time,
  May come to thee,—ah, love! we will grow old
Together; we will share our Summer's prime,
  Our Autumn's harvest and our Winter's cold.

Old! yet our hearts shall never cease to be
  Young with the beauty of eternal youth
That's born of love and deathless constancy,
  A life that springs from bright and heavenly truth.

Each smile and look of thy remembered face,
  Each turn of speech, thy grave and earnest mien,
Comes to me with a sweet and hidden grace—
  I've proved the worth that others have but seen.

Yes, heart to heart, thank God, and mind to mind,
  There shall be no unequal steps it seems
Between us twain; we will not fear to find
  Fresh paths that we have travelled oft in dreams.

And ancient books shall ope for us their store
  Of learning, ah, my love, for us full sweet
As subtlest essence of a violet floor
  That careless ones do crush beneath their feet!

We do not care for flaunting colours gay,
  The tricks of trade, the art that's made to sell;
We gaze upon a palace high and grey,
  And in our inmost minds we love it well.

We feel the beauty of the column's height
  That seems to cleave the clouds of endless space,
We see the beauty of the bindweed light
  That clings around the broken marble base.

Kind words, bright looks, a love that self denies,—
  These *trifles* are the things that make or mar
A life. Our sympathy and love shall prize
  This union, shadow of the bliss afar.

The cares, the wear and tear that come each day,
  The frets, the burthens that we all must bear,
Will vanish one by one and fade away,
  For light shall be the load that Love can share.

C. L. R.

SCHOOLS OF ITALIAN ART.

I. THE TUSCAN SCHOOL.

'All delight in art and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love.'—RUSKIN.

THE term school, as applied to the art of painting and employed in its widest sense, means the painters of any country, without reference to their style or the time in which they lived. The Tuscan school, is chiefly distinguished for form, and amongst its long list of painters, a few of the most generally known may be mentioned.

Florentine art flourished from the 13th to the 14th century, beginning with Cimabue and ending virtually with Michel Angelo. Florence, Tuscany's capital, became an independent Republic about 1198, and it was not till the 15th century that the Medici influence prevailed. That enlightened encouragement began with Cosmo de' Medici, 'the father of his country,' he and his successor, Lorenzo, being the great patrons of art of their day, and any pretension to artistic or literary fame was the 'open sesame' to their splendid gardens. This, however, was many years after the revival of the arts by Cimabue and Giotto. Before their time only Greek or Byzantine art existed.

The Byzantine School began as early as the fifth century. The style is so purely conventional that every artist followed the same pattern; there being not only orthodox subjects chosen for all, but the treatment, costume, age, and feature of every character was laid down in a regular guide-book. If a person was represented in the act of blessing, the first finger was to be drawn straight, the second slightly curved, the thumb holding down the third, the fourth slightly curved, so that the first and last letter of the name of Christ, 'Ιησοῦς Χριστός, might be formed. How greatly the early Tuscans deviated from these rules may be easily seen.

CIMABUE, called the father of modern painting, was born at Florence in 1240. Though he did not entirely leave the conventional way of painting of the Byzantine School, he combined with it some study of nature, which till his time had been utterly neglected. His most famous picture is that of a Madonna, called the Rucellai Madonna, from the chapel it was painted for, which caused such a sensation in his time that it was carried in procession from his house to the chapel.

To judge from a Madonna and Child of his in England, one can hardly imagine such enthusiasm. This last is painted on a pale gold background, perspective being then unknown. No attempt was made in those early times to delineate human passion, the only thing aimed at being mechanical excellence; expression, and all the poetry and luxury of art were reserved for Raffaelo and the 15th century.

GIOTTO, born in 1276, was a shepherd boy, and was one day discovered by Cimabue sketching a sheep; the painter was so struck with his talent that he took him into his *atelier*, and Giotto became his pupil.

'Cimabue smiled upon the lad
At the first stroke which passed what *he* could do;
Or else his Virgin's smile had never had
Such sweetness in't.'

Giotto soon excelled his master, and strove more and more to imitate nature, his works having a freshness about them that reminds us of Browning's words:—

'An exquisitest touch
Bides in the birth of things; no after-time can much
Enhance that fine, that faint, fugitive first of all.'

He painted in a sort of fresco, and chiefly in the interior of abbeys and chapels in Florence and Padua. He was so skilful a draughtsman that when Pope Boniface VIII sent an envoy to him to demand a specimen of his ability, he merely seized a brush, dipped it in red paint, and with one sweep of his hand made a perfect circle. He was employed by this Pope in decorat-

ing St. Peter's. A story is told of Giotto that once he swore he could deceive his master with his painting, and, taking the opportunity when Cimabue left the room, he painted a fly on the nose of a portrait, which, when Cimabue returned, he tried to brush off, much to the delight of Giotto. Perhaps his best known work is a series of frescoes from the life of St. Francis of Assisi. He died in 1336, and was buried with great ceremony in Florence Cathedral. He was a friend of Dante, and is mentioned by him in his 'Purgatorio.' The National Gallery in England possesses a fresco work by this master. After Giotto came several others, but none so famous as he till the time of Angelico.

FRA GIOVANNI ANGELICO was a brother of the order of Predicants, at Fiesole, and was so holy a man that after his death he was solemnly beatified. He is said to have often painted on his knees, and to have never begun a picture without prayer. He was born in the Mugello in 1387, and began his career as an artist when he was a monk, by illuminating manuscripts.

'The creative art,
Demands the service of a mind and heart.'

'"Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, for to-morrow we die, and shall be with God." said Angelico and Giotto, and left eternal monuments of divinely-blazoned heraldry of heaven.' Fra Angelico painted in *tempera* (colors unmixed with oil), and Ruskin says of him, 'he determined forever what tempera painting is.' His most important works are those he executed for his own convent of St. Mark, which occupied him nine years. But he did not always remain at home. Invited by the Pope, he went to Rome, where he was employed in painting a chapel at the Vatican. From Rome he went to Orvieto, but before he had completed decorating a chapel there, he had to return to Rome, where he remained till his death in 1455. His paintings have often been engraved and are remarkable for devotional fervour. In the National Gallery, England, is an Adoration of the Magi, from his brush, formerly at Pisa.

One of the greatest of his successors was LEONARDO DA VINCI. 'The powers of this great man,' says Q. De Quincey, 'so far surpassed the ordinary standard of human genius, that he cannot be judged of by the common data by which it is usual to estimate the capacity of the human mind.' He was born in the Val D'Arno, below Florence, in 1452. He so rapidly surpassed his master, Verocchio, that the latter, unlike Cimabue with his pupil, threw up his profession in disgust at his own performances, and became a sculptor. Leonardo was a man of most varied accomplishments, and in a letter to an Italian prince, to whom he offered his services, he says of himself: 'I will also undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra-cotta; likewise in painting, I can do what can be done as well as any man, be he who he may.' Besides all this he was a proficient in architecture, engineering, and mechanics; in botany, anatomy, mathematics, and astronomy; and lastly, he was a poet and something of a musician.

In 1485 he established an Academy of Arts in Milan, and ten years after produced his great picture of the 'Last Supper.' His treatment of the subject, in which only three sides of the table are used by the disciples,—novel in Leonardo's hands,—has since been followed by a long series of inferior artists. It is worthy of remark that Judas is represented as spilling the salt, an allusion to the still current superstition of the ill-luck attending such an accident. The picture is now all but in decay at Milan. Only half a century after it was executed it was nearly obliterated. It has, however, been well engraved, and there is a fine mosaic copy of it in the palace of the Lower Belvedere in Vienna, done by Napoleon's order.

After executing some paintings in his native city of Florence, he went to Rome, where Leo X was pontiff, and it is much to be lamented that this great artist, the rival of Michel Angelo and the painter of the 'Last Supper,' should have had no opportunity of displaying his powers in the 'golden days of Leo X.' On Leonardo's arrival at Rome he had the misfortune to offend the Pope. His Holiness, coming into the Vatican one day, found Leonardo surrounded with paints and varnishes, but nothing begun. 'Ah! this man will do nothing,' he exclaimed; 'he thinks of the end before the beginning of his work.' This, and a misunderstanding with Michel Angelo, disgusted Da Vinci, and he left Rome.

Afterwards he went to France with

Francis I, but his health being feeble owing to his age, he executed no fresh work while there, even refusing to color a cartoon of St. Anne and the Virgin, which he had brought with him from Italy. He died in France at St. Cloud, in 1519.

Leonardo Da Vinci may be called the inventor of *chiaroscuro*, or the mutual relationship of bright and obscure masses. He painted in three different styles at different times of his life, his third, or Florentine, style exhibiting most freedom and least mannerism. His most famous work as a sculptor was a model of an equestrian statue of Francis Sforza, which was destroyed by the French in 1499. Of his writings very few have been published. The chief of these is his 'Treatise on Painting.' He wrote much on physics, and some of his unpublished works were taken to France by Napoleon, who carried these and 'Petrarch's 'Virgil' to his hotel himself, allowing no one to touch them, saying 'these are mine.' They were afterwards restored to Milan, where they are still preserved. In the royal library at Windsor Castle are shown some of Leonardo's anatomical sketches. It is remarkable that many portions of the human body supposed to be unknown to anatomists till a century later, are well defined in these pen and ink sketches. Leonardo seemed to grasp truths intuitively, and, without going through any process of sound reasoning, to throw them out in his writings as revelations, foreshadowing problems afterwards solved by Galileo, Kepler, and others. This celebrated man had many scholars and imitators, but none of any mark.

Michel Angelo, the contemporary of Leonardo Da Vinci and Raphael, was born at Castel Caprese, Tuscany, in 1474,* of which place his father was Governor. At an early age he showed a taste for drawing, and was apprenticed to the painter Ghirlandajo, who soon became jealous at the praises heaped upon the young student, a feeling which he carried to the point of refusing him drawings that Michael Angelo was desirous of copying. Ghirlandajo deserves praise, however, for being the first painter who discarded gold and silver ornaments in his pictures, and who showed that they could be imitated with much better taste in oil color. Michael Angelo made such rapid improvement and shewed so much originality and strength in his designs, that Lorenzo de' Medici took him under his especial protection and employed him in his garden academy.

Michel Angelo soon became anxious to try his skill in marble, and one day examining a mutilated head of a faun, he copied it, supplying from his own invention what was wanting in the original. Lorenzo found him at his work, and remarked jestingly: 'You have restored to the old faun all his teeth, but don't you know that a man of such an age has generally some wanting.' Michel Angelo, immediately when alone, broke a tooth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum to show it had fallen out, which much delighted his patron when he saw it again. After Lorenzo's death in 1492, Michel Angelo went to Bologna to avoid the disturbances which were troubling the Government at Florence, but he returned in 1494. On his return he made a statue of an infant St. John, and also one of a Cupid sleeping. At this time there began to be a great rage for antiquities, and hardly anything was admired that was not dug up from some old ruin or other. A friend of Michel Angelo, aware of this, advised him to stain the Cupid as if it were an antique. It was then buried in a vineyard near Rome, and afterwards excavated. Every one was full of praises of this wonderful specimen of art, and even when it was discovered who was the real sculptor, it received so much admiration that Michel Angelo was induced to go to Rome. It was during this, his first visit to Rome, that he produced his famous Pietà, a group of the dead Christ on the knee of the Virgin, now at St. Peter's. It may here be remarked that a representation of the Virgin weeping over the dead body of the Christ is always known as a Pietà, that of the Christ or the Virgin enthroned is called a Maestà.

About 1503 he was commissioned to decorate one side of the Council hall at Florence, Leonardo Da Vinci having the other. For this Michel Angelo executed his celebrated 'Cartoon of Pisa.' It represented some Pisan soldiers surprised by a party of Florentines while bathing. 'The actions and attitudes of the figures,' says Vasari, 'were as contrasted as the circumstances might be supposed to create, and

* The fourth centenary of his birth was celebrated at Florence, in 1874, with imposing ceremonies.

difficult foreshortenings characterized the deep knowledge of the artist, and his powers of execution.' Of this glorious masterpiece not one atom remains. The students had free access to it for purposes of study, and they gradually mutilated and at last quite destroyed it. One student especially used to let himself in with a private key, and tear great pieces off and take them away. Only one person made a complete copy of the principal group in the picture.

A few years after this, Julius I. employed him to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Michel Angelo was not so fond of painting as of sculpture, and did not much like the task. He was, however, prevailed upon to accede to the Pope's wishes and he finished the whole work in four years. The frescoes represented the Creation of the World and of Man; his Fall; and the Early History of the World. During the whole of the time that Leo V. was Pope, Michel Angelo was employed in the ignominious task of getting marble from the quarries of Pietra Santa for the façade of a church at Florence. In 1533 he commenced his cartoons of the 'Last Judgment' for the Sistine Chapel. After this he did but little more painting, and employed himself as architect of St. Peter's, already begun under the auspices of Bramante. Michel Angelo, however, altered the entire design, and made an original one on the plan of a Greek cross. Bramante's design was according to the Saracenic principles of architecture, which Michel Angelo would have adopted but for the difficulty of raising money for such a gigantic undertaking. He received no remuneration whatever for his unwearied labours, being

> 'content to give his mind
> To the enrichment of mankind.'

His own plan was on a smaller scale, though the form was grander. He carried the building to the base of the dome.

Michel Angelo died at Rome in 1564, aged 88. He was buried at Florence in the Church of the Santa Croce. Besides being a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, he was also a poet. Roscoe says of him, 'the history of Michel Angelo forms that of all the arts which he professed. In him sculpture, painting, and architecture seem to have been personified.'

> 'God sends his creatures unto every age,
> To every clime, and every race of men,
> With revelations fitted to their growth
> And shape of mind.'—*Lowell.*

AMY RYE.

SONNET.

Ah Rose so sweet, the sweetest of all flowers,
No sister hast thou to compare with thee;
The rich, the poor and humble, watch to see
Thy early bloom, thou queen of summer bowers!
'Hush!' spake a pleading voice, 'no blossom towers
Supreme o'er all her sisters of the lea;
Flowers are associate by you or me
With Time or Race,—from these derive their powers.
The yellow Broom that decks my native shore
And fragrant Heather on the mountain's brow,
Forever must my truest favourites stand;
To me they're linked with all poetic lore,
And memory dwells with pride upon them now,—
Loved emblems of a wild, romantic land!'

GOWAN LEA.

THE EVOLUTION OF MORALITY.

A REPLY.

I DESIRE to make a few remarks on a singularly able and striking article in the October number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY—an article in which some of the thoughts flash from the mind of the writer with a rare vigour and freshness, and are clothed in such terse and nervous language that they can scarce fail to impress us vividly with a sense of their author's cultivated powers, and to excite in us high expectations of his future. Still, while acknowledging with pleasure the marked ability displayed everywhere by Professor Watson in this remarkable essay, I am forced to withhold my assent from some of his conclusions, and to criticise his strictures on the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin.

Professor Watson, in speaking (page 323) of Mr. Darwin's idea, that, in the social instincts of the lower animals, continued to early man, we ought to seek *the root* of the morality of civilized man, and that these instincts not being extended, in the case of animals, to all the individuals of 'the same species,' but to those only of 'the same community,' it was naturally to be expected that the same instincts, in savage races of men, would be directed exclusively to the welfare of the tribe, not to that 'of the species or of the individual'; and then, quoting from Mr. Darwin that 'as man advanced into civilization, and small tribes became united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all members of the same nation; and that that point being once reached, there was only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races,' Mr. Watson thus comments: 'According to this theory, moral progress consists in strengthening and widening from generation to generation the social instincts originally inherited from some lower form of animal,' adding: 'This theory attempts to account for moral progress by the convenient method of leaving out all that makes it moral.' This last is, indeed, a very neat and well-put sentence, as sharp-cut and polished as a diamond, and as clear.

For the present, I apply to this paragraph, as a whole, the general remark, that writers on ethics will be disappointed if they expect to find in Nature everything mathematico-logically demarcated—limited here, bounded there, by well-defined lines; whereas in Nature all is development, and in development we have to do, not so much with the sharp-cut crystal, as with the amorphous colloid and proteid. Development is such a gradual shading off—a growth dim, vague, insensible—a melting of colours into one another, of varieties into species, of sympathy into morality, of sensation into instinct, of instinct into thought, that we cannot draw a line and say of it, on this side instinct absolutely ends, and, on its opposite side, thought begins. This, indeed, is implied in the very idea of development—insensible change, each change so slight as to refuse to be formulated.

Now, when a man like Mr. Darwin, with his finger on the pulse of Nature, who has won for himself a position of acknowledged eminence amongst the leaders of scientific thought, sums up for us the results of generalizations founded on the widest and minutest and most accurately observed facts, it becomes a duty, before pronouncing judgment against him, that we be sure—first, that we fully understand him; and, secondly, that we have a truer insight into the economy of Nature than he has.

Now, what does Mr. Darwin say? 'As man,' says he, 'advances into civilization, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest *reason** would tell

* In this paper, when quoting from Mr. Watson, or any one else, I have taken the liberty of *italicising* any words to which I wish to call the reader's special attention. For this I beg the author's pardon.

each individual that he *ought* to extend his *social instincts and sympathies* to all the members of the same nation. This point being once reached, there is only an *artificial barrier* to prevent his sympathies extending to *the men of all* nations and races.'

Mr. Darwin's argument throughout is of this kind: the social instincts and sympathies having proved advantageous to some of the lower animals, became theirs permanently through natural selection, and were, so, continued to man; and as among animals they were confined in their exercise to the members, not of the species, but of the community, so, in the case of man, they were limited to the tribe; but as soon as *reason* came into play, it was perceived that this sympathy *ought* to be extended to the nation; and once the narrow clan-feeling having broken down under the weightier sense of good-will and obligation to the nation as a whole, there remained nothing but a *feeble conventional barrier* to oppose itself against the rising tide of right-feeling extending itself to *the whole* family of man. If this be not the truth, it is certainly very like it: as the French say, *vraisemblable.* For is it not the old story of the Sioux against the Blackfeet, or of Rome against Alba Longa or the Volces, grown at length into Italy against the world? And now that *reason*, like the morning sunbeams, has lifted the fogs that once had hung over the mental horizon, and has poured a flood of light on the sanctity of the rights of universal man, deeds once done unblushingly in the interests of selfishness have to be weighed in the balance of justice, or at least (for 'hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue') disguised, like a nasty pill, with a sugar-coating of right:

> 'Thus *conscience* doth make cowards of us all;
> And thus the *native* hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought*,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With *this* regard, their currents turn awry,
> *And lose the name of action.*'

It is not so very long since the Englishman regarded the Frenchman as his hereditary foe, or since the increase in power or prosperity of a nation was deemed no very ill grounds for an attempt to cripple it; and even to-day we seem to hear occasionally the distant rumble of such a thought.

In the passage quoted from Mr. Darwin there are three distinct divisions in the chain of the mental powers: Firstly, there are '*the social instincts and sympathies;* secondly, the '*reason*' to guide us to the end to which, thirdly, they '*ought*' to be directed; that is, he tells us, to the well-being of *man* wherever found. For now that good-will to the clan has expanded into a sense of obligation to the nation, its further extension is a foregone conclusion, and every barrier to stop the flow of good-will to all men is pronounced to be a mere conventional cobweb.

Now, assuredly, Mr. Darwin speaks here, as elsewhere, of man as governed by something more than mere instinct. He has even exhibited to us the distinct steps in the process, the *first* in order of which is 'the social instincts and sympathies.'

Elsewhere, too, he says: '*Ultimately* his habitual *convictions* controlled by *reason* afford him the safest rule. His conscience *then* becomes his supreme judge and monitor. Nevertheless, the *first foundation or origin* of the moral sense lies in the social instincts, including sympathy; and these *instincts* no doubt were *primarily* gained, as in the case of the lower animals, by natural selection.' Again, he says: 'The fact that man is *the one* being who, with certainty, can be designated "a moral being," makes the greatest of all *distinctions* between him and the lower animals.'

Now, let me ask, if such passages as the above justify the criticism of Professor Watson (page 324)?—'Granting that man has inherited from some lower form the "*instinct*" *of sympathy* for others; still so long as we conceive this "instinct" as a *blind impulse that hurries him towards a goal* from which he cannot retract himself, just so long he is neither moral nor responsible.'

Again, Professor Watson asks: 'Why should an instinct which does not extend beyond one's tribe be regarded as lower from a moral point of view than when it is extended so as to embrace a larger number of persons?' (323). But this is not the exact way of putting it, and is hardly fair to Mr. Darwin. The extension is not to a *larger* number of persons, but to *all* persons, to 'the men of all nations and races.' As stated by Mr. Darwin, it certainly would be lower. The instinct, the sympathy, is right

so far as it goes. Its defect is that it is incomplete; that it goes not far enough; that, whilst unfolding, it is not unfolded; that, while embracing some, it embraces not all; that the narrower obligation has not expanded into the universality of conscience. It is an idea only half worked out by the imperfect reason. The 'sympathy,' not yet instructed by the 'reason,' and not stimulated by the sense of 'ought,' is as yet scarce strong and deep and full enough to flood the life, and, overflowing the narrow tribe-channel, to enfold the whole family of man.

Let us suppose that a certain individual's sense of moral obligation embraced, not only every member of the tribe and nation he belonged to, but every member of the family of man, with the exception of *only one*, whom, an outlaw without guilt, he treats with capricious injustice. Should we not, without hesitation, pronounce his morality 'lower from a moral point of view' than when extended so as to embrace the all without the exception? Nor, so considered, is it 'difficult to see how the mere extension of a feeling should so mysteriously alter its nature.' The feeling that I am at liberty to treat even one person with discriminating injustice is an immoral feeling; whilst the feeling that I cannot relieve myself of the obligations of right towards individuals or nations is an essentially moral one: so that the extension of a feeling may wholly alter its nature; and to say, as Professor Watson does, that the feeling is '*absolutely unchanged*,' seems to me a *petitio principii*, or a pronouncing of judgment beforehand on the very question to be discussed.

Again: Professor Watson objects to Mr. Darwin's '*test* of morality, the general good or welfare of the community,' . . . the term 'general good' being 'defined as the means by which the greatest possible number of individuals can be reared in full vigour and health, with *all their faculties perfect*, under *the conditions to which they* are exposed.' To this Professor Watson replies: . . . 'Provided only that "the greatest number of individuals" is reared "in full health and vigour," the end of morality is achieved,' &c. But Mr. Darwin does not say this, or, rather, he says *a great deal more;* for he adds to 'full vigour and health' the important words, 'with all their faculties perfect'; and, further, 'under the conditions to which they are exposed'—under the conditions of the interaction of the forces of a complex and ever-advancing social state.

And what nobler end can be aimed at, what grander test of morality proposed? *The greatest possible* number of individuals in the full vigour of elastic life, 'with all their faculties perfect'—feeling, passion, reason, conscience, all working harmoniously—mind attuned to body, and body to mind—reason recognizing the law that only 'in self-identification with others can one's true nature be realized,' and conscience urging the fulfilment of this law—our natures pulsing responsive to the claims of all other men, and the natures of all other men to ours—a world of harmonious adjustments, a more than poet's dream of the Golden Age; and all this without painful strain or effort, the enlarged and adjusted brain making what is hard, uphill work to us, only healthy, happy exercise to them. I think that Professor Watson would be satisfied to pursue amongst such men his lofty speculations, and to trace feeling, reason, conscience, entity, backwards, each to its primal cell, and down through the ages to their maturity of grace and strength.

But, to return, I know of no test by which the morality of any action can be decided as an ultimate fact out of consciousness, but its utility; that is, its utility full, perfect, universal, all-sided, without any drawback. As to the flavour of morality *in* the consciousness, that is another matter wholly. The test and the thing tested are not identical. Things have their obverse sides. The morality is not in the utility: the utility is in the morality; so that morality has something in it not included in the utility. It has its subjective as well as its objective side. That 'honesty is the best policy' is a maxim of general utility, but is scarcely a high ethical principle of action. Indeed, strange as it may sound, an action may be, at the same time, moral and immoral—moral as regards the doer, the feeling, and the motive; and immoral as regards the thing done. Paul's act, when he persecuted the Christians, was moral so far as related to himself. He says of it: 'I thought I ought'; but the act, looked at, not in its motive, but in itself,—in *esse*, as good or bad,—as the thing done, was a subversion

of all morality: for morality is a compound of two elements, motive and utility. The combination perfects the idea, making it *totus teres atque rotundus*. A man might found a hospital from mere ostentation, in which case his act would lack the leading, *the essential*, element which would constitute it moral; for it is the absence of right motive, not the mistakes of the understanding, which affects us with the painful feeling of culpability. Of this more hereafter.

'But,' proceeds Professor Watson, 'if the standard of conduct is the preservation of the species, the cat in catching mice is *as much* performing a moral act as the patriot who sacrifices himself for the good of his fellow-men.' I have pointed out before, that, in Mr. Darwin's theory, it is not the preservation of the species merely that is contemplated, but their advancement likewise in all that is intellectually and morally high and noble; and this I conceive to be a sufficient reply. Still I have no fault to find with the cat. She is acting blindly for an end the fulness of which she never contemplates. The cat obeys all the instincts of her nature, sublimely indifferent to the pains or pleasures of other creatures, and disobeys none. This, in its order, constitutes her non-immorality. But Darwin's man acts with conscious intelligence, and with a sense of obligation for that nobler end, in which his own good is merged in and harmonized with the good of all; hence *the order of the act* is higher far—as far higher as altruism is than egoism; as noble self-denial is than brutish selfishness; as a high-souled man than a selfish infant; as developed humanity, with its moral faculties in full play, differs *toto cælo* from the undeveloped brute.

One of the most differentiating minds and profoundest thinkers the world has ever seen, Bishop Butler, came to this conclusion: that from the idea of the constitution of human nature, 'it *as fully* appears that our nature is adapted to virtue, as from the idea of a watch it appears that its nature is adapted to measure time;' and he adds, 'what in fact or event commonly happens is nothing to the question. Every work of art is apt to be out of order;' and this position he has shown to be impregnable.

Now, if man's nature be adapted to virtue as a clock is to measure time, though liable to get terribly out of order through the unequal strength of particular passions, the want of proportionate keenness of the reason, of vigour of the will, or of power and tenderness of the conscience, what a glorious consummation it would be to witness a whole society, with all their faculties perfect, working together in full proportionate health and vigour, and realizing as their natural outcome this music of virtue of which Butler speaks.

Yes, Mr. Darwin is right. Our noblest end is health and vigour of body and mind —*our whole* being, mental and moral, working without a jar, and this extended to the whole family of man—blessing and blest, and blest in blessing. This idea of his has, after all, something in it, and is not a wholly wrong or barren idea—the cat notwithstanding. His end is the harmonious adjustment and full developement of the nature of man; and the best *test* of its morality, whatever is best calculated to achieve this end.

Again (page 326) says Mr. Watson, 'if *man* does not differ *toto cælo*' (by the whole breadth of the heavens) 'from the animals in his capacity of turning against any or all of his *immediate* impulses, of weighing them in the balance and rejecting those that are found wanting, of subordinating them to an end *consciously determined* by himself, not only is his ineradicable sense of responsibility a delusion, but it is inconceivable that it should ever have got into his consciousness at all. I hope to show how it did get there. Again (p. 324) he says, 'so long as we assume nothing but a ceaseless, unarrestable flow of impulses, we can give no valid reason for choosing *man as moral*, and animals as non-moral.' Now let me ask, if this 'ceaseless, unarrestable *flow of impulses*' fairly represents or is at all the equivalent of Mr. Darwin's statement, in which he couples with instinct 'reason' and 'ought.' But passing over this, for the present at least, I wish to remark *in limine*, that it is impossible—and this impossibility grows out of the very idea of evolution—to so define morality as to *include* every 'featherless biped' of the genus Homo, and to *exclude* every creature outside him. The definition is always too wide or too narrow. It includes too much or not enough, and this owing to the insensible shading-off of nature, by which one colour gets run into another. *Natura non agit per saltum;* for

in her domain, there is no vaulting into the saddle by the creature that had only crawled. Her course with each one of us, as with life in the past æons, has been development, growth, as noiseless and unnoticed—piling the invisible atom upon atom—as the expanding of the foliage in the spring.

The astonishment which I felt, says Mr. Darwin, 'on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore, will never be forgotten by me. . . . These men were absolutely naked, and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and like wild animals lived on whatever they could catch. They had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe.' Is there in this graphic, though terrible picture, revealing itself on the part of these men, the feeblest glint of a conception of the truth that 'only in self-identification with others can one's true nature be realized?' though there is that in them which, through the working of the slow, complex machinery of society, is capable of this development.

The faithful dog, whom neither blows nor bribes will turn away from guarding his master's person or property, who not only abstains from the tempting joint himself, but prevents another unconscientious dog from stealing it; or that heroic little monkey, who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs; do they not, one and all, postpone a natural craving, an 'immediate' fear or desire, to a higher or more unselfish motive? And is there not in such the *germ or embryo* of a conscience—a kind of half-blurred feeling that there is that which is higher than *bare* appetite; and, if so, is it true that the Fuegian savage or the Carib cannibal 'differs *toto cælo* from the animals in his capacity of turning against any or all his *immediate* impulses.'

In short, we cannot draw a definition—evolution forbids it—so sharply that it will prove to be inclusive and exclusive and yet conclusive. If too loose, it shuts in too much for theory: if too tight, it snaps under the strain. Have we never seen a dog deliberate, swayed by adverse motives, dragged now hither, now thither, by conflicting emotions, now mastered by the 'immediate' desire, and again actuated by the mean of the ensemble of the thoughts and feelings that go to make up his canine character—his permanent self. We cannot draw a rigid line of separation by which to mark off the vague, confused image of right in a dog's inchoate conscience, and that of the very little child or low-type savage. We cannot draw the line hard and fast anywhere. The insensible nature of the changes, the slow, gradual pace of evolutionary upward movements forbid that. What takes place under our own eyes in the case of the individual infant, in his growth into manhood and intellect and the claims of conscience, is only the same that has taken place in the past millenniums in the growth and development of the genus, man.

When my dog, seduced by his appetite or betrayed by some momentary impulse, violates some better habit of his, does he not experience a dim, diffused feeling of wrong-doing—a vague, momentary, depressed sense of dissatisfaction. Indeed the full-grown dog shews a nearer approach to intellect and moral sense than the little child. True, my dog has reached the utmost length of his tether, whilst the child keeps on developing, reaching many a milestone further on the road of progressive life, and often attains high mental and moral stature. Still they both alike began low down in the scale of being, were fellow-travellers for some time toward a goal that lay beyond them; and though the one has outstripped the other far, yet is it only a case of arrested development in the one instance, and of development continued in the other. And speaking my honest thought, without regard to theory or consequences, I think there is a greater difference in the degree of the development of the honest, intelligent dog over the crawling worm, the oyster, or the jelly-fish, than in that of the Fuegian savage over the dog.

Away with our prejudices in the presence of immortal truth! If you let in our moral Fuegian, can you shut out the honest dog? If you exclude the dog from the *root-germ* of a sense of right, I doubt if our Fuegian's title is terribly secure; and the selection of

impulses 'consciously and with the mind *alert*,' is truer of a Locke or a Butler than of our 'merciless' and remorseless friend. I do not assert that the dog's sense of right and wrong is not *very* slight, imperfect, embryonic; for his brain is small, undeveloped, and undifferentiated; but I do think that the sense in some dim way is there, that our humanity has its roots deep down in animal nature, and that the doctrine of evolution and of the survival of the conditionally fittest, affords the truest scientific key to the history of our origin, progress, and present life.

Nor have *we* much to boast of on the score of morality. Our life is conducted pretty much on a system of *manœuvring and out-manœuvring*, and our lofty morality and high bearing need not be a trouble or perplexity to our judges or jailors yet. And I fear the definition of a moral being given by Professor Watson would cut off a good slice from the human world, and consign a large portion of the outsiders to the limbo of the brute; especially if (p. 325) 'the beginning of all morality, whether in the individual or the race, *lies in the condemnation* of mere impulse or passion—in looking down upon it as *beneath the dignity of a rational being*;' and if, 'until this *divine contempt* of the old Adam has been felt, the *notion* of a moral law is an *impossibility*.' I wonder if our Fuegian or Carib savage feel this 'divine contempt,' or discuss among themselves 'the dignity of a rational being' But perhaps their feelings are too deep for words. The Carib, however, is said to have very strong impulses towards his fellow man; but there are those who hardly regard this in the light of a virtue

But, trifling apart, I cannot avoid thinking that Mr. Watson, when writing with such masculine vigour and beauty these true and noble passages on the play of the moral sentiments, had before his mind, not man, but men. And I am the more confirmed in this view by a passage in a pamphlet on 'Hedonism and Utilitarianism' (page 5), in which he says, if it is 'only meant that *man* in a primitive state . . . . . is *destitute* of moral ideas, and that *these* are *only slowly and gradually* developed by the interaction of *social* forces, no reasonable objection *could* be raised.' Why, this is the very thing I have been contending for. They are the very matured views of Mr. Darwin, expressed too in most exact and apposite terms. Man in his *primitive* condition destitute of *moral* ideas, but *acquiring* them by a long, slow, gradual process, through the inevitable interaction of the more complex social forces. When, a few days since, I read this passage, I was completely staggered, and asked myself if I really understood Professor Watson, or if he excluded the savage races from the catagory of *man*. For if, as Professor Watson thinks (page 324), *man* is distinguished from the 'non-moral animals' by the posession of 'moral' ideas, and if the savage be destitute of them, then this savage is not a man. I confess I am puzzled; for evolutionist as I am, I am not prepared to go so far as this: for though we are related to the lower animals; though, in the rudiments of the mind and feelings, in the structure of the brain and nervous system, in the viscera and the limbs, in the kind and number of the senses, we exhibit together a common working-plan; yet our dumb, stationary fellow-traveller has been left far, very far behind, more especially since men have been gifted with the power of articulate speech—μεροπες ανθρωποι—speech, that mighty instrument of progress, that stimulator of the brain, constantly forcing currents of rich arterial blood to flood it to its remotest parts, and so to nourish and augment this prime organ of the mind; speech, that great world-lever that gave the most advanced thought of the one to be the property of the tribe, and gives it to-day to be the common heritage of all, enabling each new generation—'the heirs of all ages'—to begin their career from a fresh table-land of new and more differentiated ideas, with the advantages of a clearer horizon and of the accumulated experiences and implements of the past, and urging the lowliest on a path of progress, so that he soon distances all his mere animal competitors, even subduing them to his ends. We have, however, amongst ourselves our higher and our lower types, with distances between them approaching those which separate the lowest men from the highest of the Quadrumana yet discovered on the earth or amongst its strata; though I must say I think the missing link (or links) is missing yet.

Compare the low-browed, ferocious, mer

ciless Carib, mean and cunning, and roused to action only by strong animal excitements, with that hearty, open-browed, large-souled Norman McLeod. Put him side by side, and say if he belong to the same order of being, if he be at all related to this lordly man. Yes, he is related, but only as the savage is related to the higher brute. Appeal to his finer feelings! He is as deaf to such an appeal as a member of Parliament, and stares at you half-vacantly as if you deemed him a fool. Touch the other on the side of his moral feelings, and his organ-soul vibrates and responds in rich and noble melody. Whence the difference? The one has passed many a milestone of the successive stages of development into the opening morning of civilization, *on the road to* the serene and steady light of day. The other still lingers on the borderland of the half-human, in the flickering twilight, with a narrow horizon, a pinched understanding, and a cold and selfish heart. But education, you know! Yes, and you might educate him to the crack of doom and yet knock into his undifferentiated brain only the most simple ideas, for it is not sufficiently developed and the nervous connexions are not adequately established.

You may, indeed, educate persons of a very low tribe, up to a certain point, which means, up to a certain age, and impart to them many simple and useful ideas. They may even improve up to this age more quickly than most of the children of the civilised man: but when the latter are only beginning to unfold their powers; when the intellect is just expanding into vigour, and gathering day by day new stores of assimilated ideas; the others, children that never grow, become suddenly stunted, making henceforth little or no advance. Their ideas, except the simplest, get confused and tangled and run into one another, being seldom seen in their distinctness; nor are the links in a concatenated argument seen simultaneously in their separateness and in their connexions, or the conclusion reached, to be a compelled result. In short, 'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' they are children with an arrested development, who never grow beyond the child-state.

Look at Jamaica, with its religious and educational machinery in full operation for the last forty years, and with what results? The Negro, religious after his fashion, is, owing to his highly emotional and childish nature, quite capable of being worked upon to the pitch of even enthusiasm by preachers of the highly sensational order. But the moral feelings seem so dominated by the emotional as scarcely to oppose any practical barrier to very gross vice, even amongst those who are admitted within the inner circle of religious profession. Indeed, this child of nature has but a slight hold on morality. 'Consciously and with his mind alert,' his 'capacity' for, or sense of the obligations of ethical law—of the tie which binds him to his fellow man—is thin as gossamer, if not wholly embryonic; but he is, when wound up to it, often deeply moved, and highly and sincerely excited by the rocking and swaying of his religious emotions. But, by the side of these, how tame and cold are the claims of morality, and of 'determining which' of his impulses 'is most congruous with his rational nature.' I think our Hottentot or Bushman has not even a 'feeble conception of the truth that only in self-identification with others can his true nature be realized.' I think he simply never thinks about it at all, and has, speaking of him as an individual, scarcely a developable 'capacity'—so embryonic is it—for such high speculations at all.

Again, says Professor Watson (324), 'it is manifestly in defiance of the facts to go on talking of *man* as if he were still governed by instinct.' To this I replied before. But so much has been written, and written so well, about the dignity of man and the beauty of free-will as contrasted with mere instinct, that one feels torn by opposite sentiments—*'la varieté est charmante'*—by a desire to get out of the old worn wheel-ways or common ruts of thought, and, driving recklessly over all the wayside fences and barriers, strike out into the free and beautiful open country; and, then again, by the danger of saying something so horribly unorthodox as to shock and wound.

Still, since '*magis amicus veritas*,' I must say, I should be satisfied to resign my free-will to do wrong for a nature so constituted that I must always love and do the right. What, by instinct? Yes, by instinct or by anything else. I should like to be always *instinctively* inclined to good, as the bee

to make honey. But if I am denied this; if our nature is not yet adjusted to the requirements of the golden age; it is something to possess an unchangeable instinct of right at the very core of our being, in the Holy of Holies of our innermost nature, which can neither be plucked out, nor enslaved by the will, nor silenced by terror, or bribes, or flattery. But instinct! How undignified to be forced to do right by compulsion! What? By the compulsion of our own nature, by the imperious and imperial sense of our obligations to our fellow men? On the contrary, I think we should be ennobled by the possession of such a moral force. Even conscience, however blind or feeble, raises us in the scale of being, though, in its roots and essential nature, it be simply an instinct, and an instinct too of a very composite character: for though recognized now by consciousness as a single force, it is made up of many impulses or sentiments. But as the properties of a proteid, of a salt, or other compound, afford us but slight indications of the properties of its elements, so we must be prepared to find the conscience made up of elements unsuspected, perhaps, before analysis.

Now, if we accept the theory of evolution, we are forced to admit that as our limbs and mental faculties have been evolved, so the moral sense has been evolved likewise; and it is further necessitated by the theory; that we go back to a creature that had *no* moral sense, and, further still, to a creature so wholly animal as to be simply selfish. Now, if this be true (and no evolutionist will withhold assent), the moral sense must have had its roots in selfishness—must have been evolved out of it. But at this period of our human history, none can be sure that his analysis is perfect, or that it embraces all the elements of conscience, so indissolubly knit together, or, like a bundle of fused metallic rods, so welded into one by time and association and heredity, that we intuitively accept it as a single soul-force. And yet as evolutionists—and, of course, Professor Watson is one—we are obliged to believe that it sprang not at a bound into being, full-formed—a Minerva from the head of Jove—but was, by small increments and modifications, fashioned slowly and insensibly by the hands of time. Let me illustrate.

The sense of property-rights seems to me an essential one of the elements that go to make up conscience; thus, this coat belongs to A., and this other coat to B., but C. attempts to take by force the coat of B., and, by the very act of doing so, menaces A.; for as A. and B. hold by the same tenure, whatever weakens or extirpates the rights of B, tends, by parity of reasoning, to render precarious the rights of A.; for A. must feel (*tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*) that the wrong done B. in action, is done to A. in principle; and thus are enlisted the feelings of A. in behalf B., and his indignation against C. *Sibi quisque timet quamquam est intactus et odit.*

In short, we can only retain rights for ourselves by retaining them for others. Hence our own rights are bound up in the *common bundle* of human rights, and the sense of this growing in us throughout the ages, has become part and parcel of our moral economy, and the more fiercely self-love burns in us,—the higher the estimate we place on our own rights, and the more horrible we conceive their violation,—the more indelibly are we engraving on our moral nature the equal obligation of the rights of everyone else, so that even self-love ministers to universal well-being.

I shall put this in another shape. Every man is an I (an ego). The world is full of I's—I1, I2, I3, I4, and so on. Now the different I's are indiscriminately entitled, so that we cannot single out from amongst them any particular I—whether I1, or I2, or I3, or I4—and affirm of him that he is differently entitled, more or less. In the scales of justice, I2, I3, I4 weighs each exactly the same, and each one singly as much as I1. Thus justice—the equal interest of every man—takes in the whole circle of human relations, helping the whole social machine to work smoothly, reconciling the rights of the ego and of the alter, treating the I, and the other I, and all the I's, alike, making them all interchangeably equal, however posited in consciousness, so that change or exchange or shuffle them as we will, wherever you draw, an I is drawn with his entitlement, nor more nor less. Whereas it is of the very essence of injustice that the rights of one I (the ego-ego) be held to override the rights of any or of all the other (1,000,000,000) I's.

Now, this alternating process of substitution has been going on in men's minds—consciously, sub-consciously, unconsciously—for ages, until, the multiplicity and the endless variety of the cases that come up for decision invigorating the reason and purifying and sensitising the moral sense, the original purely personal element gets eliminated out of consciousness, and by degrees is forgotten and ignored; while the sacred sense of right, as right, remains, purged of the selfishness out of which it sprang.

'Ipsa utilitas justi prope mater et equi.'

The maxims of morality, more or less true, come down to us by tradition and root themselves in our youthful minds; but the solidified moral sense is transmitted by heredity, and forms an integral part of our very selves. It is, so to speak, our experiences—not from, but—*in* our grandfathers; the result stereotyped in our constitutions of all the ictuses of the various forces in this direction which had affected the whole line of our ancestry from the very first—transmitted feelings in transmitted structure.

Again, natural selection would adopt and continue the sentiment of justice as tending to benefit the race; for in the wake of injustice follow murder and rapine and idleness: for who would be at pains to acquire what he could not be secure to enjoy? who would sow what another might equally reap? This in process of time must lead to thinness of population in the tribe and possible extinction. Whereas a tribe practising justice and giving security to property acquired by industry, with abundance in her train, would in time increase in number, and thus be in a position to *transmit* to a numerous and growing posterity *the sentiment* intensified.

Pity, too, forms an element in conscience. Our pity in its origin was, probably, pity for ourselves. Then, in the process of evolution, pity for ourselves in others, pity for others through pity for ourselves—a kind of reflex pity; but now, in its perfect phase, transmuted into pity for others irrespective of ourselves. And I think that, when we hear of the sufferings of others through wrong-doing, we cannot divest ourselves of the belief that in the amalgam of conscience pity is an integral and powerful element—a force in the rear.

Fear seems another element. Thou shalt do no murder, is the voice of conscience. The mind had painted the whole horrid scene,—the deadly blow, the struggle, the agony of the hour,—and transferring it all to self, had shuddered at the deed and hated the doer, and registered it in the brain *with the feelings it had awakened* as a foul and hideous act that *ought not* to have been committed. and had emphasised the ought with the fiercest energy of the will, and affixed to it her blackest mark, tabulating it in the memory as the first and worst of crimes, to be followed by dire, indiscriminating vengeance, including thus the I (ego); for if the I be exempted, he who commits the crime is always an I to himself, and is by parity of reasoning to be exempted too.

Hate, too, is an element in the indignation felt against the wrong-doer for his wrong.

Hope, too, sees in the establishment of right as an immovable principle, the only sure foundation on which to build for the realization of her golden dreams; and the love of liberty enfolds the liberty of others equally, and so on to the end.

Thus is added strand after strand of transmuted feeling, till, growing into a coil solid and homogeneous, it tends to become strong enough to resist the strain of all the forces of self. And right, grown into a necessity of social well-being, and now recognized more and more as such, still extends her sway on all sides, till, hallowed by hoary usage and religious adoption, her claims to supremacy are no longer disputed by civilized men, and thus the inner feelings and the outer facts become harmonized and afford to each other a mutual support. Thus conscience, the moral sense, becomes the very key-stone of the arch of the whole social edifice, *to disturb which were to imperil the very existence of society* itself, and reduce all to universal anarchy. Thus from a seed of self-interest has grown this lordly tree whose roots have penetrated into the deepest soil and twined themselves round every fibre of our most inward nature, and under whose shadow only can the nations repose in peace.

From primal selfishness (1); to self-interest, including by very necessity the interest of others (2); to enlightened self-love, with the well-being of others as a con-

scious end (3); to the moral sense enthroned supreme and demanding obedience to right as right (4); the change has been so great and so gradual that the simplicity and poverty of the elements out of which this mighty power has been evolved, become all but lost to view in the grandeur of the solidified and transformed moral sense.

But great as has been the change, it is not without parallel in the physical world, for who, prior to analysis, would have suspected that a glass of water was a hydrogen cinder, a burnt metal, an oxidized gas. Of course, what I have written of the imperiousness of the moral sense is true only of it in its principle—true only of it in the souls of the most morally advanced—of the noble few, the vanguard of the world. Still we all are, all *must* be, marchers upward, though the stragglers and laggers are to be found on every stage of the great highway, and some are content even to belong to 'the invincible rear.'

But conscience is still simply an *instinct*, though a lordly one. Existing outside the sphere of the will, she acts automatically and uncontrolled, not as one among competing impulses, but supreme above them all. With her prime-minister, Reason, on her right hand, she sits on her throne, conscious of the legitimacy of her sway. He makes the laws, and she enforces them. She impresses on him the necessity that the laws enacted by him, both in their present effects and future consequences, shall bear with even impartiality on all; and he on his part (I speak, of course, of functions and assigned duties) weighs in the balance the probable effect of each enactment before making it; whilst she, whose influence pervades all consciousness, from its centre to its circumference, suffers the pain of each infraction, and, by suffering, inflicts it. She guides not to the theoretic right, nor informs us respecting it; is passive rather than active; and, strange as it may appear, is sometimes gratified even when we are pursuing a course of evil. But this is the fault of her prime-minister, not her own. For conscience (all heart but no head) is essentially an instinct—what Professor Watson calls a 'blind, unreasoning impulse' (324) to all right doing—but which, when enlightened by her prime-minister as to what is right in any particular case, always urges its being done.

Let us take as an illustration the case of Paul. Paul's conscience looked on approvingly when he was committing to prison men and women for honestly obeying the profoundest convictions of their souls; and it afterwards looked on equally approvingly when he was preaching the very faith he had formerly destroyed. Though my reading serves me with no instance in which these two powers of the soul—reason and conscience—have been adequately differentiated and held apart, yet great confusion is bred by not keeping them distinct. For conscience is only a kind of moral thermometer (ethometer) in which the mercury of pleasure or of pain rises or falls in exact proportion—constitutional and acquired sensitiveness being taken into account—as we obey the dicta of the reason, be those dicta right or be they wrong. The obedience, *as obedience*, yields the needful warmth to the gratified conscience: whilst disobedience, *as disobedience*, chills it down to dissatisfaction; to the freezing point of pain; or to the zero of anguish and remorse. In short, reason guides; conscience feels. Reason without conscience might develop a man into a Mephistophilean fiend: conscience without reason, into a scourge and curse of the world—into a Mahommedan propagating his faith by fire and sword; a Thug committing murder as a religious duty; an Inquisitor, for some old lumber of a dogma, roasting his human victim at the stake. To be of any real, permanent utility, these two powers of the mind must work in harmony. Though the imperious sense of right rings with the voice of authority through every corridor of the soul, yet must it not be forgotten, that it is only an *instinct*, to be instructed by the reason; hence the necessity of a well informed, well balanced judgment, else the great engine, if running off the track of right, may, as in the case of Paul, produce mischief in proportion to the greatness of its power.

The selfish appetites and passions of our nature may, indeed, seduce and suborn the cunning intellect to go in quest of arguments to becloud and sophisticate the judgment, and, so, mislead the conscience; or the commands of conscience may be

wholly disregarded and trampled on. But when reason affirms that this and nothing but this is right, conscience must urge, you *ought* to do it. But without this imperious ought-power—this lord of the vassal will—to enforce the decision of the reason, I believe the machine would prove a failure, needing the propelling energy of conscience to enable it to work.

Though man's nature is as truly made for virtue as a clock to keep time (Butler), yet our passions and our moral nature are not so evenly balanced, so nicely adjusted, but that they come into constant and fierce collision. The lower animals yield themselves unreservedly to the immediate or momentary passion; the higher animals, not always absolutely; the lowest savages are swayed almost wholly by their passions and by little else: persons of low natures among civilized men are, as a rule, governed more by their passions than by their moral sense; and it is only the élite of humanity, the aristocracy of nature, who strive habitually to subordinate their passions to their higher nature, who seek to be true to their whole selves, and to discipline their minds to the control of that principle within them, which, under the guidance of reason, is plainly stamped with an authority from which there is no appeal. I speak not of punishment or reward, but of an education of obedience to right as right; else

'Tolle periclum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.'

As civilized men we are yet only in the *transition* stage of our moral life. Our brain it not enough differentiated, grown, and sensitive. But the process is going on, and the result certain. Vice is such a disturbing element in the adjustment of the social and human systems, that it tends perpetually to be squeezed out of both.* Being an impediment to the movements of the social machine, it tends to extinction. Our nature is adapted to virtue, but, adds the great thinker, 'every work of art is apt to be out of order; but this is so far from being *according* to its system, that, let the disorder increase, and it will totally destroy it.' (Butler, Pref. to Sermons). Vice jars the machinery, and the multiplied vices of individuals—the multiplied jars—are sometimes so great and so many, as to throw even the whole social machine out of gear; whereas virtue—the smooth, free working of the machine—tends to advantage, and therefore to be selected.

Thus vices, *i.e.* moral *weaknesses*, tend to die out, if there be any truth in the survival of the fittest; whilst virtue, *i.e.* moral *strength*, tends to live. Sympathy for our fellow-men, affectionateness, the love of right, strengthen the individual and benefit society, and therefore look towards survival; whereas envy and hatred depress and lower the vital powers, as well as injure society, and therefore tend towards extinction. Love warms the heart, and exalts the life; but envy and hatred, ever their own worst avengers, prey upon both mind and body.

'Invidus alterius *macrescit* rebus opimis;
Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum.'

'The permanent self of reason' (p. 325) only means *ourselves*, our whole selves, ourselves regarded as a 'system or constitution,' as Bishop Butler would say. Now, if our nature, regarded as a *constitution*, be adapted to virtue as a clock's to keep time, adapted constitutionally to all the requirements of morality and universal well-being; if this be the great present realized outcome of the ages—the development out of selfish self-gratification—the necessary result of the creature's constitution *once*—into a constitution *now* which impels to, and tends to compass, and can never be satisfied with anything short of compassing, the well-being of all; and if this grand upward movement be, not an accidental, but a compelled result—a result that, as I have shown, grew up

* Let not our police be frightened. Our moral Utopia may need a thousand millenniums or more for its establishment. But as we have grown out of the brutish animal and the degraded savage to our present *very* imperfect state, so are we advancing, if slowly yet surely, to that state in which life will flow on more calmly, but suitably to our milder and more adjusted nature, and in which the well-being of others will be pursued eagerly as an end in itself. We have, it is true, a long, long, weary way to travel yet. Our Lincoln elections forbid the belief that the golden age is about to commence to-morrow, or the day after. Our politicians and legislators, with a few exceptions, play 'the game of Politics' as they do the game of chess; nor are we ourselves in a position to complain that we are unfairly represented; so that life is a very small and sorry affair at best.

naturally and necessarily;—I think we may acquit Mr. Pollock (p. 322) of any grave error, when he affirms that there is '*some* scientific *presumption** in favour of existing morality.' Indeed, the whole outcome would be the same, if the evolution had to be gone over again, similar principles similarly conditioned being ever productive of similar effects—a necessary corollary of the adequacy of cause. And if the line along which the animal has travelled up to the human, and by which humanity has reached its fullest development, be the line of strength; if morality has proved a source of advantage and has, therefore, been selected and made permanent, and anything short of morality a source of weakness; if, in the stationary or savage races, immorality—an immoral, tribe-confined habit of regarding things, coupled with an ignoring of obligation to anything outside the tribe—has shown itself a ground of feebleness; if vice has ever proved a moral dry-rot of the body politic, and, like a ship studded with barnacles, is encumbered everywhere with disadvantages; if our social life (as it has become) is still becoming more and more complex, and therefore needs nicer adjustments to the requirements of a more exercised and advanced reason, and of a more delicate moral sense;—then, in proportion as our nature grows increasingly into harmony with virtue, more adapted to the complexities of this advancing life, so will those who lag behind in the race of virtue, and whose lives are in discord with their more complex environment, be (cæt. par.) at a vast disadvantage, and, as the struggle goes on with increasing severity for the less developed natures,† will gradually thin out and probably become extinct.

But if this be in any large measure true; if no time can arrive when the savage races *in* their savagery can supplant the Caucasian *in* his civilization—the Blackfoot and the Carib, the Teuton and the Gaul—how can we assent to the argument of Professor Watson (p. 321), that 'the truth of the physical laws of inheritance and variability will not be overthrown, if the golden age is placed in the past and not in the future.'

So many start aghast from the very name of Evolution, as if they believed that they had been dropped suddenly from the heavens with full-grown minds and bodies, and had not been evolved out of a protoplasmic germ, and, by gradual increment and modification, become slowly unfolded into rational and moral men. So much difference does our familiarity with any fact make in our mode of regarding it. For what is the difference, in the question of dignity, whether the development took for its completion a few years or as many æons. Is not the end achieved everything? Who could have imagined prior to experience, that—to go no further back—a lump of dull-eyed, sucking humanity, would, instead of being arrested in its development like the lower creatures, unfold into a man of flashing thought and profound investigation. And does it not come to but this, that the period of our germ-life ought not to have been placed so far back in the eternities; and that what we see taking place under our own eyes *now*, could not have taken place then, because we were not there to witness it.

In this connexion, I must quote a late beautiful utterance of Professor Maudsley: 'There are,' says he, 'men who have not only shirked positive enquiry from indolence, but have hated it from hostility. They dread the thought of being shown to be *one with nature*, and repudiate with abhorrence the suggestion that their bodies and minds will ever receive scientific *explanation;* as if their bodies and minds would be degraded to something quite different from what they are by being *understood*, like other natural phenomena, and described in terms of scientific thought.'

But whatever others may dread, men who, like Professor Watson, spring with joy and alacrity into the open arena of free thought, are hardly the men to start back from the pursuit of truth, scared by any spectres of the imagination. To such I appeal.

J. A. Allen.

* A 'presumption' standing for the lowest and weakest link in the chain of probabilities, and that even qualified by the word 'some.'

† In this connexion Prof. Watson quotes a passage from the works of that man of profound thought and colossal intellect, Herbert Spencer. But Mr. Spencer is there speaking of the lowest creatures, and is careful to add, 'when the life led by the species does not demand higher attributes,' whereas the question in debate is in reference to the higher animals and to man, whose life does demand them. But that Mr. Spencer is no believer in the golden age in the past, and not in the brightening future, is left nowhere doubtful by him.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WATTIE ELLISON DECLINES AN INVITATION.

FLORA TRAVERS sat on the box seat of the 99th drag at the Eton and Harrow match.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the bright scene—upon the crowds of carriages, the sea of faces, the dazzling masses of pale and dark blue, which encircled the smooth open green sward in the middle, where every eye was fixed eagerly upon a handful of slender boys in white flannel.

I know not a more characteristically English scene than this same great annual cricket-match. In no other nation of Europe could such an intense excitement be created by so small a cause.

Merely a game between a few schoolboys! Yet it is a thing of national interest. There is not a heart in all that vast assembly that does not beat with intense apprehension as to the final result of that two days' game, from the grey-haired statesman who remembers his own Eton days, and proudly watches his slight grandson fielding among the light blue Eleven, down to the fat-cheeked ten-year-old Harrow boy in the lowest form in the school, who sits among his schoolfellows, hallooing and shouting he hardly knows at what.

And the ladies, bless them, are as eager as the men! Have they not all of them brothers, cousins, sons, or grandsons, in one or other of the two great schools? And, if these are wanting, the lover possibly was a 'Harrow man,' or at all events they have a pair or so of gloves on the result, enough to give to one and all a feeling of enthusiastic partisanship.

No game is to the uninitiated so uninteresting to watch as cricket; yet all this great mixed multitude, three-fourths of whom hardly know swift from slow bowling, and have not the remotest idea what is meant by longstop or short slip, sit out here for hours and hours in the shadeless sunshine, watching every ball in breathless and almost in silent suspense, as if their very lives depended on it.

Flora Travers sits on the box seat of the 99th drag in her dark-blue bonnet and white muslin dress, with a plate of cold salmon on her lap, and a glass of champagne in her hand. Captain Hartley is on one side of her, and another gallant Lancer clinging on between earth and heaven, one foot on the wheel and one on some step midway, stands on the other side of her helping her to salad. Flora looks and laughs from one to the other, utters her little sallies, dimples over with pretty little smiles, registers her little bets, and looks and is supremely happy.

Every thought of Wattie and his displeasure has gone out of her head. It is very delightful to be where she is; Captain Hartley is devoted to her; she is conscious of being well dressed in spite of the dark-blue bonnet; the sunshine is bright, the scene is all new to her, and she is seventeen! What more can she want? The young are very philosophical; the passing hour is of more value to them than the look-out of their whole lives.

And then in the very middle of it all, just as the day was nearly over—when in half an hour six o'clock would be struck on the big clock across the ground, and the wickets would be drawn—just as she was laughing her gayest and looking her brightest and happiest, down in the moving crowd below she catches sight of Wattie's face looking up at her, stern and displeased.

She half rose from her seat and made a little gesture to beckon him to her; but he only lifted his hat distantly and coldly, and passed on and was lost among the sea of black coats.

And all at once the sushine and the bright

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ness and all the freshness seemed to have gone out of everything, and nothing seemed pleasant or happy to her any longer.

When she reached home an hour later, Juliet met her at the door.

'Well, dear, have you had a pleasant day? have you enjoyed it?' she asked of her young sister-in-law. But Flora answered her dejectedly and wearily.

'Oh yes, I suppose so; it was very hot, and I am dreadfully tired;' and she passed languidly upstairs.

'It was a delightful day, Juliet!' cried Mrs. Dalmaine, who had come home with her. 'You poor dear, not to have gone at all! There was Lord George wandering about in misery, looking for you. He had to come and console himself with me. Such lots of people! and such a splendid lunch we had! And there is no doubt about it that Jack Hartley is quite struck by your Flora; you may take my word for it, that will be a match!'

With all Mrs. Dalmaine's flirting propensities, she always took a true woman's interest in the making up of a match.

A marriage, she was in the habit of saying, often spoilt a man, but generally made a woman; and any addition to the sacred sisterhood of 'frisky matrons' was hailed by her as a benefit to the community at large. She looked upon Flora as a very hopeful sort of young woman—'really, you know, not bad for a girl,' she would say—and she would have been genuinely pleased to see her married to some one in her own set.

With all her faults, Rosa Dalmaine never grudged a younger and prettier woman her triumphs. She had suffered too much herself from the spiteful and envious tongues of other women to be anything but generous to a possible rival.

Mrs. Dalmaine had long ago forgiven Juliet for disappointing her about the water party to Maidenhead, but she had not forgotten her friend's promise of a dinner at Hurlingham to make up for it.

The day was now fixed for this dinner, and the invitations were sent out. Cis promised Juliet that he would go, and Captain Hartley was, of course, among those invited.

'Would you mind very much asking one more, Juliet?' Flora said to her sister-in-law with a trembling voice, coming up and standing nervously behind her chair.

'And whom do you want me to ask, Flora?'

'Wattie,' answered the girl, with a deep blush. Juliet turned round and looked up at her for a moment.

'If you think you can manage to keep all your lovers in order, my dear,' she said, laughing, 'I will ask him, by all means.'

'Oh, thank you, Juliet dear!' cried Flora with alacrity; and in her own mind she determined to show Wattie once for all how mistaken he was in being so jealous, by snubbing Captain Hartley and being everything that was gracious to himself. It should go hard with her, she thought, if she did not manage somehow to reinstate herself in his good graces during that evening.

The following morning the answer to Juliet's invitation lay on the breakfast table. Flora, who was down first, recognised the handwriting of the note, but would not seem to notice it; she busied herself with teasing the kitten and putting lumps of sugar into the canary's cage, and would not even look round when Juliet came in and began opening her letters.

'Pretty dickey—pretty dick!' said Flora, standing in front of the cage stuffing her fingers through the bars, to the no small alarm of its fluttering and tweaking occupant. 'Pretty little dickey!' and all the time her heart was beating and thumping so that she could hardly breathe.

'I am so sorry Wattie can't come on Saturday, Flora!' broke in Juliet's voice from the breakfast table.

'Pretty dickey!' said Flora again, but this time in a fainter voice, and her heart seemed to stop altogether for an instant, and then she stood quite still, staring into the cage for a moment or two before she spoke.

'Oh, can't he? Well, I dare say we shall be very happy without him.' And then she sat down to the table and helped herself rather largely to curried eggs.

Juliet had thrown the note carelessly across the table to her, and presently she took it up and read it—merely a formal answer—he was very sorry to be unable to accept Mrs. Travers's kind invitation—that was all; he did not even plead another engagement!

'I suppose you don't want to keep it,' she said, and then solaced her angry feel-

ings by tearing it up viciously into very small pieces.

When the morning of the dinner arrived, Cis said to his wife after breakfast—

'I am afraid I shan't be able to go with you to Hurlingham, Juliet.'

'Not go, Cis? Why, you promised me that you would, and I think it will be hardly civil to our guests if you do not,' said Juliet in some dismay.

'I am very sorry,' he answered, looking down and shuffling his feet nervously up and down the hearth-rug. 'Of course I meant to go—but the fact is, I have had a letter from home—my father is not very well—nothing to speak of, of course, but I think he wants to see me, and in short I think I had better run down to-day, and I know you can do very well without me.'

Juliet looked into her husband's face, and something in its weak irresolute lines told her that he was not speaking the truth to her.

'Oh, very well,' she answered coldly and contemptuously; 'please yourself, of course.'

Cis kissed her with some effusion, feeling rather thankful to be let off so easily, but Juliet shrank involuntarily from the conjugal salute.

'There, that will do; there is nothing to kiss me about; I suppose there is no occasion to say anything to Flora about your father's indisposition!' with a ring of scorn in the last words.

'Oh dear no, certainly not!' said Cis airily, and went his way into his study; and, having carefully shut the door, he drew out of his pocket and proceeded to read over a small note written in cramped foreign-looking characters.

'Will you come and see me to-morrow as early as you can?' ran this note. 'I have an idle morning and a great deal to talk to you about—in fact, I want your advice and counsel upon a most important matter—you never have anything to do, so I know you will come if you can; and perhaps you will take me out to Hampstead, where I am due at three o'clock to play at a charity concert. I will make you benefit the charitable purposes of it by taking a ticket and listening to my performances.

'Yours sincerely,

'GRETCHEN.'

Half-an-hour later, Cis Travers had put himself into a hansom and was bowling along swiftly westwards towards Gretchen Rudenbach's little suburban villa.

'So Mr. Travers has thrown your dinner over!' said Mrs. Dalmaine, as the two friends were driving down together that afternoon to Hurlingham in the victoria, Flora having gone on with some other members of their party.

'Yes, he has gone down to Broadley,' answered Juliet, putting a good face on her husband's defection; 'his father was not very well, and he thought he ought to go. It is tiresome, of course, but ——'

'But, neither you nor I ever thought he meant to come!' interrupted her friend with a laugh.

'I don't know, why you should say so,' said Juliet, a little nettled. 'Cis had every intention of going last night; I assure you it was only this morning, when the letter came from his father, that he thought it right to go down.'

Mrs. Dalmaine threw back her pretty little blonde head, and burst out laughing.

'My poor Juliet! and you don't mean to say you believe that story? How wonderfully easily some wives are duped!'

'What do you mean, Rosa? You do not, surely, think——'

'I do most surely think that, having been up to lunch to-day with my old aunt, who lives at the back of the Zoological Gardens, as I came southwards in a hansom I encountered your husband coming up northwards, also in a hansom, with——'

'Ah, for heaven's sake don't say it!' cried poor Juliet, clutching hold of her arm; but Rosa Dalmaine was relentless.

'Why do you get so upset about things, my dear? You had much better know who it was—it was that little German pianiste with the big innocent eyes, who played at your musical party.'

And then Juliet leant back in the carriage with a very white face, and did not speak another word during the rest of the drive.

It was not jealousy—she did not love her husband well enough to be jealous—it was the shame of it that she felt so acutely.

That he should stoop to deceive her, to invent paltry lies to mislead her, that he should put it in the power of others to twit her with his desertion and his double dealing, made him appear so utterly contemptible in her eyes, that every shadow of affec-

tion and respect that lingered in her heart towards him died away out of it from that very minute. What duty, she asked herself bitterly, does a wife owe to a husband who has thus lost all claim to her respect? what meaning, what binding power is there in those old vows to 'love and to honour' where it has become impossible to do either? Poor storm-tossed, well-nigh despairing woman! Only the temptation seemed now wanting to complete her most utter loss. And even that was not far off.

About an hour later on that same afternoon it so happened that Colonel Fleming was standing idly lighting his cigar on the steps outside his club, listening with half-attention to some old Indian reminiscences which Major-General Chutney was volubly pouring into his ear, when a phaeton and showy pair of high-stepping cobs pulled up at the door, and Hugh recognized with a nod his cousin, that lord of whom mention has before been made in these pages.

'My dear Hugh!' cried this august personage, 'delighted to see you! I came after another fellow, but you'll do much better—come, jump up here; I've got a few men to dinner at Hurlingham this evening—will you join us? Jump up, and I'll drive you down. The man who was going with me has lost his grandmother, or his uncle, or somebody, and just sent to say he can't go—and it is so dull, driving alone; and, by Jove, I'd rather have your company than any one else's; so jump up.'

'Thanks,' answered Hugh, with no great eagerness; 'you are very kind, but I don't think Hurlingham dinners are much in my line. I have been so long away you know. It's very kind, all the same, of you——'

'Kind, be ——!' exclaimed his lordship, with good-tempered heartiness. 'Don't stand making speeches to me. What's the good of a cousin if he can't take a short notice and come and dine with one in a friendly way! I really want your company, man; so make no more fuss about it, but jump up, and don't keep these fidgeting brutes waiting any longer.'

'Oh, if you put it in that way, of course I shall be delighted,' said Hugh, and straightway mounted into the phaeton, and, nodding farewell to the little General, was driven off.

Major-General Chutney, who knew the great man well by sight, gazed after them with admiring awe.

'How pleased Mrs. Chutney will be to hear about it!' he reflected, rubbing his hands together; 'called him "Hugh," too, as chummy as possible, and off they drove like a couple of brothers! Mrs Chutney will like to hear about it; she was so angry with her sister the other day for saying she didn't believe his cousin the lord ever noticed him. It will be quite a little triumph for Mrs. Chutney, quite—she'll want to ask him to dinner at once, I believe.'

So it was that Fate brought these two, Juliet Travers and Hugh Fleming, together once more that day.

There is no pleasanter, sweeter spot in and about all our dusty, toiling capital than that cool, green, river-side Club, that has of late years taken so important a place in London's yearly gaieties. The afternoon sunshine comes slantingly down upon the somewhat weather-beaten façade of the old-fashioned house, that has no pretensions to architectural beauty, yet has a certain old-world dignity which gives it a quiet charm of its own. On the smooth green lawn before it are spread out numberless little tables with snowy cloths, where tea and strawberries are being rapidly consumed by the gay, chattering crowd, in many-coloured butterfly garments. Further on is a background of green—the shaded meadow, with glimpses of the white shining river beyond it through the gaps in the chestnut trees; whilst the faint popping of the guns beyond the garden hardly detracts from the rurality of the scene.

English people have few out-door recreations; yet there is hardly a nation in Europe that values and appreciates so well the few it has.

'By-and-by the crowd disperses, carriages drive off, and the gardens are deserted. Two parties ramaining to dine are alone left in the big empty house and its grounds.

'There is another dinner-party in the next room,' whispered Flora to her sister-in-law, as they went into the house; 'I wonder who they are.'

'Only some men, I think; I hope they won't be very noisy,' answered Juliet carelessly.

The dinner was long and hot, and, as far as Juliet was concerned, interminably wearisome.

It struck her for the first time, too, that Flora was talking to Captain Hartley with an eagerness and an excitement that were hardly natural to her, and that Captain Hartley was drinking a good deal of champagne, and seemed to be drawing her on into a more marked and noticeable flirtation than she quite approved of. She began to feel sorry that he had been invited, and to hope that no harm would come of it.

Rose Dalmaine, too, was full of life and vivacity, and kept the talk going with untiring energy; the other two ladies of the party also seemed full of enjoyment, and to be equally delighted with themselves and the men who sat on either side of them.

Only Juliet herself felt dull and spiritless and weary—her head ached, and talking was an effort to her. She longed to be alone, to think out the miserable story of her husband's duplicity, which saddened and revolted her even more than his supposed infidelity could do.

She was very thankful when some one proposed leaving the hot dinner room and adjourning to the gardens. The long windows were thrown open, and in a few minutes the whole party had gladly dispersed itself out of doors.

Wrapping her shawl hastily around her, Juliet fled alone into the dark summer night. The perfect silence and solitude, succeeding to the noisy clatter of the dinner table, were a relief to her; the cool night-breezes fanned her heated brow; heavily scented lime-trees, and rich clusters of cream and crimson roses, filled the air with a thousand subtle perfumes, and seemed to calm and soothe the turmoil in her heart.

Presently she came to the river—it sped along swiftly, but silently—a wide white flood in the silver moonlight.

She walked slowly, her arms folded upon her bosom, her head bent downwards, her long silk draperies trailing heavily upon the gravel walk behind her.

And, all at once, just where a bright gleam of summer moonshine broke through an opening in the dark trees, some one stood in front of her, and called her by her name:

'Juliet, is that you?'

She stood still, and looked up.

Hugh Fleming stood before her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BY THE RIVER.

'YES, it is I,' she answered. 'How did you come here? I did not know you were here: were you dining in the next room to us?'

He drew her into the deep shade of the trees before he answered her.

'Yes, I was dining with my cousin; he asked me this afternoon. I did not want to come, but he made such a point of it that I could not well refuse. Believe me, had I known that you were to be here, I would not have come.'

'How many apologies, Hugh, for the misfortune of meeting me!' she said, not reproachfully nor bitterly, but very, very sadly.

He did not answer.

They stood together, those two, in the utter silence of the night, alone, and yet apart; they were side by side, yet she did not even look at him;—the dark trees threw their sheltering shadows about them, the wide river flowed on at their feet. Against its white, hazy flood, Juliet's tall, dark figure stood out clear and distinct; he could see every line of the delicate profile turned away from him, every fluttering lock of her soft hair, that the light breeze had ruffled upon her brow, and the slender white fingers, clasped listlessly together, that shone out like ivory against her dark dress.

'Shall I go? would you like me to go?' she asked, very gently, turning to him and holding out her hand.

He took the hand, but held it fast.

'No, as we have met, let me say good-bye to you here. I must have seen you once again.'

'Good-bye?' she asked falteringly.

'Yes, good-bye. I have made up my mind to go back to India as soon as I possibly can. Until then, I shall leave town and go into the country, to Paris perhaps; anywhere away from London and from you. It is better so, believe me.'

Back upon her memory there came that scene at Sotherne, long years ago, when once before he had told her he was going to leave her: the darkened room, the flickering fire-light—his words so nearly the same as those he was speaking now—the faint sickness at her heart, and then her own mad words of despair.

Are things perpetually thus repeated and reproduced in this world in an ever revolving circle? she wondered vaguely, with a dull, aching wonder that was hardly pain.

'I am much stronger than I was,' he continued, in an unmovedly calm voice. 'My doctor tells me there is no reason why I should stay in England longer than I like. I cannot well sail before the end of October or the beginning of November; but, meanwhile, I have one or two invitations to Scotland, and an uncle in the south who would like to see me before I go back, and I can always spend a week or two in Paris with an old friend. I mean to leave town next week, and should have called to wish you good-bye in a day or two; but, as we have met, let us say our good-bye here; it will be better, don't you think so?'

But Juliet stood still, with head low bowed upon her bosom, and did not answer.

'You know very well how bitter it is to me to leave you.' he went on after a few moments in a lower voice, and clasping the hand that he held tighter within his own. 'But you know also that there is no other course left for me, after—after what has happened. As long as I am here, you can have no rest, no peace, my poor child—but when I am gone, and you are no longer in daily dread of coming across me, you will be able to take an interest once more in your ordinary duties and occupations—the memory of much that is now painful to you will become softened and dimmed by time and absence, and you will grow reconciled to that life which my unfortunate presence has for a while troubled.'

Then all at once the flood-gates of her heart were opened, and she burst into a wild and passionate cry:

'My life! what is my life? What have I to live for? What one single thing have I in this world to make me love it? Hugh, my love, my darling—do not leave me, for pity's sake, do not leave me again—I cannot live without you—take me with you—take me with you!'

Her arms were round his neck, her warm breath, her passionate words in his ear, her heaving bosom upon his heart. With a smothered cry, he clasped her there tightly, despairingly, and showered down mad, hot kisses upon her sweet, quivering lips.

And then upon his heart she poured forth all the story of her wasted life, all the love she had given to him long ago, all the miserable despair that had driven her to marry Cis, all the honest struggles, the hard warfare that she had waged ever since with her own heart. All the story of her husband's falseness and duplicity, his coldness to her, his contemptible weakness, his powerlessness to ensure even regard and esteem—she told it all, the long pent-up misery of a lifetime, in broken sobbing words, clasped upon his heart; and then came again the wail.

'What have I left—what have I to live for, if you leave me? Oh, Hugh! take me with you, take me with you!'

In the moments of silence that succeeded her passionate words—words in which all pride, all shame, all self-consciousness, every lesser feeling was merged in the one great love that, through all its sinfulness, had yet something almost divine in its utter self-devotion, like the impress of a master's chisel on the ruined temples of antiquity—in those few moments, when the beating of their own hearts seemed to sound in the ears of those two louder than the soft sighing of the wind in the branches above them, than the subdued slush of the river against its banks, at their feet—in those moments God knows what reckless agony of despair was not in the heart of the woman, what fierce heat of soul-consuming temptation in that of the man.

And then he spoke, brokenly, tremblingly at first, but more steadily, more clearly, as he went on.

'Dearest,' and his hand tenderly strayed over the soft dark head that lay on his bosom, 'I do not think I ever loved you so well as at this moment. Do you remember in the old days how once before you offered your sweet self to me, love? and how I left you then because honour bade me?—fatal error, that I have ever since regretted, and never more bitterly than at this moment! Then it was myself that I considered; I was afraid of being thought to have taken an unfair advantage over you, to have sought your money, to have wooed you as the heiress, and not as the woman. If such scruples were strong enough to make me leave you then—leave you as, before God, I believed, to forget me shortly in a more suitable marriage with another—do you not think I have ten thousand times stronger reasons for leaving you

now—now that it is not my honour, but yours, that is at stake? Can your dishonour, your disgrace, bring happiness to either of us? Darling, I love you too well to take you at your word!'

'You despise me!' she sobbed, moving uneasily in his arms.

'Not so, love. Can a man, worthy of the name of man, ever do otherwise than honour the woman whose only sin is that of loving him too well? To me you must ever be the same—it is of the world's slanders that I was speaking—you do not know how cruel and how blighting they can be, my child. You think you would not feel them; but, believe me, I should feel them for you. My Juliet, my darling! second, but dearest and strongest love of my life, that no other woman can ever displace from my heart whilst I live—by your own dear words you have placed yourself and your life in my hands. Well, then, I will dispose of it. I give it you back, as the most precious gift I can offer you! I tell you that, lonely and miserable as it is, it is still better and holier than the life you would spend with me—that there are duties still left for you, in the patient fulfilment of which you may still find—if not happiness, at least peace.'

He ceased speaking. Juliet's cheek, wet with tears, was pressed against his arm in silence.

Across the river, the lights on the opposite bank gleamed out in the darkness, and flung long streaks of broken red flame across the water. A bird, awakened, perhaps, by the sound of their voices, twittered for a moment in the branches above them. A gust of distant laughter came up from the great white club-house behind them, so faint, so distant, that its merriment scarcely jarred upon them. All his life long, Hugh could see that scene before his eyes, and hear those sounds in his ears.

'Hugh, I cannot—I cannot leave off loving you,' she said, raising her heavy eyes, glistening with tears, to his.

'God forbid that you should,' he answered. 'I do not think the impossible is ever expected of us in this world—to tell you to do that would be to tell you to work miracles. Why should you not love me, my poor child? You have nothing else to love! Away with those who would see a sin in love! Love is divine—intense, honest love, however mistaken, however unfortunate the circumstances of it may be, must for ever be ennobling to him who loves and to him who is loved. Love me, my child, as I shall love you; but, darling, we may not meet—not again in this world, if we can help it. I will keep out of your way even if I ever come back from India again; and for the present, for many years probably, there will be half the earth between us; and I will write to you often. We may at least be friends, dear friends, since we must be nothing more.'

'You will write!' she said, in a brighter voice—'that will comfort me; and I may write to you?'

'Yes, indeed, I shall look for your letters—letters that, I trust, will not tell me of a thoroughly empty and wasted existence—that will not be filled from January to December with nothing but the doings of fashionable life; of the sayings of such women as Mrs. Dalmaine; of such men as Lord George Mannersley. Your heart is too noble, your mind is too refined, my Juliet, to waste on such companions as these. Go down to Sotherne again, whether your husband go with you or not; live on your own land and among your own people; and then see whether life has not left you much to occupy and to interest you. It grieves me to think that Sotherne has been so long neglected by your father's daughter—dear Sotherne! Will it make you like to be there oftener, Juliet, if I tell you that I love the place, that when I am far away it will make me a little happier to think of you there than here? For my sake, if for nothing else, will you make it your home again?'

'I will do everything you tell me,' she answered humbly, looking up at him.

He was not looking at her; his eyes were turned away across the shadowy river, and a gleam of moonlight lit up his strong brave face, that was neither beautiful nor young; yet out of his deep-set thoughtful eyes there shone the steadfast light of the great true heart within him, giving it a beauty of the soul which is lacking in many a more regularly chiselled countenance.

At that moment Juliet felt she hardly could pity herself and her lot. It was so good, she felt, to be so loved and so cared for by such a man. It was something to have lived for, to have won such a heart as

his! And if, indeed, as he told her, they must never meet again in this world, surely the memory of this night alone must console her for ever for the blank years that were to succed it.

'You are so good to me!' she whispered.

He looked down at her with one of those quick tender smiles which seemed to come into his face like a flash of sunlight for Juliet alone.

But the sight of her white face of misery, of her dark upturned eyes, wet with unshed tears, and solemn in their unspeakable woe, seemed almost too much for him. The smile faded from his face, and his lip trembled.

'Say good-bye to me, my darling,' he whispered hurriedly. Once more their lips met in a kiss wherein there was no longer any joy nor any passion, but only the blank despair of an eternal farewell. 'God help you, my child,' he said; and turned from her suddenly, and left her standing there, a dark, silent, motionless figure, alone by the white swift river.

Not looking after him, she stood there listening—listening with every faculty within her—to the sound of his footsteps as they gradually died away upon the gravel path. Fainter and fainter they came to her ears, till at last a total silence succeeded to their irregular sound. It was the last of Hugh Fleming! So had he passed away from her for ever. Thus was the tragedy of her life played out!

With a long, shivering sigh, Juliet turned and walked a few steps in the opposite direction; then stopped again, feeling strangely weak and feeble, and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, looked out again across the river.

As she stood there, a boat dropped noiselessly down the stream, close in to the shore. A man was rowing, a boy stood up in the front of the boat, and in the stern was a woman muffled up in a shawl, crouched down with her head bent forward upon her knees, her face buried in her hands.

Afterwards Juliet recollected noticing this silent boat-load, and speculating with something like a keen interest upon what was the history of this little family, whose faces she could not see, and whose forms alone stood out in 'chiara oscura' against the white background of the water. Whence did they come? Whither were they bound? What sorrow had bowed down that poor woman into that attitude of dejected grief?

'God help her, whatever her trouble may be, poor soul!' murmured Juliet half aloud, as the boat passed out of sight round a bend of the river, And who knows whether that short prayer from the woman who knew her not, yet felt for her with that keen sense of human fellowship with suffering which sometimes, with a flash of God-like pity, seems to sweep away all distinction of class and caste, and to make us one with the beggar in the street—who can say that that prayer was not indeed heard and answered to that other sorrow-laden woman, who did not even see the dark pitying figure of her who prayed for her upon the river bank as she passed by!

In those first moments, Juliet hardly realised her own trouble. She could not have shed a single tear. If you had asked her the most trivial question, she would have answered you in her usual voice, as if nothing had happened. A numb feelingless apathy was upon her; she could not even fix her thoughts upon what had passed. She wondered vaguely if she was heartless, if she had turned into stone, if she had lost all power of sorrowing!

'He is gone!' she kept on repeating to herself. 'I shall never see him in this world again; never hear his voice; never see him smile; never, never, as long as I live!' And yet the words seemed like so many meaningless empty sounds to her as she uttered them.

All at once the voices of her every-day life broke in upon her. Some of the gay party amongst whom she had sat at dinner-time—ah, how long ago it seemed now! and what a lifetime she had lived through since she had last seen their faces!—came laughing and chatting along the river-walk, talking about some of the hundred little topics of daily life, about the bets upon the last week's cricket-match, the plans for next week's gaieties, the prospects and arrangements for Goodwood. Juliet shrank closer under the shadow of the tree against which she leant, until the talkers had gone by. Everything was going on just as usual, the world was hurrying on gay and careless from one bright scene of enjoyment to another; and she herself—ah, God! how utterly alone in it she was!

With a sudden pang of suffering she

roused herself, and walked hastily back to the house. She found Flora and Captain Hartley lingering among the rose-beds.

'It is getting late, Flora; we had better go home. Do you think my carriage is here? Captain Hartley, will you kindly go and enquire for it?'

'Are you tired, Juliet?' asked Flora, in a sort of dreamy voice, as Jack Hartley hurried off.

'Yes, dear, very tired; I have a headache. Has any one of our party gone yet?'

'No, I think not; but all those other men have left who were dining in the next room.'

'Ah!' and she drew a long breath. Then he was gone!

'You are not half clad, Flora, in that thin muslin dress. Come, child, fetch your cloak, and let us go.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAPTAIN HARTLEY RETIRES GRACEFULLY.

SOMEBODY tapped at Mrs. Travers's bed-room door at about eleven o'clock the following morning.

'May I come in Juliet?' said Flora, half opening it. 'Is your headache better?'

Juliet lay on the sofa wrapped in a white dressing-ground; her dark hair fell in thick masses on the cushions behind her head, and her face was as white as marble. There were heavy circles around her lustreless eyes, which made them look as if they had been open all night. Her appearance was sufficient to have attracted notice to her wan and miserable face, but Flora did not seem conscious of it. Something else was on the girl's mind.

'I have come to tell you something—a piece of news,' said she, standing a little behind her sister-in-law, so that her face was hidden from her.

'Well, what is it?' said Juliet listlessly.

'Juliet, Captain Hartley proposed to me last night, and I accepted him.'

And then Juliet sat bolt upright on the sofa and looked at her.

Flora hung her head; there was none of the exultant joy, none of the shy gladness of a girl who had won a longed-for lover, in her face,—only white cheeks, and heavy eyelids that were swollen with tears and sleeplessness.

'Accepted Jack Hartley, Flora!' cried Juliet. 'Why, you don't care for him any more than I do. What can have possessed you?'

'I have accepted him,' repeated Flora with a certain doggedness, and looking away from her sister-in-law out of the window.

And then Juliet got up and stood in front of the girl, and, taking both her hands in hers, forced her to look into her face.

'Flora, my dear,' she said gently, 'you have got yourself into a great scrape, for you know very well that you care for Wattie Ellison and for no one else.'

'You have no right to say that, Juliet.' she cried impatiently, her eyes filling with sudden tears; 'that is all at an end. I have promised to marry Jack, and I must abide by my word.'

'You shall do nothing of the sort,' cried Juliet passionately. All at once she seemed to see in herself almost a divine mission to save this young, ignorant girl from the consequences of her own folly. In the old days no one had put out a hand to save her from a loveless marriage, but it should not be her fault if Flora fell into the same fatal error that had shadowed her own life. Here was a duty and an occupation even such as Hugh had told her she would find in her life; something to do at once for another that should leave her no time for vain and selfish repinings over her own fate.

'Listen to me, Flora,' said she in a voice that was solemn from the earnestness of her meaning; 'never, if I can prevent it, shall you be guilty of the sin of marrying one man whilst your heart belongs to another.'

'Sin, Juliet!' faltered Flora.

'Yes, for sin it is, and nothing less. Do you know, child, that a wedding-gown and a gold ring and a few spoken words have no possible power to change the heart? Girls seem to think that with their wedding-day everything is altered and swept away,—that their present life is ended, and a new self ushered in that will remember no more, nor feel nor think any longer the feelings or the thoughts of old. I tell you, Flora, it is not so. The man that you love to-day you will love after you are married to another, possibly all the

more intensely because he is so hopelessly beyond your reach; the thoughts, the hopes, the longings that belong to Wattie Ellison to-day, will be his on the morrow of your wedding, though a triple wedding-ring and thrice-told vows were to bind you to Jack Hartley. If girls thought of this oftener, there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world. Quarrel with your Wattie if you like, and die an old maid—you will be ten thousand times happier so than if you become that most wretched and miserable of God's creatures, a loveless wife.'

The earnestness of her words impressed the girl with a sort of terror—Flora was trembling in every limb. 'What shall I do?' she cried, clasping her hands together despairingly. 'You see I have promised—how can I possibly get out of it now?'

'Did Captain Hartley say anything about calling here to-day?'

'Yes, he was to come about half-past twelve this morning to see me. I don't know how to meet him, I am so miserable!'

Juliet glanced at the clock.

'Very well, Flora, if you will do exactly as I tell you, and leave everything to me, I will see if I can get you out of this trouble.'

'How good you are!' cried Flora, and she flung her arms round Juliet's neck, and amid floods of tears, confessed many things to her about her foolish infatuation for Jack Hartley's face, which had made her behave so badly to Wattie—and how she loved Wattie with her whole heart and soul, but was afraid he was too angry and disgusted with her heartless flirting ever to forgive her or to care for her again.

'You are a very naughty, silly girl,' said Juliet to her; 'but I am determined that you shall not be a wicked one as well. Now you must do exactly as I tell you. Go and put on your bonnet, and tell William to call a cab. You are to go straight to Mrs. Dalmaine, and tell her I have sent you to lunch with her, and you can take those dress patterns, and talk about that new dress I promised you, and stay there till I call for you this afternoon in the carriage. If she is going out you can still sit quietly there till I come for you, but you must promise me not to come away from her house till I fetch you.'

'I will do anything you tell me, Juliet,' answered the girl meekly and gratefully.

So it came to pass that when Captain Hartley was ushered half an hour later into the cool, flower-scented drawing-room in Grosvenor-Street, he found sitting there, not his pretty, grey-eyed, fair-headed *fiancée*, but her handsome sister-in-law, calm and self-possessed as usual outwardly, but inwardly awaiting the interview with no little trepidation.

Now, to say the truth, Jack Hartley had been all the morning in a very disturbed and uncomfortable frame of mind, and had been ever since a very early hour reflecting with some dismay and a very bad headache on his last night's after-dinner escapade.

To say that he had been drunk overnight would perhaps be rather overstating the fact—but he certainly had taken more champagne than was usual to him, and, as he grimly reflected, it had been beastly sweet stuff, and had flown to his head in an unaccountable manner.

He certainly admired and even liked Flora Travers very much indeed. He had sat next her at dinner, and had wandered about among the rose-beds in the darkened garden with her afterwards. The night air had been soft and balmy, the night-odours had been sweet and soul-entrancing; there had been no listeners save the grasshoppers and the night moths with folded wings among the flower beds, and no lookers-on save the silver stars and one jewel-eyed frog upon the gravel path, staring at them with all his might and main.

Given all these fortuitous circumstances, and a young man and a maiden wandering about alone together in a shadowy garden, and given that the young man is of a sentimental and impressionable turn of mind, and has taken rather more than is good for him, and that the maiden is fair to look upon; that her slight, white-robed figure gleams out with graceful distinctness in the darkness, that her eyes shine upon him in the starlight with a softness which no gas-burners have ever imparted to them before; given all this, and you can have but one inevitable result—love-making. It may be only a little sham manufacture—a pretty make-believe on both sides; or it may be that, carried away by a temporary exaltation, the love assumes a more serious aspect, and is made in real sober earnest; but in some shape or other you may be very sure that love-making will go on.

Now, Jack Hartley had been so carried away into making much more serious love than he had any idea of.

When he drove down to that Hurlingham dinner he had no more intention of proposing to pretty Flora Travers than he had of eloping with his grandmother. So that when he awoke the following morning, and realized that he had not only proposed to her, but had also been accepted, he was, to say the least of it, very much disturbed.

Not that he in any way objected to the little spoilt beauty. She was charming, a dear little girl, a prize any man might be proud of; but our friend Jack was not exactly in a position for marrying anything but an heiress with five thousand a year.

His own income was small, and his debts were alarmingly large, and had a way of increasing weekly and yearly with a fearful steadiness and regularity; and Jack knew very well that Flora was no heiress, and that with no money of hers could that long list of debts be paid off.

Nevertheless, Jack Hartley was a gentleman, and no idea of not keeping to his bargain entered for one moment into his head.

As he pulled on his boots, and rang the bell for his shaving water, he cursed himself for a fool to have been carried away by a pair of grey eyes and a soft little white hand, and all the witchery of a midsummer night, into doing so very mad a deed as he had been guilty of the evening before; but, all the same, he sent for a button-hole flower, and took very particular pains with his dress and general appearance, and started off with eager punctuality for his interview with the girl who had promised to become his wife.

'I called to see Miss Travers,' he said, when he had shaken hands with Juliet.

'Yes, I know, Captain Hartley,' she answered; 'but Flora has gone out to lunch.'

'Gone out!' he repeated, in astonishment.

'Yes, I have sent her out; and, if you will not mind, Captain Hartley, I want to have a little talk to you myself.'

'Oh, certainly, Mrs. Travers;' but, manlike, as soon as he scented opposition, he began to make up his mind to stick to Flora with all his might.

'Do you know, Captain Hartley,' began Juliet, rather nervously, fidgeting with the trimmings of her dress as she spoke, 'I am afraid this is rather a foolish business altogether between you and Flora.'

'How foolish?' he asked, a little stiffly.

'Well, I need not tell you that a marriage between you would be utterly out of the question. I do not think that, from all I have heard, you are in a position to support a wife at all; and Flora would have nothing but what her father might allow her—which would not be much, were she to marry you—as I am sure he would most strongly object to it. And—forgive me if I appear impertinent—but it is said that you have extravagant habits, and are very much in debt—is it not so? Of course her father would expect you to relinquish the one and to clear yourself from the other—may I ask how you would propose doing so?'

Jack Hartly was silent. He sat forward on his chair, and twisted his hat about in his hands, and looked rather sulky.

'Flora has been entrusted to my care,' continued Juliet, 'and I consider myself answerable to her parents for any imprudence she may be led into whilst staying with me; so you must forgive my speaking to you so openly upon this subject. Captain Hartley, excuse me for telling you that I don't believe that you are prepared to alter your whole style of living for Flora's sake, neither do I think that she is the sort of girl who would be happy as a poor man's wife.'

'How can I propose to a girl one evening and give her up the next morning?' said Jack, surlily; 'how can you expect me to do such a blackguard thing? At all events, let me plead my cause, such as it is, to her parents.'

'That is precisely what I want to avoid; at present, no one knows anything about it but you two and myself—let us all three settle that it is a foolish and impossible idea, and there need be nothing more said about it.'

'But Flora herself will not consent to give me up, Mrs. Travers; and if the dear little girl is willing to stick to me, by George, I will stick to her!'

'Flora,' answered Juliet, with a smile—for she had no intention of lowering her sister-in-law's dignity, nor of wounding Captain Hartley's feelings, by revealing to

him that Flora was not in the least in love with him, and had only accepted him from pique with another man—'Flora is, I am happy to say, too sensible to wish to carry on an engagement which she knows can never result in marriage, and which can only bring trouble to you both. I have had a long talk with her this morning, and she has decided to be guided by me entirely; and if you will consent to look upon your last night's words to her as a piece of folly on both sides which had better be forgotten as soon as possible, she has commissioned me to tell you that she will do the same, as she is sure that it will be better for your happiness to forget her.'

'You mean to say that she wants to break it off, then?'

'Yes, I think she does; and fortunately you have not known each other long enough for it to be more than a transient pang to either of you. I shall send Flora home in a few days; and if you do not meet her till next season, you will probably have got over any little awkwardness by that time, and be very thankful to me for having spared you the misery of a marriage on a very small and inadequate income.'

Jack Hartley began pacing up and down the room. It was really a wonderful piece of luck to have things so comfortably taken out of his hands, and to have an honourable retreat as comfortably opened to him. Of course the idea of marriage with a penniless girl was madness—it couldn't be thought of; he ought to be too thankful to any one who saved him from the misery of a comfortless lodging, a badly dressed wife, possible babies, ill-cooked dinners, cheap cigars, and a maid-of-all-work. Even a passing thought of these things made him shudder with horror and disgust. Mrs. Travers was quite right; he was not sufficiently in love with Flora to be able even to contemplate with equanimity such an utter revolution in his life for her sake; he had better by all means resign her at once, and be satisfied that he had done all an honourable man could be expected to do to fulfil the rash engagement he had so foolishly entered into; he had been perfectly ready to fulfil his part of the contract, and if she and her relations had seen fit to draw back, why, he ought to thank his stars for getting off so easily, and be perfectly content.

Perfectly content, of course.

And yet there was a hankering at his heart for another sight of the grey eyes, and the small fair head, and the saucy red lips that somehow, now that they were to be taken away from him, seemed to become more precious in his sight than they had ever appeared before.

'I suppose I might not see her again—just to wish her good-bye?' he said, rather piteously, stopping in his uneasy walk about the room in front of Juliet's chair, whilst a vision of one more kiss from those sweet lips floated temptingly before his imagination.

'Certainly not,' answered Juliet; and she could not help laughing, for she pictured to herself at once how Flora would weep and deplore her wickedness, and probably confess the whole truth about Wattie in her self-reproaches, and so break down the whole course of her own strong line of argument. 'Certainly not; no possible good could come of it, and it would be only a very painful ordeal for her.'

'Well, I dare say you are right,' said Captain Hartley ruefully. 'Will you tell her I am sorry—I spoke rashly to her; I ought, of course, to have considered everything—I wouldn't drag her down to a wretchedly poor marriage for the world. I shall always be fond of her, and grateful to her for being willing to have me—but it is better not; and now I think I will go, Mrs. Travers.'

So, with a tremble of real emotion in his broken words such as he had hardly believed himself capable of feeling for little Flora Travers, Captain Hartley took his leave, walked somewhat unsteadily down Grosvenor Street, owing to an unusual dimness before his eyes, then turned into Bond Street, where he encountered a friend, into whose arm he linked his own, and by the time he had reached his club in Pall Mall had, under the influence of congenial society and a good cigar, completely recovered his equanimity and his usual good spirits.

Wattie Ellison was hard at work at his chambers in the Temple. No painting litter, no easels with half-finished pictures upon them were to be seen about his rooms now, as in the old days when he had aspired to be a Royal Academician, and had copied Gretchen Rudenbach's gentle face

as a study for his 'Joan of Arc.' Somewhere or other up in the lumber-room, behind several dusty portmanteaus, and a pile of very much dustier law-papers, that same canvas was leaning with its face to the wall, just as it had been left on the morning of Georgie Travers's death—with the figure of Joan of Arc drawn in, and Gretchen Rudenbach's face, fairly finished, shining like the head of a saint out of the blank canvas, whilst a confused mass of black chalk scratches all round it served dimly to shadow forth the howling, raving multitude that were to have been seen struggling and fighting below her scaffold.

Long ago had Wattie Ellison done with such idle fances of a short cut to fame and fortune. His table nowadays is covered with briefs, his clerk looks in every now and then to receive orders and directions, and his face looks very stern and aged since the days when he was poor Georgie's penniless lover, who rode his uncle's horses, and had much ado to keep himself in boots and breeches through the hunting season.

Presently the clerk comes in with a cup of coffee and a piece of dry toast on a tray, announcing it somewhat pompously as 'your lunch, sir.' Mr. Ellison answers, 'All right, put it down,' and goes on with his reading and taking notes till the coffee gets stone-cold, when he drinks it all off at a gulp, and munches the toast with his eyes still riveted upon the blue pages of the draft in his hand.

Little enough time has a rising young barrister, with a fast-spreading reputation for talent, for any such trival occupation as luncheon!

Presently the clerk looks in again.

'If you please, sir,' he says with some hesitation, 'there is a lady who wishes to speak to you.'

'Eh, what—a lady? Some begging governess, I suppose. I can't possibly see her, Adams.

'So I told her, sir,' said Adams doubtfully; 'but she seemed to think you would be sure to speak to her—and she is a lady, sir, and none of your begging-women.'

'Very well, go and ask her her name.'

Presently Adams came back with Mrs. Travers's card between a very much ink-stained finger and thumb.

'Show her in at once.'

And Juliet enters.

'I am very sorry to disturb you, Wattie,' says Juliet, when she had shaken hands with him, and had taken the chair he hastened to offer her. 'I won't detain you one moment; I only want to ask you if you will go down to Broadley next Sunday.'

'Why, is Mr. Travers ill?' he asked quickly.

'Not at all, that I know of; but the old man is always, as you know, glad to see you; and, besides, Flora will be at home again,' added Juliet, looking down demurely at the threadbare carpet below her feet.

'I don't see what that has to do with me,' answered Wattie, with stern disapprobation of Flora and her movements in his voice.

'Don't you?' cried Juliet, looking up at him suddenly in her impetuous way; 'then I will tell you—I think it has everything to do with you. I am a very old friend of yours, Wattie, so I am going to take the liberty of telling you that you are just throwing your happiness away; and I can tell you that, if you won't take the trouble to put out your hand to take her, somebody else will save you the trouble.'

'If Flora prefers somebody else——' began Wattie stiffly.

'She does nothing of the sort,' broke in Juliet angrily; 'and the proof is that she is going back home to Broadley again as free as when she came to me; and I can tell you,' she added, with a free translation of events that had happened which was thoroughly feminine, 'that if she had chosen she might have gone home engaged to Captain Hartley, and that she is not ought to be a proof to you that, whatever little faults she may have, her heart, at all events, is in the right place.'

'Do you mean to say that Hartley proposed to her?' asked Wattie excitedly; for the idea of a rival is never pleasing to any man.

'Certainly I do; and somebody else will probably do the same unless you look after her yourself. I have no patience with you Wattie—letting a nice affectionate girl like Flora slip through your fingers, just because you don't choose to take the trouble to speak to her.'

'It is not that, I assure you, Mrs. Travers,' began Wattie eagerly, and flushing a little as he spoke. 'I never meant to force Flora's affections—and I have fancied

lately that she did not care for me except as an old friend. She has been cold in her manner to me, and has done several things which she knew I did not wish her to do, and which I had expressly asked her not to do. For instance, there was the day at Lord's—could anything prove more plainly to a man that a girl did not care for him than that?'

'Oh, what fools you men are!' cried Juliet; 'why, her coldness to you and disregard of your wishes was just what showed how much she was thinking of you; and as to the cricket-match, why, she went in a dark-blue bonnet which made her look almost plain, just because you are a Harrow man!'

'So she did!' exclaimed Wattie, remembering the fact for the first time. 'I did not notice it then.'

'Why, you were blind! A more marked encouragement could not have been given to you. You men always seem to think a girl must throw herself into your arms before you can believe in her sincerity. Now, don't be a fool, my dear friend; go down to Broadley next Sunday, and see if I am right or not about her affection for you.'

Wattie Ellison promised somewhat shamefacedly that he would go down to Broadley, and Juliet shook hands with him and took her leave.

From the Temple Mrs. Travers drove to Mrs. Dalmaine's house, where Flora was waiting impatiently for her.

'Well, Flora, I have settled it all for you,' said Juliet, as the two drove off together. 'Captain Hartley has behaved very well, and acknowledged the wisdom of all I said to him. I have convinced him that an engagement with you would be the height of folly, as there would never be money enough for you to marry upon, and your father would never hear of it; so it's all at an end, and he has sent you a pretty message, and we are neither of us ever going to allude to the subject again; he is not at all angry with you, and thinks you are quite right—and I don't think he is very broken-hearted; so let us never speak of it again.'

'Oh, Juliet, how can I ever prove my gratitude to you?'

'Why, by doing exactly as I tell you. I am sorry to put an end to your visit, my dear, but I am going to send you home to-morrow.

'Not really?—oh Juliet!'

'Yes, really, Flora. Believe me, after what has passed, it would be very awkward for you to meet Captain Hartley; besides, I have promised him that you shall go—it is only right and fair to him.'

Flora shed a few tears behind her veil. 'I have been very foolish and wrong, I know, Juliet dear,' she said; 'but losing the rest of the season seems a dreadful punishment.'

'Well, take your punishment patiently,' said Juliet, laughing, 'and then perhaps it will turn out better than you expect; and be thankful, you foolish child, that you are not punished much more severely than by missing a few balls and *fêtes*.'

But of that other interview with Wattie Ellison at the Temple, and of his proposed visit to Broadley on the following Sunday, Juliet, like a true tactician, said not a single word.

They were passing down Bond Street, and stopped for a moment at one of the large jewellers' shops.

'You needn't get out, Flora; I am only just going to ask if my bracelet is mended,' said Juliet, as she got out of the carriage.

She went into the shop. A gentleman stood with his back to her, leaning over the counter. It was her husband.

A shopman was holding up before him a very handsome diamond locket, for which he was apparently bargaining, whilst several others of the same kind lay spread out in their velvet cases on the counter.

'I don't think I can do better than have that one,' said Cis.

'Certainly, sir; it is quite the handsomest thing of the kind we have had for some time, and I am sure would give satisfaction. Where shall I send it for you, sir?'

'To Miss Rudenbach—120 Victoria Villas, Notting Hill,' answered Cis in a distinct voice, dictating the address to the man, who wrote it down.

'I will call again,' said Juliet, turning to the door, to the man who had come forward to her. 'I find I have forgotten something. I will call to-morrow.'

And she got herself out of the shop and into her carriage with the sort of bruised, giddy sensation one has after one has had a severe fall or a severe blow.

'Was the bracelet done?' said Flora. 'Why, how white you look, Juliet.'

'Home!' said Juliet to the footman, who was waiting for orders, and spoke not another word all the rest of the drive.

(*To be continued.*)

A GLANCE AT THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

ONE of the most persistent faults to which authors of history are liable, is the continual manipulation of facts in the interest of so-called patriotism; and as patriotism is nowhere more boastfully avowed than in the great republic, so in no literature do we find the fault alluded to so glaring.

To read some accounts of the Revolution, with their exaggeration of every success, their careful shading of every failure, and even their entire suppression of disagreeable facts, might well astonish a believer in the bravery of English armies. Is it probable that soldiers who could enrol the victories of Marlborough and their own deeds in India and Canada on their colors, and who afterwards under the great Wellington first brought defeat upon French veterans and French Marshals,—is it probable that such soldiers as these would suffer nothing but disaster and disgrace at the hands of undisciplined levies and inexperienced commanders during a seven years' war?

But it may be asked, why did they not crush the rebellion in one or two campaigns? Why did Napoleon fail to subdue Russia in 1812? or why cannot the descendants of these revolutionary heroes conquer the very Indians who threaten their borders? The answer is in each case found in the vast extent of country to be traversed. It was not the genius of Washington, nor the elasticity of his defeated troops, that compelled the British commander to give up almost all he had won by the successful campaign of 1776, but the impossibility of defending his extended position along the Delaware, in the midst of a hostile people. It was not fear of the dispirited and reduced American army, that compelled Sir H. Clinton to evacuate Philadelphia a couple of years later, but the danger of a French fleet sailing up the tortuous Chesapeake and cutting off his communications. Learning by experience the dangers that threatened positions in the interior, the royal troops in the north were concentrated in a few important centres along the coast. This, with the wretched condition of the American forces, accounts for the inactivity of the main armies during the latter years of the war. It may be remarked that after Cornwallis had surrendered, the British ministry announced their intention of carrying on a 'war of posts;' implying the abandonment of all interior operations, and limiting their defence to the most important points.

When it was discovered that the Southern States were more favourable to British connection than their Puritan brethren of New England, the principal efforts were directed to that quarter. Georgia was first conquered, then South Carolina, and after the battle of Camden, in fully one-half of the states of the Union not an enemy was to be found. The prospects of the Revolutionary cause at this time were exceedingly gloomy. The enthusiasm which had placed 27,000 men in the field two years after the war began, had long died away under suffering and defeat. It is true that Burgoyne's army had been captured; but, if the loss to the stronger side was great, the gain to the weaker side was small.

The forces under Washington, on account of the delay in receiving their remuneration, began to grow mutinous. The first thought of an insubordinate regiment was to compel Congress to pay arrears; and if refused, to overturn the ephemeral institution, and set up one after its own heart. On one occasion Gen. Wayne rode among them with a cocked pistol in each hand; but he was told if he fired he would be a dead man. When the assistance of France was denied because of the embarrassment of her own finances, the credit of the embryo republic was insufficient to raise money except at exhorbitant rates; one firm in Holland offering as a condition, to hold a mortgage on the real and personal property of the realm. Taxation was resorted to in vain; for the people could ill brook a heavier rate than that they had taken arms to escape. Paper money was then issued, at first sparingly, then more freely, as demands pressed, then extrava-

gantly, until, when $200,000,000 was in circulation, a dollar bill endorsed by the Congress of the U. S. A. was only worth two and a half cents. But as the treasury could pay debts in this money at its nominal value, the prices for supplies for the army rose to an exhorbitant figure, and the problem remained unsolved. As if to properly complete this ruinous financiering, Congress fixed a certain valde that goods were not to exceed. But as none were obtainable under these restrictions, this rate of value had to be rescinded.

A brief *resumé* of the principal actions between the main armies, based on American authorities, may not be unacceptable.

The skirmish at Lexington has been correctly described in the CANADIAN MONTHLY as a combined defeat and victory. A detachment of British regulars, after destroying the stores at Concord, suffered severely on their return, from a hidden enemy, who, emboldened by their success, were only repulsed when reinforcements arrived. From this time, the cause for which the war began was no longer the cause for which the war was continued. The redress of all evils, and pardon of all offences, were shortly afterwards refused by men whom nothing but independence would satisfy.

A host of undisciplined levies, with their self-styled generals, blockaded Boston; and during a single night, fortified Breed's, *alias* Bunker's Hill, which commanded the town. 3,000 Royalists were directed to capture this post. By an unfortunate mistake, the ball sent from the city was too large for the British cannon. But, as soon as they became available, the entrenchments were cleared.

From this time we trace the secret assistance of France and the sympathy of Spain. Washington, formerly a colonel in the Royalist service, was next year appointed to the command of the army, which he massed on the heights of Long Island, to cover New York. The British general succeeeed in getting a large force behind, and, attacking in front and rear, the enemy fled in the utmost confusion, leaving 3,100 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the loss to the victors did not amount to 400 men. By skilful manœuvres, the Americans were driven from position to position, until, in December, a remnant of not one-tenth of the original army found refuge across the Delaware. Tempted by the negligence of the over-confident British in their scattered camp, Washington, with his force augmented to 6,000 men, very cleverly captured a body of Hessians, who at daybreak were yet sleeping off the effects of their Christmas festivities. Retreating from his aroused enemy, the American general conceived the plan of surprising their magazines; but on the way encountered two regiments, who immediately formed on a hill to receive him. These regiments, numbering together less than 2,000 men, at first repulsed the entire American army; but, becoming separated, were obliged to retreat. These were the boasted victories of Trenton and Princeton. The next year, Washington, to save Philadelphia, made a stand on the heights of the Brandywine; where, however, he suffered a complete defeat, and the city was evacuated. Attempting again the policy of surprise, he failed for a second time, at Germantown, with a loss equal to that of the former battle, viz:—1,200 men.

The sufferings of the Americans at Valley Forge exhibited the invincible determination of their leader; to add to whose troubles, an ungrateful Congress was openly favouring the pretensions of Gen. Gates to the supreme command. Gates had effected the surrender of Burgoyne and his British army at Saratoga; and the people, ignoring the ease with which a force entangled in a hostile country was captured, compared this great achievement with the failures of Washington, forgetting that many of them were due to the short-sighted policy of the Government. Soon afterwards, France, and then Spain, declared war against Britain, and, not only were the colonies in America in danger of being lost, but every dependency of the Empire in every part of the globe. In 1778, Savannah was captured by the British, and with it all Georgia; and during the next year, a desperate attempt to retake this post, by a combined French and American army, was brilliantly repulsed with a loss to the enemy of one-fifth of their number. Early in 1780, Sir H. Clinton, then Commander-in-Chief of the Royalist forces in America, sailing from New York, invested and soon captured Charleston, with 6,618 prisoners; inflicting a loss on the enemy greater than that of the Royalists by the surrender of Burgoyne's army.

Lord Cornwallis was left to follow up this advantage; and to check his alarming progress, Gates, with an army variously estimated at 4,000 to 6,000 men, gave battle at Camden. Here a British force of 2,000 routed them so completely, that few were ever collected in any army again; and the General, whose star had forever set, fled eighty miles from the scene of his defeat. During the last year of the war, Guildford Court House and Hobkirk's Hill were added to the long list of victories won by British valour. Entaw Springs was, like Lexington, first a defeat and then a victory. The English right being forced back, the whole line retreated to a large brick house, before which the entire American army were repulsed, with a loss of 500 prisoners and 4 cannon. As the enemy retreated eleven miles immediately, it is almost absurd to call this a drawn battle.

Washington, from the wretched state of his army, and the continual reinforcements needed in the south, had been compelled to remain idle until a French force doubled his numbers, and more than doubled his efficiency, when operations against New York began. But Cornwallis, having established himself in a tempting position at Yorktown, the destination of the combined forces was quietly changed, and the siege of the latter post was prosecuted with such vigour, that the British were compelled to surrender, just five days before Clinton arrived off the harbour with 7,000 veterans.

It will be seen from the above unbiassed statements, that, with the exceptions of the capitulations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, to which American boasting should be confined, the actions of the Revolution were entirely in favor of the British.

Washington, who never gained a pitched battle in all his life, has been compared to Alexander and Wellington, who never lost one. If we study the campaign of 1776, we shall see how often he was out-generalled by his opponent Howe.

The qualities most to be admired in the 'Father of his country,' were buoyancy, uprightness, and indomitable perseverance. Against the breaches of faith of which Congress were so often guilty, he protested in the strongest language. When defeat and suffering had brought the army to the verge of ruin, his courage never faltered, but carried him triumphantly over every difficulty. It seems that Providence, in allowing a nation to be born under such circumstances, was teaching a lesson of humility that should never have been unlearned.

Louis XVI., speaking of the terrible effects of this revolution on the mind of France, which culminated in the 'Reign of Terror,' said to his Ministers: 'I never think of the affair of America without regret. My youth was taken advantage of at that time, and we are suffering for it now. The lesson is too severe to be forgotten.'

W. E. C.

THE COMEDY OF AN UMBRELLA.

IN THREE SCENES.

I.

THE day was drawing to a close, and, oppressed with the still intense heat of the afternoon, all nature seemed languid and drowsy. The air was dense and motionless; the leaves drooped limp upon the branches; the few cattle visible here and there in the sun-parched fields which stretched back from the river, hung their heads and dreamt of the pastures of June. Even the grasshoppers, which had all day long indulged in excessive laudation of the sunlight, had paused in their tuneful toil, and were enjoying well-earned leisure in comparative silence.

Johnson's Island, encircled by the gelid waters of the St. Lawrence, and looking from the thirsty mainland as cool as a sleeping lily, partook of the general drowsiness. The breeze, awake at most times on the river, and whispering in the tree-tops, was in a fitful sleep. The moon hung high above the island, struggling with eclipse in the still fierce rays of the sun. A milky blurr upon the sky, it looked like a fragment broken from a cloud and blown far into the heavens. In the languid stillness of the afternoon, deepened by the slumberous undertone of the river, in its own seclusion and wild beauty, Johnson's Island might have called to the imaginative mind visions of the restful land of the lotus-eaters.

On the island, in a sort of natural amphitheatre whose floor sloped to the granite edge of the river, and whose walls were interlacing trees, except on one side where the moss-covered rock rose sheer to a height of twenty feet, a man lay at full length upon the sun-dried grass. Beside him were a book, an artist's easel, a camp-stool, and a huge umbrella, such as artists use, resting open on the ground, and completely guarding him from view on one side. He was not sketching; he was not reading; he was meditating deeply, and if we could read his thoughts we should find that the universal calm had not reached his soul. In his present mood, the landscape which was spread before him, the music of the river which flowed at his feet, had no charm for his senses. There was one bitter thought, insistent on his mind, which made him fretful, malcontent, and cynical.

As he lay there, reproaching alternately himself and the world in general, a slight rustling in the branches on the rocks above him disturbed his bitter reverie. He pushed back his straw hat from his eyes and looked up lazily. To his incurious gaze nothing unusual was apparent but a slight trembling in the bushes, which shewed that they had for a moment been displaced.

Had he been more alert, he would have caught sight of that which, in his present frame of mind, would have displeased him exceedingly—a woman's dress. A young girl had for a moment come to the edge of the cliff which overlooked him. She had parted the bushes and peeped over, and then, with a little feminine exclamation of alarm, drawn back and hurriedly retreated. The girl had apparently expected to gain from her vantage-ground upon the cliff, a view, of which the natural beauty would not be marred by the presence of humanity, and that in the form of the less excusable sex. Robinson Crusoe on his desert island was almost thrown into convulsions by finding the imprint of a human foot upon the sand. Imagine the feelings of a young, defenceless woman, suddenly coming upon the monster himself on an island supposed to be unoccupied, with only a precipitous cliff of twenty feet between herself and him.

And yet, had she dared to look a moment longer, she would have found nothing to excite terror. The monster was young and rather good-looking, and his recumbent

figure, in a blue serge suit which spoke of civilization and tailors, was not without grace of outline. Even in his savage mood he looked far from dangerous, except perhaps in the way of moral suasion. Happily ignorant and indifferent as to the cause of the disturbance, he turned over listlessly and opened the book which lay beside him, and read aloud.

> 'O solitude, if I must with thee dwell,
> Let it not be amid the jumbled heap
> Of murky buildings.'

'This is nonsense,' he soliloquized; 'to an unhappy man solitude like this is madness. In a city you have at least the consolation of seeing other people miserable. I was a great fool to leave the yacht, and settle down here alone. I'm not alone either, as I wanted to be. That beggarly little Englishman, Diggs, will be poking about the whole time. Inquisitive little beggar—he is dying to get into my confidence. I'm sure he suspects I've robbed a bank, or even something less gentlemanly.' (*Reading again*).

> 'But the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
> Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
> Is my soul's pleasure.'

'"The sweet converse of an innocent mind!" I enjoyed the luxury of that fool's paradise once. I suppose I shall never enjoy it again. What matter? I can get on without it. I'm not the first man who has been deceived by a coquette. But is she a coquette? Have I judged her rightly? Am I quite certain about it all? Hang it, why can't I keep my thoughts off that subject? The women may all go to —— Oh!'

He cut short the disclosure of his views as to the particular paradise to which he would consign woman as her sphere, with a shuddering cry. Springing to a sitting posture, he shook himself violently and tossed his arms wildly in the air. Had he now been beheld by feminine eyes, he would have created just alarm. Poor young man, his sorrows have touched his brain. But no; it is only a cockroach which he dislodges from somewhere about his neck, and crushes vindictively with the poems of the divine Keats.

The second interruption in the thread of his fancies caused a second change of position. He now sat, instead of reclining on the ground, and except for an occasional nervous twitch of the shoulders, and an action expressive of repelling some creeping thing, he remained for some time as moveless as a statue. And no wonder that for a while he became unconscious of himself and his troubles, for he read 'The Eve of St. Agnes.'

While still engrossed in his book, there stole towards him from the side guarded by the great umbrella, a short man with a ruddy and cheerful countenance. He was the sort of man who impresses you at once with the sense that he is a humorist of a rather boisterous sort. Like many humorists, he was shabby and mean in his attire, and, though in 'camping out' a man is justified in wearing poor clothes, he gave one the impression that poor clothes were his usual outfit. The short man stole quietly across the open, reached the cotton barricade before referred to, and elevating his chin till he could see over it—he had to stand on a log to accomplish this feat—gazed, with an amused expression on his face, at the unconscious reader.

Having at length exhausted the delights of silent contemplation, he threw back his head, and shouted with a vigor which could only have been rendered necessary by the fact that the person addressed was stone deaf—'Hi—i—i!'

The reader started to his feet, and raised his clenched hand. Apparently recognizing the shouter, he lowered his hand, and sitting down upon the camp-stool, said coldly, 'You needn't yell like an Ojibway.'

The other laughed loudly, so that an observer might have inferred that the ardour of his greeting had been due, not so much to an organic defect in the person addressed, as an excess of animal spirits in the shouter.

The disturbed reader went on with his reading, as a hint that the presence of the other might be dispensed with. That hint, however, was lost upon its object, who continued to survey the artist with the same look of amused enquiry.

'Lockwood, old fellow, how are you?' he at length said, with the same tendency to wake the echoes.

'I had nothing to complain of—till you appeared,' was the chilling answer.

'And what have you to complain of now?'

There was no reply to this direct interrogation.

'Oh come! Lockwood,' the humorist burst out, 'hang it, if you and I are going to live together on an uninhabited island, we must have more geniality. I admire your style, my friend. It is lofty; it has tone about it. It would become you in an aristocratic and brilliant society, but in these wilds it is absolutely lost. Here, drop that confounded book, and let us be genial. You don't happen to have your pocket flask about you?'

Won to something like graciousness by the imperturbable cheerfulness and *nonchalance* of the intruder, Lockwood looked up with a less clouded face.

'Excuse me, Diggs,' he said, almost pleasantly, 'for not responding to the warmth of your greeting. The fact is, I failed for the moment to see why you bellowed so. Now that I understand your war-whoop was merely the expression of geniality, I appreciate it, however unnerving. Accept my flask.'

Mr. Diggs accepted the flask as frankly as it was offered. Nodding to his companion, with the remark, 'Here's to our better acquaintance!' he elevated it to his lips, and, with a just perceptible jerk, transferred what seemed to be a well calculated dose to a receptacle somewhere in the throat. He retained it there for an instant, and then released it in its passage further down, apparently through some valve in the larnyx which opened with a click. It may be observed that during the operation just described, Mr. Diggs, for the first time, looked serious.

The two men were now both lounging on the turf, Lockwood, being, as it were, at home at this end of the island, and having entertained Diggs with his pocket flask, seemed to feel an uneasy sense of being in the position of host, and bound to encourage conversation.

Lockwood.—What have you been doing with yourself all this beastly hot day?

Diggs.—I? Oh, I rowed this morning to the big hotel about six miles down the river. I met some pretty girls there at a hop last night, and had to pay my *devoirs*.

Lockwood. — Yes? did you find them agreeable?

Diggs.—I didn't find them at all. I sent up my name, and they sent down word that they were so used up with the dance that they wouldn't be down for three hours. They hoped I would enjoy my row home. Very likely on a blistering day like this!

Lockwood (*laughing fiercely at this naive confession*).—That's like them, Diggs. They're all the same. But I wonder, Diggs, that a man with your social qualities and misplaced love of society should choose to pass the summer camping out here alone, with all the cockroaches and other inconveniences.

Diggs (*dropping his voice into the hoarseness of confidence*).—I've got to do it.

Lockwood (*suggestively*).—Extradition?

Diggs.— No, Sir; economy. I don't live on this raft of an island from choice, I can tell you. To be candid with you, I'm uncommonly hard up. I've lost all the money I ever had, not that it was much to lose, lost my situation, lost my friends. In fact all is lost save honour, and that won't pay my board bills. I've become a by-word and a reproach amongst boarding-house-keepers, and I feel that I can't abuse their confidence any longer. Having nothing to do and nothing to get, and being fond of fishing and boating, I made up my mind that the best thing I could do would be to paddle down the river, pick out an island not too far from civilization, and live an uncivilized life. It isn't bad. I sleep sound, eat hearty, whenever I can get anything fit to eat, and haven't the annoyance of explaining things to creditors. When those remittances come from England I'll make a fresh start. Here's at you again, old fellow?

Lockwood. — Diggs, you are a philosopher.

Diggs.—So people tell me. But I don't know yet what brought you here.

Lockwood. — I think I mentioned that it was a yacht.

Diggs.—I knew that.

Lockwood. — Then it was not like a philosopher to ask the question.

Diggs. — What the deuce are you staying here for, living in a tent on red herrings and captain's biscuits, when you might have the luxury and fun of a yacht? This sketching of yours is a hollow pretence. No man who draws as badly as you do would turn himself into an amateur Robinson Crusoe for the sake of painting a few commonplace rocks and trees.

Lockwood.—Diggs, you remember the story of Jonah? But no, it would be unreasonable to expect that.

Diggs.—Don't be insolent.

Lockwood.—Well! I was the Jonah of the *Ariadne.* My friends thought that I was in such a devilish cynical and unpleasant frame of mind that I was exercising, morally and meteorologically, a bad influence. Their own extravagantly high spirits struck me as imbecile. At my own request they dropped me on this island. I expected that here I should not be irritated by the companionship of people ridiculously contented and happy.

Diggs.—My dear fellow, you shall not be. No companion of yours could feel contented or happy. That would certainly be ridiculous. Nevertheless—here's at you again. (*A moment of seriousness on the part of Diggs*). By the way, some of those ladies at the hotel were talking of exploring these islands. They'll want to find out the one I'm on, sure. You'll have to keep dark or you'll be irritated by the sight of some more youthful happiness.

Lockwood.—The Island is not mine, so I suppose I can't keep them off it. I only ask them to let me alone. If there is anything I hate it is these frivolous butterflies who flutter about a summer watering-place. 'Man delights not me, no nor woman either' of that sort. Pardon me, Diggs, if I seem needlessly savage. The fact is, I'm in deuced bad spirits and I want to be let alone. I'm a sort of melancholy Jacques at present.

Diggs.—It was a party of that name who discovered this execrable country, wasn't it? No wonder he was melancholy. I wish he hadn't discovered it, for in that case I shouldn't have been dead-beat and imprisoned on a desolate island with a cynic.

The ignorance displayed by Mr. Diggs of the classics of his country seemed to remit the artist to his original gloom. He ceased speaking and whistled softly to himself. Diggs got up rather wearily. It was uphill work trying to be genial in this company. He lit his pipe silently, and seating himself on the camp-stool, inspected Lockwood's uncompleted sketch.

'Your clouds and capes,' he said at length, inquisitively, 'have a curious faculty of taking the outlines of a girl's face.'

Lockwood arose quickly and without a word clambered up the rocks, at a spot where there were some natural steps, and disappeared in the bushes.

Diggs opened his small eyes to their full extent, and gave a long, low whistle. 'A woman in the case,' he said, significantly. Then, with a sudden descent from the romantic, he added, 'I must go and forage for some supper, as I'm not going to get any here,' and rising, strolled away in the direction whence he came.

II.

THE moon, modest and pale in the splendour of the declining sun, like Cinderella beside one of her gorgeous sisters, had plucked up courage, now that her gaudy relative had disappeared, and shone bravely in the bright attire with which the fairy godmother Evening had dressed her.

For a few moments she looks down upon the scene of the late conversation, and sees nothing but the deserted easel, camp-stool, and sun-shade of the artist.

Presently she sees enter on the scene, with light but deliberate foot, one of the fairest of her daughters. It is the girl, the skirt of whose airy summer dress we have before caught sight of amongst the trees. How did she get to this wild and secluded spot? Mayhap she is some dryad of the wood, surveying her realm in the brightening moonlight.

As she steps into the open, it is clear that she is no unsubstantial mystery of the woodland, but a distracting certainty of flesh and blood. Her rough straw hat is tied down with a veil of silver-gray, which was never made in the woods, round her plump and dimpled cheek. There is nothing rustic about her, from the yellow locket on her bosom to the absurd heel of her little boot.

She gazes with pensive brown eyes at the river beginning to reflect the tender moonlight, the rocks and trees now soothed by the stirring breeze, and—hapless maiden! —she sighs.

Presently, as she gazes round the lovely glade into which she has wandered, she starts with an air of recognition. She looks up at the rock on the opposite side, and

catches sight of the great umbrella. She has seen this before and the discovery fills her with alarm, for she gathers up her skirts in both hands and prepares for flight.

She has not taken half-a-dozen nervous steps, when she pauses and reconsiders her plans. The result is that she turns again, and fixing her eyes resolutely on the umbrella, proceeds to describe a circle round it, with a radius equal to its present distance. She goes about this movement with the firmness and caution of a well-planned reconnaissance. When she reaches a position from which she can see the inner side of the umbrella, she finds, what she had doubtless suspected, that there is no one beside it.

Unlike most women she is adventurous; and like all women she is curious. She determines to find out something more about these mysterious instruments of art. It is as light as midday; there is nothing to fear; so, first carefully looking round, as if considering the possibilities of ambush, she with lifted skirts approaches and reaches the easel.

Heaven preserve us! what is she doing? She has fallen upon her knees; her arms are thrown about the inanimate easel; she is—yes—she is kissing the insensate paper. An 'old master' probably never excited such a sudden display of emotion, and the art here is very indifferent. This strange agitation cannot be due to æsthetic causes.

Presently the sound of footsteps recalls this strange young person to her senses and her feet. She hurries across the open, and seeks to retreat along the narrow path by which she entered.

The footsteps are those of Mr. Diggs, who suddenly reappears, whistling vigorously. He ceases his whistling with a jerk, when he beholds a young lady coming towards him. The young lady herself pauses in her walk when she finds her retreat cut off by a man, and holds her clasped hands to her breast in helpless alarm.

'Miss Henleigh!'

'Mr. Diggs!'

These two people had met before.

'I'm so glad it's—only—you,' said the girl, gasping slightly. 'I thought it might be—somebody else.'

In the pleasure of learning that his appearance was considered preferable to that of an unknown 'somebody else,' Diggs overlooked the doubtful compliment conveyed by her first words. He approached her, blandly smiling and with hand extended.

Diggs.—Miss Henleigh—this is kind of you. My casual invitation to visit me on my lonely island, I hardly expected to be accepted so soon.

Miss Henleigh (*innocently*).—Did you ask me to come? Then I shall cease to feel an intruder. The fact is, some of us from the hotel have been exploring this Ægean for a romantic island to take our tea on, and we lit upon this. I have strayed away from my friends; I must return to them at once.

Diggs (*with a gesture deprecatory of departure*).—Let me bring your friends here. It is the prettiest spot on the island.

Miss Henleigh.—I'm sure they won't come. They must have had their tea by this time; besides they have kettles and things to carry about. I really must go.

Diggs.—Then, if you will just wait a mo ment, I will see you safely through these savage wilds. I left a valuable knife here, given me by a friend, which I wouldn't lose for the world.

The knife was in reality Lockwood's pocket flask, which it had occurred to Diggs ought not to be left to moulder in the dew. Miss Henleigh seemed irresolute whether to stay and accept the little Englishman's escort, or go and take the chance of stumbling alone upon more monsters of the male sex. Politeness and safety said stay; inclination said go, with all its risks. A motive stronger than either politeness or regard for safety suddenly determined her action. She gazed wistfully at the artist's traps, and sat down upon a fallen tree, while Diggs proceeded to search for the missing keepsake.

When Diggs had found it and returned to the young lady, she shewed no disposition to depart.

'You are not alone here,' she said, with a nervous gesture towards the great umbrella.

'They belong to a fellow who has no right to be here,' Diggs replied grandly. 'I want company sometimes and I tolerate him for my own purposes. The island is mine by right of discovery and occupation.'

Englishmen have frequently asserted a

title to territory on grounds as slender as Diggs's. Miss Henleigh said nothing, but turned her brown eyes with an air of pensive indifference on the river.

At length she asked, with a manner implying utter want of interest:

'Who is this trespasser?'

To a man of ready mendacity and brilliant fancy, an opportunity for an interesting fiction here presented itself. Diggs proved himself to be gifted with both.

'He is a sort of wandering Jew, I think,' the humorist said. 'There is something weird and mysterious about him. In the summer he lives the life of a hermit amongst these islands: where he burrows in the winter no one knows. He is the victim of several delusions; one is that he can paint, which has led him to steal this odd umbrella and easel. Another is that he can read peoples' destinies in the stars. He makes a precarious livelihood by advising young people in their love-affairs, and prophecying the course of their lives.'

'How strangely interesting,' exclaimed Miss Henleigh, her attention being now, apparently, strongly excited.

'Yes,' said Diggs, encouraged to more daring flights by the unquestioning innocence of his companion. 'He is believed to be quite old, though by some infernal arts he retains the appearance of youth. Many years ago he was crossed in a love affair with a person much above him in station, and he has never got over it. He has lived the life of a wanderer and a recluse ever since. He interests me, so that I don't object to him camping out for a while on my island.'

Miss Henleigh, through all this relation, had gazed at Diggs with open-eyed wonder. She evidently drank in the remarkable story with unsuspecting faith. It was, no doubt, highly agreeable to Mr. Diggs's sense of humour to fall in with so easy a victim as this.

'Did you say that this—hermit—is consulted by people in—affairs of the heart?' Miss Henleigh asked with bashful hesitation.

'Constantly. He drives quite a thriving trade.' Diggs had forgotten what he said a moment ago.

Miss Henleigh meditated for a few moments, as if trying to make up her mind to some desperate step. She cast down her eyes; she blushed; her confusion was most charming as she said:

'Do you think—you could get—me a chance—to consult this hermit.'

This was delicious. It was with difficulty Diggs could keep from bursting out laughing.

Diggs.—I am afraid the old man can't be got at very well to-night. You must come up some other day.

Miss Henleigh.—We go to the sea-side to-morrow.

Diggs.—I'm very sorry. I believe he paddles himself into a neighboring swamp about this time to cull the herbs used by persons of his profession. Besides, he hates people of the world like you, and generally confines his custom to the country-folk. But I could take any communication to him.

This generous offer was not accepted. For Miss Henleigh suddenly grasped Diggs tightly by the arm, and exclaiming with sudden agitation, 'Hush, here he comes,' drew the surprised romancer into the shadow of a bush.

III.

THE hermit appeared at the opposite side of the glade and scrambling down from the cliff, took his seat on the camp-stool, behind the white umbrella.

'How did you know that was the hermit?' asked Diggs, suspiciously.

Miss Henleigh.—Is he not the hermit—I fancied he looked like one.

Diggs.—Ye-es, that's the man.

Miss Henleigh.—I'm determined to have an interview with him. If he is what you say—and you could't be *so cruel* as to deceive me—he may be able to tell me something I want to know *very, very* much. Please go and tell him that an unhappy girl wants to consult him about her future.

Diggs (*with embarrassment*).—I'm afraid he won't show himself to-night.

Miss Henleigh.—He needn't shew himself; he can keep behind his big umbrella if he's so bashful. Oh Mr. Diggs (*pleadingly*), if you knew how miserable and friendless I am: no one to advise me: no one to confide in—

Diggs (*eagerly*).—Confide in me!

Miss Henleigh.—But you have had no experience, and besides you know nothing about the stars. Come, go and prepare the hermit.

Diggs (*in perplexity*).—I really don't see how it can be arranged.

Miss Henleigh (*pouting and in a tearful voice*).—How very, *very* unkind of you, after exciting my interest in this hermit, and raising my hopes, and *promising* I should have a talk with him. I thought you pretended to be a friend of mine.

Diggs.—I'll do any thing in the world for you.

Miss Henleigh.—Then manage that I shall have five minutes' conversation with your hermit. He musn't see me, or I should die with embarrassment, and of course you musn't mention my name, for if this ever came out I should never hear the end of it.

Diggs stepped from behind the bush with despair on his usually cheerful face. He looked at the great umbrella; it was still unmoved, and a little thread of smoke rising from above it, indicated that the artist had lit a cigar. With his hands deep in his pockets, Diggs slowly crossed the open space.

If this comedy were being enacted on the stage, the embarrassed humorist would here advance to the footlights and confide his secret thoughts to a sympathising public, while Miss Henleigh behind the bush, and Lockwood behind his umbrella, from whom it would be necessary to conceal these secret thoughts at any cost, listened attentively for their respective cues. But this being a drama in real life, enacted on a practicable island in the St. Lawrence, in the presence of no public but some distant unappreciative cattle on the opposite shore, Diggs did not express his thoughts in an audible aside. They must therefore be imagined.

We can imagine then this mendacious Englishman, as he lounges towards the artist, musing somewhat in this fashion.

'This is rather a go. I've got either to confess to Miss Henleigh that I have been lying to her, or try and carry out a desperate practical joke. I'm not quite sure whether I'm making a fool of the girl, or she's making a fool of me. She has either the most sublime innocence, or the most consummate cheek—and yet if it is cheek, it is the loveliest cheek! But no, she must be serious. She is much too reserved and ladylike a girl to go in for practical joking of this sort. I think she likes me. It would be a great satisfaction to know what is troubling her mind, whether there is another fellow in the question. If she tells Lockwood, Lockwood will tell me. But Lockwood will never have anything to do with a plot of this sort. If it occurred to him there was some humour in the thing he would be down on it at once. Still, I shall have to keep up the idea. I can easily say the hermit refuses to be interviewed, though she's sure not to believe that. She'll say that I don't want to oblige her. We'll see what Lockwood says about it. She can't blame me any way if I try to be even with her for not seeing me when I called this morning.'

By this time he was again at the umbrella and gazing on the artist, who tranquilly smoked a fragrant cigar. The latter could not value his water-colour very highly, for the dew was beginning to raise the surface in irregular lumps.

'Look here, Lockwood,' whispered Diggs hoarsely, not because he could be overheard, but all conspirators do the same thing; 'here's the most magnificent lark you ever heard of.'

Lockwood (*projecting a slender column of smoke from his lips*).—I'm not enthusiastic about larks.

Diggs.—Very proper, but this is something outrageously good. I've got one of the girls from the hotel here, the most romantic little simpleton in the world. She thinks you are a hermit and an astrologer, and all that sort of thing, and she wants to consult you about a love-affair. It would be a shame to spoil the joke—you just sit here—you needn't show yourself; I'll place her on this side the umbrella, and you'll hear the most interesting revelations—the confessional won't be a circumstance to it.

Lockwood.—Tell as many lies about yourself as you like, Diggs—but I wish you wouldn't tell lies about me.

Diggs.—I didn't say I told her. Come now, don't spoil a joke. I'll bring her—

Lockwood.—Don't you dare to—

Diggs.—She's an interesting little thing.

Lockwood.—I don't care.

Diggs.—She's young.

Lockwood.—I don't care.

Diggs.—She's deuced pretty.

Lockwood (*hesitatingly*). — I — don't — care.

He who hesitates is lost. The man who had just been railing at women, who had been willing to consign them all to some unnameable place, who had begged to be spared the misery of beholding them, grew weak in his resolve to have nothing more to do with them, when he heard he was near a pretty face. Diggs evidently saw his advantage, and urged it. There was a chance of carrying out his brilliant practical joke after all.

Diggs.—Yes, she's as pretty a girl as you could find in a summer day's journey—comes from the South I think.

Lockwood.—It's a pity she's such a goose.

Diggs.—It's only plain girls that are not.

Lockwood.—She's one of the girls of the period I suppose—silly—frivolous—romantic—vain—

Diggs.—You've hit her off exactly.

Lockwood.—I'd like to give her a bit of my mind.

Diggs.—It would do her a world of good.

Lockwood.—As you say—I might be of service to her. If she's really in trouble, I might give her some useful advice.

Diggs.—Of course you could: just sit still now: she needn't see you if you don't want it; it will make the mystery greater, and the dusk will add to it also.

Lockwood.—Diggs—I won't consent—stop!

But he was gone. The artist gazed meditatively at the glowing end of his cigar. A smile crept over his face; he was probably not without a sense of humour himself. Then he stroked his yellow moustache and looked serious. Perhaps he hoped that his boisterous friend had no real intention of carrying out his project. Perhaps he was thinking that for two men to take advantage of the innocence of a simple, gushing girl was not manly, not even gentlemanly. But it was too late to think of this now.

'The hermit will consult with you,' said Diggs mysteriously, to the fair victim of his cruel jest. 'Don't be surprised if he is surly and doesn't shew himself. Sit down on this side the umbrella, and take him into your confidence.'

The young lady had thrown over her shoulders a light shawl which she had carried on her arm, and which now concealed the outlines of her figure, and had drawn her veil about her face. Diggs motioned to the log in question, and hastily retired in the direction of the river's edge. At that moment the breeze, which had collected a flock of clouds in the west, drove them across the face of the moon.

Miss Henleigh tremblingly approached the white umbrella, as a wild creature might approach a possible trap. She seated herself noiselessly upon the moss-grown log, and gave a nervous cough.

The umbrella seemed to grow attentive.

'Sir,' she began, in a tremulous voice, addressing herself to the handle of the umbrella, protruding through the cotton, 'I am told that you are a wise man who can give good counsel to poor girls in trouble like myself.'

At her first utterance the umbrella quivered.

Did the sweet voice recall to its old ribs the song of some siren which had thrilled them when they formed part of the anatomy of some sensitive whale? Or, was it the artist's hand which, resting on the handle, was shaking violently? Probably the latter, but it is certain that for some reason, the umbrella became much agitated, and showed a disposition to move itself hastily out of the way. The young girl noticed its restlessness, and it seemed to give her courage, for she went on more firmly.

'I had a—friend, whom I—liked rather, and he has been very *cruel* and *unjust*. He was not at all clever, or nice-looking,'—this with a malicious glance at the attentive umbrella knob,—'or anything of that sort, but I thought he had a good heart and cared for me, and I—cared for him—a little. Indeed we both liked each other, and I thought everything would be nice and just as I wished it, when he took the *strangest* fancies into his head.'

The girl paused a moment, that the knob might have time to take in the story, and proceeded with a spice of malice again.

'He was rather an obstinate, prejudiced young man this. He had not seen much of the world, and had imbibed from books the stereotyped notions of the fickleness and superficiality of womankind. So that he was full of suspicions and anxiety about my—affection, and made himself *very dis-*

agreeable in consequence. But I bore with him, because you see—I—rather liked him. But at last, because I was compelled to be rather attentive to a rich gentleman to whom my family were indebted in many ways, he broke through all restraint completely. He accused me of transferring my liking to the first wealthy man who presented himself. We had a quarrel, and we both spoke our minds. He vowed he would never see me again till I explained the necessity of corresponding with Mr. E. I told him I would not explain. Perhaps I was wrong—but I never can explain to him—but I shall tell you of course.'

She paused again for breath. The umbrella seemed to listen with all its might.

'The fact was, my friend—in whom I took more interest than I had ever taken in any one before—was fond of art, which he practiced in whatever intervals he had in his business. It was his great desire to spend a year amongst the art galleries of Europe. He could not afford it out of his own income: he was too proud to accept aid from any one. My wealthy correspondent was interested in the wine-trade in France and Italy. He had carelessly let fall that he had a position of trust at his command which would require travelling in these countries. I thought if my dear friend could but get this for a time! I wrote to Mr. E—.'

The umbrella heaved and shook like an umbrella possessed. It rose, it fell, and finally shot down the slope to the water-side, like the wheel of Ixion.

'Agatha!' exclaimed the artist, standing upright, and white as his umbrella, 'tell me for goodness' sake, what does all this mean? How did you come here? Why didn't you tell me this before? Will you ever forgive me? I was a ruffian, a scoundrel, to distrust you; I have told myself so a thousand times.'

'Walter! Mr. Lockwood!' ejaculated the young lady, starting up, throwing aside her veil, and clasping her hands in amazement, or feigned amazement, 'I thought it was a hermit!'

Lockwood (*passionately*).—I will be a hermit for the rest of my days, if you don't say you forgive me.

Miss Henleigh.—But explain—aren't you an astrologer—a wise man who gives advice in affairs of the heart?

Lockwood (*with an embarrassed laugh*).—Nonsense, that fellow Diggs has been trying to take you in with some of his chaff.

Miss Henleigh (*pouting and hanging her head*).—But you have helped him to deceive me; you have been an accomplice.

Lockwood.—Dearest, it was not my fault. He said you were a romantic little simpleton from the hotel, and I really wanted to be kind to her. I could not have formed such a wild suspicion as that you were anywhere near her.

Miss Henleigh.—A romantic little simpleton indeed! I'll teach your *friends* to malign *me*. But I am a romantic little simpleton—to care so much about a man who slights me—as you do.

Lockwood (*making an attempt at an embrace, which is skilfully eluded*).—Agatha, I am as passionately fond of you as ever. How can you say I slight you?

Miss Henleigh.—Because you wanted to have a private interview with another girl.

Lockwood.—Agatha, I know you are not serious. You have given me a just rebuke, though you have chosen a curious way to do it. You knew perfectly well who was behind that umbrella. That double-dyed traitor Diggs told you. You two have conspired to make a fool of me. I (*with an imperfect attempt to stand on his dignity*)—I am the one who has a right to complain.

Miss Henleigh.—Well sir, I did know who was behind the umbrella, but not through Mr. Diggs, whose conduct to me has been shameful. But if you think you have any right to complain of what has happened, pray do so.

Miss Henleigh turned away and lifted her small chin in the air, with the manner of a Cleopatra. This gave the impatient artist an opportunity to fold her in his arms, of which he cheerfully availed himself.

'Agatha!'—'Oh Walter!'—Mysterious sibillations—inarticulate murmurings—et cetera—et cetera.

Lockwood.—I don't see, Agatha, why you couldn't have made your little explanations before; a letter would have saved me a month of misery.

Miss Henleigh.—And do you suppose I have no pride. I intended to bring you to your knees, sir, and would have done so before I offered any explanations had I not come upon you accidentally to-day.

Lockwood.—You are at the hotel down the river?

Miss Henleigh.—Yes, the Lesters made me come with them; not that I cared to go anywhere when a certain person wasn't there.

Another overture in the direction of an embrace, with a resolute rejection.

Miss Henleigh (continuing).—By the merest chance I came up here to-night, little dreaming whom I should find. I was wandering about alone, and stumbled on the umbrella. I thought at once of an artist I knew, and courageously reconnoitered and invested it. If you want to keep your individuality secret from a romantic little simpleton, you musn't cover your paper with her monogram.

Lockwood (dreamily).—Darling!

Miss Henleigh.—But Walter, seriously, you will not distrust me so readily again, will you? And you'll give up this hermit's life.

Lockwood (blushing slightly).—I never meant to do more than spend a quiet week here. You see Agatha, I didn't care for society much when I had parted from you in anger. The hermit's life doesn't suit me at all; it is damp, and troubled with cockroaches and other reptiles. Believe me, dear, you shall never again have cause to complain of my want of faith in you. Oh Diggs, my boy, let me introduce you to an old friend— Miss Henleigh: but I forgot, you know each other.

Diggs had entered with the large umbrella in his hands; it was dripping with water, and had evidently been rescued from the river. Diggs looked rather sheepish when he found the unsuspected turn affairs had taken. His brilliant ruse had hardly turned out to the advancement of his own interests.

Miss Henleigh (severely).—I have a crow to pick with Mr. Diggs at some more convenient time. As he has been the means of making up a little disagreement between friends, we must forgive him for the present. It is getting late; my people will think I have fallen into the river. Come, we must get some tea.

Diggs.—One moment, Miss Henleigh. I have been reproaching myself with the idea that I had been guilty of taking in an artless, simple-minded girl in a most unmanly fashion. It is very gratifying to me to find that the only person taken in was myself.

Lockwood.—And I.

Diggs.—Yes, you have been taken in too, and it is only what your disagreeableness deserved. But perhaps your temper will improve now.

Lockwood (with a tender look at Miss Henleigh).—I think it will.

Miss Henleigh.—Come, let us go. The row home will be delicious in the moonlight. Both you gentlemen must come to the hotel.

Lockwood.—

> 'The moon shines bright: on such a night as this,
> When the sweet winds did gently kiss the trees
> And they did make no noise: in such a night—'

Diggs (parenthetically).—Oh confound your poetry!

Lockwood.—was a curious little comedy enacted on a lonely island in the St. Lawrence.

Miss Henleigh.—Yes, the comedy of an Umbrella. (*She takes Lockwood's arm*).

Diggs.—I haven't the slightest idea what the whole thing means of course, and of course I don't want to have; but if you'll kindly tell me what part mine is in this comedy, tragedy, or whatever it is, I shall use all my humble efforts ——

Lockwood.—You are the heavy villain.

Miss Henleigh.—No, the amiable conspirator.

Diggs.—The benevolent parent is more in my line. (*He opens the umbrella over the heads of Lockwood and Agatha*). Bless ye my children!

ELLIS DALE.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

IV. STELLA AND VANESSA.

MR. FORSTER has told us that his object in writing the life of Swift, was to clear the memory of that greatly wronged and misunderstood genius from the dark stains which have hitherto clouded his fame.

On Mr. Forster's own showing it was no light task he had set himself. He had to expose and refute the monstrous misconceptions and baseless slanders with which the general incompetence and untrustworthiness of his early biographers, the prejudices of Johnson, the party zeal of Jeffrey, Macaulay's love of strong colours and pointed antitheses, and Lord Stanhope's undiscriminating censures—to say nothing of the sensational exaggerations of Thackeray and Taine—have darkened and distorted the portrait of England's greatest wit and humourist. An attempt to convict all these great writers—some of whom had made the period in which Swift lived a special study—of having so profoundly mistaken his character and conduct, was a bold and chivalrous undertaking, but it was one in which we do not think Mr. Forster, with all his ability and acumen, could have succeeded; though he might perhaps have softened and subdued some of the harsher lines and deeper shadows of the picture which stands out so strongly and vividly on their pages. This conjecture may be fairly hazarded, now that we have seen how little his first volume has done to alter the conception previously held of Swift's character and circumstances in his youth. But be this as it may, it must always be a matter of deep regret to lovers of literature, and students of human nature, that his labour of love was so soon and so sadly cut short.

Sir Walter Scott, as well as Mr. Forster, and some of Mr. Forster's reviewers, have laboured hard to take away from Swift the reproach of political apostacy. It is claimed for him that while he led the greatest party fight that ever was fought in England, he was never a party man, his intellect being of that great and comprehensive order which cannot be confined within such narrow limits. But to put forward such a plea for a man who knew no medium in political hostility, who wrote the most vituperative and acrimonious party diatribes that ever were penned, and who sought by every weapon he could grasp to wound his opponents, only exalts his understanding at the expense of his sincerity. Nor is it any valid excuse for his dereliction from his early principles, that most of the politicians of the day were veritable Free Lances, ready to sell their swords for the highest pay; and that many of their foremost men, besides the Duke of Marlborough, fought more 'for their own hand,' than for their country's good. Swift had learned worthier lessons from Sir William Temple, and had felt a nobler ambition when he wrote,

> 'Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
> Nor with-hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
> Learn to disdain their mercenary aid.'

And in fact nearly all his literary friends, led by the pure and high-minded Addison, remained true to the Whigs. In going over to the Tories, Swift placed himself on a level with Prior, a man of brilliant talents, but over whose morals, as well as his poetry, still lingered the taint with which the second Charles and his courtiers had infected the Muses and their train; and we find their names coupled together by Duchess Sarah. 'The Rev. Mr. Swift and Mr. Prior,' she wrote, 'quickly offered themselves for sale.' 'I think principles are at present quite out of the case,' Swift wrote to Steele, 'and that we differ and dispute wholly about persons.' There is, indeed, evidence enough in the Journal to

Stella that he left the Whigs simply from personal pique and resentment, because they had undervalued his abilities and his claims, and had proved themselves 'a set of ungrateful rascals.' Mr. Forster says, 'He was free from the taint of Grub Street; he was no mere mercenary writer, and was never in any one's pay.' Certainly his price was not money. The rewards he coveted were admission to the highest social circles on terms of equality, power over his fellow-men, and such consolation as a mitre could give him for the cassock which had 'entangled his course.'

It is often said that the greater the intellect the stronger the personality, and the more exacting the demands of self. Swift's name may be used to point this moral, for his self-assertion and egoism were as remarkable as his intellectual power. We have been told by George Eliot that Daniel Deronda 'did not belong to that type of men whose coarse ambition is inflamed by a defiance of accidental disadvantages, a type which has been painted for us in Edmund of Gloster and Faulconbridge.' This was the type to which Jonathan Swift belonged. He was no hardened villain like Gloster, but he had Gloster's scorn and hatred of mankind,—a sin against human nature which by the most subtle of retribution never fails to degrade those who are guilty of it,—and of Faulconbridge's reckless daring, arrogance, and scoffing levity, he possessed no small share. He believed himself deeply wronged by the accidents of birth and fortune, and early confronted the world in an attitude of defiance. 'I will tell you,' he wrote to Pope, 'that all my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for the want of a great title and fortune, and that I might be *used like a lord* by those that have an opinion of my parts, whether right or wrong is no great matter, and so' (that) 'the reputation of learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or a coach and six horses.'

For a while he seems to have been absolutely intoxicated by the favour and flattery of Harley and St. John, and by the keen satisfaction he felt in wielding his powerful pen against the 'false deceitful rogues' who had so deeply mortified his haughty spirit. And while in this state of elation, he certainly betrayed not a little of that vulgar ostentation and insolent assumption proverbially attributed to *les nouveaux riches* or a beggar on horseback. An amusing description of his airs of state and patronage while waiting for Harley in the antechamber at Whitehall, is given by Bishop Kennet in his Diary. 'He was the chief man of talk and business there,' says the Bishop, 'and acted as a master of requests.' He gave promises of chaplains' places, and salaries, to two or three petitioners, took down memoranda in his pocket-book of what he was to do for others, looked at his gold watch (a present from Harley, afterwards bequeathed by Swift to Mrs. Whiteway's daughter), and complained that it was very late. 'A gentleman told him he was too fast. "How can I help it," says the doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right." Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribers; "for," says he, "the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him." Lord-Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him, and they went away together.'

Bishop Kennet was a zealous Whig, and Scott says his picture of Swift was drawn with a coarse invidious pen, but he does not deny the likeness; and its truth is confirmed by much that we find in the Journal to Stella. When he hears from M D that Dr. Raymond is coming to London, he asks if they expect him to see much of their Vicar of Trim. Dr. Raymond truly was like to have much of his conversation! Did they think he was going to introduce him to the Lord Treasurer and the Secretary of State? 'It is hard,' he writes, 'to see these great men use me like one who is their better, and the puppies in Ireland with you hardly regarding me.' Lady Lucy Stanhope and her sister, formerly great friends, were now 'plaguy Whigs,' and altogether insupportable. They had 'run down' his lampoon of Sid Hamet and the last Examiner, 'the prettiest he had ever read,' not knowing that the author was Swift. 'Will Ppt wonder that he don't like women as well as he did? M D you must know are not women.' He affects great indignation with Harley for presuming to offer him money for his services, and requires the most am-

ple apologies before he will be reconciled. He warns St. John never to show any airs of coldness to him, for he would not be treated like a schoolboy; he had felt too much of that in his life already; it was what he would hardly bear from a crowned head, and he thought no subject's favour was worth it. 'If we let these great ministers pretend to too much,' he writes, 'there will be no governing them!' He ostentatiously sent the Lord Treasurer into the House of Commons to tell the Secretary of State that if he dined late Swift would dine with him.

Yet there are frequent signs in the Journal of depression and despondency, and of a mind and conscience restless and ill at ease. He has described St. John as having been 'adorned with the choicest gifts God has yet thought fit to bestow on the children of men;' and the brilliant genius which so deeply fascinated and influenced Pope, had apparently a strong attraction for Swift also. Yet when sitting with him in his 'desperate drinking fits,' and though allowed to pass the bottle himself, unable to get 'the toad' away from his revels till two o'clock in the morning, Swift could scarcely have felt himself in a suitable place. 'They' (Harley and St. John) 'call me nothing but Jonathan,' he writes, 'and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not.' The pupil of Temple, the friend of Addison, knew what true greatness is, and though by a haughty assumption of independence, and a stern rejection of all pecuniary rewards, he tried to persuade himself that he still preserved his integrity, and was 'acting up to the most exact points of honour and conscience,' as he said in the Journal, he well knew how far he had fallen from the high ideal he had cherished at Moor Park. But he had set the ball rolling, and must now wait, he said, to see where it would stop. 'The die is cast,' he writes, 'and is now spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it is an ace or a size.' 'To return without some marks of distinction,' he says again, 'would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am.' And again: 'Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves M D above all things.'

Swift really seems always to have loved Esther Johnson 'above all things,' except power and mastery over his despised fellow-mortals; but in his present dissatisfied and unquiet state, his Journal lost much of its former charm. Every day the diary grows briefer, and though the old fond expressions in the little language are repeated continually, and its fantastic formulæ of farewell never omitted, there is no longer the tender trifling that overflowed the earlier letters—the fanciful reminiscences and imaginings, in which the past and present were so lovingly blended, the playful jests and fantastic rhymes, the roguish stealing to her side, as it were, to watch her in the midst of her daily occupations and amusements, the tender lingering over the pictures he had conjured up, the fond reluctance to tear himself away from his talk with her image, only settling himself to sleep at last that he may dream of his own dear, pretty, saucy, beloved Ppt. 'Good-night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Pdfr that wants you sadly as hope saved.' And before he folds up this letter, he has counted, besides the postcript, one hundred and ninety-nine lines in it. 'There was a long letter! longer than a sermon, i' faith!' But during his last months in London, his letters had grown very brief indeed. And there is another cause for this besides his political vexations and disappointments.

From his arrival in London, his intercourse with the Vanhomrighs had grown more and more intimate; and his dinners with Mrs. Van, as he usually called her, are recorded in the Journal with increasing frequency, though always briefly, and with seeming indifference. Miss Vanhomrigh is never mentioned by name, and only alluded to three or four times as 'the daughter,' or 'the eldest daughter.' One day Swift goes there to dine, having a special request to prefer that they will buy him a scarf; and Lady Abercorn is to buy him another, to see who does best. He goes again to pay for the scarf; another day because the weather is too bad to go

anywhere except next door; and from one cause or another, dines there three or four times in one week. Then there is a rather significant occurrence, which, however, he relates; probably not having yet acknowledged to himself that there was any cause for reticence about so foolish an affair; or perhaps fearing that if Esther Johnson should hear of the joke from some one else, it might seem more important to her than he should like. A message has been sent to him, as if from Mrs. Vanhomrigh, requesting him to come to her daughter, who had been taken suddenly ill and wished to see him. He goes at once, but finds that it is all a trick, or 'bite,' as a joke is called in fashionable slang, of Mrs. Armstrong and her niece 'Moll,' Lady Lucy Stanhope's daughter. The jest undoubtedly seems to show that Miss Vanhomrigh's preference for Swift was already remarked by her lady friends, but his only remark is, 'I rattled off the daughter.' This was on the second of February; the fourteenth was Miss Vanhomrigh's birthday, so Swift and his friend Ford paid a special visit on the occasion, dined there, and drank a bowl of punch—to the young lady's health, of course—in the evening. Often, after mentioning that he had dined with his neighbour, Mrs. Van, he adds that he 'studied in the evening,' and as we know he had constituted himself Vanessa's tutor, it seems very probable that the 'studies' were carried on at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house, and shared by his new pupil—another Esther, who had, for the time at least, usurped the place of the Esther of Moor Park.* No doubt, hints of these frequent dinings with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and 'studies' with her eldest daughter, reached Esther Johnson from other sources than Swift. She seems at last to have made some enquiries about these new friends of his, apparently expressing some surprise that he saw so much of them, as she had thought they were people of no consequence. To this he makes no immediate reply, but the night after he had received her letter, mentions in his Journal that he had dined that day with his neighbour Van, the weather being so dismal he could not stir farther. Soon after, he again records having dined with Mrs. Van, and then condescends to notice Esther's questions. 'You say they are people of no consequence,' he writes. 'Why they keep as good female company as I do male. I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them. I saw two Lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the breeding and good nature of the other. and the wit of either would make a fine woman.'† Again, when the journals have grown brief and hurried, Esther ventures to say something about the company he keeps being so charming that he cannot leave them to write as long letters as he used to do. '*Hot* a stir is here about your company and visiting,' he cries out, as if not at all understanding her, yet determined she should have no encouragement to speak more plainly. 'Charming company, no doubt?—I keep no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. My only debauching is sitting late where I dine.' But dining so often as he did with the Vanhomrighs, his 'sitting late' with

* There seems to be something of the same uncertainty about the Christian names of Stella and Vanessa, which is attached to so many circumstances in the lives of these celebrated women. Mr. Forster gives the name of Esther to Stella, and that of Hester to Vanessa, and a late writer on Swift in *Blackwood's Magazine* says, in so doing he transposed their names, Vanessa's name being Esther, as the signature to her will proves, while Stella's was Hester, as is shown by the incription on her monument. Scott gives the name of Esther to both, and in this we believe he was right. Certainly Stella's Christian name seems always to have been written Esther during her life. Swift wrote in several of the books she presented to him, 'Esther Johnson's gift to Jonathan Swift;' and if it was by his direction that Hester was inscribed on her monument, it must have been because he considered that form of the name more dignified, or more correct, though in a punning letter to Archdeacon Walls, he says, 'You know h is no letter.' Hester and Esther are of course the same name, altered by the subtraction or addition of a letter, and that letter one which the English have a natural tendency to drop in the pronunciation of words. Mrs. Thrale spelled her name Hester, or Hesther, while from that of her daughter, Queeney, the initial H was dropped.

† Lady Betty Butler, daughter of the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Betty Germaine, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley. It was Lady Betty Germaine who 'tacked on' a verse of her own to one of Swift's *jeux d'esprit* about the Berkeley household and their amusements, which she had found in his room.

'With these is Parson Swift,
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift
To deafen them with puns and rhyme.'

them was doubtless the very thing of which Esther would have complained had she dared.

At first Swift had written as if he were determined to return to Ireland as soon as the affair of the First Fruits was arranged. When he thanks M D for keeping his birthday and drinking his health, he wishes to God he had been there with them, or anywhere else but where he was, where he had no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business on his hands. He should grow wise in time—but no more of that. Only he said Amen, with all his heart and vitals, to little M D's wish that they might never again be asunder ten days while Pdfr lived. A long line ——— follows, and then he continues, 'I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk, so I made that long line and now all is well again.' As he finishes his letter he again protests that he has not had one happy day since he left dearest beloved M D, and prays them to love poor poor Pdfr, whose sole desire is to make them easy.

But as she sees his return becoming more and more uncertain, Esther grows a a little impatient, and drops a playful hint about some people who went to England and never could tell when to come back. 'Did she mean that as a reflection upon Pdfr?' Swift asks. 'Saucebox! He would go back as soon as he could, and hoped with some advantages, unless all ministers were alike.' By degrees she seems to have shown her uneasiness more plainly, and Swift, always fiercely intolerant of anything like blame or reproach, growing as angry as it was possible for him to be with his own dear, saucy, pretty Ppt, proceeds to punish her in his own whimsical way. He tells her that on reading her letter he immediately sealed it up, and would read it no more 'for this twelvemonth at least.' 'The reason of my resentment at it is that you talk of a thing as glibly as if it was done which for aught I know is farther from being done than ever. I believe you thought I would affect not to tell it to you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports . . . Pray send me again the state of M E's money, for I will not look into your letter for it.' But then he softens, and lest he had wounded her too severely, has recourse to the little language and Laracor. 'Won't oo go see poo Laratol? Pray observe the cherry trees on the river walk. But oo are too lazy to take such a journey.' And the letter closes with the old cabalistic symbols, in which M D, M E, F W, Ppt, and Pdfr are inextricably blended.

It is an extraordinary proof of the depth and tenderness of Swift's love for Esther Johnston, that in spite of his haughty and irritable temper he bore her complaints and remonstrances, however gentle and timid, with so much patience and indulgence. He takes pains to sooth and satisfy her anxiety, and has always plenty of reasons to account for his still remaining in London. 'For all oo rallying, saucy, Ppt, as hope saved, I expected they would have decided about me long ago, and as hope saved as soon as ever things are given away from me, and I not provided for, I will be gone with the very first opportunity, and put up bag and baggage. I am confident by what you know yourselves you will justify me in all this. The moment I am used ill I will leave them. Pray God Almighty bless oo, and send oo ever happy, but burn politics and send me from courts and ministers.' If he says an angry or hasty word, he quickly repents, and tries to atone for it. 'I'll answer oor rattle hen I, Pdfr, think fit,' he writes, and closes the journal with a hurried 'Nite M D.' But next day he is remorseful for this little ebullition of temper. 'Methinks I writ a little saucy last night,' he says, 'God give [forgive] me!' Indeed it is always evident that he cannot bear to pain or grieve her.

'I hate this suspense,' he writes. But when the suspense is over, and he knows that all he is to get is an Irish deanery, he is still reluctant to leave England, still making excuses for his delay. 'I must finish the book I am writing before I can come over, and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with M D, and whatever comes of it M D's allowance must be increased, and shall be too i' faith, iss truly.' 'Write me a good-humoured letter immediately,' he begs, 'let it be ever so short. I will buy your eggs and bacon, D D, and dee deelest, Ppt, your caps and Bible, and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them as well as a poo Pdfr can.' When at last his departure can be no longer

delayed, he determines to make the journey to Holyhead on horseback, long rides or walks being his constant recipe for bodily illness or mental vexation. At Chester he receives a letter from Esther which he answers immediately. 'I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead as weary as I am. It is good for my health mar'm . . . I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead. I cannot ride faster say hot oo will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. . . . . I mightily approve of Ppt's project of hanging the blind parson. When I read that passage upon Chester walls, as I was coming into town and had just received the letter, I said aloud, Agreeable Witch.' And with these words the celebrated Journal concludes.

Before coming over to Ireland he had written—'I cannot feel joy at passing my days in Ireland, and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go, but perhaps they could not help it.' His anger and mortification at having been sent into exile, as he always considered his residence in Ireland, were increased by the cold reception he met with in Dublin. No doubt he had gone over determined to carry out such plans and arrangements as he should think proper to make, with a high hand, but he soon found he had a strong opposition to encounter from his own Chapter, supported by the Archbishop.* Nor could his pleasure in being again with little M D have been wholly without alloy. The thought of Vanessa, about whom there could hardly have been perfect and unlimited confidence between them, must have been continually present to both, while his morbid state of mind and wretched health must have cruelly marred the joy of their reunion to Esther. But that they met with unaltered tenderness on his part, and unchanged devotion on hers, there is no reason to doubt. Anxious that she should benefit at once by his increased income, he took new logdings for her and Mrs. Dingley on Ormond Quay across the Liffey, and though it has been thought strange that he should have chosen to settle them so far from the deanery, it must be considered that the fashionable part of the town was then on that side of the river. As soon as he could escape from the ceremonies and duties of his new dignity, he retreated to Laracor, and it is perhaps indicative that the relations between him and Esther Johnson were somewhat disturbed, that he did not take her and her companion with him, though it was then summer.

Before leaving England, Swift had written to Miss Vanhomrigh, that he would probably never visit England again, that he would write very seldom to any one there, and was determined to forget it and everything in it as soon as possible. But if this was intended to put a stop to their correspondence, it had no such effect. Vanessa's impassioned letters soon followed him to Ireland. 'If you are very happy,' she says, 'it is unkind in you not to tell me, except it is such as is inconsistent with mine.' This refers, no doubt, to Esther Johnson, whose connection with Swift she must have regarded with jealous suspicion; but as this is the only hint of the kind to be found in her letters, we must suppose that all such allusions were sternly prohibited by her imperious correspondent. However, the letters Swift wrote to her from Laracor must have relieved any fears she had felt that he was happy in Esther Johnson's company, while she was distracted with jealousy and regret. 'I stayed but a fortnight in Dublin,' he writes, 'and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made to me, but all for the Dean and none for the Doctor. I am riding here for life, and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field bed and an earthen floor to the great house there which they say is mine. . . At my first coming I thought I should have died

* The verses given below were nailed on the Cathedral door the day of Swift's installation. They are said to have been written by Jonathan Smedley, afterwards Dean of Clogher, one of those who deservedly suffered from Swift's knotted lash, and to whom Pope gave a place in the Dunciad.

'To-day the Temple gets a Dean,
Of parts and fame uncommon,
Used both to pray and to profane,
To serve both God and Mammon.

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
And many ways most odd,
And might a bishop be in time,
Did he believe in God.

Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray,
On thy own church and steeple;
Convert the Dean on this great day,
Or else, God help the people.'

with discontent. I was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dullness.'

Certainly Swift could not have avoided answering such letters as Vanessa wrote to him, without treating her with a stoical indifference, not to say cruelty, which was utterly foreign to his nature; yet the tone and tenor of the above extracts seem to show that he found some satisfaction in exciting the sympathy which he knew she would so thoroughly give him for having been transported, as it were, to a land which he hated, and whose people he detested and despised. On this one point at least, Esther Johnston could not share his feelings so completely as Miss Vanhomrigh, especially as the change he so bitterly regretted had taken him away from her rival, and brought him back to herself.

Letters summoning him to England to mediate between Oxford and Boilingbroke, whose dissensions threatened the total ruin of the Tory party, roused him from the fit of moody despondence into which he had fallen. The prospect of escaping from that hapless country, where he felt himself 'bound in shallows and in miseries,' to the scene of his political and social triumphs, was like the opening of a path to sunlight and the upper world to a soul imprisoned in darkness and Hades. He obeyed the summons so quickly that he did not even take leave of the Archbishop, who was so indignant at this slight that he threatened to take steps to make him reside at his deanery. He was warmly welcomed by all the Tory party, succeeded in making a hollow peace between Oxford and Bolingbroke, threw himself into politics with more vigour and vehemence than ever, and in a wonderful series of merciless diatribes poured out the pent-up vials of his wrath on all the opponents of the party he had come to support. In his 'Public Spirit of the Whigs,' he spoke of the Scottish nation and the Union with such scorn, that the Scotch nobility in London, with the Duke of Argyll at their head, went in a body to the queen to demand satisfaction for the insults they had received. The ministers were compelled to disown the pamphlet, institute a prosecution against the printer, and offer a reward of three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author. No doubt, Swift revelled in the excitement of the storm he had raised, and when, by the adroit management of Oxford, the clamour of the opposition subsided and the matter was quietly dropped, his fame and prestige stood higher than ever.

All things now flattered Swift's hopes; and the long desired mitre seemed ready to drop on his head. He was more than ever the inseparable friend and companion of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and partly perhaps to unite them more closely to each other as well as to himself, persuaded them to join him in founding the Scriblerus Club, of which Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay were the other members,—a unique association of brilliant wits and scholars, destined to but a brief existence; and with its dissolution died also Swift's term of pride and power in England. The contest between the two great Tory leaders for supremacy, only suspended for a while, broke out more violently than before, and Swift's remonstrances and entreaties were no longer of any avail. Determined not to take the part of either, and seeing no hope of their reunion, he left London, and retreated to the house of a friend in Berkshire. Here he occupied himself in writing his 'Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs,' which from Scott's account seems to have been written very much in the interest of Bolingbroke and his policy; but we are told that when Bolingbroke, to whom the manuscript had been shown by Barber the printer, altered some passages to suit his own views, and make it still more favourable to his political intrigues, Swift demanded it back, and would not allow it to be printed. However this may be, as soon as Bolingbroke entered on his short ministry, he caused a warrant on the treasury to be signed by the queen for the thousand pounds which Swift had so long solicited to pay the expenses he had incurred on his induction to his deanery. He also commissioned Barber to urge Swift's immediate return, with assurances that he would reconcile him with the Duchess of Somerset, place him on a right footing with the queen, and follow his advice as to sweeping away all the Whigs left in office. These were tempting offers to Swift, but whether he would have accepted them and aided Bolingbroke and Lady Masham in placing James III. on the throne, will perhaps never be known. He had had a

letter from Oxford, telling him that he was going alone to his country-seat in Herefordshire, and entreating him to share the melancholy journey, if he could throw away so much time on one who loved him. Swift chose the generous part, and wrote to solicit a renewal of his license for absence, then on the point of expiring, that he might accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion.* Swift had in fact no time to show plainly what course he intended to pursue, before the death of Queen Anne brought the brief ministry of Bolingbroke to an end, and involved the whole of the Tory party in ruin. Swift at first refused to acknowledge that the blow was a fatal one. He called upon Bolingbroke to put himself at the head of the high-church party, and offered his services to support the cause. 'Dean Swift,' said Dr. Arbuthnot, 'keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries.' But the end soon came. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled to France; Oxford was imprisoned; and the whole Tory party dispersed in dismay and confusion. Swift, whose high hopes were again cheated by the fickleness of fortune, and who, through the queen's sudden death, had lost even the thousand pounds granted him by Bolingbroke, returned to Ireland, where he was to spend nearly all the rest of his life, an exile, as he called himself,—

> 'Where folly, crime, and faction sway,
> Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay,—'

but where he was to achieve the only truly great and honourable triumphs of his life.

Dublin was then in such dread of a Jacobite rising, that it was thought advisable to proclaim King George privately at midnight by torchlight, and as Swift was suspected of having been in league with the late government to bring in the Pretender, he was received by the Protestant and Whig oligarchy that ruled the city, with every sign of dislike and distrust. The higher classes, with scarcely an exception, refused to associate with him, and the mob that in a few years were to make him an object of slavish idolatry, hissed, hooted, and pelted him as he passed through the streets.

But though not perhaps deserving of the praise of being, 'equal to either fortune,'—never carrying his faculties meekly, and apt to grow arrogant and audacious in prosperity,—Swift's self-reliance and dauntless resolution showed great in adversity. Biding his time to let the fire burning within him burst into flame, he set himself to regulate the affairs of his cathedral, to perform the duties of his office, and to maintain the rights and privileges of the church, especially those of the inferior clergy. For most of the Irish bishops, who were chiefly low-church Whigs, he had a fierce hatred and contempt, as his violent philippics against them, and his furious opposition to what he called their schemes for enslaving and beggaring the clergy below their own rank, and thereby destroying the church, abundantly proved.*

For society he soon gathered about him a circle of clever and educated men, with talents and culture enough to appreciate the superiority of his genius, and tempers sufficiently accommodating to submit to that predominance he was apt to assume in all companies, and which he probably thought one who had often shone supreme among such fine spirits as Steele and Addison, Bolingbroke, Prior, Pope, and Gay, was fully entitled to exercise over less gifted mortals. Among these the most distinguished were the Grattans, a remarkable band of brothers, who, Swift told Lord Carteret, 'could raise ten thousand men,' and one of whom was grandfather to Ireland's great patriot and orator, Henry

* In a letter to Vanessa, Swift says, 'I am wrote to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great; and his letter to me was the most moving imaginable.

* Excellent and moral men, Swift said, had been appointed by the Court. 'But unfortunately it has uniformly happened that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their road to Ireland, to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead.'

Grattan; Dr. Sheridan, the ancestor of six generations of men and women of genius, and himself remarkable for learning, and a fluent facility of humorous rhyme and repartee, combined with much simplicity of character and absence of mind, for which, no doubt, Swift did not like him the worse; Dr. Delany, greatly esteemed in his time for his talents and virtues, and whose wife (whom he married some years later) was the 'venerable Mrs. Delany,' the friend of George III. and Queen Charlotte. With Sheridan and Delany, Swift kept up a continual interchange of Latin and English verses—epigrams, satires, fables, and lampoons.

In these poetical amusements Esther Johnson shared, and it is probable that it was at this time Swift gave her the name of Stella. Sir Walter Scott says that if she really wrote the lines ascribed to her in the Epistle on Demas the Usurer, she wrote the best lines in the poem. Her address to Swift on his birthday is beautiful, but Scott thinks she may have received some assistance in her poetical pieces, if not from Swift, perhaps from Dr. Delany. She and Mrs. Dingle always dined at the deanery when Swift entertained his literary friends, and also joined the circle that assembled at Dr. Delany's villa every Wednesday. Mrs. Delany, who must have heard much of her from her husband, told a friend, who was afterwards known to Scott, that Stella had few female friends, and that her intercourse with her own sex was chiefly formal; a proof that in spite of Swift's cautious care to observe all the rules of propriety towards her, the tie that bound her to him separated her from conventional society. Mrs. Delany only saw her once by accident, and was then struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly by her fine dark eyes; she was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and had raven black hair.

'No one sends me verses now,' said the lively Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson on her thirty-fifth birthday, 'but Stella was fed with them till she was forty-six.' Every year, on her birthday, Stella received a copy of verses from Swift, filled with the warmest expressions of admiration and regard, but a regard carefully distinguished from the love he had chosen to renounce.

'Thou, Stella, wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts.
With friendship and esteem possessed,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.'

In some of these verses, however, there are hints at occasional symptoms of anger or resentment on Stella's part; of virtues which

'suspended wait
Till time has opened reason's gate;—'

and some lines on Jealousy, said to have been composed by her, but which Scott believes to have received some finishing touches from Dr. Delany, are preserved among Swift's poems.

ON JEALOUSY.

'Oh, shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah! Love, you've poorly played the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign
I thought this monster banish'd from your train;
But you would raise him to support your throne
And now he claims your empire as his own;
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
That where one reigns the other shall succeed?'

Of course the object of Stella's jealousy was Vanessa, whose part in this strange drama was becoming more and more prominent. Early in his Journal, Swift writes—'Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter has come of age, and is going to Ireland to look after her fortune and get it into her own hands.' This plan of Miss Vanhomrigh's, however, was not carried out till Swift left England, after the fall of Bolingbroke's ministry. Her mother and brothers were then dead, no one was entitled to control her movements, and with the excuse that she wished to live where her property was situated, she followed Swift to Dublin, accompanied by her younger sister. Probably in the early days of their friendship, while her homage and admiration gave unmixed pride and gratification to Swift, and he was yet unconscious that his spells had raised a spirit he was powerless to lay, he may have encouraged, if he did not suggest, Vanessa's desire for independence, and her wish to live wherever she could constantly enjoy his society; but afterwards, when she had thrown off all disguise, when he had learned the strength and passion of her nature, and knew that she had staked her whole exist-

ence on winning the love he had refused her, he, no doubt, dreaded unhappy consequences to her, to himself, and to Stella, from her choosing to live in his vicinity; and he seems to have seriously tried to dissuade her from making Dublin her place of residence. He had corresponded with her almost from their first acquaintance, 'letters from Mishessy' (the name he first gave to Vanessa) having been entered in one of his note-books for 1709. But his letters to her are totally unlike his letters to Stella. In them he keeps no diary of his own doings, and draws no picture of hers, he pours out no intimate confidences, no fond effusive tenderness, no loving memories, and regrets, and longings, no pretty prattle in the little language. His letters, though they sometimes allude to politics and important affairs, are chiefly filled with advice and exhortations to her to ride and walk, and take constant exercise, to seek relaxation and amusement in general society, and to divert her mind by every means from the unfortunate and hopeless passion that was destroying her peace. Sometimes, as if carried away by her pathetic appeals, and her hints at the tragic results which might follow his too great harshness and severity,* he soothes and flatters her with professions of the highest admiration, regard, and esteem; but the warmest of these seem cold and formal compared with the tender utterances that dropped spontaneously, as it were, from his pen when writing to little M D. What degree of intimacy he kept up with her and her sister after her arrival in Dublin, we do not know, but it would seem from the tone of Vanessa's letters that his visits were not very frequent. 'You bid me be easy and you will see me as often as you can,' she writes. 'You had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long!'

But Swift was now to suffer a deeper and more painful anxiety than Vanessa's complaints and reproaches could inflict on him. The reports of Miss Vanhomrigh's devoted attachment to Swift and his peculiar regard for her, which had reached Ireland during his absence, had sorely tried Stella's trust and confidence in her autocratic friend and master; Vanessa's arrival in Dublin and continued residence there increased her disquiet; it seemed almost a repetition of her own story, and her apprehensions of being supplanted in Swift's heart by her younger and more vivacious rival became to her a terrible reality. Her health rapidly failed, and Swift, alarmed for the life which he used to say was a thousand million times dearer to him than his own, made a compromise between his fixed resolve, and what, under the circumstances, would have seemed to others the only right and natural thing to do. To prove to her that she was still in his eyes the fairest and dearest of women, the lustre of whose charms time could never take away, and to relieve her from any dread in the future of his marrying Vanessa or any one else, he decided to make her his wife, but at the same time conditioned that the marriage should be a private and secret one, and that they should continue to live separately, only meeting in the same formal manner as before. Stella, of course, agreed to whatever conditions Swift chose to impose, and in the summer of 1716, in the garden at the Deanery House, they were married by Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, an old and intimate friend of both.

Such is the story of the marriage of Swift and Stella, varying in particulars, but always agreeing in the chief circumstances, given by Lord Orrery, Dr. Delany, and all Swift's early biographers, and accepted, though not without some hesitation, by Scott. But Mr. Monck Mason, who in his history of St. Patrick's Cathedral gave an elaborate and critical notice of the great Dean, says that after an examination of all the evidence as to his marriage that could be collected, he found no authority for such a statement, except a 'hearsay story, very ill-founded.' And Mr. Forster has expressed the same opinion.

Another romantic, but as Scott has shown,

* 'It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last,' Vanessa writes, 'I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves to your misfortune did not last long. For there is something in human nature that prompts one to find relief in this world; I must give way to it, and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done did you but know it.'

perfectly impossible tale, was that Swift and Stella were both the children of Sir William Temple, and that the secret of their relationship was made known to them immediately after the marriage ceremony. Alluding to this mysterious story, Delany related that about the time the marriage was supposed to have taken place, he had met Swift one day rushing out of Archbishop King's library in a distracted manner, and on entering the room found the Archbishop in tears. 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth,' said the Archbishop, 'but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'

There is, indeed, abundant proof that it was not only among the vulgar that extraordinary and improbable stories about Swift and Stella were circulated and believed; his closest friends, such as Delany and Sheridan, looked upon his conduct towards the woman he was known to love so fervently, as so strange, inconsistent, and unaccountable, that they were forced to imagine some mysterious cause for what they could not otherwise explain.

Married or not, however, Swift and Stella remained to all outward seeming only attached and constant friends, as they had been before. Though she and Mrs. Dingley frequently dined at the deanery, they never spent a night there except during Swift's attacks of illness, when they remained to attend and watch over him, and as soon as he got better they returned to their lodgings on Ormond Quay. And surely to Swift, as well as to Stella, the joy of his recovery must have had some alloy in the separation that followed it.

As for Vanessa, she seems to have found herself nearly as much separated from Swift in Dublin, as if the sea had divided them. She appears to have been a good deal sought after and admired in society, but she cared for no company but Swift's, and that he does not seem to have often indulged her with. 'Oh, how have you forgot me!' she cries out in one of her impassioned letters. 'You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion I behold myself the cause of uneasiness to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——,' a blank which Swift well knew how to fill.

She received two proposals of marriage after she was settled in Ireland, one from Dean Winter, and another from Dr. Price, afterwards Bishop of Cashel, but she refused both in the most peremptory manner. Restless and unhappy, seeing little of Swift, and not caring to see any one else, she left Dublin, and retired to a small property she possessed near the village of Celbridge, ten miles from Dublin. It had formerly been the site of one of those monastic institutions for which Ireland was once famous, and the house, built in imitation of a cloister, still retained the name of 'the Abbey.'* On one side it was divided from the outer world by a piece of woodland and a high stone wall, broken by a solid oaken gate of immense strength and thickness, heavily studded with huge iron nails; on the other side part of the old monastic garden still remained, and a grove of pines and other melancholy evergreens screened the more modern entrance which there pierced the old convent wall. Beyond flowed the gentle winding Liffey, placid and full, bordered by green pastures and fertile fields. Here Vanessa, who had once shone conspicuous among the gay groups of London society, and who was still in the bloom of womanhood, led a life almost as monotonous and secluded as if she had been one of the cloistered nuns who had dwelt there in days gone by. Swift strongly objected to the solitary retreat she had chosen, which, with its stillness and its shade, was too well suited to feed the passionate melancholy that was preying on her life, but she was not to be moved from her purpose, and it is said that, annoyed with her obstinacy, he never went to see her at Celbridge, till the death of her sister in some degree softened his heart towards her. In the meantime she occupied herself with the studies in which Swift had been her instructor, in writing letters to him as often as she dared, and in pouring out her love and her anguish in poetry which, whatever

* It afterwards became the property of an uncle of Henry Grattan's, and was called Marlay Abbey. Grattan has said that his patriotic convictions were strengthened and confirmed by his solitary musings among the groves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa.

its merits may be, no one has denied to be her own.*

Three years after her retirement to Celbridge Abbey her sister died, leaving Vanessa literally alone in the world, and wholly dependent on Swift (for whose sake she had given up all other friends) for sympathy and consolation. Under such circumstanccs it was impossible for him to deny her the joy his presence alone could give, and for the next two or three years he visited her frequently.

When Scott was writing his memoirs of Swift, a correspondent gave him an account of a visit which he had paid to Celbridge Abbey. The grounds had been showed to him by an old man who said he had worked in the garden with his father, when a boy, and that he remembered Miss Vanhomrigh very well. She avoided company, he said, and passed her time reading and walking in the garden; she was always melancholy except when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was crowded with laurels, and the old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted a fresh laurel with her own hand against his arrival. He showed a cluster of laurels which had formerly been trained into an arbour and called Vanessa's Bower. It held two rustic chairs and a table, and sitting there a beautiful glimpse of the river could be caught, and the murmur of a little artificial cascade came softly through the trees. Here Vanessa often wrote and studied when alone, and here, when Swift was with her, they sat together with books and writing materials on the table before them.

Whether Swift, touched at last by her devotion, and moved by that pity which melts the soul to love, showed Vanessa more tenderness in these last years of her life than he had ever done before, and was led, as they sat in Vanessa's Bower, to 'temper love and books together,' who can say? But if she cherished any secret hopes at this time, they were soon to die out for ever. She had, no doubt, heard rumours of Swift's secret marriage to Esther Johnson, and she was unable to account for Swift's continued obduracy, if no insuperable obstacle to his making her his wife existed. Distracted with conflicting emotions, and desperately determined to know the worst, she wrote to Stella, asking if Swift was bound to her by any tie of marriage or plighted troth. Stella sent the letter to Swift, who, on reading it, instantly rode off to the Abbey in the most terrible state of rage. On entering the house he met Vanessa without any greeting, except one of those stern, relentless looks which she once told him, had power to strike her dumb. Throwing a letter on the table, he turned away without a word, mounted his horse again, and rode back to Dublin. When Vanessa was able to look at the letter he had thrown on the table, she saw it was her own letter to Stella. 'It was her death warrant!' says Scott. She sank under the final end of all her hopes, and the wrath of him for whom she had given up every thing that could make life worth having. Her agony of mind acting on a delicate constitution brought on fever, and she died in a short time. She left her property to her executors, Judge Marshall and the famous Bishop Berkeley—having previously, it is said, revoked a will she had made in favour of Swift—and confided to them her correspondence with Swift, who, in his violent anger, seems to have returned all her letters as a sign that their friendship and correspondence were ended.

But that her life also was to end so sadly and suddenly, he had never imagined, and he was so overwhelmed with grief and remorse, on hearing of her death, that he hastily left Dublin, and according to his custom, sought relief in a rapid journey to the south of Ireland. Stella was then staying at the country house of a friend, where, it is said, she had gone after receiving Vanessa's letter, refusing to see Swift,

* The following lines are from 'An Ode to Spring,' written by Vanessa.

'Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene.
When unperceived the lambent fire
Of Friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine imprest their gentle sway
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names) in one idea blend;
Oh, still conjoin'd your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.'

and deeply offended at his having allowed Miss Vanhomrigh to form such hopes as her letter implied. Much, however, of this tragic story remains, and probably will always remain, doubtful and obscure.

Many of the circumstances related by the early writers on Swift's life and character, have been questioned or contradicted by later critics, who yet seem to have no talisman against falling into errors of their own. Had Mr. Forster lived to conclude his work, his researches would probably have given us better means of forming an accurate judgment on the many obscure passages in Swift's life than we have ever yet possessed. But if there was really any estrangement between Swift and Stella, it did not last long. Soon after Swift's return to Dublin, she and Mrs. Dingley returned to their lodgings on Ormond Quay. He welcomed her back from her visit to the country in some verses written in the old affectionate and playful style, and their life went on as before.

About this time Swift began that great and memorable struggle for the freedom and independence of Ireland, which has given him his noblest title to immortal fame. 'In the day of Ireland's deepest gloom,' wrote an eloquent writer, quoted by Sir Walter Scott, 'one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry. Swift first taught Ireland that she might cease to be ruled by a despot. His gown impeded his course and entangled his efforts; guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. . . The foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected, were laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.' It is painful to have to detract something from this well-deserved eulogium, by the confession that it was only for the 'English in Ireland' Swift claimed the rights for which he so bravely fought. The native and Catholic Irish were utterly contemned and ignored by him, and his intolerance of the Presbyterians and Dissenters was even more strongly marked. But he had sowed the seeds of free and vigorous thought, which once scattered abroad, bear a more liberal and bountiful crop than any gift of prevision in the sowers ever taught them to foresee, and remembering the results that followed his leadership, the just and generous judgment passed upon him by an Irish Celt and Catholic of our own day—one whose name must always hold an honourable place in the annals of Canada—* will be heartily endorsed by all large minded men. 'In a country so bare and naked as Swift found Ireland, with a bigotry so rampant and united before him, in "a cassock entangling his course," it needed no ordinary courage and capacity to awake anything like public opinion, or public spirit. Let us be just to that most unhappy man of genius; let us proclaim that Irish nationality, bleeding at every pore, and in danger of perishing by the wayside, found shelter on the breast of Swift, and took new heart from the example of that bold churchman, before whom the Parliament, the bench of bishops, and the viceroy trembled.'

What an idol of the Irish people Swift became, is well known. The 'Drapier's Head' became the most popular sign in the kingdom; it was struck upon medals, woven on handkerchiefs, and displayed in every possible manner. 'While he was able to go abroad,' says Scott, 'a thousand popular benedictions attended his steps, and when he visited any town in Ireland, his reception resembled that of a sovereign prince.' The slightest idea of danger or insult to 'the Dean,' raised a wild, but formidable army in his defence, and Sir Robert Walpole, when he threatened to have him arrested, was checked by an enquiry if he could send ten thousand men to guard the messenger.

To recruit his health, somewhat shaken by his battles, his triumphs, and his ovations, Swift retired to Quilca,—a little country place on the banks of Loch Ramon, in a wild and sequestered part of Cavan, which belonged to his friend Sheridan. He was accompanied by Stella and Mrs. Dingley, and as the cottage was small, its little inconveniences, and the various contrivances caused by its want of accommodation, suggested to him some humorous poetical pieces, which he called 'Family Trifles.' While at Quilca, he acted as Sheridan's steward, overseeing the work.

*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

men, and making various improvements with which he delighted in surprising Sheridan, who sometimes escaped from his duties in Dublin to spend a pleasant day or two with his guests. True to his Dutch taste, Swift made a canal, planted out rows of young trees, and formed an arbour of his favorite willows, which he called Stella's Bower. These were peaceful and happy months for Swift; country occupations and long country rides amused and interested him, his mortified pride was now soothed, and his ambition gratified by his political victories, and while correcting and transcribing his immortal 'Gulliver's Travels,' he doubtless enjoyed, by anticipation, the triumph, in a very different but not less mighty arena than that in which he had lately been engaged, which the wonderful powers it displayed were certain to obtain. Still more was the residence at Quilca a happy time for Stella. Swift was now all her own; jealousy and fear and doubt had vanished, and all the delights of the early days at Laracor seemed to have come back again.

In the spring of 1726, Swift visited England, after an absence of twelve years. Bolingbroke had now returned from exile, and with Arbuthnot, Gay, and other friends, welcomed Swift with open arms, and 'with the melancholy pleasure of sailors,' says Scott, 'who meet after a shipwreck, from which they have escaped by different means.' With Pope he now formed one of the closest and warmest friendships of his life, and his time seems to have been chiefly divided between Pope at Twickenham, and Bolingbroke at Dawley. He was recalled from England in July, by tidings of the dangerous illness of Stella, who, it was then thought, could not survive many days. To Swift's intense anguish on receiving this intelligence, was added a nervous terror, springing probably from the same source as his dread of impending madness, at the idea of seeing this beloved friend breathe her last, and he conjured Sheridan to inform him if she was really at the last extremity, that he might be spared the agony of witnessing her death. 'I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me,' he writes to Sheridan, 'but all my preparations cannot suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world has left its body. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of days be weary of life, having forever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable.'

But the blow was not to fall yet; Stella rallied again, and on his arrival in Dublin, he found her much better. He was received by the citizens with enthusiastic honours, bells were rung, bonfires kindled, and a joyful and triumphant procession escorted him to the deanery.

The following spring, Swift visited England for the last time. He had formed the project of passing the ensuing winter in the south, perhaps in the hope that its mild climate might benefit Stella's delicate health, as well as his own, but the project was never to be realized. A fresh attack of illness brought Stella to the verge of the grave, and Swift, on learning her hopeless state, was seized with a violent paroxysm of his constitutional disease. Hastily leaving Twickenham, where he had been staying with Pope, he shut himself up in lodgings in London, miserably afflicted in body and mind. He wrote to his friends Sheridan and Worrall, lamenting in a distracted manner the loss he was about to undergo of 'that person for whose sake only, life was worth preserving.' Yet he entreated that if her health permitted it, she might be removed from the deanery, lest her dying there might cause scandal. He had enemies, he said, who would interpret such a circumstance injuriously to his character. He did not take leave of any of his friends before setting out for Ireland, but he wrote an affectionate farewell to Pope. 'If it pleases God,' he said, 'to restore my health, I shall readily make another journey. If not we must part as all human creatures must part.' Over this letter Pope wept like a girl; he and Swift never met again, nor did Swift ever again see England.

He found Stella in the last stage of decline, but still able to go out occasionally in a sedan chair, and to visit him at the deanery. A painful scene between her and Swift has been related by Sheridan, in which Stella is said to have entreated Swift to acknowledge their marriage, and Swift to have left her in anger, vouchsafing no re-

ply, and never seeing her again. But this story is too utterly incompatible with all the circumstances of their lives for belief. On the contrary, the touching and tender lines he wrote to her on her visiting him in sickness shortly before her death, and the prayers which he composed expressly for her use, and read by her bedside, show that her last days on earth were soothed by his religious consolations and affectionate attentions. A circumstance related by Mrs. Whiteway has more appearance of truth than Sheridan's story, though the explanation she attached to it seems clearly a forced one. Stella, Mrs. Whiteway said, was carried in a chair to the deanery shortly before her death. Swift was expecting her and had prepared some mulled wine for her which he kept warm before the parlor fire. When she came in, she drank some of the wine, but afterwards grew so faint that she had to be taken up stairs and laid on a bed. Swift sat beside her holding her hand and speaking to her tenderly. Mrs. Whiteway left them alone together, but remained in the next room, the door of which was left open for air. For some time they conversed in a low tone, and then Mrs. Whiteway heard Swift say audibly, 'Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,' to which Stella answered with a sigh, 'It is too late!' Mrs. Whiteway believed that Stella's wish referred to the acknowledgment of their marriage, but there seems no reasonable ground for such an assumption. Many things besides marriage might have been referred to, and when heard in an imperfect manner many words—the word 'done' for instance—might easily have been mistaken for 'owned,' especially when a conception into which the latter word fitted was in the hearer's mind.

When sufficiently recovered the invalid was taken back to her lodgings, and this is the last glimpse we get of the living Stella. Three months after Swift's return to her, on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of January, 1728, at six o'clock in the evening, she died. True to his stern resolves, or perhaps unable to bear the parting pang, Swift was not with her when she passed away. It is sad to contemplate him sitting in his grief and solitude waiting for the tidings of her death. When at last he hears that all is over, he strives to calm his anguish and maintain his stoical composure with the help of pen and paper which had so often afforded him a safety-valve for the vehement passions that, without such escape, would most likely have early driven him to madness or the grave. 'This day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8,' he writes, 'about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I or perhaps any person, ever was blessed with. She expired about six of the evening of this day, and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve for my own satisfaction to say something of her life and character.' And he continues to write about her till his head aches and he can write no more. On the 30th of January he writes again—'This is the night of the funeral which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.'

Stella was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral, at nine o'clock at night; and eighteen years later, Swift was laid by her side. It is said that he never named her without a sigh, and this reminds us of those 'short sighs' so often mentioned when he alludes to their separation in the Journal. Among his papers was found a lock of hair, supposed to be Stella's, and on the envelope he had written, 'Only a Woman's Hair.'*

Swift had now lost the tender tie which for so many years had linked him to humanity. Henceforth his cynicism and misanthrophy grew apace. His fits of deafness and giddiness came oftener and stayed longer; his temper was so irritable and tyrannical, that his most attached friends could hardly endure it; and on the slight-

* Millais has painted companion pictures, three-quarters length, of Stella and Vanessa, which it is said have been admirably engraved. Stella stands at a table on which are a china jar, an inkstand, and some folded papers. She holds an open letter with both hands. Her features are regular, delicate, and clear, the expression is deeply sad, but gentle and serene; her long black hair falls from beneath a white lace cap. Vanessa's face is more in profile, and indicates a more haughty and impassioned character, but the expression is hardly less sorrowful. She is more richly dressed than Stella, wearing a brocaded silk elaborately trimmed. She too holds a letter in her hand, and writing materials are on the table near.

est provocation, he broke out into frantic fits of uncontrollable passion; mournful symptoms that the doom he had dreaded all his life was about to overwhelm him. Many years before, when Dr. Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts,' was walking with him near Dublin, the sight of a lofty elm withered and decayed at the top while living below, arrested his steps. 'I shall be like that tree,' he said, 'I shall die at the top.' Once he heard some one spoken of as a fine old gentleman. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'have you yet to learn that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman. If the man you speak of had either a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago!' 'God bless you!' he would say to his friends when they took leave of him, 'I hope we shall never meet again!' Almost his last rational utterance was a letter to Mrs. Whiteway:

'I have been very miserable all night and to-day, extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under, both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

'I am for these few days,
'Yours entirely,
'J. SWIFT.

'If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26th, 1740.'

He survived this most pathetic letter five years, part of the time in a state of violent madness, and afterwards sunk in utter silence and oblivion. At last he died without a pang or a struggle, so quietly that those who watched him did not know when his caged and tortured spirit was released. He was buried in the same grave with Stella, and a Latin inscription composed by himself was placed over his tomb.

In it he has recorded his efforts for liberty, and that indignation at the baseness and ingratitude of men which lacerated his heart.

LOUISA MURRAY.

ROUND THE TABLE.

I HEARTILY concur in all that has been already said by a friend at the 'Table,' on the subject of reading parties, and the woful lack of intellectual interests or higher interests of any kind in even our 'best' Canadian society. I fear that, in this respect, we are falling behind both our American neighbours and our British cousins. In both the United States and Great Britain, young men and especially young women of the wealthier classes pursue study—either for its own sake, or as an end to a means—much longer and further than is generally done in this country. Moreover it is much more general for them to cultivate some special interest—intellectual, æsthetic, or philanthropic—which tends to develop their faculties and their judgment, —to give them an 'object,' as well as subjects for rational conversation. Where there is utter vacuity of mind as regards higher interests, there is of course no resource but trivial gossip or more exciting and dangerous flirtation,—both of which leave the mind more 'demoralized' than they find it. I fear the 'School for Scandal' is not obsolete yet, in Canadian society. And there can be no remedy except trying to secure better furnished minds, since 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Teachers might, one would be inclined to think, do much more than they do to awaken an *interest* in literature among their older pupils, and nduce them to learn for themselves something at least about the more prominent writers of the day. In how many circles of average young people can one attempt to discuss such well-known English writers as Carlyle or Ruskin or Stanley, with any hope of

eliciting a response? You are only voted a prig or a bore for your trouble, and your embarrassed interlocutors speedily take refuge again in the gossip or 'chaff' which does duty with them for conversation. And, as 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' you may end by growing demoralized yourself and forgetting how to converse at all. In such circumstances it is no wonder that all parties which are not mere dancing parties are voted '*slow*,' and that sensible people who have not time to throw away, eschew 'society' altogether. I believe that reading parties, such as have been suggested, would tend to alter this state of matters, and would help to wake people up to a practical recognition of the fact that there are in the world wider interests than those of their own little circles. Only, such parties would need some judicious and liberal direction to keep them from running in one narrow groove, and to guard them from the danger of becoming 'mutual admiration societies,'—an influence most fatal to any real growth. Unless there is some catholicity of mind, some wide-awake readiness to see what is useful and important, to pass beyond the narrow range of a denominational or social *clique*, there cannot be much real progress. I have known so-called 'literary societies' hold their own meetings to listen to their own little papers, on an evening on which some subject of literary interest and importance was being lectured on by a man who had made his subject a life study, and could therefore give his hearers information which they could only have acquired otherwise at the expense of much time and trouble. Neither literary societies nor reading parties should be *microscopic*—perhaps it would be better to say, allow themselves to become *near-sighted*. They should have their glasses ready levelled to catch any beam of light that may come to them from any quarter of the literary sky. Yet there is another danger also, that of becoming desultory,—picking up mere scraps of information here and there, without any unity or connexion. A good way of avoiding this is to pursue a general plan adopted in some American reading parties. Some particular author, musician, or artist is chosen as the subject of a particular evening, and each member is requested to contribute something of interest regarding him—a Magazine article, an original contribution, selections from his works, &c., &c.,—of course including some outline of his life. If it be a musician who is chosen, the musical members of the party play selections from his musical works; if it be an artist, any one who may have copies of his pictures, brings them for the general benefit, with, if possible, some capable criticism upon them. By this means, each great name brought before the party becomes the centre of some definite ideas and associations, and the salient characteristics of the style of each writer, or painter, or composer are fixed in the memory and become a part of the 'mental furniture' of the members, none of whom will thereafter be destitute of ideas on that subject. And it is *ideas* we must cultivate before we can have much rational conversation.

— It would not be an easy task to estimate what the world owes to the periodical literature of the last hundred years, and our gratitude to it is perhaps the greater when we contemplate its benefits as a vague whole rather than in detail. Yet, when we recognize how peculiarly applicable to it is that law of mental and moral progress by which we find effects reacting upon and developing their causes, we must regard with considerable anxiety the enormous and ever-increasing influence of the periodical press, both as representing the tendencies of the age, and as giving them, by this reflex action, a renewed and most powerful impulse. To dwell on the bright side of the outlook would be pleasant enough, for I should have only to enunciate a series of laudatory truisms; but I intend to glance for a moment at a cloudy point in the horizon, that has already assumed dimensions which allow no comparison with a man's hand; nor is the keen eye of its first discoverer mine, by any means. In fact, I rather pride myself on an exercise of moral courage in a new direction; that of consciously and deliberately indulging in platitudes. The cloud, then, darkening the fair promise of our periodical literature and daily obtruding itself more conspicuously upon our notice, is that it is developing abnormally in us that which first gave it birth, our craving 'for some new thing;' in this particular aspect, our love of the sensational. I leave altogether out of consideration that

grosser form which disgraces much of the serial fiction of our day, and most of that semi-fiction which we call 'startling intelligence.' This is perhaps the more dangerous and more wide-spread evil, and is distinctly traceable in some degree to the influence of periodicals; but it can be shown to result neither inevitably nor only from them, while it appeals to the purely imaginative faculty, and is in that respect clearly capable of division from the form on which I would now dwell, and which may be styled conveniently, intellectual sensationalism. This I take to be the legitimate, though very undesirable offspring of the periodical form of publication, and it is growing very rampant. It is seldom possible now to take up a magazine or review, even of the highest class, without finding some instance of it. The avowed exingency of magazine writing is the regular and unfailing production of something fresh, something, as it is expressed, 'taking.' In our libraries we are well content to cherish venerable volumes, in which we find old truths in old familiar words. But as we cut the crisp pages of 'this month's ——— ,' we look for and we find novel ideas (mark, gentle reader, how I spoil my antithesis for the sake of cautious neutrality as to the degree of truth that is theirs) expressed in new form. Now, I have not enough 'good old conservatism' about me to take exception to novelty *per se*. But it is self-evident that, as the deficiency of new things under the sun is proverbial, monthly or weekly draughts upon genuine originality must soon outrun the supply; and then there is nothing left for it but sham-originality. There is a large class of periodical writers now in the very flood-tide of success through their proficiency in the manufacture of this staple commodity. The majority of them have sterling abilities and a very high degree of culture, such as raise them completely out of the rank of mere literary pretenders, and fairly entitle them to be taken as representatives of this intellectual sensationalism. Their stock-in-trade consists of an inexhaustible budget of paradoxes, brilliant where possible, startling always; an air of perfect infallibility; and a reckless audacity. Taking as raw material the generally accepted ideas on any given subject, they proceed to work these into form by referring to them as 'the common misconceptions on this point,' 'the unfounded popular notions' of those whom they amiably class under the heads of 'the vulgar reader,' or 'the ill-informed.' They are perfectly well aware that nine-tenths of their readers must be hit by these epithets, and they probably rely upon that peculiar obliquity of our vision that is so quick to see how well the cap fits Brown and Robinson, and so slow to perceive its adaptability to ourselves.

As one instance out of many, I remember a writer who is both distinguished and notorious, in the pages of a magazine now peacefully reposing under dust and the weight of a good deal of this 'originality,' making contemptuous allusions to the 'vulgar reader' who was incapable of seeing with him that metrical form in poetry was not only superfluous, but absolutely opposed to its spirit. The proposition from which he had started being somewhat threadbare, he was stating and developing it with the sensationalism of sham-originality. If the reader does not recognize the genus to which he belonged, he cannot sympathize with the pangs I have felt when convictions I had always thought founded on truisms, and tastes I had regarded as innocent and legitimate enough, have brought me within range of painfully brilliant articles which dismissed them as almost unworty of notice. There lingers in my mind a clever essay of this description in some magazine, on the 'Vice of Reading,' a title in itself typical of my subject. It left me in remorse to find that I had been indulging more or less for years, although I was by no means steeped in this 'vice;' until a little reflection relieved me by suggesting that the author's 'smart' arguments were somewhat out of keeping with his presumable intention in publishing the article.

London has of late been the birthplace of a number of weekly papers which make this intellectual sensationalism their chief attraction. Ably conducted, having as contributors men of considerable reputation and talent, and maintaining in some respects a very high tone, they flourish by an artificial brilliancy that is attained by viewing every subject from an eccentric standpoint; cultivating a strained, though witty cynicism, and being nothing if not paradoxical and audacious.

Even were it allowable, I do not think

it would be necessary for me to quote the many titles of articles that have appeared recently, in further illustration. They may be found on subjects literary, social, and even scientific; in papers, magazines, and even staid reviews. If need were, they would demonstrate that novel-writers and newspapers are responsible but for one aspect of the sensationalism of to-day, and that the more dignified departments of our periodical literature supply to different readers merely a different sort.

—Doesn't it seem to you, dear fellow guests, that (if one may judge from our 'high converse') our attention is too much devoted to intellectual food, even to the exclusion of more substantial viands? We may not desire to imitate even if we could (and we certainly *can't*) the Pre-raphaelite detail of gastronomy indulged in by Kit North in the Noctes Ambrosianæ. But we might now and then give a passing illusion to such congenial subjects, and mention any instances we may have come across of quaint modes and curious habits of feeding. For my own part I think that the sight of an extremely fat man at dinner would deter me from my customary 'second-helping,' and would act as a danger signal, or like the notice-board which warns skaters in England off a risky piece of ice. But it can't affect all men alike, or how should we account for the 'Fat Men's Club' of old time in London? unless, indeed, the members adopted the idea in order to keep each other in countenance. These individuals (if you can call any one of them an individual who could well have been divided up into three ordinary mortals) had a singular mode of election, less liable to falsification than the most ingenious modern plan of ballotting, and one which forced every ineligible candidate to blackball himself. Only one qualification was necessary, breadth—not of mind, but of body. A door of large dimensions led to their Hall or Symposium redolent with the gravy of fat victims and steaming oblations. The novice, lured by the attractive clatter of knife and fork within, hurled his huge limbs at the entrance. If he passed between the door-jambs he was led out again with ignominy, and rejected, but if he stuck by the way, folding doors opened gently to receive him, and he became a well esteemed guest. Men are wiser now-a-days, you say, my dear *convive*. Not at all. I can tell you of a Rat Club, now or very lately extant, consisting of a few young musical amateurs, who on their stated feast days ate their chops and steaks with a running accompaniment, in imitation of the noise made by those destructive Rodents in nibbling their (generally purloined) victuals. They use knife and fork, lift cup and glass, and perform the customary movements of a person eating, in time, and following the measured cadence of a tune set by their President. Fancy what a power he must wield! To bring your hungry pack in sight of their food, and when they are prepared to dash in to the tune of the 'No Thoroughfare' galop, to gravely start the 'Dead March in Saul.' The idea is really painful, and we will hope such an arbitrary step is never taken, lest the President should meet the fate that befel that bad bishop Hatto, who was gnawed to death by those other rats in his little wave-washed castle on the Rhine.

Then there is the tale, whispered among literary circles, of the Red Lion Club of savants, held at the annual paripatetic meetings of the British Association. It is not scrupled to be alleged, that such men as Huxley and Tyndall appear in the mental guise of lions, wag their coat tails, growl over their plates, and impose heavy fines on any one who dares speak a word of sense. We would suggest that this legend may enshrine a truth, and that such proceedings, or the fruit and rumour of such proceeedings, may be designed to protect the noble animals from being bored to death by the inflicted company of the terrible local dignitaries of science, bursting with the importance of having once dug up an old bone, or seen a grave-mound opened at little Peddlington, or else big with the honour of having contributed a 'Monograph on Stoke Pogis' to the county scientific periodical.

—As a pendant to the paper on 'the Jelly-fish,' in the last number, by Mr. J. A. Allen, the following little *jeu d'esprit*, written some time ago by Professor Grant Allen, late of Queen's College, Spanishtown, Jamaica, may prove interesting. It was thrown off simply for the writer's own amusement and that of his friends, and I take the liberty of giving it for the entertainment of any meta-

physically inclined members of the company 'round the table.'

A jelly-fish swam in a tropical sea,
And he said this world it consists of ME;
There's nothing above and nothing below
That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
Since the highest reach we can boast of sight
Is only the vaguest sense of light,
And we've got, for the final test of things,
To trust to the news which one feeling brings.
Now all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such;
But to think these have any external cause
Is an inference clear against logical laws:
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
Is a pure assumption that can't be backed
By a jot of proof or a single fact:
In short, like Hume, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without;
And so, I have come to the plain conclusion,
If the question is only set free from confusion,
That the universe centres solely in me,
And if I were *not*, then *nothing* would be!
Just then, a shark, who was passing by
Gobbled him up in the twink of an eye,
And he died with a few convulsive twists,
But, somehow—the universe still exists!

—This is emphatically an age of material progress. It is the new Iron Age, the age of railways, telegraph lines, iron ships, iron monster-guns, iron houses, and iron churches. Experience bears testimony that men's minds are usually in accord with the work of their hands; and in our day the human intellect is essentially practical and materialistic in its objects and tendencies. Each period of the world's history has been marked by distinct characteristics, to be succeeded by others having widely different features. We have a familiar instance of this in the change which took place in England, in the seventeenth century, from the austere puritanism of the Commonwealth to the frivolous immorality of the reign of Charles the Second, not to speak of similar examples, both in ancient and later times. At what stage the rebound may come, it is difficult to foresee; but come it will, soon or late, as circumstances may determine. When is our Iron Age to cease? Has it to harden and brighten into an Age of Steel, or are we to see the obverse side of the medal, with an entire change of scene and things, when Vulcan's forge and Thor's hammer shall be transformed into harp and cymbal, and all shall be music and song? I should not wonder, for my part. 'Tis a mad world, my masters,' and I greatly fear that, even in this enlightened era, so styled, people are not much superior to their forefathers, Darwin's monkey inclusive. I fancy however, that the days of hard facts, of the Manchester school, of the Gadgrinds, are coming to a close, and that another psychological phase is about to embellish the motley record of our race. Literature especially is becoming weary of the clanking and jingling of metal, and poetry has too long sought nutriment in the mellifluous treacle of Tennyson and his followers, mistaking it for honey of Hybla, or forced to be content with it for lack of better. I opine in this respect that the literary metamorphosis will largely assume a theological and metaphysical complexion; for the Scientists, as they are called, are forcing the religious leaders and masses to resume their old arms and forge new, wherewith to repel the attacks made upon them from various strange quarters, and with weapons which even Voltaire and the Encyclopædists had not learned to wield. This fight, we suppose, must be fought, until some fresher novelty shall take its place and consign it to that limbo in which so many kindred 'philosophies' have been entombed for the last two thousand years and more. I shall not venture to discuss such high matters; but will tell these learned revolutionists one thing, which is, that man has been taught that he is only a little lower than the angels; the new teachers would convince him that he is only a little higher than the brute. Which is the wiser and more elevating doctrine of the two, apart from other considerations? The civilized world has made its choice, and will not depart from it, charm these sages never so learnedly. They are preaching to deaf ears, and well it is for humanity that it should be so. But more of this on another occasion.

—In the April number of this magazine, Shebaygo put in a fervent plea for the restoration of its Indian name to Lacrosse. The writer has fallen into an error which I remember seeing in a book on Lacrosse, which should have been free from such a blunder. He abuses the Jesuit missionaries who were the pioneers of colonization on this continent for 'likening the peculiar racket-ended bat with which it is played, to the Cross.' I need scarcely say

that *crosse* means 'crosier,' and is also the French name for 'a hockey-stick'; *croix* being the form which retains the meaning of *crux*. It may be worth while to add that 'crosier' in the first place was the name of the cross-staff of an Archbishop, but was afterwards improperly applied to a Bishop's pastoral staff. In heraldry the word is still restricted to its proper signification. As the Lacrosse bat in shape resembles nothing more than a pastoral-staff, with the crook netted, it seems to me that the Jesuit missionaries exhibited considerable 'regard for the eternal fitness of things,' in christening this game. Intimacy with the old records of the first travellers who penetrated the American wilderness, has filled Shebaygo with intense enthusiasm for the unfortunate Indian tribes—an enthusiasm which is only equalled by his old-fashioned English antipathy to the French. By restoring to Lacrosse its euphonious Indian name of 'Baggatiway,' 'tardy justice' may, he thinks, be done to these injured races, and some compensation made for the wrongs of which they have been the victims at the hands of Europeans. This is certainly attributing to the noble red-skin a delicacy of sentiment which the careless observer would be slow to credit him with. Shebaygo's sympathetic frenzy carries him so far that, while he admits that he does not know the meaning of 'Baggatiway,' he magnanimously assumes that there can be no doubt that 'it is significant, and adapts itself accurately to the character of the game it represents.' I am afraid that he assumed with equal reason that the French name was 'unnatural and absurd.' With the regret which he expresses, that so few Indian names of places have been retained, one is at the first blush inclined to sympathize, but that sentiment soon vanishes with the effort to spell such a musical polysyllable as Kazezeekeedgewaigemog, which is the nearest approach we can make to the name in which a lake near Fort William rejoices. The names collected from almost all nations and tongues and languages on the face of the earth, which diversify the map of the Dominion, however badly chosen, are not without interest. They indicate, in most instances at least, the nationality of the earliest settlers, and the voyager over Lake Superior is constantly reminded by the French names of islands, bays, or streams, of the heroism of the Jesuit missionaries. And even though such names as McTavish, Crooks, Pardee, &c., which have been oddly intermingled with Indian names of places round Thunder Bay, may be very objectionable on æsthetic grounds, they have at least one advantage —they are comparitively easy to spell. When a poet of the English, named Milton —to imitate Shebaygo's queer expression, 'a chief of the Ottawas, named Pontiac'— asks :

> 'What is harder, sirs, than Gordon,
> Colkitto, or McDonnel or Galasp?'

I unhesitatingly reply, 'such barbarous combinations of difficult sounds as Nanahpahjurikase, or Jebing-neezho-shinnant, which have an unaccountable charm for Shebaygo.' Of such names the poet's succeeding lines will never be true, I fear :

> 'Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
> That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.'

Shebaygo reproduces Henry's account of the capture of Fort Michilimackinac, apparently unaware that the history of the struggle of which that incident formed a part, has been told finally in Parkman's 'Conspiracy of Pontiac.'

—I have one or two points of controversy with the reviewer of the Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, in the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY,

> 'which the same
> I rise to explain.'

Firstly, the reviewer says that Dr. Guthrie 'appears never to have doubted the propriety of making home, on one day of the week, a prison on the silent system, or rather something worse.' Now, no one who ever knew Dr. Guthrie could possibly believe that any home with which he had anything to do could possibly be anything like a prison or *any* system. His overflowing geniality could not have helped making Sunday at least as sunny, if not a more sunny day than any other in his own home. Secondly, the reviewer explicity demurs to the 'good Doctor's' opinion that it is better 'to lean to the side of scrupulousness than laxity,' 'as if all history . . . did not inculcate a different moral.' Now, without taking any 'sternly Sabbatarian' view, I

maintain that the institution of the Sabbath cannot be of its highest, or any use to man, without a decided 'leaning to scrupulousness.' Without the 'scrupulousness' which hedged it about in the Mosaic law, it would long ago have disappeared from among men, with all its beneficent influences; and owing to the lack of 'scrupulousness' on the continent of Europe, it has already to a great extent disappeared there, so that many a hard-working artisan has never a day either of rest or worship, to break the weary round of toil. I do not in the least believe in mere *conventional* rules for Sabbath keeping, founded on man's inevitable tendency to formalism,—rules which would make a quiet thoughtful walk among the pure influences of Nature an infraction of the sacredness of the Sabbath, while an hour or two of it worse than wasted in gossiping or censorious conversation, awakens no compunction. These are among the inconsistencies in which a blind unintelligent conventionalism lands those who should know better, and against which no one would have more strongly protested than He who claimed lordship over the Sabbath. But, believing that 'the Sabbath was made for man,' I believe that, as a blessed gift, it should be 'scrupulously' kept intact. Every thoughtful observer of this hurrying age knows how the tide of mere secularism is continually encroaching upon all that belongs to the higher part of man's nature. His spiritual nature cannot be nourished without intervals for quiet thought and for communion with the source of his spiritual life. Both revelation and philosophy tell us this. And every one who has steadily kept the Sabbath sacred to the higher uses for which it was given,—kept it as far as possible free, not only from ordinary secular *work*, but ordinary secular *thoughts*,—can testify to its inexpressible value as a strengthening and refreshing influence, not only spiritually,—its highest benefit,—but intellectually also. And those who follow a different plan starve themselves spiritually, and lose even intellectually. We do most urgently need this green oasis in the dusty highway of life; and we need to keep up the barriers with some 'scrupulousness' if we still wish to have it 'no thoroughfare.' Even to take it in one of its lowest aspects, it is much to have one day in seven of home quiet, free from the inroads and exactions of ordinary acquaintanceship, which run away with so much of our week-day life. The religious history of the continent of Europe bears distinct testimony to the evil of 'laxity' in Sabbath-keeping, to which, I think, much of the indifferentism and practical atheism of France and Germany are due, a striking contrast, all must admit, to the religious earnestness of Scotland, with its 'scrupulousness.' Where there is no time set apart for the consideration of spiritual realities, these are apt to disappear from man's view altogether, in the hurry and bustle of modern life. More than ever Jews needed it do we need our Sabbath. Let us guard, as one of our most precious possessions, this 'pearl of days.'

—The second point of controversy which I have with the said reviewer is a side issue, founded on his pointing his 'moral' with 'the after career of the average clergyman's son.' This is obviously a reference to the often repeated and often refuted libel on clergymen's sons, which it seems impossible to dislodge from people's minds, although it has been repeatedly protested against and disproved, so far as such an assertion could be disproved by actual statistics. My own observation in actual life extends over a good many clergymen's sons—many of them the sons of Scottish clergymen—and I can emphatically say that it contradicts the idea that these do not, *as a rule*, turn out well. There are black sheep in every class, but so far as my knowledge and experience go, the black sheep are fewer in this class than in any other, though probably much more observed when they do occur. Out of a large number of sons of clergymen within my own personal acquaintance, I can hardly recall one who has not turned out a respectable and useful member of society, while a large proportion of them have distinguished themselves, morally as well as intellectually, in the professions they have chosen. The most distinguished of modern Scottish clergymen, Dr. Norman Macleod, was a Scottish minister's son, and as every one knows, he has left behind a vivid picture of the happy life of a Scottish manse. Another of the most distinguished and the best of Scottish clergymen, Dr. McLeod Campbell, was a clergyman's son, and perhaps no man has

had a stronger influence on the best theological thought of the day than he has had. Other eminent men, and men rising into eminence in other walks of life, are Scottish clergymen's sons,—among whom I may instance Mr. George J. Romanes. Many other excellent men might be mentioned who have been brought up in Scottish manses, and several of our own most distinguished clergymen are also clergymen's sons. A floating libel should not be kept up, in the face of facts like these.

SPRING BIRDS.

From southern shores and summer seas,
Where wanders wild the fragrant breeze,
Where mangrove copse and stately palm
In still lagoons are mirrored calm,
O'er orange groves, on tireless wing,
Northward they've come, our birds of spring.

What impulse strange their flight hath sped?
Their course what guiding thought hath led?
From climes where summer reigns alway,
What fancy led their flight to stray,
And pour, our leafless boughs among,
Their ecstacy of joyous song?

We know not now; nor can we tell
Why those same songs our pulses swell
With bounding life and waking dreams
Of rustling leaves and murmuring streams;—
What magic o'er our spirits bring
The rainbow-tinted skies of spring;—

Whence comes the rapture, vague but sweet,
With which each wilding flower we greet,
Inhale the breath of budding trees
That fill with balm the April breeze;
And why the weariest heart is stirred
By carols of the early bird.

We cannot thread the mysteries
Through which our human pathway lies;
Enough to know that all the range
Of form and thought, of life and change
In countless types, develop still
One central Unity of Will.

We are a part of one grand whole,
Dead matter linked with living soul,
While dimly each to us reveals
The Presence Nature still conceals
Beyond our highest thoughts to trace;
And yet—our Home and Dwelling-place!

FIDELIS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE late Sir Allan McNab is said to have declared that railways were his politics. That was in the old time, when men's allegiance was undivided; now-a-days, although railways still maintain some claim upon political fealty, a Mayor of the Palace exercises the real power, the public good being only an effete Merovingian. Or to cross the Pacific, the Tycoon of railways is virtually, though not confessedly, supplanted by the Mikado of slander. By May-day the Dominion Parliament will have been prorogued, and it may not be too much to hope that His Excellency will be advised to take some cognizance of the distinctive feature of the Session. The Royal Speech, for instance, might congratulate the House, when thanking them for the supplies, not only upon the practical character of its legislation, but also upon the urbanity of its manners and the dignity which has uniformly characterized its debates. In the one case, there would be a genuine compliment; in the other, a salient example of delicate irony. Never since principles died out, and party became all in all, have our Parliamentary proceedings been so utterly unworthy and repulsive as during the Session of 1877. The political atmosphere has become fetid with pestilential vapours, and the sea, nearing the ebb, has stranded us, with reptiles and creeping things, amongst the ooze and slime. Once, and only once, Mr. Blake raised his voice on behalf of decorum and good manners, and yet, in the end, we fear it must be said that even he proved the truth of a remark by one of Shakspere's heroines—'If to do, were as easy as to know what it were best to do,'—we need not continue the quotation. Hon. members on both sides of the House seem to be marvellously gifted either with the genius for discovery or fertility in invention. Nothing seems to have come amiss, from the purchase of steel rails to some paltry fees received by an ex-Premier, or even the dismissal of a tide-waiter. The Public Accounts have been ransacked with mischievous industry for something that may keep the party pot boiling. Every passing whisper, borne on the passing breeze, has formed the nucleus of a charge against some one in or out of office. Trivial matters, unworthy of a thought, are first quietly manipulated doubtfully and with misgiving, to be brought forth at last to light in the shape of full-blown scandal—*parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras.* Another 'School for Scandal,' has arisen under the eyes of Sheridan's descendent, in which the Lady Teazles, the Sneerwells, Crabtrees, and Backbites, are all politicians, the only difference being that the modern school has improved upon its model, having acquired assurance enough to do its unworthy work in public.

There have been times, it is true, in the past history of Canada, when the tide of political passions ran high, and rash words, as well rash charges, were in vogue. But there was at least this to be said in extenuation, that slander and vituperation were not indulged in for their own sake. Our public men were usually inspired by zeal for some principle which they held dear, and took no pleasure in abusing one another, with no ulterior objects but place and pelf. Now all is changed; the cartridges are not blank, but the solid shot is spent, and like the sea-captain whose cannon-balls had run out, our politicians are firing round Dutch cheeses, devoting the smoke to the public eye, and the bewildering fragments to the party foe.

That both sides are conscious of the humiliating position of affairs is evident from their anxious efforts to cast the blame upon each other. The only debateable question appears to be that of the quarrelsome schoolboy—'Who began it?' or else the inevitable *tu quoque* bandied from one side to the other. On the part of the Opposition, there seems to be a misty notion that the *revanche* for which the French are supposed to be yearning, is to be reaped now, in the shape of retorts churlish and counterchecks quarrelsome, often the lie with circumstance and it may be the

lie direct. It is not intended to charge one party, more than the other, with the initiation of this unfortunate state of things; since both are equally involved, it is difficult if not impossible to apportion the responsibility. Yet it is certain that the law of retaliation has resumed its sway in our political world, and is being administered as strictly as the Roman fabulist would have had it—*si quis vero læserit, multandum simili jure.* Hence the feverish eagerness with which the most insignificant points are snatched at, if there is any probability that they may be made available as return fire. Most of the accusations preferred on both sides are beneath notice, and, although they have a most demoralizing effect upon the public mind, and are rapidly bringing politics into odium and contempt, may safely be passed over in silence. Yet there are two matters which have assumed so important an aspect that they deserve some attention—the Secret Service Money and the Independence of Parliament.

It is still our firm conviction, notwithstanding the clamour of the Ministerial party, that Sir John A. Macdonald has not been fairly or equitably treated in the matter of the Secret-Service Fund. It is hard to divest oneself of the feeling that there has been a want of what we patriotically term British fair play about the prosecution, we shall not say the persecution, of the ex-Premier. If it is not exactly like kicking a man when he is down; it certainly resembles nothing so much as smiting him in the face when his hands are tied behind his back. In short, notwithstanding facts plausibly stated and precedents glibly cited, it is hard to reconcile the action of Mr. Charlton and his committee to one's sense of common justice, and we believe that is the general feeling throughout the country. To begin with, it is obvious that the charge preferred against Sir John Macdonald is not the real one. The prosecutors in this case do not set the regularity or constitutionality of the right hon. gentleman's act at a pin's fee, however plausibly they may dilate upon them. Their ulterior object is, as Mr. John Macdonald forcibly pointed out, to fasten upon the ex-Premier a charge of misappropriation or embezzlement. Surely no one who desires to uphold the reputation of our public men or the dignity of public life would make such a charge idly, or as the member for Centre Toronto put it, 'without the slightest proof.' But the cowardly part of it consists in this, that it is also incapable of disproof. Sir John's opponents were well aware that even if he had been prepared at once to prove the negative of their assertion, it was not in his power to do so. He cannot betray confidence by producing the vouchers, and therefore he was defenceless when the brave blow was aimed at his face, and the wound inflicted, or attempted, upon his reputation. Both will fail of their object, for whatever view may be taken of Sir John Macdonald's political career, no one, friend or foe, will for a moment entertain an honest doubt of his thorough integrity.

So far as relates to the expenditure of the Secret Service money prior to, the resignation of the late Government, the case of Mr. Charlton entirely breaks down. It is quite true, as we pointed out last month, that there is a so-called audit of the fund in England, but it can only be a matter of form, since the items are not examined, neither are the vouchers produced. There only remains the dispute regarding $6,600 retained by the ex-Premier for liquidation of claims admittedly due, but not finally adjudicated upon, and the retention of the money for some time after his resignation. With regard to the latter, there appears to be nothing at worst but a certain degree of remissness. Sir John Macdonald had not the money in his possession, for it lay as a special deposit in the Bank of Montreal, and the right hon. gentleman states that he had informed the Auditor-General of its being there. Touching the amount retained after handing over the balance to the Receiver-General, there is this to be said, that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie could not possibly deal with the claims it was drawn out of the Bank to adjust, so well as his predecessor. It must be remembered that the debts had been incurred for secret service purposes not subsequent, but prior to the resignation of the late Ministry, and might have been settled even at the last moment, by the parties. Technically, no doubt, the Government is right in objecting to the course of the Minister of Justice, but then the Secret Service Fund is so exceptional in its character that ordinary constitutional rules cannot be

strictly applied to it. Indeed, if the authority of Mr. (now Lord) Hammond is to be accepted, 'the secret service money should never be surrendered, because, inasmuch as it had been granted for Secret Service purposes, and the responsible persons had taken an oath to spend it for secret services, it could not be surrendered.' This passage is quoted at second-hand from Mr. Macdonald's speech, and may possibly not have the full construction it appears to bear; still it seems clear enough to cover such an expenditure as the disputed $6,600. However, admitting that Sir John's course was irregular and of doubtful consitutionality, why should so terrible a bother be raised over it? The answer can only be, that it is not the ostensible, but the covert, accusation—the *arriere-pensée* to which only muttered expression is given—that the prosecutors desire to keep in public view. The picture in itself would fail to attract attention were it not for the dark and shadowy phantom which fills the background.

The admitted or alleged violations of the Independence of Parliament Act fall under another category. It is obvious to every one, that, unless we are to open the door to abuses such as those which notoriously taint the American system, and render ourselves liable to reproaches similar to those heaped upon it, the provisions of the statute must be rigidly enforced. Doubtless, cases of peculiar hardship to individuals will arise from time to time, but they do not make a feather's weight when balanced against the imperative necessities of the community. Stringency may occasionally appear inequitable, but relaxation would be fatal. And, after all, it only needs a little caution on the part of hon. members to save them from the consequence of careless or unthinking dealings with the Government either personally or by their partners. To admit it as an excuse that the member of Parliament did not know of any particular transaction jeopardizing his seat, would be to open the door to abuses of all kinds. 'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed,' were the words of Macbeth, after having made arrangements for Banquo's murder; and so, in like manner, might partnerships be carried on, leaving their Parliamentary members in blissful ignorance of illegal transtions by preconcerted understanding. The only safe and straightforward course for a Member of Parliament is at once, upon his election, to secure from his partners an assurance that they will not enter into any dealings with the Government whatsoever, without previous consultation with him. He would then be act and part in any such transactions, and must stand or fall according as they are legally defensible or the reverse. Politicians are seldom immaculate, and it would be too much to expect them to rise much above the society in which they live; yet it is not too much to require of them that they shall not sink below the general level. The endeavour to keep on thewindy side of the law—to be able to grasp the forbidden fruit with out-stretched arm, and yet not overpass the legal line—is not one of the virtues, and those who practice it come near mistaking Satan for an angel of light. It has been proposed to exempt hon. members from the operation of the law, if they had no personal knowledge of agreements made by their partners or agents. If mercantile or equity law were administered according to such a principle, the bonds which knit society together would be burst asunder, and the result would be a social chaos. *Qui facit per alium facit per se* is the maxim of the law, and it must continue to be that of the Legislature in the important matter before us. The law is not Draconic, or even exceptional, in its character, and, therefore, there is no middle course between its rigid enforcement and its unconditional repeal.

Of the three cases which have been particularly brought under the notice of the House, two appear to be, on the whole, clear enough—those of Messrs. Currier and Norris. They are examples of apparent hardship in the operation of the law. Mr. Currier is a partner in two lumber firms—a 'sleeping partner' for some time, it would appear. The other members of these firms supplied lumber for the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, and for the Department of Public Works. The hon. member was clearly free from any knowledge of these transactions; but we are not prepared to admit that he was free from blame. When he entered Parliament two courses were open to him. If the interests of his firms were likely to be prejudiced by his position as a legislator, he could have

withdrawn from them; if not, he should have displayed forethought enough to exact from his partners a pledge that they would do nothing which might imperil his seat or subject him to the imputation of either breaking or evading the law. Mr. Norris was also ignorant of the freight transactions which have got him into trouble; yet he was not only careless, but acted in an unbusiness-like manner. A paper, apparently under seal, was signed by him 'as a mere formality,' without examination, and this turned out to be a contract with the Government. Certainly if Mr. Norris has any right to complain, it is of his own fatuous conduct, not the law, and no amount of apology or pleas in extenuation can free him from the culpability attaching to his act. Both these hon. members have resigned, and will no doubt be re-elected; it is to be hoped that not only they, but our legislators as a body, will take the lesson seriously to heart. When Mr. Currier resigned, the *Globe* stated that his resignation was 'manifestly an attempt to prevent a full investigation.' Mr. Norris followed his example and the Parliamentary representative of that journal declared that the member for Lincoln had taken precisely the same step as the member for Ottawa, by the advice and with the hearty approval of his friends. So much for party strategy.

The case of Mr. Speaker Anglin is a delicate one, both in itself and because of the exalted position he occupies in the councils of the Dominion. When the present Government was in process of formation in November 1873, Mr. Anglin, presumably in answer to solicitations from Mr. Mackenzie, gave the new Premier some 'satisfying reasons' why it would be injudicious on his part to enter the Cabinet. Shortly afterwards the Postmaster General (now Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario) met Mr. Anglin, and stated that he would transfer a large amount of job printing to the office of the St. John *Freeman*, Mr. Anglin's paper. It may be taken for granted that the present Speaker made no objection to the arrangement, although he denies that it was an agreement. His Honour tells us that he subsequently informed Mr. Anglin of the execution of the transfer. The work was performed and the money paid, and the receipts were signed by the hon. gentleman. Schedules of prices had been sent from the Department, and by an inadvertence, according to the Speaker, the words 'as per agreement' crept in somewhere. Now whether all this constituted an 'agreement' or not, must be left to the lawyers; to men of ordinary common-sense, it clearly did, or there is no meaning in words. If a quibble like that set up in this case be admissible, then Governments may corrupt right and left, and any one may drive a coach and six through the Independence of Parliament Act. This ought surely to be clear enough, and to Mr. Anglin it was clear enough that if he had not transgressed the letter of the statute, he had unquestionally violated its spirit. If not, why did he caution his manager to be careful that his transactions with the Department did not assume the form of a contract—or, in plain English, instruct his agent to evade the Act, whilst securing the fruit it was intended to forbid?

The attempt to place job printing on a large scale in the same category with Government advertising is futile. In all our cities there are job printing offices and even newspaper offices to which Government work might be given without incurring even the suspicion of illegality; but with advertising the case is entirely different. Government notices must appear in the newspapers, and, as the press is now conducted, these must, in almost every locality, be party newspapers. In such cases it would be too much to require Ministers to select an Opposition Journal. Take Belleville, which has been mentioned. The late Government inserted its advertisements in the *Intelligencer*, in which Mr. Bowell has an interest; but what were they to do, unless, with a severity of political virtue not to be expected, they had employed the Opposition paper? And even then, they would have been charged with an attempt to corrupt it. It may be readily admitted that notices which can be of no possible use where they are printed, are sometimes sent to the journals, to serve for 'pap,' as it called; but the abuse of a legitimate practice is no argument against its proper use, while on the other hand, giving departmental printing to a member of Parliament, is an abuse, *pur et simple*, from first to last. The newspaper is the people's highway, by which every man may hold communication with his fellows, anticipating their wants and

proclaiming his own. It is what the market-place was of old, or the parish-church door, where every one sought his customers, and every customer found a supply for his needs. As such it is open to Governments as well as to individuals; indeed it must be used by them, whether they desire it or no, to secure publicity, where publicity is necessary. To supply forms for a Post Office, on the contrary, is the same as supplying cordwood, flour, and building material, or engaging to construct a section of the Pacific Railway. Between the cases there is no such analogy as Mr. Anglin suggests; indeed we might almost suppose the hon. gentleman had passed from the wholesome region of purity into the scented air of prudery, if it were not clear that he is trying to establish a fanciful set-off which has no existence.

It is with reluctance that these words have been written. Nothing would have been more to one's taste than to clear the skirts of Mr. Anglin. 'Speaking evil of dignities' is sometimes a sin; yet when the evil is not in the speaker but in the dignities, it may become an ungracious duty. Thoughtlessness on the part of the Postmaster-General, who merely looked upon the affair as a transfer of patronage, was at the root of the mischief, and what predecessors did will neither exculpate him nor Mr. Anglin. At the same time, we may at once cast to the winds the insinuations of the Opposition press that the agreement—or understanding, if that be preferred—between Minister and member was to serve as a *solatium* for the portfolio Mr. Anglin might have reasonably expected, but missed. It is the business of partisans, we suppose, to malign and to attribute the worst out of all possible motives which may be imagined. Both honorable gentlemen were clearly innocent of anything worse than a too ready acquiescence in current party maxims, and an unthinking eagerness in giving them practical effect. Sir John Macdonald's party has been guilty of similar practices and worse, and they would repeat them on the morrow of their return to office. A party which had been out in the cold for many a long year may be to some extent excused, if they were, at first, rather reckless of the fuel, and not too curious as to the source from whence it came. And although this is no complete defence against a clear violation of the statute in the eyes of a non-partisan, it ought to operate as an estoppel against those whose hands are not clean, and whose sublime virtue is as novel as the first backward step of their opponents is strange and unfortunate. It is said that between twenty-five and thirty hon. members have been rowing in the same boat and must be transferred to the banks of the same galley as those already mentioned. Two of these are Ministers of the Crown, and there will, no doubt, arise an 'Io triumphe" from the gentlemen on the Left. Yet we beg them, or at least the public, to note that if the burden of blame fall upon Ministers and their following, it is not that they are more guilty than the Opposition, but only because the latter has lacked opportunity. Those who dwell securely in Jerusalem have before to-day appeared less guilty than those who fell under the battlements of Siloam. The root of the mischief lies beneath, and forms the support of the party system. Patronage, pelf, 'pap,' and all the other sinister devices by which Governments build themselves up, and, at the same time, support their supporters, are the *fons et origo mali*. So long as public men are not ashamed to speak of their followers as those who 'have claims on the party,' so long as the Civil Service is prostituted and enfeebled for party purposes, so long as preferment goes by favour, not by merit, and so long as the resources of the country are squandered in enriching party printers, grocers, and contractors, it is vain to hope for better things. Any change in the *personnel* of our rulers—for principles there are none—would probably be for the worse. One party keeps a long and dreary Lent, whilst the other is gorging itself to repletion and satiety, and when their turn arrives, the first come back with whetted teeth and voracious maw, bringing, perhaps, with them seven devils in the shape of extravagant hopes and inordinate desires. The present elevation of the standard of purity may or may not confer substantial and permanent benefits. It may warn both parties from the ground forbidden by the Independence of Parliament Act; but we have very little faith in any such reformation, so long as party, with its self-seeking maxims and shady practices, remains what it is.

The *Mail*, in leaded type and peremptory

terms, calls upon Mr. Mackenzie to dissolve Parliament. If, writes our contemporary, a general election was necessary at the end of 1873, because the House was tainted by the Pacific Scandal, *a fortiori*, the present House should be dismissed, seeing that one-tenth of its members, including the Speaker and two Ministers of the Crown, are suspected—for it is not yet proved—of violating the statute. There is one remarkable difference between the cases, apart from the absurdity of dissolving Parliament upon hearsay, and that is, that, in the last Parliament, the Premier was in the minority and could not work with it. The casual vote against the late Administration gave no guarantee of support firm enough to build the hopes of a new Government upon. Now, although the majority of January, 1874, has been materially reduced, Mr. Mackenzie has still a good working majority—quite as good as he wants, or is good for him. Besides, it appears to us bad policy on the part of the Opposition to clamour for a dissolution at present. Even although a reasonable proportion of the charges preferred against Ministers were true and credible by the bulk of the electorate, it would seem better to wait until they have filled up the measure of their iniquity and to make assurance doubly sure. It may be urged that this course, on the part of the Conservatives, would indicate a want of faith in the accusations they have made, or a want of confidence in the gullibility of the people; yet, after all, they cannot feel any satisfying confidence in the reaction of which they boast, and therefore it would be acting a prudent part to wait patiently, or impatiently, until the time for waiting shall be over and gone. It is true that the proceedings of the Session, now drawing to a close, have tended to loosen the ties of party, if not to make the people detest it utterly, and that the Opposition may hope to gather some waifs from the general break-up. But if one lesson rather than another has been impressed upon the public mind by the discussions and wranglings of the past year, it is that one party much resembles the other, and that both are alike bad; the result of this conviction may be a resolution to bear the ills they have rather than fly to others that they know not of. Thus the Ministry occupy a vantage ground of which it is not probable an immediate election would dispossess them.

It is not our province, even if the space were at command, to examine in detail the legislation of the year; yet it is only due to Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake especially, to yield them a high meed of praise for the activity they have displayed in debate and in the framing of practical measures of reform. The Premier's work being mainly administrative, is, we fear, but imperfectly understood and appreciated out of doors. His name has appeared on the back of few bills, yet the burden of office must at times be overwhelming. The Public Works Department now overshadows all the rest in the labour required from its chief, and, although Mr. Mackenzie is too conscientious to shirk any portion of his duty, and perhaps performs much himself that might well be left to others, the labour required is, in any case, onerous enough to task to the utmost the powers, intellectual and physical, of the most indefatigable administrator. While Parliament sits, save during the recess, Mr. Mackenzie must attend to debates, answer innumerable questions, meet countless attacks, and take part in every important discussion, and that from three in the afternoon till the small hours of the morning. All this toil and anxiety, it is too much to expect any one man to bear, and it cannot long be borne with impunity. The time seems to have arrived when Canada, following English precedent, should dissociate the Premiership from all Departmental work. Upon Mr. Blake rests the responsibility of public legislation, and he has, like his chief, manifested unceasing energy in his work. The number of measures of practical value introduced by this Minister can hardly be less that a score, besides other work which is not ostensibly his—and this has all been accomplished notwithstanding his fruitful mission to England. That he has succumbed beneath the labours of his office is most sincerely to be regretted, yet, it can hardly be a matter for surprise.

The intellectual strain, the nervous irritability, and general physical exhaustion caused by so much exertion ought to be applied as a set-off to the infirmity of temper and intemperance in language of which so much is made by the Opposition. Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake have lowered themselves on more occasions than one by sacrificing their personal and official dig-

nity to the momentary satisfaction of aroused passion. They must certainly bear their full portion of responsibility for the disgraceful course of the Session, for they, as well as their opponents, have been *nimio verbis et linguâ feroces*. On the other hand they have not been without great provocation. The attacks of the Opposition have throughout been galling and irritating in the extreme. Not only have Ministers been charged with blundering and incompetence, but their honour, integrity, and veracity have been impugned more than once during the Session. Now they have certainly not grown pachydermatous, or perhaps we should say, are not well seasoned enough yet to bear patiently these unceasing assaults; their sensitiveness may therefore seem to entitle them to some indulgence. At the same time they cannot too soon learn in patience to possess their souls. The first and great commandment for a statesman is—Thou shalt keep thy temper. The *bonhommie* of Palmerston was the secret of his success, and although Lord Beaconsfield's temperament is cold and unsympathizing, he manages to attract men by drawing upon his cynicism and coining it into epigrammatic irony and banter. In moral enthusiasm Gladstone surpasses them both, and he can rally the nation round him by one fervid appeal, but he soon repels his followers by that tetchy and irritable temper which mars the symmetry of his earnest soul. Even throughout the present stormy Session Sir John Macdonald has never lost his self-control, or his wonted equinamity. He can be excited, but he is never in a downright passion, and perhaps the smile which perpetually plays upon his lips is, to an opponent, his most provoking characteristic. Some Ministerialists appear to think that the right honourable gentlemen is cowed by the trenchant attacks made upon him, or dispirited at the slow progress of his followers on the path to office. But this is an entire mistake. Sir John's easiness of temper is a natural gift, strengthened and confirmed; he possesses, in short, the temper of a statesman. All that can be said in extenuation of the faulty conduct of the present Ministers is that they lack experience and have not yet been able to acquire official equanimity.

Moreover, although the Opposition has been exceedingly factious and annoying, it would not be safe to assert that it excels in these unamiable qualities other Oppositions we have had in Canada. Indeed, when it is taken into account that the area in which holes may be picked is largely extended, and that we have succeeded in obtaining the services of some able vituperators from the sea-board, the present Opposition is not worse than that which stopped the wheels of legislation in the old Province over twenty years ago. Nor is Sir John Macdonald's party so strong as to give reasonable ground for apprehension to the Government. When a crisis has arrived, and majorities are counted by twos and threes, there is room for excitement and passion; but that is not the case at present. After the next general election, Parliament may have a different complexion, although we doubt it; at present certainly, the men in power have a more than good working majority of from fifty to fifty-five. On the Secret Service question, it was only twenty-two; but there were only one hundred and forty names on the division list altogether, and although it may be readily believed that some absent Ministerialists were glad that they were not there to be dragged through the mire, through it they would have gone, had they been present, even were it as dense and filthy as the Slough of Despond. The Opposition journals are fond of pointing to the fact that Mr. Mackenzie's majority has been considerably diminished since 1874. This is true; but it does not show that he would be defeated or his Government seriously imperilled by an appeal to the country. Parliaments elected in times of popular excitement seldom maintain the same relative proportion of parties to the end of their term. Mr. Disraeli's Government, the fruit of a great Conservative reaction, has lost, and is losing, ground, although it can hardly be said to be in jeopardy. The force of the Pacific Scandal fever is nearly spent, and as old scores are fading from the tablets of popular memory, men begin to lapse back again to their old party allegiance. Still, unless next year should bring forth something startling in the political sky,—unless a *deus ex machina* comes to the assistance of the Opposition,—the triumph of Ministers is more than probable. There seems no reason, therefore, why the party to the right of the

Speaker should return railing for railing; for they should laugh, not scold, who win.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has given the party journals an opportunity of repeating their dastardly attacks upon himself and his opinions. Professing to believe that he is rejected in England as a false prophet, despised in the United States, and regarded as a political Ishmaelite in Canada, they yet deem him of sufficient importance to require the employment of their heaviest rhetorical artillery. That his ideas are whimsical and *bizarre*, his mind perverse and crotchety, and that he is utterly without political allies, unaided and alone, form altogether the most singular bundle of reasons for assaulting a man, in private station, it has ever been our good fortune to see put together; indeed, it seems impossible to drive paradox further into the region of absurdity. If Mr. Goldwin Smith and his views are so completely beneath contempt, why vex their righteons souls about either? If, on the contrary, as the acerbity of their strictures sufficiently proves, they recognize in him a formidable free-lance whom it is necessary above all things to unhorse, why not frankly and honestly acknowledge it? To outsiders, it seems utterly inexplicable that party journals, fresh from tearing each other's throats, should combine in this unseemly persecution of a solitary scholar, who has committed no more serious offence than that of fearlessly expressing his opinions. One would think that the beargarden at Ottawa had given party men sufficient scope for the display of their peculiar abilities; why should they turn aside to wreak their feeble vengeance upon one whose motto is, 'A plague o' both your houses'? It may be envy of Mr. Goldwin Smith's distinguished abilities, or, as is rather certain than probable merely, there may be a spice of personal pique and resentment at the bottom. To whatever extent one or other of these motives may be at work, it may be safely affirmed, in spite of their affected nonchalance, that theirs is only the courage of the bravo—the 'who's afraid?' of arrant cowardice aping valour. They dislike their critical adversary, because living in constant apprehension of him. That this should give the latter any uneasiness is unlikely; for a retired student as well as a bad Roman Emperor, may exclaim, though in a worthier sense—'*Oderint dum metuant.*'

Not only do these assaults seem, upon the surface, causeless and gratuitous, but they are also idle and unnecessary. Vituperation of this kind has passed out of fashion east of the Mississippi River, and although some of our rural papers occasionally break out in the obsolete style, it has been reserved for the Toronto press to cherish it as a precious institution of the past in all its pristine ugliness. Long after the general tone of our journals has sensibly risen with the intelligence and cultured polish of the time, the 'organs' continue, tropically speaking, 'to bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk.' The method is ineffective, since it tends to worry and disgust, instead of convincing, and also wanton and uncalled for, because it is easy to reply to one from whom we differ, without abusing him. Mr. Goldwin Smith may be completely mistaken in his forecast of the Canadian future, and we think he is, but there is no need of abuse and scurrility in combating his views. He has been called a traitor and what not, because, after a meditative survey of Canada's position and necessities, he believes that she is gravitating towards the American republic. He had anticipated the attack in his *Fortnightly Review* paper—'No one can be in a less revolutionary frame of mind than he who foresees a political event without having the slightest interest in hastening its arrival.' If this be treason, what shall be said of Cabinet Ministers and Reformers in Quebec, who do not 'foresee,' but long for, and are doing their best to hasten, the severance of the Colonial tie? It is not long since Mr. Brown himself stated that the existing relations between Great Britain and Canada must soon undergo serious modification. What did he mean? Or rather does he know what he did mean? These questions must remain *in nubibus*, unanswered and unanswerable, for your hack politician never sees an inch beyond his own nose. Let things remain as they are and leave us to our repose, is his cry—*parce somnum rumpere.* Mr. Smith thinks that he can cast the political horoscope of Canada's future, and he has the manliness to state the conclusions at which he has arrived; the Senatorial Sphinx winks and blinks, uttering never a word. In a country which

boasts of its freedom of speech and discussion, it is marvellous to find the press, which ought to be the *avant courier* of the age, striving to hound down a man for the frank expression of his sincere opinions.

It is not our intention to attempt a criticism of Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper, still, as we differ from his views of the Dominion's future, it may be well to state briefly our own. To begin with, it appears to us that Mr. Smith's notions of the French population are founded upon an imperfect knowledge of them. It is not correct to say that instead of being assimilated by the English, the latter are, to some extent, being absorbed by the French. It would be just as legitimate to lay stress upon the Scottish allies of France during the 'Hundred Years' War' who have settled and become French, upon the Irish, as the O'Donnells and McMahons, who have ceased to be Irish, or the Christians who have been 'absorbed' by the army and navy of Turkey. The Highlanders of whom Mr. Smith speaks were, for the most part, officers under Wolfe, who obtained seigniories, and, being surrounded by French Canadians, intermarried with them; it was only in the natural order of things that their descendants should be French. The emigration of *habitans* to the United States is the result of an impulse which operates everywhere—a distaste for agriculture and a taste for the life of the artizan. Certainly it affords no evidence of a predilection for American institutions, social or political. Moreover, the French Canadians, if we exclude coteries of the doctrinaire genus in the cities, are thoroughly attached to British connection. A more loyal, peaceable, and contented people do not live under the benign sway of Queen Victoria. In speaking of their past history, the writer seems to have forgotten the part taken by Col. de Salaberry and his brave men in 1812, and as for the Fenian raid, if we mistake not the Montreal *Chasseurs Canadiens* was the first regiment to volunteer for the front. In short, Sir Etienne Taché knew well the loyal disposition of his fellow-countrymen, when he said that the last shot for British rule in America would be fired from the citadel of Quebec by a French Canadian. Mr. Smith's views of the German population are also open to animadversion; but upon that there is no space to enter. Coming to the main question, it is only necessary here to state conclusions. It is our firm conviction that instead of converging, the United States and Canada display a constant and steady progress in divergence. The people of the Dominion are growing more and more a distinct and alien people from the Americans, and the Americans have ceased to hope for, or even desire, annexation. Our tastes, habits, and political views grow, day by day, more unlike theirs. Indeed, so far from believing that annexation is to be anticipated, either in the near or remote future, it seems more probable to us that notwithstanding the blood and treasure expended to preserve the Union, it is destined, sooner or later, to be broken up into three or four separate nationalities. The people of Canada are thoroughly loyal to the English crown, and it will require a wrench of the most intolerable kind to alienate their affections from the mother-country. Annexation as a political issue is dead and would be buried, if a band of noisy visionaries in the neighbouring Province had any regard to the fitness of things. The commercial trouble, so far from attracting our people to the United States, clearly repels them, and if any other motive were wanting, their pride and self-respect would be sufficient to provoke the deepest aversion to any closer connection with the Republic, fiscal or political. It is unnecessary to discuss the proposed Zollverein, because it is incompatible with British connection and with our progress as a manufacturing people, to say nothing of the fact that it would sweep away nearly a moiety of the revenue. It will thus be seen that we differ *toto cœlo* from Mr. Goldwin Smith's conclusions, although it has appeared an imperative duty to enter a firm and decided protest against the virulent assaults which are unceasingly made upon him.

A paper by Principal Tulloch in the Contemporary Review, and a valedictory at St. Andrew's by Dean Stanley have served to arouse the *odium theologicum* here and elsewhere. Those who still cling slavishly to obsolete formularies of faith cannot or will not see that religion—the Christian religion we mean—did not derive its power and efficacy from creeds or standards, but that what is true and of

permanent value in them was drawn from the Christian religion. Losing sight of that pellucid spring which rises in the eternal hills and pours down its pure stream, leaping and bubbling to the plain, they point to a morass, and persist in terming it the source of the sluggish and turbid river which issues from it, and bears on its bosom traces of the defilement. The theologian of the pseudo-scientific class seems utterly oblivious of the distinction between the divine and human elements in the established schemes or systems framed by fallibility. In some respects the Ultramontane possesses a notable advantage over the rigid dogmatists of the Reformed Churches; he appeals to the living voice, they mumble their *ex cathedrâ* enchantment over fossil creeds and confesssions. What the Vatican Council is to him, the Westminister Assembly or the Lambeth Convocation is to them; the former decreed the infallibility of the Pope, which must not only be accepted, but believed; the latter framed a Confession and Catechisms, or a series of Articles, which must be accepted, but need not now be believed. It is vain to urge that when the 'Standards' were a a living force, inspiring men's thoughts and directing their conduct, they were nerved to noble and heroic deeds; they are so no longer. It would be as vain to strive once more to rekindle an interest in the puerilities of the patristic literature or the subtleties of the schoolmen, as to endeavour to stir up, by creeds that are effete, a zeal which has long since waxed cold. To be an effective power in the world a scheme of theology must never cease to be fruitful; it must permeate the entire being of the individual and embody the thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations of the age. The moment it becomes barren, it is fit only for the lumber-room of the antiquarian or as fuel for the burning. 'The eternal verities' doubtless are always the same, but man's conception of them is in perpetual flux and flow. The religious life of the world, as Lessing pointed out, is subject to progressive development in the course of the ages, as truly and certainly as the spiritual part of the individual man. The Bible itself, and, on a broader scale, the history of the world from its dawn in the cloud-land of antiquity until now, bear witness to the fact. Mr. Buckle, in his uncompleted work, purposely ignored the moral side of human life, on the ground that, unlike the intellectual, it never changed, and was, therefore, unprogressive. This fallacy which underlay his system has been sufficiently exposed, and yet, strange to say, the champion of creeds is never weary of delivering homilies from Mr. Buckle's text. If we may trust sturdy defenders of the faith, the anomaly must be accepted of progress obvious everywhere in nature and man, except in the sphere of religious conception and insight. It must be assumed, contrary to fact, that the spiritual ideas shaped to the needs of successive ages, from the Council of Nice to the Convocation of 1662, have been petrified in their antique moulds, and sharply outlined for all time to come. That this is the true history of the religious life of our race no one really believes. The Catholic takes his stand upon the creed of Pius IV. or the decrees of Trent; the Protestant refuses to go further back than the seventeenth century. According to both, humanity at some definite period reached the bottom of a *cul de sac*, beyond which it is impossible to go—unless, indeed, he admit that the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal infallibility are progressive steps in theology. Yet it is beyond dispute that the religious conceptions of the present half century have undergone, and are destined still more completely to undergo, serious modification. The mass has been leavened by the ferment set to work by those who have the courage of their opinions, and upon whom the rage of men who have not yet taken their bearings or considered whither they are drifting, is vainly exhausted. The bulk of theologians prefer to follow the advice of Mr. James Mill to his son, stiffling thoughts that will arise, shunning the light, and too successfully persuading themselves that to inquire, much more to doubt, is sin. Prof. Robertson Smith has been frightened by the echo of his own voice, as given back by Principal Tulloch; and yet, not to speak of other heterodox opinions, what can be said of an article which characterizes an inspired book of Scripture as 'an Oriental love tale.' The unrest which is manifest in Scotland is 'the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual' revolution in theology which will make itself felt before many years have rolled away. What is called

zeal for the faith in some quarters, is really want of faith, exposing itself in perpetual qualms, lest something should be irrefragably proved by science or criticism which may raze religion itself from the foundation. Hence, like the boy whistling in a churchyard to keep his courage up, the professional theologian fancies himself valiant for the truth, as he wanders amongst the graves which yawn for obsolete formularies of the faith. Those who undoubtingly believe are not fearful; because they feel an abiding assurance that though man's vision may be dim, and his scheme of spiritual things may be distorted and inadequate, the truth of God abideth for evermore.

President Hayes has at length succeeded in solving the Southern problem by the easiest of all methods—the withdrawal of Federal protection from the usurping minority. If Gen. Grant had taken a similar course, two or three years ago, the cotton States would long since have been pacified and contented. From the day when he assumed the supreme authority until the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, the Republican policy was sordid, selfish, and tyrannical, irritating to the South, and perilous to the Union. The wounds inflicted by the war were purposely kept open for the benefit of harpies and carpet-baggers, so that nearly twelve years after Lee surrendered his sword, reconciliation was as far from being *un fait accompli* as ever. One can commiserate the vanquished and make allowance for their bitterness of feeling; they had sacrificed everything that was dear to them, their country had been ravaged, their property confiscated, and the hope of victory, to which their desperate valour seemed to entitle them, was swept away by mere force of overwhelming numbers. The North had no excuse for the display of evil passions, much less for letting loose and then protecting a horde of voracious vagabonds upon the fair lands of the South. President Hayes has so far made amends, that, although the results of his policy shew that he is *de facto* and not *de jure* the head of the Republic, the internal affairs of the States in controversy are to be fairly committed to those whom the majority of the people have chosen. With the withdrawal of the troops, Nicholls dislodges Packard, and Hampton sends Chamberlain to the right about. In Florida, Drew recovered his legal position before the settlement of the Presidental question. In all three, there can be no doubt Tilden was clearly elected; still, that a peaceful solution has been discovered, is something to be thankful for. The disappearance of ex-Mayor Hall of New York, and the confession of Tweed, open the last act of the drama of the Ring. In the face of some contradictions of the latter, and the absence of clear proof from the prisoner, it is as well to await further details.

At length the Eastern question has advanced to a stage which is at least comprehensible, however much it is to be lamented. Russia is about to draw the sword on behalf of the outraged Provinces, and the *casus belli* must be admitted to be adequate by all the Powers which have signed the protocol. In it was drawn up, with every consideration for the pride and prejudices of the Mussulman, a sketch of the reforms absolutely necessary for the security and protection of the oppressed Christians, and this the Porte has definitively rejected. Turkey desires to try the old game of delusive promises, and essays to play at Parliament, and palter with Europe under the transparent pretence of establishing constitutional government—the latest of the shams she has unblushingly palmed off upon the indignant nations. The gauntlet has been thrown down, and Alexander II. has taken it up. He has every advantage over his predecessor Nicholas. The latter, seizing upon the paltry squabble about the holy places at Jerusalem, entered upon a war of conquest after endeavouring, through Sir Hamilton Seymour, to bribe England by a slice of the property of the 'sick man' who might 'die on our hands.' He was in the wrong from first to last, and we can look back now with a smile at his magniloquent declaration of war which wound up with a prayer from the *Te Deum*, unheard and unanswered—'In te, Domine, speravi, ne confundar in æternum.' Alexander's cause is admittedly just, so long as he fights, as he professes to do, solely and entirely for justice to the Christians. Further than that he dare not go, in the face of the combined Powers, and so far, every hater of ruthless cruelty and oppression must wish him and his army complete success.

April 21st, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MAJOLICA AND FAYENCE. Italian, Sicilian, Majorcan, Hispano-Moresque, and Persian. By Arthur Beckwith. With photo-engraved illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co.

The influence of the Centennial Exhibition, which was richer in pottery and porcelain than in any other department of the decorative arts, must be appreciably felt in an increasing and more intelligent interest in ceramics. Many visitors to the Exhibition made there a first acquaintance with the rare old Majolica which has descended to us from the middle ages—outlasting much that seemed more durable—of which the celebrated Castellani collection contained a number of fine specimens. Many, too, doubtless first found out there the meaning of the word *Faïence*, or *Fayence*, as it is now more generally spelled, which is believed to take its origin from *Faenza* in Italy; just as the word Majolica is the old name of the island of Majorca. Both words, used at first to designate the particular wares coming from these places, came afterwards to be applied to decorated *glazed* pottery in general. There is another Fayance in the south of France, also noted for its pottery, which has disputed the name with Faenza, but there seems to be little doubt that the Italian town is the true sponsor.

To meet the 'growing appreciation of this phase of art,' and the interest exhibited as to its history, growth, &c., Mr. Beckwith's neat little volume contains a concise sketch of the rise and progress of ceramic art, more particularly in its Italian, Moorish-Spanish, and Persian developments. A brief notice of the great names of Italian art in general, with the dates at which they flourished, precedes the history and description of the various kinds of Majolica and Fayence. As to the latter, we are told that 'the body of Italian majolica and fayence is a plastic clay, mixed with a limey, sandy clay. It is easily scratched with an iron point. It is once baked and coated with an enamel containing lead, tin, quartz-sand, salt, and soda. This opaque enamel is then painted upon with hard fire colours, either before the second firing, as was the practice in the sixteenth century—a difficult process, but one giving great brilliancy of tone—or it is coloured over the fired enamel with softer colours and fired again. Sometimes a slip of white clay is substituted for the tin enamel.' The styles of the chief Italian artists in ceramics are briefly described, with interesting illustrations of their work, showing its main characteristics. These illustrations are drawn faithfully and with spirit, and should give the reader a good idea of art-treasures which have latterly seemed to excite almost a disproportionate share of interest among connoisseurs, and about which every well educated person should know something, as a by no means unimportant development of the artistic impulse and faculty. The Persian and Moorish styles of ceramic decoration receive also a considerable share of the author's attention, though we think he might have given a little more space to the ceramic art of Japan, which furnishes some very curious developments; illustrating an almost entirely different phase of life and of the sense of beauty, but most especially of the sense of the humorous and grotesque.

Hints on the general principles of art, and some practical directions in regard to painting on pottery, add to the usefulness of this handbook, the circulation of which among ourselves may tend to give an impulse to a beautiful and lucrative industrial art, which might afford to many—and especially to young women—a new sphere of remunerative occupation and artistic interest. Canada has as yet done nothing in this direction, but there is no reason why she should not begin. Possibly the step recently taken in the establishment of a School of Art in Toronto may prove to be a step in this direction also. If we had facilities for baking the pottery after it was painted, as well as for procuring the particular kind of colours needed, many might be stimulated to cultivate this interesting art who have a natural aptitude for excelling in it. Many American ladies have already attained considerable excellence in painting on tiles and pottery, as will be seen by Mr. Beckwith's description of the *modern* fayence at the Exhibition of 1876. Why should not many of our Canadian ladies do likewise? We have numberless beautiful natural forms to copy, and no need to resort to a barren conventional imitation. We might, in short, develop a Canadian 'school' of ceramic art. In the meantime, any one whose taste tends in this direction will find a good deal of useful information and guidance in Mr. Beckwith's seasonable book.

LE CHIEN D'OR, (THE GOLDEN DOG). A LEGEND OF QUEBEC. By William Kirby. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., 1877.

Until within a comparatively recent period, the English portion of the Canadian population has signally failed to produce its fair share of the national literature. The rich historical mine was left to be worked by our French Canadian brethren, to whom no small meed of praise is due for their patriotic labours and researches. For English works of the first order of merit, we have been indebted to Americans. Mr. Parkman is our best chronicler, and Mr. Longfellow, in his Evangeline, our national poet. It is satisfactory to note that there are signs of an awakening amongst us, and that unmistakable tokens of promise have at last begun to appear. The impetus given to the national feeling by Confederation, is beginning to bring forth fruit in a nascent literature, redolent of the soil, and entirely our own. Last month, we noticed a noteworthy book, 'The Bastonnais,' by Mr. Lesperance, of Montreal; this month it is our pleasing duty to call attention to another, 'Le Chien d'Or,' by Mr. Wm. Kirby, of Niagara. This admirable historical fiction deserves the warmest commendation, not merely for its lucid and flowing style, and the artistic construction of its plot, but especially for the light it throws on the institutions of the old French *régime* and the real causes of the collapse of Bourbon power in the Dominion. The scene is laid at Quebec and in its vicinity, in the year 1748, eleven years before Wolfe fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham. Two historical episodes are interwoven with the fabric, both of which are connected together and linked with the name of a vile and dissolute ruler. Let us first take a brief survey of the man and the time.

The palmy days of the *Grand Monarque*, which ended in clouds and ominous gloom, and the madness of the Regency, with its Mississippi schemes and general recklessness, had passed away. Louis XV. sat upon the throne, the toy and instrument of his mistresses, a heartless and heedless voluptuary, with wit enough to foresee the approaching deluge, and selfishness enough to rejoice that it would not arrive until he had been shuffled off the scene. The colonies, especially Canada, the fairest of them, were left to pine neglected and almost forgotten, the prey of harpies who despoiled the goodly vintage with impunity. The trade of the Province, internal and external, was monopolized by the company of the Grand Associates, who plundered the settlers, plundered the king, and plundered France. The same men who directed its nefarious operations, ground the faces of the poor by outrageous exactions, reduced New France to the verge of starvation, and made it an easy victim at last to the English invader. When the shock came, France practically left her noblest colony to its fate, and the result of this neglect and of the misrule of the vultures who preyed upon its vitals, could not be doubtful. Louisburg and Nova Scotia fell into the enemy's hands, and this misfortune seemed to the desponding Canadians like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, to forbode, with melancholy clearness, the fate of French rule on the St. Lawrence.

The *Intendants* of New France—superintendents or administrators, as we may call them—were invested with extensive powers of an arbitrary character. They were, in fact, in all matters not connected with the army, the real rulers of the colony, as government was understood by Frenchmen of the ante-revolution period. It was patriarchal rule, presumably so-called, *lucus a non lucendo*, because it was the reverse of fatherly, being rapacious, cruel, oppressive, and dissolute. Not that all the Intendants, any more than all the Governors, were faithless or incompetent; far from it. Yet the natural fruit of a vicious system began to appear the moment France neglected her colony and bad men assumed the reins of power. After the brave Count De la Gallissonière, who was afterwards the unwilling occasion of the shameful sacrifice of poor Admiral Byng, the miserly De Jonquières, and the incompetent Vaudreuil, aided Bigot, the last and worst of the Intendants, in consummating the ruin of New France. It is hard to conjecture what might have been the issue of the Seven Years' War for Canada had Champlain or Frontenac been in the place of Vaudreuil, and the wise and energetic Talon had ruled instead of Bigot.

It appears to have been the aim of François Bigot to emulate the vices of his master to the letter, and to rival at the Intendant's Palace, or at his hunting-seat of Beaumanoir the orgies of Versailles and the *Parc-aux-cerfs*. His companions, like his master's Pompadours and Du Barris, were selected from the lowest class, and were the most obsequious dependents as well as the most unscrupulous tools a bad ruler could desire. The two episodes connected together in this work are the Golden Dog and the mysterious Caroline whom Bigot jealously concealed at Beaumanoir. These two are deftly united by an ingenious plot, and as it may be necessary to point out how far this is inconsistent with the received accounts, justice requires us to state that there are more versions than one of these points in Bigot's career. Moreover, even supposing Mr. Kirby to have taken some liberties with the traditions, he has not destroyed the main features of the tragic story, and has managed his work with so much skill as almost to disarm criticism. As compared with Scott, he is accuracy

itself. The story of the Golden Dog must be almost too well known to need recapitulation. The rude gilt effigy, with its menacing inscription, can still be seen at Quebec. Philibert, the merchant, was a rival and a foe to the monopoly, and suffered for it; having no other means of revenge at hand, he erected this image with the quartrain beneath—'I am a dog, gnawing a bone, while gnawing it, I take my repose; a time will come, which has not yet arrived, when I shall bite him who has bitten me.' To satisfy the rage of Bigot, a young officer named De Repentingy slew the hapless merchant, at his own doorstep. Years afterwards Pierre Philibert avenged his father by killing his murderer in a duel at Pondicherry. Caroline, Bigot's fair Rosamond, was an Indian or half-breed girl of the Abenaquis tribe, and the Intendant had probably no other motive for hiding her than a fear that the knowledge of her existence might impede his Quebec amours. One writer represents her as having been stabbed to the heart by Bigot's wife; but it is quite certain that Mr. Kirby is right in representing him as unmarried. Before referring cursorily to the story, and we have no intention of doing its author the injustice of detailing the plot, the fate of Bigot and his vile crew may be mentioned, for it is eminently satisfactory to one's sense of justice. After the Conquest, they all returned to France—Bigot, Cadet, Varin, Penisault, and others who figure in these pages. They were thrown into the Bastile, and sentenced at the end of fifteen months to various punishments. Bigot received 'perpetual banishment, his property was confiscated, and he was ordered to pay 1000 livres fine and to refund 1,500,000 livres.'

It has been stated already that Mr. Kirby's plot is eminently ingenious and artistic. He has evidently a keen eye for the dramatic *mise en scène* and uses it to great advantage. By making the son of Philibert first the boyish playmate, and afterwards the betrothed lover of Amèlie de Repentigny, the sister of the rash youth who became his father's murderer, he brings all the parties on that side into immediate connection. On the other hand the firmly-drawn figure of Angélique des Meloises appears, first as the lover, so far as a heartless coquette could love, of poor Le Gardeur de Repentigny. Heloise de Lotbinière is secretly and hopelessly in love with him indeed, and it is to be regretted that we do not see more of her. Ambition and jealousy of the unknown Caroline causes Angélique to compass her death. The murder of Philibert the elder, of course, precipitates the *dénouement*.

The characters are nearly all historical, including Kalm, the philosophic Swede, who, at that time, was engaged in compiling a work on the fauna and flora of New France, and also the brave and bluff La Corne St. Luc. So far as the historical facts are concerned, the reader may consult with advantage the first series of Mr. Le Moine's *Maple Leaves*, and his recent work on Quebec Past and Present; a sketch of the brave La Corne St. Luc, who appears as a prominent figure in the work under review, will be found in *Maple Leaves*, third series. It would seem that Philibert *père* was not a widower with only one son; his wife long survived him, and he was the father of six children, of whom the Pierre Philibert of Mr. Kirby's story was the third, and only 11 years of age in 1748. It was after he had grown up that he killed De Repentigny. These facts are clear from a letter to his mother: "My dearest mother, we are avenged, my father's murderer is no more." Still, as we have already observed, the slight liberties taken with the received accounts, not only do not mar the story, but were absolutely necessary to ensure the unities of time and action, and give completeness to the plot.

The character of Angélique is admirably drawn; at first she is nothing worse than Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda*, but, at last, led down step to step by the demons of pride and ambition, she contrives murder, and ends as Madame La Pean, by being false to her husband with the Intendant. The latter fact is historically true. Amélie de Repentigny is one of those most lovable and pure-minded girls who immediately take captive a reader's affections, and her mother, the Lady of Tilly, is a fine courtly dame of the old seignorial type, the mother of her censitaires and habitans. La Corriveau, the poisoner, is inimitably drawn, and the skill with which Mr. Kirby has woven his account of her ghastly practices with the *Aqua Tofana* into the narrative is exceedingly clever. Pierre Philibert is a noble young soldier, worthy of Amélie, and even poor weak Le Gardeur attracts one's sympathies. The sketches of manners and institutions under the old *régime* are exceedingly well wrought in without the slightest obtrusiveness, The style is flowing and often extremely beautiful, and, as a whole, the work deserves to be attentively read by all who relish an interesting book, but more especially by those who love Canada and her traditions, and desire to foster and encourage native literature.

CLYTIE. By Joseph Hatton. Lake Champlain Press Series. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., New York.

Divide your novel into two parts, separated sharply by a hard and fast interval of ten years. In the first half, drag your heroine through mud and filth, carefully bringing her to the verge of a dozen moral precipices, and leaving the dizzy brain of the spectator half uncertain whether her foot has slipped or not.

In the second section, make your chief feature a trial for libel, 'which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along,' and in which all the ambiguous scenes, all the besmirching incidents, of the earlier chapters are laboriously gone over again, in the jargon, and with all the petty circumstances, of a police court reporter, garnished by the foul inuendoes of a renovated Sampson Brass. Wind up with a touch of melodrama, a murderous assault, a murder, and a coroner's inquest (for fear the public has not had enough of legal incidents), and drag your heroine out of the mire again, through the cleansing medium of a brain fever.

That is Mr. Joseph Hatton's ideal novel, judging from this specimen. And it is our duty to denounce it unsparingly, as a pernicious and doubly false ideal. False in its morals, for if unfortunate human nature is compelled to read with loathing such an attack as was made upon an innocent lady's reputation during the trial of Arthur Orton (an attack, by the way, to which we are in all probability indebted for this novel), there can be no need to have such revolting details thrust upon us in book form; false from a literary point of view, inasmuch as the dual character of the work already alluded to takes us twice over the same ground, and compels us to observe that the whole of the first part of the book was written simply as a groundwork for the trial scene in the second.

We have read many trial scenes in fiction, some heavy and some flippant, some painfully incorrect in their technicalities, some escaping the risk of error by a cautious vagueness and ambiguity that was almost touching as a tacit confession of the author's ignorance. But it was reserved for Mr. Hatton, and we fancy no author yet to come will try to share his laurels with him, to devote ten mortal chapters (besides a subsequent adjournment) to the report of one trial, out of which seven chapters, or fifty-seven pages, are taken up with the examination of the heroine, and which affects to reproduce with painful fidelity the questions of the lawyers, the points of law argued, the demeanour of prisoner, witnesses, and bystanders, to recount when the attorney opened his blue bag, how the court regularly sat, and on whose request it adjourned from day to day.

Let Mr. Hatton take counsel with the works of the modern masters of fiction. He is an admirer, a would-be imitator of Dickens (witness the impersonated description of a theatrical office at p. 104: 'It was a swaggering, bullying, coaxing, humbugging room, a pretentious imposter of a room . . . it seemed to bounce and look down upon her,' and so on *usque ad nauseam*); let him read the police cases in Oliver Twist, or calculate what proportion the trial scene in George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' bears to the whole number of pages. Let him try to make his heroines a trifle more proper, even at the expense of their superabundant innocence, though we do not ourselves see why the two qualities should be incompatible. Clytie improves with marriage, but her accepting jewellery from the heavy villain, her exchanging looks of 'conscious triumph' with him, her beckoning-signals for him to visit her in the garden, and her hand-squeezings in the summer house, do not prepossess us in her favour in the first few pages of the work. She has not even the excuse of loving him; she is never in any doubt about that, despite his 'new clothes and shiny hat,' which tell so much upon her inexperienced mind. Moreover, Mr. Hatton has much to learn as to the manners and customs of noblemen and church dignitaries. When he meets a Dean who will avow downright fatalistic doctrines, he will probably find an Earl who will venture to blaspheme in that Dean's presence, but not *till* then.

Enough has been said. Mr. Hatton has a pleasing power of description, but it occasionally betrays him. To say of a heroine that 'she seemed to fill the street,' *may* be a delicate compliment, but seems to us be grotesque, even to the point of becoming ludicrous.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE. A Novel. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1877.

Miss Trollope is to be congratulated upon having written a very satisfactory and praiseworthy novel, though, perhaps, the congratulation would be more justly tendered to the generally unfortunate novel reader. There is neither murder nor suicide throughout the book, the passions of the characters, though sufficiently excited, never lead them into a mad tilt against the ten commandments; yet the interest is unflagging throughout, and is sustained even to the last page. The plot is a simple one, and we are not long left in doubt as to the happy outcome of the adventures of the chief and most pleasing characters; and the frustration of the greedy hopes of the covetous Lady Lowry, and of her cross-tempered but overmastered husband, is foreshadowed (at least to the experienced novel reader) at a pretty early date. But more mystery involves the probable future of some of the minor characters, such as Œnone, and we are in doubt up to the end, how the author will dispose of them; and in the case alluded to, the disposition made seems a little foreign to the character, and resembles an arbitrary and convenient way of getting rid of a supernumerary, rather than a natural outcome of the girl's character.

One of the best personages in the book is Dr. Flagge, the American medium, in whose portrait, though limned by a hand that trenches at times upon the prerogatives of the cari-

caturist, we recognize a powerful and skilful touch. The ordinary stock writer would have been incapable of depicting the scene in which he avows his love for Œnone. The mixture of true feeling with unconscious charlatanry is admirably treated, and, though the chapter progresses in interest throughout, it never becomes really sensational.

The book derives its name from the part borne by spirits in the discovery of a lost will of Sir Rupert Lowry. These 'tricksy sprites,' with Dr. Flagge's help to guide their vaticinations (for our author is decidedly a disbeliever in spiritualistic experiences), lead Sir Cosmo Lowry and his wife a fine dance in pursuit of a handsome competency which had been left away from him by his father. Very cleverly is it shown how the baronet's greedy nature gradually impels him to follow the lead of his coarser and more vigorous-minded wife, and from a sceptic to become, if not a believer, yet, at any rate, an obedient follower of the mysterious guidances vouchsafed to him by means of knocking tables, clairvoyant trances, and dubiously authenticated visions. Few characters in recent fiction have such a clear personality as Lady Lowry, a vulgar country girl, of an eminently commonplace mind, whose paltry and petty nature, with all its meannesses, is thinly varnished over by a superficial education in those accomplishments which simply serve to draw attention to the entire absence of real ladylike feeling in her heart. In one sense how true is the remark her character calls forth from Captain Peppiatt: "The power of stupidity is an awful force in this world. Now Cosmo has some brains, and that puts him at an immense disadvantage with his wife. Oh, by Jove, when you get pure, unalloyed stupidity like Lady Lowry's, it's an awful power! It's Heaven's own mercy that it's generally adulterated with a gleam or two of intelligence, or I don't know what would become of us! There is a great deal of talk about the intellectual development of women, —but if the sex knew where real power lies, they'd try to be stupid.'

We have said enough to show that we have formed a high opinion of this book, and we are sure that those of our readers who follow our advice and buy it, will thank us for directing their attention to a humorous work, written in good style and language, and bearing a wholesome moral in anything but a medicinal form.

HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND OTHER PARTS OF BRITISH AMERICA. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company.

This is a revised edition of the well-known School History in Lovell's series. It is embellished with new plates, and the course of events has been traced downward down to the year 1873. It is scarcely necessary to give an extended notice of a manual which has been so widely circulated. The arrangement of the work under separate Provinces is preferable to the plan which endeavours to carry on the entire history simultaneously and synchronously. Then again the division of the chapters into numbered paragraphs with side-headings is exceedingly convenient. The body of the work, so far as we have examined it, appears to be accurate both in facts and dates; the engravings also are much superior to those in the previous edition, besides being increased in number. It would be a great advantage, if in future editions, small maps were added, somewhat on the scale of the battle-plans already inserted. By some oversight the name of Lord Monck is omitted from the list of Governors, and it might be well if a list of the Intendants of Quebec under the French *regime* were given.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION: A plea for Higher Education in Ontario. By Canadensis. Reprinted from "Belford's Magazine," with extentensive additions. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1877.

THE FAMILY DOOM; OR, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF D. L. MOODY; Related by him in his Revival Work. Compiled by Rev. J. B. McClure. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

THE THEORY OF ART, AND SOME OBJECTIONS TO UTILITARIANISM. By Guy D. Daly, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Paper.

POPULAR SAYINGS FROM OLD IBERIA. By Aitiaiche and Fieldat. Quebec: Dawson & Co. 1877. Paper.

THE CRUISE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "CHALLENGER." By W. J. J. Spry, R.N. With Map and Illustrations. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

OCEAN TO OCEAN. Sanford Fleming's Expedition through Canada, in 1872. By the Rev. George M. Grant. Enlarged and revised edition. Illustrated. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

A VINDICATION OF THEOLOGY: Being an address to Theological Students. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, McGill College, Montreal. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

ACROSS AFRICA. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C. B., D. C. L. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

NORA'S LOVE TEST. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. I. Tragedies. II. Comedies. New York. Harper Bros. 1877.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE performances of Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' by the Toronto Philharmonic Society were so fully noticed by the daily press, that there is little left for us, except to agree in the generally expressed opinion that, in an artistic sense, they were probably the most satisfactory yet given by the Society. The most marked improvement is in the ochestra, which played admirably throughout, one vice from which hitherto it has never been free—drowning the solo singers by the accompaniments—being carefully avoided. There were, unfortunately, as is almost inevitable with amateur bands, three or four players whose efforts to mar the general result were very industrious, and to a certain degree successful. If these incorrigible offenders could be eliminated, the gain in quality would far more than counterbalance the loss in quantity. Still, Mr. Torrington is to be congratulated on having done wonders with the somewhat intractable materials at his command. The chorus also exhibited improvement, attacking with more precision, and singing generally with greater freedom and delicacy. Of the numbers allotted to the soloists the best rendered was the duet 'Power Eternal,' sung by Mrs. Bradley and Miss Hillary with all the ease and finish of the professional artist. Among the other solo singers was a young lady whose appearance might have been advantageously deferred for a couple of years longer, her voice being neither fully formed nor half trained. The desire for personal display is a rock upon which the Society has already nearly split, and Mr. Torrington would show wisdom by firmly declining to give way to it.

At the Grand Opera House the entertainment during the past month has been unusually good. Mr. and Mrs. Walcott (a sister of Mrs. Morrison), from Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, appeared in 'Amy Robsart,' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' The former play is an adaptation from Scott's 'Kenilworth,' which it follows closely except in the catastrophe. Mrs. Walcott, as the luckless *Amy*, shewed a good deal of power, but her elocution is marred by an unpleasant trick of catching her breath. 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' has all the coarseness of the age which produced it, and is hardly fit for presentation before a modern audience. Mr. Walcott's *Falstaff* was excellent, though rather overdone. In the following week Miss Louise Pomeroy (wife of the well-known 'Brick' Pomeroy, we believe) appeared in Juliet, Pauline, Rosalind, and Lady Macbeth. Gifted with a good voice, a fine stage presence, and a graceful bearing, Miss Pomeroy possesses the physical requisites for a great actress, and, if, as is said, she appeared in public for the first time only six months ago, her aptitude for the stage is really wonderful. Her best performance was Juliet, though the influence of Miss Neilson was very apparent. She has been trained in a good school, and is remarkably free from vices, the only one worth speaking of being a tendency to drawl in pathetic passages. Her faults are mainly those of omission, the result simply of inexperience. Should she redeem her present promise, there is undoubtedly a very brilliant future before her.

'The Mighty Dollar' is intended to be a society drama, but is mostly mere farce and buffoonery. On its own merits it would not keep the stage a week. The characters are either nonentities or caricatures; and the plot—well, after waiting patiently through two acts for the story to move, the truth began to dawn upon us during the third that there was no story to move. The dialogue—the only redeeming feature—is at times humorous, though occasionally verging on vulgarity and profanity. The production owes its success entirely to the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Florence, as *Bardwell Slote* and *Mrs. Gen. Gilflory*, both characters being impersonated with the ease and finish of the veteran artist, though, it must be admitted, with a good deal of exaggeration. The part of *Mrs. Gilflory* reminds us of a story of an ambitious young English actress, about to attempt Lady Macbeth for the first time. At the final rehearsal a sister actress was congratulating her on the splendid opportunity for display which the character would give her: the other replied: "Yes, the part *is* a good one: there are four changes of costume." In this aspect, the part of *Mrs. Gilflory* must be pronounced exceptionally fine. The daily press was careful to inform the public of the fabulous sums paid for the five elaborate dresses worn by Mrs. Florence; as also of the fact that they were the offspring of the genius of the illustrious Worth, of Parisian fame, the protagonist of that noble outcome of nineteenth-century civilization—the man-milliner. That "the clothes make the man" is a truth so well recognized as to have attained to the dignity of a moral axiom; whether they make the actress is a point which Mrs. Florence no doubt well considered before adopting the practice of laying so much stress upon her outward semblance. The only other character requiring mention is *Libby Ray*, a gushing simpleton of a girl, played with much naiveté and intelligence by Miss Wright.

As it is now some fourteen years since Lincoln proclaimed the emancipation of the slave, and thereby deprived 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of its principal vital interest, it might have been supposed that the novel and the numerous plays founded upon it would long ago have been consigned to that limbo of things forgotten to which they are ultimately destined. It would seem, however, that the story has still an interest for some minds, and its recent production here drew larger than average audiences. The version given, however, is a very dreary one; three long-drawn-out death-scenes in one play is something too much of the doleful, even for the most capacious appetite for the sentimentally pathetic. A good deal of the dialogue is of that peculiarly offensive description which, though intended for piety, is, to those who object to the vulgarising of sacred things, simply cant and irreverence. The adapter has done his worst to degrade the heroic Tom to the level of a snivelling Chadband, and convert Eva into an infantile moral prig of the most objectionable kind. We are happy in the recollection of never having met with any such impossibly precocious incarnation of early piety. Had we ever come across an *enfant terrible* of this description we should have strangled her on the spot, as being far too good for this wicked world. The tone throughout seldom rises above the level of a Sunday-school story carefully adapted to the capacity of children. There were some redeeming features: the cotton plantation scene was admirable in its way, and the singing of the Georgia Cabin Singers was really beautiful. The *Topsy* of Miss Kunkel, in spite of occasional vulgarity and a general too-muchness, was clever and amusing, and the *Legree* of Mr. Vernon sufficiently brutal and repulsive.

of the United States, visited Halifax, whence he sailed for Europe.—The Hon. John Haliburton, member of the Council of Nova Scotia, died on 11th July.—On 24th November Sir George Prevost opened the fourth session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia. He announced his approaching departure in command of an expedition to the West Indies, and informed the House that during his absence the civil Government would be administered by the Judge of the Admiralty Court, the Hon. Alexander Croke.—Sir George Prevost left Halifax on 6th December, at 9 a.m., in H.M.S. *Penelope*, Captain Dick, and arrived at Barbadoes on 29th December.—On December 7th Mr. Croke was sworn in as President of the Province, and Commander-in-Chief during the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor.—July 5th. The General Assembly of New Brunswick met at Fredericton, when the session was opened by Major-General Martin Hunter, President and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New Brunswick. Five acts were passed during this session, the most important of which was an "Act for the greater security of the Province by the better regulating the military thereof."—On 30th July the General Assembly was prorogued to the second Tuesday in October.

1809. The fifth session of the fifth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York by Lieutenant-Governor Gore on the second* of February. Samuel Street Esq., was chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly. Nine Acts were passed during this session, which closed on the 9th March. The possible contingency of a war with the United States appears to have been ever present with the Governors of the several North American Provinces, as we find the most important Act of this session was "An Act for quartering and billeting, on certain occasions, His Majesty's troops, and the militia of this Province."—February 13th. The Honorables James Baby, Richard Cartwright, and Robert Hamilton, and Thomas Talbot, and William Allen, Esquires, were appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, Commissioners for the purchasing of merchantable hemp, the growth of Upper Canada.—Postal communication between the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada was still tedious and infrequent, as the following notice, taken from the *York Gazette* of 4th January, 1809, sufficiently testifies: '*For General Information*, the winter mail will be despatched from Quebec for Upper Canada, on the following dates, viz.: Mondays 2nd January, 6th February, 5th March, and 3rd April, each mail may be looked for here from 16 to 18 days after the above periods. The courier from Kingston is to go on to Niagara without making any stay (unless found necessary) at this place so that all persons will have time to prepare their letters by the time he returns for Kingston again. (Signed), W. Allan, Dy. P.M. York. 2nd January, 1809."—The *Quebec Gazette* of 2nd February, contains the following notice relating to Postal matters: "An advertisement dated Terrebonne, 26th December, 1808, signed *Mackenzie, Oldham & Co.*, and *Thomas Porteous*, having appeared in the *Quebec* and *Montreal Ga-*

ernor Sir George Prevost to Viscount Castlereagh. Vice-Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, who was at the time in Halifax appears to have been consulted in the matter, and to have concurred in recommending Mr. Burr's plans to the favourable consideration of the British Government, Mr. Burr's mission was a failure. In 1809 he was, on the complaint of the Spanish ambassador in London, who represented that Mr. Burr was engaged in enterprises against the possessions of Spain in America, ordered to leave the United Kingdom. Mr. Burr never recovered his former position and influence. He died on 14th September, 1836, on Staten Island, New York.

* The Statutes (edition printed at Kingston, U.C., 1831) give the date as the *second*, the York *Gazette* of 3rd February, 1808, says *this day*, that is the *third*.

zettes, intimating that a courier has been engaged to pass between Montreal and Terrebonne, to carry all letters, newspapers and packages not exceeding a certain weight, and such establishment of a post having been made without the authority or knowledge of the Deputy Postmaster General of British North America, the parties therein concerned shall be prosecuted with all possible expedition." The notice goes on to quote at length the provisions of the Post-Office Act, 9th Queen Anne, Cap. 10, and is signed *Geo. Heriot*, Deputy Postmaster General of British North America. Messrs. Mackenzie, Oldham, and Porteous, published a card in reply, stating that although they did, as alleged, carry correspondence between the points indicated, they did so without charge, and had been driven to adopt the course of action complained of, solely on account of the defective arrangements made by the Post-office authorities.—April 10th. The first session of the fifth Parliament of the Province of Quebec was opened at Quebec by His Excellency, Sir J. H. Craig, Governor General. Mr. J. A. Panet was again elected Speaker.—May 5th. It was resolved by the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, "That Ezekiel Hart, Esquire, professing the Jewish religion, cannot sit nor vote in this House."—May 15. His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief prorogued the Parliament of Lower Canada. Five acts were assented to, all of which were to continue or amend existing laws. The Governor in his speech upon this occasion censured the members of the Assembly very severely for their frivolity and inattention to public business. His Excellency, addressing the members of the Assembly spoke a follows: "You have wasted in fruitless debates, excited by private and personal animosities, or by frivolous contests, upon trivial matters of form, that time and those talents, to which within your walls, the public have an exclusive title; this abuse of your functions, you have preferred to the high and important duties which you owe to your Sovereign, and to your constituents; and you have thereby been forced to neglect the consideration of matters of moment and necessity, which were before you, while you have at the same time virtually prevented the introduction of such others as may have been in contemplation."—June 17th. The corner stone of the new goal at Quebec was laid by His Excellency the Governor General, assisted by the members of the Royal craft.—June 23rd. The foundation stone of the Scotch Church in Quebec, was laid by the Rev. Alexander Spark.—June 26th. Governor General Sir J. H. Graig, reached Three Rivers on his way to visit Montreal. An address was presented, to which His Excellency made a suitable reply. Sir James Craig reached Montreal on 28th June, and was received with every mark of respect.—July 18th. Notice is given in the Quebec papers that the "Vermont" steamboat will leave St. John's every Saturday morning at 9 a.m., and reach White Hall about 9 a.m. on Sunday. Returning will leave White Hall at 9 a.m. on Wednesday. The *Quebec Gazette* of July 20th, published in full an act, 49 Geo. III Cap. XVI, to encourage commercial intercourse between *Lower Canada* and *Bermuda*, by which it was provided "that from and after the passing of this act, any Rum or other spirits, being the produce or manufacture of any of His Majesty's sugar colonies in the *West Indies*, legally imported into the island of *Bermuda*, may be legally imported into the *Province* of *Lower Canada*, and landed and admitted to an entry upon payment of the same rate of duty as if the same had been imported directly from any of His Majesty's sugar colo-

nies in the *West Indies*, and under the conditions and restrictions contained in the said act, without payment of duty, in the same manner as if such rum or other spirits had been imported directly from any of the said sugar colonies." An Act (149 Geo. III Cap. 27), "for establishing Courts of Judicature in the Island of Newfoundland and the islands adjacent; and for re-annexing part of the coast of Labrador and the islands lying on the said coast to the Government of Newfoundland," appears at length in the *Quebec Gazette* of the 24th August. By this act such parts of the coast of Labrador from the river St. John to Hudson's straits and the island of Anticosti, and all other smaller islands (except the Magdalen Islands), are separated from the Government of Lower Canada, and re-annexed to the Government of Newfoundland. The Honourable G. E. Taschereau, Colonel of the 2nd Battalion Quebec Militia, Member of the Legislative Council, Grand Voyer of the District of Quebec, died at the Manor House, Ste. Marie, Beauce, on the 18th September. Mr. Pierre Marcoux, who succeeded Colonel Taschereau as Grand Voyer of the District of Quebec, died on the 20th November.—January 26th. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (4th Session of the 9th Assembly) was prorogued by the Honourable Alexander Croke, President of the Province, who administered the Government during the absence of Sir George Prevost. The President had declined giving his assent to the Appropriation Bill, and in his prorogation speech, he stated his reasons for such refusal by declaring that the Government would appropriate the revenue of the Province more beneficially and economically than the Assembly had provided for by their Bill. The Speaker of the Assembly desired to address his Honour, remonstrating against the disallowance of the Bill, but the President of the Council declared the House prorogued. —April 15th. Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Bart., arrived at Halifax, on his return from the West Indies, and resumed the administration of the Government of Nova Scotia. The Lieutenant-Governor's return caused very great satisfaction to the people of Nova Scotia, the inhabitants of Halifax presented him with an address, in which allusion was made to the capture of Martinique, and a public ball and supper were given by the gentlemen of Halifax in his honour. The fifth Session of the 9th General Assembly of Nova Scotia, was opened at Halifax on Wednesday, 7th June, by Sir George Prevost. An Address was presented to his Excellency by the Assembly, complimenting him upon his success in the expedition to Martinique, and a sum of 200 guineas was voted to purchase him a sword or a piece of plate. The session was closed on 10th June, three acts, one being the appropriation act, were assented to. No allusion was made, either by the Assembly or by the Lieutenant-Governor, to the misunderstanding which had arisen between Dr. Croke, whilst administering the Government, and the Assembly, so that what might have caused a serious embroglio, was thus quietly and effectually disposed of by the exercise of a little tact, supported by commonsense. The fifth Session of the General Assembly of Nova Scotia, having been called for a special purpose, it did not interfere with the general arrangements for the meeting of the Assembly; the sixth session was therefore held at the usual time, and was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Sir George Prevost, at Halifax, on Thursday, November 9th, and closed on 22nd December. During this session, a petition was presented to the Assembly, alleging that two young men named McTray and Allan, natives

of Nova Scotia, who had sought redress for the value of some timber they had been unjustly deprived of, by suing the aggressors, had, through a conspiracy, been impressed and carried away in the *Thetis* frigate, to the West Indies, and praying that the House would take action in order to procure their release, and to punish the conspirators; whereupon the House passed an address to the Lieutenant-Governor for their relief. The Assembly of New Brunswick did not meet for despatch of business during the year 1809.

1810. January 12th. Mr. William Allan, Deputy-Postmaster at York, announces in the *York Gazette*, that 'A regular intercourse with Lower Canada once a fortnight, by post, has now commenced, and will be continued for the ensuing six months, or even for the whole year should it be found necessary."— The second Session of the 5th Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York on the 1st February, by His Excellency Francis Gore, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor. In his opening speech, Mr. Gore thus alludes to the unsatisfactory state of the relations between Great Britain and the United States: "It would have been an additional source of satisfaction to me to have been enabled to announce to you the restoration and renewal of friendship and amity between Great Britain and the United States of America, which, until of late, have so happily existed. And should the repeated efforts of His Majesty to accomplish so desirable an end not succeed, I trust that his brave and loyal subjects in this Province will evince, as many of them have already done, an unconquerable attachment to their King and Constitution." Thirteen Acts were passed during this session. The laws respecting the making and repairing of public highways and roads were amended and consolidated; provision was made to prevent the forging and counterfeiting of foreign bills of exchange and promissory notes; an act was passed for levying a duty upon billiard tables; an alteration was made in the law respecting the barring of dower, and sundry other minor matters were attended to. The session terminated on the 12th March. On the 8th March, an address to the King was voted by the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, congratulating His Majesty on his having attained the fiftieth year of his reign, and a similar address was voted by the House of Assembly on the 9th. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, was requetsed to transmit the same. During this session, the attention of the Legislative Assembly had been called to a pamphlet, published over the signature, "John Mills Jackson," and on the 10th March, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Crowell Wilson, seconded by Mr. James McNabb, "that the pamphlet entitled 'A View of the Province of Upper Canada,' signed 'John Mills Jackson, contains a false, scandalous and seditious *libel*; comprising expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards His Majesty's Government of this Province, the grossest aspersions upon the House of Assembly, the Courts of Justice therein, and the officers of the civil establishment of the said Government, and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from His Majesty's Government of this Province; to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the country, and to excite them to insurrection." An address was also presented to the Lieutenant-Governor expressing the abhorrence and detestation of the Assembly at the aforesaid libel. A presentment was made by the Grand Jury against Mr. Willcock's, a member of the Assembly, and publisher of the *Upper Canada Guardian*, for seditious libel against the Government and the Lieutenant-Gover-

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 6.] WHOLE NUMBER LXVI. [VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1877.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADIAN MONTHLY COMPANY,

BY HART & RAWLINSON,

5 KING STREET WEST.

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Berthier	Dresden	Joliette	Mount Brydges	Point St. Charles	Sandwich	Waterloo, West
Blairton	Drummondville, W	Keene	Mount Forest	Portage du Fort	Sarnia	Welland
Bobcaygeon	Dungannon	Kemptville	Muir	Port Burwell	Saugeen	Wellesley
Bond Head	Dundas	Kincardine	Murray Bay	Port Colborne	Scarboro'	Wellington Sq're
Bothwell	Dunnville	Kingston	Napanee	Port Dalhousi	Seaforth	West Farnham
Bowmanville	Durham	Kingsville	Newboro'	Port Dover	Seneca	Weston
Bracebridge	Elora	Kirkfield	Newburgh	Port Hope	Sherbrooke	West Winchester
Bradford	Embro'	Knowlton	Newbury	Port Robinson	Simcoe	Whitby
Brampton	Erin	Lachine	Newcastle	Port Rowan	Smith's Falls	Windsor
Brantford	Exeter	Lachute	New Edinburgh	Port Stanley	Smithville	Wingham
Bridgewater	Fenelon Falls	Lanark	New Hamburg	Port Elgin	Sorel	Woodbridge
Bright	Fergus	Laprairie	Newmarket	Prescott	South	Woodstock
Brighton	Fingal	L'Assomption	Niagara	Preston	Sparta	Woodville
Brockville	Flesherton	Leemington	North Gower	Prince Albert	Stanstedd	Wroxeter
Brooklin	Fonthill	Leeds	Norwich	Princeton	Stayner	Wyo ing
Brussels	Forest	Lennoxville	Norwood	Quebec	Stirling	York
Buckingham	Fort Erie	Levis	Oakville	Renfrew	Stouffville	Yorkville

Also Fort Garry, Manitoba.

Further Offices will be added from time to time.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA,

January, 1877.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XI.] JUNE, 1877. [No. 6.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVEN AT LAST.

THE cut Balfour had received was merely a flesh-wound, and not at all serious; but of course when Lady Sylvia heard of the adventure in Westminster, she knew that he must have been nearly murdered, and she would go to him at once, and her heart smote her sorely that she should have been selfishly thinking of her own plans and wishes when this noble champion of the poor was adventuring his very life for the public good. She knew better than to believe the gibing account of the whole matter that Balfour sent her. He was always misrepresenting himself—playing the part of Mephistophles to his Faust—anxious to escape even from the loyal worship and admiration freely tendered him by one loving heart.

But when she insisted on at once going up to London, her father demurred. At that moment he had literally not a five-pound note he could lay his hands on; and that private hotel in Arlington Street was an expensive place.

'Why not ask him to come down here for a few days?' Lord Willowby said. 'Wouldn't that be more sensible? Give him two or three days' rest and fresh air to recover him.'

'He wouldn't come away just now, papa,' said Lady Sylvia, seriously. 'He won't let any thing stand between him and his public duties.'

'His public duties!' her father said, impatiently. 'His public fiddle-sticks! What are his public duties?—to shoot out his tongue at the very people who sent him into Parliament?'

'He has no duties to *them*,' she said, warmly. 'They don't deserve to be represented at all. I hope at the next general election he will go to some other constituency. And if he does," she added, with a flush coming to her cheeks, 'I know one who will canvass for him.'

'Go away, Sylvia,' said her father, with a smile, 'and write a line to the young man, and tell him to come down here. He will

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be glad enough. And what is this nonsense about a house in this neighborhood?—don't you want to see about that if you are going to get married in August? At the same time I think you are a couple of fools.'

'Why, papa?' she demanded, patiently.

'To throw away money like that! What more could you want than that house in Piccadilly? It could be made a charming little place. And this nonsense about a cottage down here—roses and lilies I suppose, and a cuckoo clock and a dairy; you have no right to ask any man to throw away his money like that.'

Lord Willowby showed an unusual interest in Mr. Balfour's affairs: perhaps it was merely because he knew how much better use he could have made of this money that the young people were going to squander.

'It is his own wish, papa.'

'Who put it into his head?'

'And if I did,' said Lady Sylvia, valiantly, 'don't you think there should be some retreat for a man harassed with the cares of public life? What rest could he get in Piccadilly? Surely it is no unusual thing for people to have a house in the country as well as one in town; and of course there is no part of the country I could like as much as this part. So you see you are quite wrong, papa; and I am quite right—as I always am.'

'Go away and write your letter,' said her father.

Lady Sylvia went to her room and sat down to her desk. But before she wrote to Balfour she had another letter to write, and she seemed to be sorely puzzled about it. She had never written to Mrs. Grace before; and she did not know exactly how to apologize for her presumption in addressing a stranger. Then she wished to send Mrs. Grace a present; and the only thing she could think of was lace—for lace was about the only worldly valuable which Lady Sylvia possessed. All this was of her own undertaking. Had she consulted her father, he would have said, 'Write as you would to a servant.' Had she consulted Balfour, he would have shouted with laughter at the notion of presenting that domineering landlady of the Westminster slums with a piece of real Valenciennes. But Lady Sylvia set to work on her own account; and at length composed the following message out of the ingenuous simplicity of her own small head:

'WILLOWBY HALL, *Tuesday morning.*

'MY DEAR MRS. GRACE,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in sending you these few lines, but I have just heard how nobly and bravely you rendered assistance, at great risk to yourself, to Mr. Balfour, who is a particular friend of my father's and mine, and I thought you would not be offended if I wrote to say how very heartily we thank you. And will you please accept from us the accompanying little parcel? it may remind you occasionally that though we have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, we are none the less most deeply grateful to you.

'I am, my dear Mrs. Grace, yours very sincerely, SYLVIA BLYTHE.'

Little did Balfour know of the packet which he forwarded to his valiant friend down in Westminster; but Happiness Alley speedily knew of it, and knows of it to this day. For at great times and seasons, when all the world has gone out to see the Queen drive to the opening of Parliament, or to look at the ruins of the last great fire, or to welcome the poor creatures set free by a jail delivery, and when Mrs. Grace and her friends have got back to the peace of their own homes, and when pipes have been lit and jugs of ale placed on the window-sill to cool, then with a great pride and vainglory a certain mahogany casket is produced. And if the uses of a fichu are only to be guessed at by Mrs. Grace and her friends, and if the precise value of Valenciennes is unknown to them, what matters? It is enough that all the world should know that this article of attire was presented to Mrs. Grace by an earl and an earl's daughter, in proof of which the casket contains—and this Mrs. Grace regards as the highest treasure of all—a letter written in the lady's own hand. She does not show the latter itself. She does not wish to have it fingered about and dirtied. But at these high times of festivity, when the lace is taken out with an awful and reverent care, the envelope of the letter may at least be exhibited; and that is stamped with an earl's coronet.

In due time Balfour went down to Willowby, and now at last it seemed as if all the troubles and sorrows of these young people were over. In the various glad preparations for the event to which they both looked forward, a generous unanimity of feeling prevailed. Each strove to outdo the other in conciliation. And Lady Sylvia's father smiled benignly on the pair, for he had just borrowed £300 from Balfour to meet some little pressing emergency.

It was a halcyon time indeed, for the year was at its fullest and sweetest, and the member for Ballinascroon was not hampered by the services he rendered to his constituents. One brilliant June day after another shone over the fair Surrey landscapes; beech, ash, and oak were at their greenest; the sunlight warmed up the colours of the pink chestnut and the rose-red hawthorn, and sweet winds played about the woods. They drove to picturesque spots in that line of hill that forms the backbone of Surrey; they made excursions to old-fashioned little hamlets on the Thames; together they rode over the wide commons, where the scent of the gorse was strong in the air. Balfour wondered no longer why Sylvia should love this peaceful and secluded life. Under the glamour of her presence idleness became delightful for the first time in the existence of this busy, eager, ambitious man. All his notions of method, of accuracy, of common-sense even, he surrendered to this strange fascination. To be unreasonable was a virtue in a woman, if it was Lady Sylvia who was unreasonable. He laughed with pleasure one evening when, in a strenuous argument, she stated that seven times seven were fifty-six. It would have been stupid in a servant to have spilled her tea, but it was pretty when Lady Sylvia's small wrist was the cause of that mishap. And when, with her serious, timid eyes grown full of feeling, she pleaded the cause of the poor sailor sent to sea in rotten ships, he felt himself ready then to go into the House and out-Plimsoll Plimsoll in his enthusiasm on behalf of so good a cause.

It was not altogether love in idleness. They had their occupations. First of all, she spent nearly a whole week in town choosing wall-colours, furniture, and pictures for that house in Piccadilly, though it was with a great shyness she went to the various places and expressed her opinion. During that week she saw a good deal more of London and of London life than commonly came within her experience. For one thing, she had the trembling delight of listening behind the grill, to Balfour making a short speech in the House. It was a terrible ordeal for her; her heart throbbed with anxiety, and she tore a pair of gloves into small pieces unknowingly. But as she drove home she convinced herself with a high exultation that there was no man in the House looked so distinguished as that one, that the stamp of a great statesman was visible in the square forehead and in the firm mouth, and that if the House knew as much as she knew, it would be more anxious to listen for those words of wisdom which were to save the nation. Balfour's speech was merely a few remarks made in committee. They were not of great importance. But when, next morning, she eagerly looked in the newspapers, and found what he had said condensed into a sentence, she was in a wild rage, and declared to her father that public men were treated shamefully in this country.

That business of refurnishing the house in Piccadilly had been done perforce; it was with a far greater satisfaction that she set about decorating and preparing a spacious cottage, called The Lilacs, which was set in the midst of a pretty garden, some three miles from Willowby Park. Here, indeed, was pleasant work for her, and to her was intrusted the whole management of the thing, in Balfour's necessary absence in town. From day to day she rode over to see how the workmen were getting on. She sent up business-like reports to London. And at last she gently hinted that he might come down to see what had been done.

'Will you ride over or drive?' said Lord Willowby to his guest, after breakfast that morning.

'I am sure Mr. Balfour would rather walk, papa,' said Lady Sylvia, 'for I have discovered a whole series of short-cuts that I want to show him—across the fields. Unless it will tire you, papa?'

'It won't tire me at all,' said Lord Willowby, with great consideration, 'for I am not going. I have letters to write. But if you walk over, you must send Lock to the cottage with the horses, and ride back.'

Although they were profoundly disappointed that Lord Willowby could not accompany them, they set out on their walk with an assumed cheerfulness which seemed to conceal their inward grief. It was July now; but the morning was fresh and cool after the night's rain, and there was a pleasant southerly breeze blowing the fleecy clouds across the blue sky, so that there was an abundance of light, motion, and colour all around them. The elms were rustling and swaying in the park; the rooks

were cawing; in the distance they saw a cloud of yellow smoke arise from the road as the fresh breeze blew across.

She led him away by secret paths and wooded lanes, with here and there a stile to cross, and here and there a swinging gate to open. She was anxious he should know intimately all the surroundings of his future home, and she seemed to be familiar with the name of every farm-house, every turnpike, every clump of trees, in the neighbourhood. She knew the various plants in the hedges, and he professed himself profoundly interested in learning their names. They crossed a bit of common now; he had never known before how beautiful the flowers of a common were—the pale lemon-colored hawk-weed, the purple thyme, the orange and crimson tipped bird's-foot trefoil. They passed through waving fields of rye; he had never noticed before the curious sheen of gray produced by the wind on those billows of green. They came in sight of long undulations of wheat; he vowed he had never seen in his life any thing so beautiful as the brilliant scarlet of the poppies where the corn was scant. The happiness in Lady Sylvia's face, when he expressed himself delighted with all these things, was something to see.

They came upon a gipsy encampment, apparently deserted by all but the women and children. One of the younger women immediately came out and began the usual patter. Would not the pretty lady have her fortune told? She had many happy days in store for her, but she had a little temper of her own, and so forth. Lady Sylvia stood irresolute, bashful, rather inclined to submit to the ordeal for the amusement of the thing, and looking doubtfully at her companion as to whether he would approve. As for Balfour, he did not pay the slightest heed to the poor woman's jargon. His eye had been wandering over the encampment, apparently examining every thing. And then he turned to the woman, and began to question her with a directness that startled her out of her trade manner altogether. She answered him simply and seriously, though it was not a very direful tale she had to tell. When Balfour had got all the information he wanted, he gave the woman half a sovereign, and passed on with his companion; and of course Lady Sylvia said to herself that it was the abrupt sincerity, the force of character, in this man that compelled sincerity in others, and she was more than ever convinced that the like of him was not to be found in the world.

'Well, Sylvia,' said he, when they reached The Lilacs, and had passed through the fragrant garden, 'you have really made it a charming place. It is a place one might pass one's life away in—reading books, smoking, dreaming day-dreams.'

'I hope you will always find rest and quiet in it,' said she, in a low voice.

It was a long, irregular, two-storied cottage, with a veranda along the front; and it was pretty well smothered in white roses. There was not much of a lawn; for the ground facing the French windows had mostly been cut up into flower beds—beds of turquoise blue forget-me-nots, of white and speckled clove-pinks that sweetened all the air around, of various-hued pansies, and of white and purple columbine. But the strong point of the cottage and the garden was its roses. There were roses every where—rose-bushes in the various plots, rose-trees covering the walls, roses in the tiny hall into which they passed when the old housekeeper made her appearance.

'I'll tell you who ought to live here, Sylvia,' said her companion. 'That German fellow you were telling us about who lives close by—Count von Rosen. I never saw such roses in my life.'

Little adornment indeed was needed to make this retreat a sufficiently charming one; but all the same, Lady Sylvia had spent a vast amount of care on it, and her companion was delighted with the skill and grace with which the bare materials of the furniture which he had only seen in the London shops had been arranged. As they walked through the quaint little rooms, they did not say much to each other: for doubtless their minds were sufficiently busy in drawing pictures of the happy life they hoped to spend there.

Of course all these nice things cost money. Balfour had been for some time drawing upon his partners in a fashion which rather astonished those gentlemen; for they had grown accustomed to calculate on the extreme economy of the young man. One morning the head clerk in the firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., in opening the letters, came upon one from Mr. Hugh Balfour, in which that gentleman gave for-

mal notice that he would want a sum of £50,000 in cash on the first of August. When Mr. Skinner arrived, the head clerk put the letter before him. He did not turn pale, nor did he nervously break the paper-knife he held in his hand. He only said, 'Good Lord!' and then he added, 'I suppose he must have it.'

It was in the second week in August that Mr. Hugh Balfour, M.P. for Ballinascroon, was married to Lady Sylvia Blythe, only daughter of the Earl of Willowby, of Willowby Hall, Surrey; and immediately after the marriage the happy pair started off to spend their honeymoon in Germany.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE-ACE JACK.

WE will now let Mr. Balfour and his young and charming bride go off together on their wedding trip—a trip that ought to give them some slight chance of becoming acquainted with each other, though a certain profound philosopher, resident in Surrey, would say that the glamour of impossible ideals was still veiling their eyes—and we will turn, if you please, to a very different sort of traveller, who just about the same time was riding along a cattle-trail on the high-lying and golden-yellow plains of Colorado. This was Buckskin Charlie, so named from the suit of gray buckskin which he wore, and which was liberally adorned with loose fringes cut from the leather. Indeed, there was a generally decorative air about this herdsman and his accoutrements, which gave him a half Mexican look, though the bright sun-tanned complexion, the long light brown hair, and the clear blue eyes were not at all Mexican. There was a brass tip to the high pommel in front of him, round which a lasso was coiled. He wore huge wooden stirrups, which looked like sabots with the heels cut out. The rowels of his spurs were an inch and a half in diameter. And the wiry little pony he rode had both mane and tail long and flowing.

It is a pleasant enough morning for a ride, for on these high-lying plains the air is cool and exhilarating even in the glare of the sunshine. The prospect around him is pleasant too, though Buckskin Charlie probably does not mind that much. He has long ago got accustomed to the immeasurable breadth of billowy prairie land, the low yellow-brown waves of which stretch away out into the west until they meet with the range of the Rocky Mountains—a wall of ethereal blue standing all along the western horizon, here and there showing a patch of shining white. And he is familiar enough, too, with the only living objects visible—a herd of antelope quietly grazing in the shadow of some distant and low-lying bluffs; an occasional chicken-hawk that lifts its heavy and bespeckled wings and makes away for the water in the nearest gully; and everywhere the friendly little prairie-dog, standing upon his hillock, like a miniature kangaroo, and coolly staring at him as he passes. Buckskin Charlie is not hungry, and therefore takes no interest in natural history.

It is a long ride across the plains from Eagle Creek Ranch to New Minneapolis, but this important place is reached at last. It is a pretty little hamlet of wooden cottages, with a brick school-house, and a small church of the like material. It has a few cotton-wood trees about. It is irrigated by a narrow canal which connects with a tributary of the South Platte.

Buckskin Charlie rides up to the chief shop of this hamlet and dismounts, leaving his pony in charge of a lad. The shop is a sort of general store, kept by one Ephraim J. Greek, who is also, as a small sign indicates, a notary public, conveyancer, and real estate agent. When Buckskin Charlie enters the store, Mr. Greek—a short, red-faced, red-haired person, who is generally addressed as Judge by his neighbours—is in the act of weighing out some sugar for a small girl who is at the counter.

'Hello, Charlie!' says the Judge, carelessly, as he continues weighing out the sugar. 'How's things at the ranch? And how is your health?'

'I want you to come right along,' says Charlie without further ceremony. 'The boss is just real bad.'

'You don't say!'

Charlie looks for a second or two at the Judge getting the brown paper bag, and then he says impatiently.

'He wants you to come right away, and he won't stand no foolin'—you bet."

But the Judge is not to be hurried. He asks his small customer what else her mother wants, and then he turns leisurely to the sun-tanned messenger.

'Tain't the fooist time, Charlie, the Colonel has been bad like that. Oh, I know. I knowed the Colonel before you ever set eyes on him—yes Sir, I knowed him in Denver, when he was on'y Five-Ace Jack. But now he's the boss, and no mistake. Reckon he is doin' the big Bonanza business, and none o' your pea-nut consarns—'

Here Buckskin Charlie broke in with a number of words which showed that he was intimately familiar with Scripture, and might have led one to suppose that he meant to annihilate the dilatory Judge, but which, as it turned out, were only intended to emphasize his statement that the Colonel had branded 1800 calves at the ranch last year, and had also got up 2000 head from Texas. By the time this piece of information had been delivered and received, the wants of the small girl in front of the counter had been satisfied; and then the Judge, having gone out and borrowed a neighbor's pony, set forth with his impatient companion for Eagle Creek Ranch.

On the way they had a good deal of familiar talk about the boss, or the Colonel, as he was indifferently called; and the Judge, now in a friendly mood, told Buckskin Charlie some things he did not know before about his master. Their conversation, however, was so saturated with Biblical lore that it may be advisable to give here a simpler and a plainer history of the owner of the Eagle Creek Ranch. To begin with, he was an Englishman. He was born in Cumberland, and as a young fellow achieved some little notoriety as a wrestler; in fact that was all the work his parents could get out of him. It was in vain that they paid successive sums to have him apprenticed to that business, or made a partner in this; Jack Sloane was simply a ne'er-do-well, blessed with a splendid physique, a high opinion of his own importance, and a distinguished facility in wheedling people into lending him money. Such was his position in England when the rush to California occurred. Here was Jack's opportunity. His mother wept bitter tears when she parted with him; but nobody else was affected to the same extent.

As a gold-digger Jack was a failure, but he soon managed to pick up an amazing knowledge of certain games of cards, insomuch that his combined luck and skill got for him the complimentary title of Five-Ace Jack. Whether he made money or not at this profession does not appear, for at this point there is a gap in his history. When his relatives in England—among whom, I regret to say, was a young lady incidentally alluded to in the first chapter of this story—next heard of him he was in Texas, employed at a ranch there. No one ever knew what had made the social atmosphere of San Francisco rather too sultry for Five-Ace Jack.

Then the Pike's Peak craze occurred, in 1859, and once again Jack was induced to join the general rush. He arrived at Denver just as the bubble had burst. He found a huge multitude of people grown mad with disappointment, threatening to burn down the few wooden shanties and canvas tents that then constituted the town, and more especially to hang incontinently an esteemed friend of the present writer, who had just issued the first numbers of the *Rocky Mountain News*. Then the great crowd of bummers and loafers, not finding the soil teeming with nuggets, stampeded off like a herd of buffalo, leaving a few hardy and adventurous spirits to explore the neighboring cañons, and find out by hard work whether or not gold existed there in paying quantities. Jack Sloane remained behind also—in Denver. He started what was called a whiskey saloon in a tent, but what was really a convenient little gambling hell for those who had grown reckless. Times grew better. Rumors came down from the mountains that the gulch and placer mines which had been opened were giving a fair yield; here and there—as, for example, in the Clear Creek Cañon—a vein of rotten quartz had been struck containing free gold in surprising richness. Now was Jack's time. He opened a keno and faro bank in a wooden shanty, and he charged only ten per cent. on the keno winnings. He was an adept at euchre and poker, and was always willing to lend a hand, his chief peculiarity being that he invariably chose that side of the table which enabled him to face the door, so that he might not be taken unawares by an unfriendly shot. He drove a rousing trade. The miners came down from the

'Rockies' with their bags of gold-dust ready open to pay for a frolic, and Five-Ace Jack received a liberal percentage from the three-card-monte men who entertained these innocent folks. But for a sad accident Jack might have remained at Denver, and become an exemplary member of society. He might have married one of the young ladies of accommodating manners who had even then managed to wander out to that Western town. He and she might at the present moment have been regarded as one of the twelve 'Old Families' of Denver, who, beginning for the most part as he began, are now demonstrating their respectability by building churches like mad, and by giving balls which, in the favoured language of the place, are described as 'quite the toniest things going.' But fortune had a grudge against Jack.

There was an ill-favoured rascal called Bully Bill, who was coming in from the plains one day, when he found two Indians following him. To shoot first, and ask the Indians' intentions afterward, was the rule in these parts; and accordingly Bully Bill fired, bringing one Indian down, the other riding off as hard as he could go. The conqueror thought he would have the scalp of his enemy as a proof of his valour, but he was a bad hand at the business, and as he was slowly endeavouring to get at the trophy, he found that the other Indian had mustered up courage, and was coming back. There was no time to lose. He simply hewed the dead Indian's head off, jumped on his pony, and, after an exciting chase, reached the town in safety. Then he carried the head into Five-Ace Jack's saloon; and as there were a few of the boys there, ready for fun, they got up an auction for that ghastly prize. It was knocked down at no less a sum than two hundred dollars—a price which so fired the brain of Bully Bill that he went in wildly for playing cards. But Five-Ace Jack never played cards wildly, and he was of the party. He observed that not only did Bully Bill lose steadily, but also that his losses seemed to vex him much; and, in fact, just as the last of the two hundred dollars were disappearing, he was surprised and deeply pained to find that Bully Bill was trying to cheat. This touched Jack's conscience, and he remonstrated; whereupon there was a word or two, and then Jack drew his shooter out and shot Bully Billy through the head. They respectfully placed the body on two chairs, and Jack called for some drinks.

This incident ought to have caused no great trouble; for at that time there was no Union Pacific Railroad Company—a troublesome body, which has ere now impeached judge, jury, and prisoner, all in a lump, for a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, when some notorious offender has got off scot-free. But Bully Bill had three brothers up in the mountains; and Jack was of opinion that, if he remained in Denver, his mind would be troubled with many cares. However, he had amassed a good deal of money in this gambling hell of his; and so he was able to persuade a few of his meaner dependents to strike their tents along with him, and go out into the wilderness. He wandered over the plains until he saw a good place for a ranch—not a stock-raising ranch, but a place to accommodate the droves of pilgrims who were then slowly and laboriously making their way to the West. He built his ranch about a hundred yards back from the waggon route, and calmly waited custom.

But even in these peaceful solitudes, if all stories be true—and we in England heard nothing of Jack Sloane for many years—he did not quite desist from his evil ways. Finding, first of all, that many of the waggon parties went by without calling in at his ranch, he and his men dug a large pit right across the route, so that the drivers had perforce to turn aside and come right up to his hostelry. Then he stationed a blacksmith a mile or two down the road, for the greater convenience of the travellers, who were always glad to have the feet of their mules and oxen examined. It was very singular, however, that between the blacksmith's shop and Jack's ranch, so many of the animals should go lame; but what did that matter, when Jack was willing to exchange a perfectly fresh team for the tired team, a little consideration of money being added? It is true the lame oxen became rapidly well so soon as they were left in Jack's possession; but was not that all the more lucky for the next comers who were sure to find something wrong with their teams between the blacksmith's shop and Eagle Creek Ranch?

Another peculiarity of this part of the

plains was that the neighborhood seemed to be infested with Indians, who, whether they were Utes or Arrapahoes, showed a surprising knowledge as to which waggon trains were supplied with the most valuable cattle, and never stampeded an indifferent lot. These attacks were made at night, and doubtless the poor travellers, stunned by the yells of the red men and the firing of guns and revolvers, were glad to escape with their lives. But on one occasion, it is rumored, an Indian would appear to have been hurt, for he was heard to exclaim, in a loud voice, '*Holy Jabers! me fut! me fut!*' Neither the Utes nor the Arrapahoes, it was remembered, pronounce the word 'foot' in that fashion, even when they happen to know English, and so it came about that always after that there were ugly rumors about Eagle Creek Ranch and the men who lived there. But not even the stoutest bull-whacker who ever crossed the plains would dare to say a word on this subject to Five-Ace Jack; he would have had a bullet through his head for his pains.

And now we take leave of 'Five-Ace Jack,' for in his subsequent history he appears as 'Colonel Sloane,' 'the Colonel,' or 'the boss.' As he grew more rich, he became more honest; as has happened in the case of many worthy people. His flocks and his herds increased. He closed the ranch as a place of entertainment—indeed, people were beginning now to talk of all sorts of other overland routes; but he made it the centre of a vast stock-rearing farm, which he superintended with great assiduity. He was an imperious master with his herders—the physical force that was always ready to give effect to his decisions was a weapon that stuck upright in the south-east corner of his trowsers; but he was a just master, and paid his men punctually. Moreover, by-gones being by-gones, he had made an excursion or two up into 'the Rockies,' and had become possessed of one or two mines, which, though they were now only paying working expenses, promised well. Time flies fast in the West; people come and go rapidly. When Colonel Sloane stopped at the Grand Central of Denver, and drank petroleum-champagne at four dollars a bottle, at that pretentious, dirty, and disagreeable hostelry there was no one to recognize him as Five-Ace Jack. He was cleanly shaved; his linen was as brilliant as Chinese skill and Colorado air could make it; he could have helped to build a church with any of them. But somehow he never cared to remain long within the precincts of Denver; he was either up at Idaho, looking after his mines, or out at the ranch, looking after his herdsmen.

It was toward this ranch that Buckskin Charlie and Judge Greek were now riding on this cool, clear, beautiful morning. All around them shone the golden-yellow prairie, an immeasurable sea of grass and flowers; above them shone the clear sky of Colorado; far away on their right the world was inclosed by the pale, transparent blue of the long wall of mountains. Eagle Creek Ranch was a lonely-looking place as they neared it. The central portion of the buildings spoke of the times when the Indians—the real Indians, not Five-Ace Jack and his merry men—were in the habit of scouring the plains; for it was a block-house built of heavy logs of pine. But from this initial point branched out all sorts of buildings and inclosures—sheds, pens, stables, and what not, some of them substantially erected, and others merely made of cotton-wood fence. Out there they speak disrespectfully of cotton-wood, because of its habit of twisting itself into extraordinary shapes. It is admitted, however, by the settlers that this very habit defeats the most perverse ingenuity on the part of a hog; for the hog, intent on breaking away, fancies he has got outside the fence, whereas, owing to the twisting of the wood, he is still inside of it.

The Colonel lay in his bed, thinking neither of his hogs, nor of his pens, nor yet of his vast herds of cattle roaming over the fenceless prairie land. The long, muscular, bony frame was writhing in pain; the black, dishevelled hair was wet with perspiration; the powerful hands clutched and wrung the coarse bedclothing. But the Colonel had all his wits about him; and when Mr. Greek, approaching him, began to offer some expressions of sympathy, he was bidden to mind his own business in language of quite irrelevant force. Buckskin Charlie was ordered to bring in his master's writing-desk, which was the only polished piece of furniture in the ranche. Then the Colonel, making a powerful effort

to control his writhings, proceeded to give his instructions.

He was not going to die yet, the Colonel said. He had had these fits before. It was only a tough antelope steak, followed by a hard ride and a consuming thirst too hastily quenched. But here he was, on his back; and as he had nothing else to do, he wanted the Judge to put down on paper his wishes and intentions with regard to his property. The Colonel admitted that he was a rich man. Himself could not tell what head of cattle he owned. He had two placer mines in the Clear Creek Cañon; and he had been offered twelve thousand dollars for the celebrated Belle of St. Joe, up near Georgetown. He had a house at Idaho Springs. He had a share in a bank at Denver. Now the Colonel, in short and sharp sentences, interrupted by a good deal of writhing and hard swearing, said he would not leave a brass farthing—a red cent was what he actually mentioned—to any of his relatives who had known him in England, for the reason that they knew too much about him, and would be only too glad that he was gone. But there was a young girl who was a niece of his. He doubted whether she had ever seen him; if she had, it must have been when she was a child. He had a photograph of her, however, taken two or three years before, and she was a good-looking lass. Well, he did not mind leaving his property to her, under one or two conditions. There he paused for a time.

Five-Ace Jack was a cunning person, and he had brooded over this matter during many a lonely ride over the plains. He did not want his money to go among those relatives of his, who doubtless—though they heard but little about him—regarded him as a common scoundrel. But if he could get this pretty niece of his to come out to the far West with her husband, might they not be induced to remain there, and hold and retain that property that had cost the owner so much trouble to pull together? If they disliked the roughness of the ranch, could any thing be more elegant than the white wooden villa at Idaho, with its veranda and green blinds? Then he considered that it was a long way for her to come. If she had children—and she might have, for it was two or three years since he heard she was married—the trouble and anxiety of bringing them all the way from England would dispose her to take a gloomy view of the place. Surely it was not too hard a condition that, in consideration of their getting so large a property, this young belle and her husband should come out, free from incumbrances of all sorts, to live one year in Colorado, either at Idaho or at Eagle Creek Ranch, just as they chose?

Both the Colonel and the Judge were bachelors; and it did not occur to either of them, when that condition was put down on paper, that a young woman on this side of the water could be so foolish as to get up with flashing eyes and say—as actually happened in less than a year afterward—that not for all the cattle in Colorado, and not for all the gold in the Rocky Mountains, and not for twenty times all the diamonds that were ever gotten out of Golconda, would she leave her poor, dear, darling, defenceless children for a whole year. Just as little did they think, when this memorandum was finally handed over to the Judge to be drawn out in proper form, that any proceeding on the part of Five-Ace Jack, of Eagle Creek Ranch, could have the slightest possible influence on the fortunes of Lady Sylvia Balfour. Jack was a Colorado ranchman; Lady Sylvia was the daughter of an English earl.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST EXPERIENCES.

MARRIAGE is in legal phrase the 'highest consideration;' even the cold and unromantic eye of the law perceives that the fact of a woman giving herself up, body and soul, to a man, is more than equivalent for any sort of marriage settlement. But at no period of the world's history was it ever contemplated that a woman's immediate duty, on becoming a wife, was forthwith to efface her own individuality. Now this was what Lady Sylvia deliberately set about doing in the first flush of her wifely devotion. As she had married the very source and fountain-head of all earthly wisdom, what use was there in her retaining opinions of her own? Henceforth she was to have always at her side the lawgiver, the arbiter, the infallible authority; she would surrender to his keep-

ing all her beliefs, just as she implicitly surrendered her trunks. She never thought twice about her new dresses: what railway guard could withstand that terrible, commanding eye?

Now little has been said to the point in these pages about Balfour if it has not been shown that he was a man of violent prejudices. Perhaps he was not unlike other people in that respect, except in so far as he took little pains to conceal his opinions. But if there was any thing likely to cure him of prejudices, it was to see them mimicked in the faithful and loving mirror now always by his side; for how could he help laughing at the unintentional distortions? He had been a bitter opponent of the Second Empire while that bubble still glittered in the political atmosphere; but surely that was no reason why Lady Sylvia should positively refuse to remain in Paris?

'Gracious goodness!' said he, 'have you acquired a personal dislike for thirty millions of people? You may take my word for it, Sylvia, that as all you are likely to know about the French is by travelling among them, they are the nicest people in the world, so far as that goes. Look at the courtesy of the officials! look at the trouble a working-man or a peasant will take to put you in the right road! Believe me, you may go further and fare worse. Wait, for example, till you make your first plunge into Germany. Wait till you see the Germans on board a Rhine steamer—their manners to strangers, their habits of eating—'

'And then?' she said; 'am I to form my opinion of the Germans from that? Do foreigners form their opinion of England by looking at a steamer-load of people going to Margate?'

'Sylvia,' said he, 'I command you to love the French.'

'I won't,' she said.

But this defiant disobedience was only the curious result of a surrender of her own opinions. She was prepared to dislike thirty millions of human beings merely because he had expressed detestation of Louis Napoleon. And when he ended the argument with a laugh, the laugh was not altogether against her. From that moment he determined to seize every opportunity of pointing out to her the virtues of the French.

Of course it was very delightful to him to have for his companion one who came quite fresh to all those wonders of travel which lie close around our own door. One does not often meet nowadays with a young lady who has not seen, for example, the Rhine under moonlight. Lady Sylvia had never been out of England. It seemed to her that she had crossed interminable distances, and left her native country in a different planet altogether, when she reached Brussels, and she could not understand her husband when he said that in the Rue Montagne de la Cour he had always the impression that he had just stepped round the corner of Regent Street. And she tried to imagine what she would do in these remote places of the earth if she were all by herself—without this self-reliant guide and companion, who seemed to care no more for the awful and mysterious officials about railway stations and the entrances to palaces than he would for the humble and familiar English policemen. The great deeds of chivalry were poor in her eyes compared with the splendid battle waged by her husband against extortion; the field of Waterloo was nearly witnessing another fearful scene of bloodshed, all because of a couple of francs. Then the Rhine, on the still moonlight night, from the high balcony in Cologne, with the coloured lights of the steamers moving to and fro—surely it was he alone who was the creator of this wonderful scene. That he was the creator of some of her delight in it was probable enough.

Finally they settled down in the little village of Rolandseck; and now, in this quiet retreat, after the hurry and bustle of travelling was over and gone, they were thrown more directly on each other's society, and left to find out whether they could find in the companionship of each other a sufficient means of passing the time. That, indeed, is the peril of the honeymoon period, and it has been the origin of a fair amount of mischief. You take a busy man away from all his ordinary occupations, and you take a young girl away from all her domestic and other pursuits, while as yet neither knows very much about the other, and while they have no common objects of interest—no business affairs, nor house affairs, nor children to talk about—and you expect them to amuse each other day after day, and day after day. Conversation, in such circum-

stances, is apt to dwindle down into very small rills indeed, unless when it is feared that silence may be construed into regret, and then a forced effort is made to pump up the waters. Moreover, Rolandseck, though one of the most beautiful places in the world, is a place in which one finds it desperately hard to pass the time. There is the charming view, no doubt, and the Balfours had corner rooms, whence they could see, under the changing lights of morning, of mid-day, of sunset, and moonlight, the broad and rushing river, the picturesque island, the wooded and craggy heights, and the mystic range of the Drachenfels. But the days were still, sleepy, monotonous. Balfour, seated in the garden just over the river, would get the *Kölnische* or the *Allgemeine*, and glance at the brief telegram headed 'Grossbrittannien,' which told all that was considered to be worth telling about his native country. Or, together, they would clamber up through the warm vineyards to the rocky heights by Roland's Tower, and there let the dreamy hours go by in watching the shadows cross the blue mountains, in following the small steamers and the greater rafts as they passed down the stream, in listening to the tinkling of the cattle bells in the valley below. How many times a day did Balfour cross over by the swinging ferry to the bathing-house on the other side, and there plunge into the clear, cold, rushing green waters? Somehow the days passed.

And, on the whole, they passed pleasantly. In England there was absolutely nothing going on that could claim any one's attention; the first absolute hush of the recess was unbroken even by those wandering voices that, later on, murmur of politics in unfrequented places. All the world had gone idling; if a certain young lady had wished to assume at once the *rôle* she had sketched out for herself—of becoming the solace and comfort of the tired legislator—there was no chance for her in England at least. Perhaps, on the whole, she was better occupied here in learning something about the nature of the man with whom she proposed to spend a lifetime. And here, too, in these quiet solitudes, Balfour occasionally abandoned his usual bantering manner, and gave her glimpses of a deep undercurrent of feeling, of the existence of which not even his most intimate friends were aware. When they walked alone in the still evenings, with the cool wind stirring the avenues of walnut-trees, and the moonlight beginning to touch the mists lying about Nonnenworth and over the river, he talked to her as he never talked to any human being before. And curiously enough, when his love for this newly found companion sought some expression that would satisfy himself, he found it in snatches of old songs that his nurse, a Lowland Scotchwoman, had sung to him in his childhood. He had never read these lyrics. He knew nothing of their literary value. It was only as echoes that they came into his memory now; and yet they satisfied him in giving something of form to his own fancies. He did not repeat them to her; but as he walked with her, these old phrases and chance refrains seemed to suggest themselves quite naturally. Surely it was of her that this was written:

'Oh, saw ye my wee thing, and saw ye my ain thing,
And saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the hawtree?
Her hair it is lint white, her skin it is milk white,
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rollin' e'e,
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

Or this, again:

'Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread,
And courtly sits she in the midst,
Men's langing eyes to feed;
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek
Wi' her milky, milky han';
And her cheeks seem touched wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Lady Ann.'

He forgot that he was in the Rhine-land—the very cradle of lyrical romance. He did not associate this fair companion with any book whatever; the feelings that she stirred were deeper down than that, and they found expression in phrases that had years and years ago became a part of his nature. He forgot all about Uhland, Heine, and the rest of the sweet and pathetic singers who have thrown a glamour over the Rhine Valley; it was the songs of his boyhood that occurred to him.

'Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.'

The lines are simple enough. Perhaps they are even commonplace. But they sufficed.

It must be said, however, that Balfour was the reverse of an effusive person, and this young wife very speedily discovered that his bursts of tender confidences were likely to be few and far between. He was exceedingly chary of using endearing phrases, more especially if there was a third person present. Now she had been used to elaborate and studied expressions of affection. There was a good deal of histrionics about Lord Willowby. He got into violent rages with his servants about the merest trifles; but these rages were as predetermined as those of the First Napoleon are said to have been: he found that it answered his purpose to have his temper feared. On the other hand, his affection for his daughter was expressed on all occasions with profuse phraseology—a phraesology that was a trifle mawkish and artificial when heard by others, but which was not so to the object of it. She had grown accustomed to it To her it was but natural language. Doubtless she had been taught to believe that all affection expressed itself in that way.

Here, again, she tried to school herself. Convinced, by these rare moments of self-disclosure, that the love he bore her was the deepest and strongest feeling of his nature, she would be content to do without continual protestation of it. She would have no lip-service. Did not reticence in such matters arise from the feeling that there were emotions and relations too sacred to be continually flaunted before the public gaze? Was she to distrust the man who had married her, because he did not prate of his affection for her within the hearing of servants?

The reasoning was admirable; the sentiment that prompted it altogether praiseworthy. But before a young wife begins to efface her personality in this fashion, she ought to make sure that she has not much personality to speak of. Lady Sylva had a good deal. In those Surrey solitudes, thrown greatly in on herself for companionship, she had acquired a certain seriousness of character. She had very definite conceptions of the various duties of life; she had decided opinions on many points; she had, like other folks, a firmly fixed prejudice or two. For her to imagine that she could wipe out her own individuality, as if it were a sum on a slate, and inscribe in its stead a whole series of new opinions, was mere folly. It was prompted by the most generous of motives, but it was folly none the less. Obviously, too, it was a necessary corollary of this effort at self-surrender, or rather self-effacement, that her husband should not be made aware of it; she would be to him, not what she was, but what she thought she ought to be.

Hypersubtleties of fancy and feeling? the result of delicate rearing, a sensitive temperament, and a youth spent much in solitary self-communion? Perhaps they were; but they were real for all that. They were not affectations, but facts—facts involving as important issues as the simpler feelings of less complex and cultivated natures. To her they were so real, so all-important, that the whole current of her life was certain to be guided by them.

During this pleasant season but one slight cloud crossed the shining heaven of their new life. They had received letters in the morning; in the evening, as they sat at dinner, Lady Sylvia suddenly said to her husband, with a sort of childish happiness in her face.

'Oh, Hugh, how delightful it must be to be a very rich person. I am eagerly looking forward to that first thousand pounds—it is a whole thousand pounds all at once, is it not? Then you must put it in a bank for me, and let me have a check-book?'

'I wonder what you will do with it,' said he. 'I never could understand what women did with their private money. I suppose they make a pretence of paying for their own dress; but as a matter of fact they have every thing given them—jewelry, flowers, bonnets, gloves—'

'I know,' said she, with a slight blush, 'what I should like to do with my money.'

'Well?' said he. Of course she had some romantic notion in her head. She would open a co-operative store for the benefit of the inhabitants of Happiness Alley, and make Mrs. Grace the superintendent. She would procure 'a day in the country' for all the children in the slums of

Seven Dials. She would start a fund for erecting a gold statue to Mr. Plimsoll.

'You know,' said she, with an embarrassed smile, 'that papa is very poor, and I think those business matters have been harassing him more than ever of late. I am sure, Hugh dear, you are quite right about women not needing money of their own—at least I know I have never felt the want of it much. And now don't you think it would please poor papa if I were to surprise him some morning with a check for a whole thousand pounds! I should feel myself a millionaire.'

He showed no surprise or vexation. He merely said, in a cool way,

'If it would please you, Sylvia, I see no objection.'

But immediately after dinner he went out, saying he meant to go for a walk to some village on the other side of the Rhine—too distant for her to go. He lit a cigar, and went down to the ferry. The good-natured ferryman, who knew Balfour well, said '*'n Abend, Herr.*' Why should this sulky-browed man mutter in reply, 'The swindling old heathen!' It was quite certain that Balfour could not have referred to the friendly ferryman.

He walked away along the dusty and silent road, in the gathering twilight, puffing his cigar fiercely.

'At it already,' he was saying to himself, bitterly. 'He could not let a week pass. And the child comes to me with her pretty ways, and says, "Oh, won't you pity this poor old swindler?" And of course I am an impressionable young man; and in the first flush of conjugal gratitude and enthusiasm I will do whatever she asks; and so the letter comes within the very first week! By the Lord, I will stop that kind of thing as soon as I get back to London!'

He returned to the hotel about ten o'clock. Lady Sylvia had gone to her room; he went there, and found her crying bitterly. And as she would not tell him why she was in such grief, how could he be expected to know? He thought he had acted very generously in at once acceding to her proposal; and there could not be the slightest doubt that the distance to that particular village was much too great for her to attempt.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

AT breakfast next morning, Lady Sylvia appeared as cheerful as possible. She was quite talkative, and was more charmed than ever with the beauties of the Rhine. No reference was made to that little incident of the previous evening.

She had been schooling herself as usual. Was it not natural for him to show some resentment at this foolish school-girl notion of presenting a £1000 bank-note to her father? Her husband could not be expected to share in her romantic notions. He was a man of the world. And had he not shewn his generosity and unfailing consideration in not only assenting to her proposal, but in going off to conceal his natural disapproval? Her woman's eyes had been too quick; that was all.

On the other hand, Balfour, delighted to find his young wife in such good spirits, could not think of reviving a matter which might lead to a quarrel. She might give her father the thousand pounds, and welcome. Only he, Balfour, would take very good care, as soon as he got back to England, that that was the last application of the kind.

Now, the truth was, there had been no such application. Lord Willowby had written to his daughter, and she had received the letter; but there was not in it a single word referring to money matters. A simple inquiry and a simple explanation would have prevented all this unpleasantness, which might leave traces behind it. Why had not these been forthcoming? Why, indeed! How many months before was it that Balfour was urging his sweetheart to fix an early day for their wedding, on the earnest plea that marriage was the only guarantee against misunderstandings? Only with marriage came perfect confidence. Marriage was to be the perpetual safeguard against the dangers of separation, the interference of friends, the mischief wrought by rumour. In short, marriage was to bring about the millennium. That is the belief that has got into the heads of a good many young people besides Mr. Hugh Balfour and Lady Sylvia Blythe.

But as they were now quite cheerful and pleased with each other, what more was

wanted? And it was a bright and beautiful day; and soon the steamer would be coming up the river to take them on to Coblentz, that they might go up the Moselle. As they stood on the small wooden pier, Lady Sylvia, looking abroad on the beautiful panorama of crag and island and river, said to her husband in a low voice,

'Shall we ever forget this place? And the still days we spent here?'

'I will give you this advice, Sylvia,' said he. 'If you want to remember Rolandseck, don't keep any photograph of it in England. That will only deaden and vulgarize the place; and you will gradually have the photograph dispossessing your memory picture. Look, now, and remember. Look at the color of the Rhine, and the shadows under the trees of the island there, and the sunshine on those blue mountains. Don't you think you will always be able to remember?'

She did not look at all. She suddenly turned away her head, for she did not wish him to see that her eyes had filled. It was not the last time she was to look at Rolandseck—or rather at the beautiful picture that memory painted of it —through a mist of tears.

'Hillo!' cried her husband, as they were stepping on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, 'I'm hanged if there isn't Billy Bolitho!'

'Who is he?' said she, timidly. Her first impulse was to shrink from meeting any stranger.

'Oh, the best fellow in the world,' said Balfour, who appeared to be greatly pleased. 'He is a Parliamentary agent. Now you will hear all that's been going on. Bolitho knows every body and every thing; and, besides, he is the best of fellows himself.'

Mr. Bolitho, with much discretion, did his utmost to avoid running against these two young people; but that was of no use. Balfour hunted him up, and brought him along to introduce him to Lady Sylvia. He was an elderly gentleman, with silvery white whiskers, a bland and benevolent face, and remarkably shrewd and humorous eyes. He was very respectful to Lady Sylvia. He remarked to her that he had the pleasure of knowing her father; but, as Balfour put in, it would have been hard to find any one whom Mr. Bolitho did not know.

And how strange it was, after these still days in the solitude by the Rhine, to plunge back again into English politics! The times were quiet enough in England itself just at the moment; but great events had recently been happening, and these afforded plenty of matter for eager discussion and speculation. Lady Sylvia listened intently: was it not part of her education? She heard their guesses as to the political future. Would the Prime Minister be forced to dissolve before the spring? Or would he not wait to see the effect on the country of the reconstruction of the cabinet, and appear in February with a fascinating budget, which would charm all men's hearts, and pave the way for a triumphant majority at the general election? All this she could follow pretty well. She was puzzled when they spoke of the alleged necessity of the Prime Minister seeking re-election on assuming the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and she did not quite know what league it was that was likely to oppose—according to rumor—the re-election at Birmingham of a statesman who had just been taken into the cabinet. But all this about the chances of a dissolution she could understand pretty well; and was it not of sufficient interest to her, considering that her husband's seat in the House was in peril?

But when they got into the *personnel* of politics she was lost altogether. There were rumours of a still further reconstruction of the ministry; and the chances of appointments falling to such and such people brought out such a host of details about the position of various men whose names even were unknown to her that she got not a little bewildered. And surely this garrulous, bland old gentleman talked with a dreadful cynicism about public affairs, or rather about the men engaged in them. And was not his talk affecting her husband too? Was it true that these were the real objects which caused this man to pose as a philanthropist and the other to preside at religious meetings? She began to find less and less humour in these remarks of Mr. Bolitho. She would like to have carried her husband away from the sphere of his evil influence.

'I suppose now, Balfour,' said he, 'you have been taking a look round? You know, of course, that Ballinascroon will make short work of you?'

'Yes, I know that,' said the other.

'Well,' said Mr. Bolitho, 'they say that we sha'n't know what the government mean to do until Bright's speech in October. I have a suspicion that something besides that will happen in October. They may fancy a bold challenge would tell. Now, suppose there was a dissolution, where would you be?'

'Flying all over the country, I suppose —Evesham, Shoreham, Woodstock, Harwich, any where—seeing where I could get some rest for the sole of my foot.'

'If I were you,' said Mr. Bolitho, 'I would not trust to a postponement of the dissolution till the spring. I would take my measures now.'

'Very well, but where? Come, Bolitho, put me on to a good thing. I know you have always half a dozen boroughs in your pocket.'

'Well,' said Mr. Bolitho to Lady Sylvia, with a cheerful smile, 'your husband wishes to make me out a person of some importance, doesn't he? But it is really an odd coincidence that I should run across him to-day; for, as it happens, I am going on to Mainz to see Eugy Chorley, and that is a man of whom you might fairly say that he carries a borough in his pocket—Englebury.'

'That's old Harnden's place. What a shame it would be to try to oust the old fellow!' said Balfour.

'Oh, he is good for nothing,' said Mr. Bolitho, gayly. 'He ought to be in a Bath-chair, at Brighton. Besides, he is very unpopular; he has been spending no money lately. And I suppose you have got to oust somebody somewhere if you mean to sit in the House.'

'But what are his politics?' said Lady Sylvia to this political pagan.

'Oh, nothing in particular. Formerly, if there was a free fight going on any where, he was sure to be in it—though you never could tell on which side. Now he limits himself to an occasional growl.'

'And you would have my husband try to turn out this poor old gentleman?' said Lady Sylvia, with some indignation.

'Why not?' said Mr. Bolitho, with a charming smile. 'How many men has Harnden turned out in his time, I wonder? Now, Lady Sylvia, you could be of great use to your husband if you and he would only come straight on with me to Mainz. Mr. Chorley and his wife are at the—— Hotel. He is a solicitor at Englebury; he is the great man there, does all the parochial business, is a friend of the Duke's—in short, he can do what he likes at Englebury. Your husband would have to conciliate him, you know, by putting a little business in his way—buying a few farms or houses on speculation and selling them again. Or, stay, this is better. Eugy wants to sell a few acres of land he himself has. I believe he stole the piece from the side of an out-of-the-way common—first had a ditch cut for drainage, then put up a few posts, then a wire to keep children from tumbling in, then, a couple of years after, he boldly ran a fence round and cleared the place inside. I suppose no one dared to interfere with a man who had the private affairs of every one in the parish in his hands. Well, I think Mr. Chorley, when he sees all this fuss going on about inclosures, sometimes gets uneasy. Now your husband might buy this land of him.'

'For what purpose, pray?' demanded Lady Sylvia, with some dignity. 'Do I understand you that this land was stolen from the poor people of the village?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Bolitho, coolly. 'And your husband could give it back to them—make a public green of it, and put up a gymnasium. That would have to be done after the election, of course.'

'And how do you propose that I should aid my husband?' asked Lady Sylvia. Balfour, who was listening in silent amusement, could not understand why she grew more and more chill in her demeanor.

'Oh,' said Mr. Bolitho, with a shrewd smile, 'you will have to conciliate Mrs. Chorley, who is much the more terrible person of the two. I am afraid, Lady Sylvia, you don't know much about politics.'

'No,' said Lady Sylvia, coldly.

'Of course not—not to be expected. She won't be hard in her catechising. But there are one or two points she is rather fierce about. You will have to let the English Church go.'

'To let the English Church go?' said Lady Sylvia, doubtfully.

'I mean as a political institution.'

'But it is not a political institution,' said Lady Sylvia, firmly.

'I mean as a political question, then,'

said Mr. Bolitho, blandly. 'Pray don't imagine that I am in favor of disestablishment, Lady Sylvia. It is not my business to have any opinions. I dare not belong either to the Reform or to the Carlton. I was merely pointing out that if Mrs. Chorley speaks about disestablishment, it would not be worth your while to express any decided view, supposing you were not inclined to agree with her. That is all. You see, Mrs. Chorley is the daughter of the great Quakeress, Mrs. Drew—of course you have heard of her?'

'No, I have not,' said Lady Sylvia.

'Dear me! Before your time, I suppose. But she was a delightful old woman—the dearest little old lady! How well I remember her! She used to live in Bloomsbury Square, and she had supper parties every Tuesday and Friday evening; it is five-and-thirty years ago since I went to those parties. Mrs. Drew was a widow, you know, and she presided at the table; and when supper was over she used to get up and propose a series of toasts in the most delightful prim and precise manner. She was a great politician, you must understand. And many men used to come there of an evening who became very celebrated persons afterward. Dear me, it's a long time since then! But I shall never forget the little woman standing up with a glass of toast and water in her hand—she did not drink wine—and giving the health of some distinguished guest, or begging them to drink to the success of a bill before the House; and we always drank her health before we left, and she used to give us such a pretty little old-fashioned courtesy. Mrs. Chorley,' added Mr. Bolitho, with a grim smile, 'is not quite such another.'

'But do you mean,' said Lady Sylvia, with some precision, 'that because Mrs. Chorley is the daughter of a Quakeress, I am to pretend to wish for the destruction of the Church of England—my own Church?'

'My dear Lady Sylvia!' cried Mr. Bolitho, with a sort of paternal familiarity, 'you must not put it in that way.'

But here Balfour interposed; for he perceived that she was becoming a trifle warm, and a young husband is anxious that his wife should acquit herself well before his friends.

'Look here, Sylvia,' he said, good-humoredly, 'I suppose neither you nor I have any very keen personal interest in that question. No doubt the Church of England will be disestablished in time, and before that time comes it will be well to prepare for the change, so that it may be effected with as little harm and as little harshness as possible. But the severance of the connection between Church and State has nothing to do with the destruction of the Church; it is a political question; and if Mrs. Chorley or any body else is so constituted as to take a frantic interest in such a thing, why should any other person goad her by contradiction? The opinions of Mrs. Chorley won't shift the axis of the earth.'

'You mistake me altogether, Hugh,' said Lady Sylvia. 'I have not the slightest intention of entering into any discussion on any topic whatsoever with Mrs. Chorley.'

Of course not. She already regarded Mrs. Chorley, and all her views and opinions, no matter what they were, with a sovereign contempt. For was it not this unholy alliance into which her husband seemed inclined to enter, that was the cause of his speaking in a slighting, indifferent manner about subjects which ought to have been of supreme importance to him? And the cheerful and friendly face of Mr. Bolitho pleased her no longer.

"Are we going on to Mainz, then?' she asked of her husband.

'I think we might as well,' said he. 'There can be no harm in seeing this potentate, at all events. And we can go up the Moselle another time.'

So he abandoned, at a moment's notice, that voyage up the beautiful river to which she had been looking forward for many a day, merely that he should go on to see whether he could bribe a solicitor into betraying a constituency. She knew that her noble husband could never have done this but under the malign influence of this godless old man, whose only notion of the British Constitution was that it offered him the means of earning a discreditable livelihood. And she, too, was to take her part in the conspiracy.

'You know, Lady Sylvia,' said Mr. Bolitho, with a pleasant smile, 'there is one thing will conciliate Mrs. Chorley more than your agreeing with her about politics; and that is the fact that you are your father's daughter.'

She did not quite understand at first. Then it dawned upon her that they hoped to bring Mrs. Chorley into a friendly mood by introducing that political termagant to the daughter of an earl. Lady Sylvia who had retired into her guide-book, and would listen no more to their jargon of politics, resolved that that introduction would be of such a nature as Mrs. Chorley had never experienced before in the whole course of her miserable, despicable, and ignominious life.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

IT was late when they arrived at Mainz, and there was some little delay about getting supper ready, because, a quarter of an hour after it was ordered, they heard the squealing of a young cock outside, that being the animal destined for their repast. Moreover, when the fowl appeared, he turned out to be a tough little beast, only half cooked; so they sent him away, and had something else. For convenience sake they supped in the great, gaunt, empty Speise-saal. It was about ten o'clock when they went up to the sitting-room on the first floor which they had ordered.

There was thus plenty of time for Lady Sylvia to have got over the first fierce feeling of wrath against Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, which had been begotten by the cynicism of Mr. Bolitho and the indifference of her husband. Surely those large and tender blue-gray eyes—which her husband now thought had more than ever of the beautiful liquid lustre that had charmed him in the days of her sweet maidenhood—were never meant as the haunt of an uncontrollable rage? And, indeed, when Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, who had been wandering about the town, on foot, were brought up to the apartment at that late hour of the night by Mr. Bolitho, and introduced to Mr. and Lady Sylvia Balfour, there was nothing hideous or repellent about the political Gorgon, nothing calculated to awaken dismay or disgust. On the contrary, Mrs. Chorley, who was a tall, motherly-looking woman, with a fresh-colored face, gray hair, thin and decided lips, and blue eyes that stared at one over her silver spectacles, was more than friendly with the young girl. She was almost obsequious. She was sure Lady Sylvia must be so tired; would not Lady Sylvia have a cup of tea now? She would be so pleased if she could do anything for Lady Sylvia. Lady Sylvia sat proud and cold. She did not like to be fawned upon. She was listening, in indignant silence, for the first efforts of her husband and Mr. Bolitho to cajole this mercenary solicitor into betraying an English constituency.

One thing she might have been sure of—that her husband would not be guilty of any tricks of flattery or hypocrisy to gain his end. His faults lay all the other way—in a bluntness and directness that took too small account of the sensitiveness of other people. And on this evening he was in very good spirits, and at once attacked Mr. Eugenius Chorley with a sort of gay and friendly audacity. Now Mr. Chorley was a little, dapper, horsy-looking man, with shrewd, small eyes, a face wrinkled and red as a French rennet, accurately clipped whiskers, and a somewhat gorgeous neck-tie, with a horseshoe in emeralds in it. He was shrewd, quick, and clever; but he was also very respectable and formal, and he disliked and distrusted jokes. When Balfour gayly asked him what price Englebury put upon itself, he only stared.

'My friend Bolitho,' continued Balfour with a careless smile, 'tells me you've got some land there, Mr. Chorley, of no particular use to you. If I were to buy that, and turn it into a public garden, wouldn't the inhabitants of Englebury be vastly grateful to me?'

Here Mr. Bolitho struck in, very red in the face.

'Of course you understand, Chorley, that is mere nonsense; we were having a joke about it on the steamer. But really now, you know, we may have a general election in October; and Mr. Balfour is naturally anxious to fix on some borough where he may have a reasonable chance, as Ballinascroon is sure to bid him good-by; and I have heard rumors that old Harnden was likely to retire. You, as the most important man in the borough, would naturally have great influence in selecting a candidate.'

It was a broad hint—a much franker exposition of the situation than Mr. Bolitho at all liked; but then the reckless audacity of this young man had compromised him.

'I see,' said the small, pink-faced solicitor, with his hands clasping his knee; and then he added, gravely—indeed, solemnly—'You are doubtless aware, Mr. Balfour, that your expressed intention of giving the inhabitants a public garden would become a serious matter for you in the event of there being a petition?'

'Oh,' said Balfour with a laugh, 'I sha'n't express any intention. You would never think of repeating a private chat we had one evening by the Rhine. The people of Englebury would know nothing about it till long after the election; it would only be a reward for their virtuous conduct in returning so admirable a representative as myself.'

Mr. Chorley did not like this fashion of treating so serious a matter; in the conduct of the public affairs of Englebury he was accustomed to much recondite diplomacy, caucus meetings, private influence, and a befitting gravity.

'There is a number of our people,' said he, cautiously, 'dissatisfied with Mr. 'Arnden.'

'Parliament really wants some fresh blood in it,' urged Mr. Bolitho, who would have been glad to see a general election every three months; for his Parliamentary agency was not at all confined to looking after the passage of private bills.

'And his connection with Macleary has done him harm,' Mr. Chorley again admitted.

'Oh, that fellow!' cried Balfour. 'Well, I don't think a man is responsible for the sins of his brother-in-law; and old Harnden is an honest and straightforward old fellow. But Macleary! I know for a fact that he received £300 in hard cash for talking out a bill on a Wednesday near the end of this very session. Let him charge me with libel and I will prove it. Thank goodness, I am free in that respect. I am not hampered by having a blackguard for a brother-in-law—'

He stopped suddenly, and Lady Sylvia, looking up, was surprised by the expression of his face, in which a temporary embarrassment was blended with a certain angry frown. He hurried on to say something else; she sat and wondered. What could he mean by this allusion to a brother-in-law? He had no brother-in-law at all. She was recalled from these bewildered guesses by the assiduous attentions of Mrs. Chorley, who was telling Lady Sylvia about all the beautiful places which she must visit, although Lady Sylvia treated these attentions with but scant courtesy, and seemed much more deeply interested in this electioneering plot.

For it was as a plot that she distinctly regarded this proposal; and she was certain that her husband would never have been drawn into it but for the evil influence of this worlding, this wily serpent, this jester. And what was this that they were saying now?—that Englebury had no politics at all; that it was all a matter of personal preference; that the Dissenters in that remote and rustic paradise had not even thought of raising the cry of disestablishment; and that Balfour, if he resolved to contest the seat, would have a fair chance of success. Balfour had grown a trifle more serious, and was making inquiries It appeared that Mr. Chorley was not much moved by political questions; his wife was a Dissenter, but he was not. Very probably Mr. Harnden would resign. And the only probable rival whom Balfour would in that case encounter was a certain Reginald Key, who was a native of the place, and had once represented a neighboring borough.

'Confound that fellow!' said Mr. Bolitho; 'is he back in England again? It doesn't matter which party is in power, they can't get him killed. They've sent him, time after time, to places that invalid every Englishman in a couple of years; and the worse the place is the better he thrives—comes back smiling, and threatens to get into Parliament again if they don't give him a better appointment. What a nuisance he used to be in the House! But certainly the feeblest thing I ever knew done by a Liberal government was their sending him out to the Gold Coast—as if twenty Gold Coasts could kill that fellow! Don't you be afraid of him, Balfour. The government will get him out of the way somehow. If they can't kill him, they will at least pack him out of England. So you think, Chorley, that our friend here has a chance?'

Mr. Chorley looked at his wife: so far the oracle had not spoken. She instantly answered that mute appeal.

'I should say a very good chance,' she observed, with a friendly smile, 'a very excellent chance; and I am perhaps in a better position to sound the opinions of our people than my husband is, for, of course,

he has a great deal of business on his hands. No doubt it would be a great advantage if you had a house in the neighborhood. And I am sure Lady Sylvia would soon become very popular: if I may say so, I am sure she would become the popular candidate.'

Surely all things were going well. Had this important ally been secured and not a word said about disestablishment? It was Lady Sylvia who now spoke.

'I must beg you,' said the girl, speaking in clear tones, with her face perhaps a trifle more proud and pale than usual—'I must beg you to leave me out of your scheme. I must say it seems to me a singular one. You meet us, who are strangers to you, by accident in a foreign country; and without consulting the gentleman who is at present your member, and without consulting any of the persons in the town, and without asking a word about my husband's opinions or qualifications, you practically invite him him to represent the constituency in Parliament. All that happens in an hour. Well, it is very kind of you, but it seems to me strange. Perhaps I ought not to ask why you should be so kind. There has been a talk about presenting a public green to the people; but I can not suppose you could be influenced by so paltry a bribe. In any case, will you be so good as to leave me, at least, out of the scheme?'

All this was said very quietly, and it was with a sweet courtesy that she rose and bowed to them, and left the room; but when she had gone, they looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of them. Balfour broke the silence; he was as surprised as the others, but he was far more deeply vexed.

'That shows the folly,' said he, with an angry look on his face, 'of allowing women to mix themselves up in politics—I mean unmarried women—I mean young women of no experience, who take everything *au grand sérieux*. I am sure, Mrs. Chorley, you will allow me to apologize for my wife's conduct; she herself will be sorry enough when she has time to reflect.'

'Pray don't say another word, Mr. Balfour,' Mrs. Chorley replied; but all the bright friendliness had gone from her face, and she spoke coldly. 'I have no doubt Lady Sylvia is a little tired by travelling—and impatient; and, indeed, my husband and myself ought not to have intruded ourselves upon her at so late an hour. I have no doubt it is eleven o'clock, Eugenius?'

Her husband rose, and they left together. Then Mr. Bolitho put his hands into his pocket, and stretched out his legs.

'The fat's in the fire,' said he.

For a second Balfour felt inclined to pick a fierce quarrel with this man. Was it not he who had led him into this predicament; and what did he care for all the constituencies and solicitors and agents that ever were seen as compared with this desperate business that had arisen between him and his young wife?

But he controlled himself. He would not even show that he was vexed.

'Women don't take a joke,' said he, lightly. 'Besides, she knows little about actual life. It is all theory with her; and she has high notions about what people should be and do. It was a mistake to let her know anything about election affairs.'

'I thought she was deeply interested,' said Mr. Bolitho. 'However, I hope no harm is done. You will see old Chorley to-morrow before they leave; he is a decent sort of fellow; he won't bear a grudge. And from what he says, it appears clear to me that Harnden does really mean to resign; and Chorley could pull you through if he likes—his wife being favorable, that is. Only, no more at present about the buying of that land of his. I am afraid he felt that.'

Bolitho then went, and Balfour was left alone. He began pacing up and down the room, biting the end of a cigar which he did not light. He could not understand the origin of this outburst. He had never suspected that placid, timid, sensitive girl of having such a temper. Where had she got the courage, too, that enabled her to speak with such clear decision? He began to wonder whether he had ever really discovered what the character of this girl was during those quiet rambles in the by-gone times.

He went into her room and found her seated in an easy-chair, reading by the light of a solitary candle. She put the book aside when he entered. He flattered himself that he could deal with this matter in a gentle and friendly fashion; he would not have a quarrel in their honeymoon.

'Sylvia,' said he, in a kindly way, 'I

think you have successfully put your foot in it this time.'

She did not answer.

'What made you insult those people so?'

'I hope I did not insult them,' she said.

'Well,' he said, with a laugh, 'it was getting close to it. I must say, you might have shown a little more consideration to friends of mine—'

'I did not regard them as friends of yours. I should be sorry to do that.'

'They were, at all events, human beings; they were not black beetles. And I think you might have considered my interest a little bit, and have remained silent, even if you had conjured up some imaginary cause of offence—'

'How could I remain silent?' she suddenly said, with vehemence. 'I was ashamed to see you in the society of such people; I was ashamed to see you listening to them; and I was determined that I, for one, would not be drawn into their unblushing conspiracy. Is it true, Hugh, that you mean to bribe that man? Does he really mean to accept that payment for betraying his trust?'

'My dear child,' said he, impatiently, 'you don't understand such things. The world is the world, and not the paradise of a school-girl's essay. I can assure you that if I were to buy that bit of land from Chorley—and so far it has only been spoken of as a joke—that would be a very innocent transaction as things go; and there could be no bribing of the constituency, for they would not know of the public green till afterward. Bribery? There was more bribery in giving Mrs. Chorley the honour of making your acquaintance—'

'I know that,' said the girl, with flushed cheecks. 'I gathered that from the remarks of your friend, Mr. Bolitho. And I was resolved that I, at least, would keep out of any such scheme.'

'Your superior virtue,' said Balfour, in a matter-of-fact way, 'has asserted itself most unmistakably. I shall not be surprised to find that you have killed off the best chance I could have had of getting into the next Parliament.'

'I should be sorry to see you get into any Parliament by such means,' she said; for her whole soul was in revolt against this infamous proposal.

'Well, at all events,' said he, 'you must leave me to be the best judge of such matters, as far as my own conduct is concerned.'

'Oh, I will not interfere,' she said, with a business-like air, though her heart was throbbing cruelly. 'On the contrary. If you wish to get back soon, in order to look after this borough, I will go whenever you please. There will be plenty for me to do at the Lilacs while you are in London.'

'Do you mean,' said he, regarding her with astonishment, 'when we return to England, do you mean that you will go down to Surrey, and that I should remain in Piccadilly?'

There was a voice crying in her heart, '*O my husband—my husband!*' but she would pay no heed to it. Her face had got pale again, and she spoke calmly.

'If that were convenient to you. I should not wish to be in the way if you were entertaining your friends—I mean the friends who might be of use to you at Englebury. I should be sorry to interfere in any way with your chances of getting the seat, if you consider it right and honourable that you should try.'

He paused for a moment, and then he said, sadly enough—'Very well.'

(To be Continued).

UNPROFITABLE.

'Why stand ye here all the day idle?'

A hopeless, heartless human life,
Nerved with no valour for the strife
Against the evil that is rife,

And wasting in soul-sloth its lease
Of precious years,—nor finding peace
In such half-death, but strange increase

Of discontent and vague unrest,
Of listlessness and lack of zest,—
The self-tormentings of a breast

That findeth not its task—can feel
No honest warmth, no tireless zeal
For change of others' woe to weal:

A life of aspirations furled,
Of Self in petty Self deep-curled
Amid the struggles of a world:

A narrow mind; a gleamless eye
That hath no glance on earth, on high,
Save for the pleasure passing by:

A godless soul cased in a creed
Of specious form and barren deed,
Transgressed for Lust, subserved for Greed,

Safe hid in which it findeth well
To cry that all who doubt, rebel;
To brand the Thinker, infidel:

A life like this, and thousands, aye!
And millions like it here to-day
Stand in the way! Stand in the way!

A. W. G.

THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH 'DOWN-EASTS.'

FOR fifty years and more the Lower British Provinces had been the most unknown and untravelled section of the continent to the great majority of the American people. Indeed, we had more to do, say, think, and hear in regard to Mexico than to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Those provinces had ever been left out in the cold on our maps, or attached to them as a kind of appendix, as if not to entirely ignore or overlook their geographical position and existence. The best-read and best-travelled Americans could tell but little of the location, form, size, and capacities of the country, or of the history and character of the people. The thousands who visit Europe have stopped for one hour at Halifax, and seen the worst or harbor side of that town, and perhaps have thought it pretty much the whole, or at least the best of Nova Scotia. Cod, mackerel, and herring fishers have cast their hooks into every square league of the provincial waters, but the lands they surround or bound had been left hidden in their native fogs or in the deeper mists of imagination. Up to within a year or two we had no points of connection or access for visiting the country. A vast distance of actual or imaginary wilderness intervened between our Down-East and the Down-East of these Lower British Provinces. All land-travel between them was barred except by rough staging over tedious forest roads. But a well-appointed railway has changed all this, and brought into our near neighborhood one of the most interesting countries in North America, which, doubtless, will hereafter become an attractive tourist and recreation section for thousands of American travellers. And not one of them could have availed himself of this new facility for visiting the country with more pleasure than myself. I had travelled much in the two Canadas, and visited nearly every considerable town and village in the upper Province, and had long wished to see what kind of countries Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were, and what kind of people resided in them.

When I set out on this journey about the middle of December I had heard that there was a railroad in operation between Bangor and St. John in New Brunswick, but was unacquainted with the means of travel in the interior of the provinces. However, I started in the belief that they would enable me to visit all the principal towns and points of interest. The whole journey was very enjoyable, and, in some respects, more instructive and interesting than if made in summer. I say more instructive to a mind open to the lessons of Nature. And next to the lessons of Holy Writ those which Nature teaches with her illustrations I have studied for years with attentive faculties. Perhaps no other living man has been so deeply affected by them as myself. Forty years ago a single half hour's study of physical geography changed the whole course of my life from that time to this. I there read a new gospel in the revelations of Nature, or rather the gospel of the New Testament written in duplicate in the language of the seasons, soils, climates, and productions of the earth. I have often said that the difference between the island of Great Britain and Labrador, made all the difference in my life and labors for thirty years; that had it not been for the difference in climate, soil, and production between these two sections, lying in the same latitude, under the same sun, and washed by the same sea, I should never have gone to Europe, or written or spoken a word on the brotherhood and interdependence of nations. It is for this reason that no one can be more interested in the varying productions of different countries, or study the political economy of Nature more attentively than myself. This study has brought me to the full conviction and faith of a mathematical fact, that Nature has so provided for a constant commerce not only between sea-divided nations, but between states or provinces of the same country, that there is no section of the earth two hundred miles square that can produce the same articles, in quality or quantity, as the next section of the same size adjoining it on either side.

The striking proofs and illustrations of

this industrial and commercial economy of Nature are to me a special source of instruction and enjoyment when travelling in any direction. And I do not recollect seeing this economy more beautifully illustrated than on my winter's journey through Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The first feature of it which I noticed with peculiar interest, was the industrial; or that arrangement which Nature provides for equalizing the conditions of sections of the same country, divided by wide spaces of distance, and varied by wide differences of production. These compensations afford a most instructive study. For instance, if she gives to one section a vast area of flat, level, soft, alluvial soil, as to one of our Western prairie States, she gives to it no mountain, nor forest, nor bright, healthy streams of water; and where she witholds these, she cuts off the supply of paying, continuous labor through the winter. The soft, rich soil of the prairie State is easily and quickly tilled; its harvests, reaped and threshed by machinery, are early sent to the market; then comes a long winter of discontent or compulsory idleness to hired laborers, and they flock to large cities like Chicago or San Francisco, where they spend all their earnings through the past short season, and become frequently a charge upon the charity or care of Young Men's Christian Associations. But in Maine and other New England States we see, or ought to recognize with gratitude, what Nature gives them in exchange for fertile, alluvial soil, and for all the advantages for which we are so apt to envy the West. She gives these States good, healthy work for every month in the year. Indeed, the busiest industries of the year in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire are carried on in the winter. The observant traveller must enjoy a winter journey through these States with a peculiar relish of satisfaction. He will see their hill-sides, river-sides, and valleys studded with such farm houses as he will find nowhere else on this continent or on any other. He will see the white abodes of country life all radiant with the quiet competence within; looking as if their very cheeks were rounded out with the plenty that fills cellar, larder, and garret. He will see what will give him equal pleasure. He will see often great, white barns locked arm-in-arm with the house, sharing and reflecting its comfort. He will see cattle, sheep, poultry, and swine basking in well-littered and sunny yards, as if, in the language of the poet, 'their large and lustrous eyes thanked the Lord' for the kind thought of them which He had put into their master's heart. He will see how Nature remembered this barn-yard companionship of human life, and provided for it in her gifts to the country. Contrast the New England condition of these barn-yard companions with the condition of their kind in Illinois. Nature has given no timber to the prairie State for building barns to house its cattle. If we may say it with reverence, she gave those States their heart's desire and boast in rich soil, but sent leanness into their souls in regard to the dumb animals that serve and enrich them. The harvests which these animals plow for, sow, reap, thresh, and carry to market seldom buy a shelter for them against the cutting breath of a prairie winter. For myself, I can truly say, that I never travelled in any civilized country with such sympathy for farm animals and with such indignation at their cruel treatment, as in those fertile States of the West, that boast so much of what they call their natural advantages. To see, as every one may see if he has a heart to look at the spectacle, a herd of cattle standing unsheltered with the mercury at zero and with icicles six inches long hanging from their nose, is a sight that takes away the enjoyment of a winter's journey in that section of the country.

In Maine and New Brunswick especially one will get a new sense of the mission of snow on the earth. Poets have given us their view of it in the aspects that strike the fancy. The sleigh-bells of a hundred winters have set it to the music of social life. Its sanitary work has been dwelt upon in learned disquisitions. But here in these forest States its industrial value and power are brought to the front of all other considerations. Here, snow is the only possible roadway to the mountain, forest, and low-land wood. What would all the vast forests of timber be worth without snow? What would pine lumber cost us per thousand without it? Snow is the universal railway which Nature lays down every winter for these lumber States, from the foot of every tree in the still backwoods to every saw-mill, and every stream and wharf of the country. There it is not only road but it

is motive power. The snow of Maine and New Brunswick is equal to half a million of horse-power in the transportation of lumber. That is, it would require half a million more horses than now employed to get this timber from forests to the mills on bare ground, if this were possible. In travelling through these sections one cannot help being impressed with the industrial capacity and value of snow. While there, a warm rain had carried it away, and the very wheels of industry seemed to stop turning on their axles. The whole community longed, hoped, prayed, and looked for snow as earnestly as the people of other States wish and wait for rain in time of drouth.

There is one most valuable result of an international railway, or one running across the boundary between two different countries. The grim custom-house, which so divides nations, and so taxes them for being independent of each other, has to let down one or two of its top-bars to the iron horse. He cannot stop to parley with the official banditti of restriction, or with trunk and satchel-searchers, so they only make a pretence of examination, and pass one's baggage with only the ceremony of a chalk mark. The custom-house authorities on the line between us and the British Provinces are particularly gentle and polite in their small duties. And well may they let us pass into our neighbor's territory with the slightest inspection; for, with our high tariffs and shoddy money, they know that we cannot take with us anything that the provincials can afford to buy. So there is only one article that occasions them question or suspicion. This is *tobacco*—the sweetest morsel that the custom-officers of other countries search for in American trunks and carpet-bags, for no other article in the world will bear such a heavy tax.

For a hundred miles beyond the Maine boundary line, the country is nearly of the same character as that on this side, minus the thrifty towns and villages. For this whole space had remained a kind of thinly-settled wilderness until the opening of the railroad from Bangor to St. John. So we meet with no considerable village until we come to the great sea-port of New Brunswick. No city between New Orleans and Halifax presents such a striking and interesting view from the sea as this provincial town. The scenery at the entrance of the harbor is almost equal to that of Quebec, taking away the great fortress. It is situated on the Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the St. John River. The hills on either side are nearly as bold and high as at Quebec. On these hills the town rises street by street, with its churches crowning the summit, and presenting an imposing appearance. Just across the narrow bay, which seemingly is not so wide as the Connecticut at Hartford, another city, like a Brooklyn to New York, called Portland, is arising on another hill of equal height. The St. John River here comes into the bay at right angles, spanned just above the junction by a noble suspension bridge, which adds an interesting feature to the general view which the eye grasps at once from the sea. Whatever advantage the Canadas may possess in other respects, these Lower Provinces surpass them in sea-ports open all the year round. The harbor of St. John can never freeze or close in winter. It has in itself an ice-breaker which all the frosts of the North Pole could not resist,—a tide that rises and falls more than twenty feet every day. Few sea-ports in the world are better adapted for shipping at all seasons of the year, and the tonnage owned and sailed by St. John undoubtedly equals that of New York. For many years past it has carried on a great trade in ships, by building and loading them with timber, then taking them to England and selling them with their loading at Liverpool. Its trade with the West Indies and South America is one of the richest sources of prosperity to the whole province. Those countries have to import all their lumber not only for houses but for their productions, which must all be sent away in casks or boxes. Millions of these are sent from Maine and New Brunswick in what are called shooks, or the sides, bottoms, ends, and covers of a box, or the staves and heads of a cask, in a compact shook, to be put together when landed. The number of these packages exported to Cuba alone, for sugar and molasses, is simply prodigious.

What the gold mines of California and Australia are to those countries, the pine forests of the British Provinces are to them, and more abundant far in enduring production and value. They are safer, steadier, and more fertile sources of prosperity. A single schooner could bring to New York all

the gold ever mined in California. Five thousand men could have gathered it all probably from the diggings. But the mining of lumber in the Canadas and New Brunswick has employed fifty thousand men in the forest diggings of the axe, and hundreds of the largest ships to convey their huge nuggets to the woodless countries of the world. The mills, ships, and men employed in this great, bulky business create a vast amount of collateral enterprize in the building up of towns, and in setting the wheels of other industries in motion. One or two facts will illustrate the extent of this trade. I overheard a man state in conversation that he could turn out 100,000 feet a week from his mills on the St. John. During last season, a firm in Montreal sent twenty million feet to the United States, and thirty million to Buenos Ayres.

The Lower Provinces, or New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, not only possess all the open Atlantic Sea harbors of the new nation which is to extend from ocean to ocean across the continent, but they produce a vast amount of raw material for exportation. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton are full of the best bituminous coal in the world, and never, since my return from England, have I enjoyed such a luxury of comfort as while sitting by the bright, happy, healthy fires in their open grates. How much I coveted the luxury for New England, which ought to enjoy it in all her homes, and would enjoy it were it not locked out of her possession by the iron key of Pennsylvania, which prevents us from using any other coal but her brain blistering fuel. During the coal famine which the Pennsylvania corporations produced for their own benefit a year or two ago, the doors of the Nova Scotia ports were opened a little, and preparations were made for sending their coal into the States, but the old policy has been restored, and this excellent fuel is excluded from our own use, though it may be laid down at the provincial wharves for $2.50 per ton.

In going by land from St. John to Halifax, I passed through the centre of Nova Scotia for the whole length of the peninsula, going around the head of the Bay of Fundy. The distance is over 200 miles, and the government railway passes through a very beautiful and productive country. No western prairie can be more fertile than the section that borders on this remarkable bay, which narrows to a common river's width for many miles at its upper end. A vast section of this prairie land has to be dyked to keep out the high tide, and it is thus brought into a high state of cultivation, especially for the production of the finest quality of English grass. Thousands upon thousands of stacks of the best hay studded a great expanse of this rich and level country, and its conveyance home or to ports for exportation makes a great part of the winter work for farmers. This is the great dairy and stock-raising section, and cattle trains to St. John, Halifax, and other large towns, are frequent and heavily laden.

Although little wheat and Indian corn is raised in these lower Provinces, other crops, equally valuable, make agriculture as profitable as in milder climates. Oats and potatoes are here grown to their highest perfection, and in vast quantities for export as well as for home consumption. The demand for these productions increases with the growth of population, both in the States and in the Provinces, and this demand stimulates and extends agriculture and all the businesses and interests connected with it, building up market towns and raising the position of the farming community.

My journey being in the winter, when the country was covered with snow, of course I could only imagine how it would look in summer when covered with its luxurious vegetation. I was sorry not to be able to visit the section bordering on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy, especially that part which Longfellow has immortalized in his Evangeline. His description of Grand Pré, or the Great Prairie, must have been true to the life, and almost equally true in regard to many other parts lying on both sides of the bay.

Taking the farm lands, forests, mines, fisheries, and ship-yards into account, few States in our Union afford more continuous, steady, and paying employment than these Provinces. This unbroken continuity of industry is one of the best capacities of progress and prosperity that any country can possess. For hardly any condition can be more demoralizing in its tendency than that in which the labor or business of the year must be accomplished in six or nine months. The rivers of New Brunswick are

numerous, running through a picturesque and variegated country, full of every species of scenery that delights the eye. They not only serve as thoroughfares and thorough-carriers for the great lumber and timber traffic, but they offer the best fishing ground in America. They are richer in salmon than even the rivers of Scotland, and are attracting American tourists and sportsmen to their banks in greater numbers from year to year. It is doubtful if any river this side of the Rocky Mountains would afford more picturesque and enjoyable scenery than the St. John, whose head streams extend almost to the St. Lawrence.

I was surprised to find the railroad system so fully developed in the two Provinces. Indeed, the New Brunswickers claim that they will soon have more mileage of railway in operation per head of their population than the people of any State in America or in Europe. Two parallel lines are now in process of construction, both to be carried through to the St. Lawrence, and which will connect Quebec with St. John and Halifax, and render those towns the seaports of Lower Canada in winter. These railways are built, owned, and worked by the Dominion Government, and no one can travel on them without being impressed with many of the enjoyable advantages of the system. They are not worked to produce the dividends which railroad companies make the alpha and omega of their lines. There is no starveling or stingy economy in their arrangements in order to yield increased profits to shareholders. They are run for the public good and the public comfort. The stations are large, neat, and well kept. The cars are excellent, and the running is arranged on a fixed principle. The government owns most of the land through which these lines are constructed. They buy the rails at a lower rate than our corporations pay for them, because the iron key of Pennsylvania cannot lock their ports or exact the heavy tribute to that State which she imposes upon the whole American Union.

I was much interested in a scheme for promoting immigration adopted in New Brunswick. The government appreciates the condition of every family of European emigrants on landing. Therefore it not only gives them a certain amount of wild or uncultivated land as we do, but it clears six acres for each settler, and builds him a log-house, and furnishes him with provisions, seeds, &c., as an outfit. The small tax or return it requires for this outlay, he is to work out on the public road next to his allotment. Thus, without a day's delay at the sea-port, he may go direct to the home prepared for him, and find it ready for his reception, and six acres of land ready for planting. This is a very generous and politic system, and must tend to bring into the Province a valuable population to increase its wealth of land and labor.

The present is a very interesting period in the political condition of all the Provinces and communities that are now assuming the coherence and consolidation of a national being. For a hundred years they have lived in a kind of small-minded and selfish isolation, jealous of their little local independence, preferring, like some of our little States after the Revolution, to be a small *I* rather than a large WE. But now they are entering upon a new condition, full of the stimulating ambition of a national life. The small personality is merging itself into a nationality that extends from ocean to ocean across the continent. Now Nova Scotia is learning to say *we* with Vancouver's Island on the Pacific; to meet in one national parliament at Ottawa a part of the young empire as far from it as Sweden itself. It is interesting to visit a people in this incipient state of national formation; to see how the first impulses of patriotism act upon their faith, hope, and ambition; to see how their minds expand to take in a new vista of political being, in which they shall be admitted into the sisterhood of independent nations, and to which no one of them all will give it a prouder and heartier welcome than that Mother Country which will number the new Dominion as the second nationality she has begotten.

The population of the Provinces is well calculated to develop its resources by an even and steady industry, and to form one of the best communities on this continent. It is composed of the best fundamental elements for the formation of such a community. In the first place, New Brunswick is the child of Massachusetts, and not her prodigal son or daughter. It was natural and inevitable that a great number of men of high social position, of education and in-

fluence, at the beginning of the American Revolution, should have recoiled at the act and intent of severing their connection with the Mother Country, endeared to them by a thousand years of glorious history. One may easily conceive how the thought of such a severance must have affected the minds of such men; and how difficult it must have been for them to repress the utterance of the painful sentiments which filled their souls. We know, by the experience of our loyal union men in the South during the civil war, what they must have felt and suffered. And we can easily imagine that their condition after the successful termination of the Revolution was pretty much what the condition of the loyalist in the South would have been if the war of secession had resulted in Southern independence. Whether they found this condition insupportable, or their attachment to the Mother Country to increase at the loss of her colonies, hundreds of them left some of the best homes in New England and emigrated to the almost unexplored wilderness of New Brunswick, living in log huts, and subjecting themselves to all the hardships and privations which the Pilgrim Fathers experienced at Plymouth Rock. St. John was their place of refuge and rendezvous. It was then only a kind of trading post for traffic with the Indians. Here the loyalists erected their little settlement of huts, and slowly, painfully, and hopefully made it a city of habitation, and moulded the whole Province of New Brunswick by the shaping influence of their character. They were some of the best educated men of Massachusetts, representing many of her oldest families, whose names are now familiar to Beacon street in Boston. One of these loyalists owned the grand old mansion which Gen. Washington made his headquarters at Cambridge, now the immortalized home of Longfellow. He left it, and all its comforts and luxuries, for a log cabin on the St. John, like many others of similar standing and sentiment. Indeed, there are but few of the old hereditary families of Boston that are not represented to-day in the first families of St. John and Halifax. Appreciating and even admiring the mistaken sentiment of these self-expatriated men, it was interesting to me to attend service in the first church they built in St. John, to worship with their sons, and join with them in the fellowship of a faith which unites all the English-speaking nations of the earth beyond the severance of revolution, secession, or any of the political convulsions that affect the world.

I cannot well close these observations without noticing the commercial relations which Nature has provided between New England and these British Provinces. They virtually lie side by side, with a similar seaboard and a similar inland. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia virtually abut upon Maine. When one looks upon the surface of the two sections, they seem alike, covered with the same timber and growing the same crops. The trees, grain, grasses, and roots are the same. The soil of one produces nothing different from or better than the soil of the other. A superficial observer might say, here are two sections of country which Nature has made entirely independent of each other, because she has given to one just what she has given to the other, in variety, quality, and quantity. Thus she has made no provision for any trade between them. This would be the natural inference of a man who only looked at the surface of the two sections. But let him look again. Let him look into their *cellars*, and he will see a marvelous difference. He will see the elements of a vast commerce between the two sections. He will find in the cellar of the Provinces countless millions of tons of the best coal in the world, while he will not find a bushel in the cellar of New England; coal which would give to New England that great luxury which the people of Old England enjoy in the brightest, healthiest, happiest fires that ever cheered and blest the homes of any race or age. When New England opens the eyes of her thoughtful mind to see what Nature provided for her in the cellar of her nearest neighbour's country; what commercial ties she wove and twisted for them in the very heart-strings of the earth, she will open all her eastern doors to a trade which the iron key of the Keystone State has so long locked out of her reach and enjoyment.

These commercial relations prove anew the theory which has made such a deep impression on my life, that there is no section of the earth two hundred miles square that can live independent of the section of the same size adjoining it on the north, south, east, or west; a fact which constitutes the first syllable in the political economy of Nature.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.*

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

IGNORANCE of the future can hardly be good for any man or nation; nor can forecast of the future in the case of any man or nation well interfere with the business of the present, though the language of colonial politicians seems often to imply that it may. No Canadian farmer would take his hand from the plough, no Canadian artisan would desert the foundry or the loom, no Canadian politician would become less busy in his quest of votes, no industry of any kind would slacken, no source of wealth would cease to flow, if the rulers of Canada and the powers of Downing Street, by whom the rulers of Canada are supposed to be guided, instead of drifting on in darkness, knew for what port they were steering.

For those who are actually engaged in moulding the institutions of a young country not to have formed a conception of her destiny—not to have made up their minds whether she is to remain forever a dependency, to blend again in a vast confederation with the monarchy of the mother-country, or to be united to a neighbouring republic—would be to renounce statesmanship. The very expenditure into which Canada is led by her position as a dependency in military and political railways, in armaments and defences, and other things which assume the permanence of the present system, is enough to convict Canadian rulers of flagrant improvidence if the permanency of the present system is not distinctly established in their minds.

To tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd. No one can be in a less revolutionary frame of mind than he who foresees a political event without having the slightest interest in hastening its arrival. On the other hand, mere party politicians cannot afford to see beyond the hour. Under the system of party government, forecast and freedom of speech alike belong generally to those who are not engaged in public life.

The political destiny of Canada is here considered by itself, apart from that of any other portion of the motley and widely-scattered 'empire.' This surely is the rational course. Not to speak of India and the military dependencies, such as Malta and Gibraltar, which have absolutely nothing in common with the North American colonies (India not even the titular form of government, since its sovereign has been made an empress), who can believe that the future of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of the West Indies, and of Mauritius, will be the same? Who can believe that the mixed French and English population of Canada, the mixed Dutch and English population of the Cape, the negro population of Jamaica, the French and Indian population of Mauritius, the English and Chinese population of Australia, are going to run forever the same political course? Who can believe that the moulding influences will be the same in arctic continents or in tropical islands as in countries lying within the temperate zone? Among the colonies, those, perhaps, which most nearly resemble each other in political character and circumstances, are Canada and Australia; yet the elements of the population are very different—and still more different are the external relations of Australia, with no other power near her, from those of Canada, not only conterminous with the United States, but interlaced with them, so that at present the road of the Governor-General of Canada, when he visits his Pacific province, lies through the territory of the American Republic. Is it possible to suppose that the slender fila-

* [We publish this article because few Canadians have had an opportunity of perusing it, and to meet a widely expressed desire that it should be reprinted in Canada in a permanent form. After the comments upon it in our last number it is almost needless to say that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the writer's opinions.—EDITOR C. M.]

ment which connects each of these colonies with Downing Street is the thread of a common destiny?

In studying Canadian politics, and in attempting to cast the political horoscope of Canada, the first thing to be remembered, though official optimism is apt to overlook it, is that Canada was a colony not of England but of France, and that between the British of Ontario and the British of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are interposed, in solid and unyielding mass, above a million of unassimilated and politically antagonistic Frenchmen. French Canada is a relic of the historical past preserved by isolation, as Siberian mammoths are preserved in ice. It is a fragment of the France before the Revolution, less the monarchy and the aristocracy; for the feeble parody of French feudalism in America ended with the abolition of the seigniories, which may be regarded as the final renunciation of feudal ideas and institutions by society in the New World. The French-Canadians are an unprogressive, religious, submissive, courteous, and, though poor, not unhappy people. They would make excellent factory-hands if Canada had a market for her manufactures; and, perhaps, it is as much due to the climate as to their lack of intelligent industry, that they have a very indifferent reputation as farmers. They are governed by the priest, with the occasional assistance of the notary; and the Roman Catholic Church may be said to be still established in the province, every Roman Catholic being bound to pay tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts, though the Protestant minority are exempt. The Church is immensely rich, and her wealth is always growing, so that the economical element which mingled with the religious causes of the Reformation may one day have its counterpart in Quebec. The French-Canadians, as we have said, retain their exclusive national character. So far from being absorbed by the British population, or Anglicized by contact with it, they have absorbed and Gallicized the fragments of British population which chance has thrown among them; and the children of Highland regiments disbanded in Quebec have become thorough Frenchmen, and prefixed Jean Baptiste to their Highland names. For his own Canada the Frenchman of Quebec has something of a patriotic feeling; for France he has filial affection enough to make his heart beat violently for her during a Franco-German War; for England, it may safely be said, he has no feeling whatever. It is true that he fought against the American invaders in the Revolutionary War, and again in 1812; but then he was animated by his ancient hostility to the Puritans of New England, in the factories of whose descendants he now freely seeks employment. Whether he would enthusiastically take up arms for England against the Americans at present, the British War-Office, after the experience of the two Fenian raids can no doubt tell. With Upper Canada, the land of Scotch Presbyterians, Irish Orangemen, and ultra-British sentiment, French Canada, during the union of the two provinces, led an uneasy life; and she accepted confederation, on terms which leave her nationality untouched, rather as a severance of her special wedlock with her unloved consort than as a measure of North American union. The unabated antagonism between the two races and the two religions was plainly manifested on the occasion of the conflict between the French half-breeds and the British immigrants in Manitoba, which presented a faint parallel to the conflict between the advanced posts of slavery and antislavery in Kansas on the eve of the civil war; Quebec openly sympathizing with Riel and his fellow-insurgents, while Ontario was on fire to avenge the death of Scott. Sir George Cartier might call himself an Englishman speaking French; but his calling himself so did not make him so; much less did it extend the character from a political manager, treading the path of ambition with British colleagues, to the mass of his unsophisticated compatriots. The priests hitherto have put their interests into the hands of a political leader, such as Sir George himself, in the same way in which the Irish priests used to put their interests into the hands of O'Connell; and this leader has made the best terms he could for them and for himself at Ottawa. Nor has it been difficult to make good terms, since both the political parties bid emulously for the Catholic vote, and, by their interested subserviency to those who wield it, render it impossible for a Liberal Catholic party or a Liberal party of any kind, to make head against priestly influence in Quebec.

By preference the priests, as reactionists, have allied themselves with the Tory party in the British provinces, and Canada has long witnessed the singular spectacle, witnessed for the first time in England at the last general election, of Roman Catholics and Orangemen marching together to the poll. Fear of contact with an active-minded democracy, and of possible peril to their overweening wealth, has also led the priesthood to shrink from annexation, though they have not been able to prevent their people from going over the line for better wages, and bringing back with them a certain republican leaven of political and ecclesiastical unrest, which in the end may, perhaps, lead to the verification of Lord Elgin's remark, that it would be easier to make the French-Canadians Americans than to make them English. Hitherto, however, French Canada has retained, among other heirlooms of the *Ancien Régime*, the old Gallican Church, the Church of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet, national, quiet, unaggressive, capable of living always on sufficiently good terms with the state. But now the scene is changed. Even to French Canada, the most secluded nook of the Catholic world, Ultramontanism has penetrated, with the Jesuit in its van. There is a struggle for ascendency between the Jesuits and the Gallicans, the citadel of the Gallicans being the Sulpician Seminary, vast and enormously wealthy, which rises over Montreal. The Jesuit has the forces of the hour on his side; he gains the day; the bishops fall under his influence, and take his part against the Sulpicians; the Guibord case marks, distinctly through farcically, the triumph of his principles; and it is by no means certain that he, a cosmopolitan power playing a great game, will cling to Canadian isolation, and that he will not prefer a junction with his main army in the United States. Assuredly his choice will not be determined by loyalty to England. At all events, his aggressive policy has begun to raise questions calculated to excite the Protestants of the British provinces, which the politicians, with all their arts, will hardly be able to smother, and which will probably put an end to the long torpor of Quebec. The New Brunswick school case points to education as a subject which can scarcely fail soon to give birth to a cause of war.

Besides the French, there are in Canada, as we believe we have good authority for saying, about 400,000 Irish, whose political sentiments are generally identical with those of the Irish in the mother-country, as any reader of their favourite journals will perceive. Thus, without reckoning a considerable German settlement in Ontario, which, by its unimpaired nationality in the heart of the British population, attests the weakness of the assimilating forces in Canada compared with those in the United States, or the Americans, who, though not numerous, are influential in the commercial centres, we have at once to deduct 1,400,000 from a total population of less than 4,000,000 in order to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests which are presented by the speeches of official persons, or of persons professing to know Canada, but deriving their idea of her from the same source.

Confederation, so far, has done nothing to fuse the races, and very little even to unite the provinces. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, besides being cut off from Ontario by French Canada, have interests of their own, separate, and in some degree divergent, from those of Ontario, New Brunswick especially being drawn by her commercial interests toward New England. The representatives of each of the smaller provinces form a separate group at Ottawa, giving or withholding their support to a great extent from provincial considerations. Each of the two political parties has its base in Ontario, which is the field of the decisive battles; and they can hardly be said to extend to the maritime provinces, much less to Manitoba or to British Columbia. When the Ontarian parties are evenly balanced the smaller provinces turn the scale, and Ontarian leaders are always buying them with 'better terms,' that is, alterations of the pecuniary arrangements of confederation in their favor, and other inducements, at the sacrifice, of course, of the general interests of the confederation. From the composition of a cabinet to the composition of a rifle-team, sectionalism is the rule. Confederation has secured free-trade between the provinces; what other good it has done it would not be easy to say. Whether it has increased the military strength of Canada is a question for the answer to which we must appeal once more to the British War-Office. Canadians have

shown, on more than one memorable occasion, that in military spirit they are not wanting; but they cannot be goaded into wasting their hardly-earned money on preparations for a defence which would be hopeless against an invader who will never come. Politically, the proper province of a federal government is the management of external relations, while domestic legislation is the province of the several states. But a dependency has no external relations; Canada has not even, like South Africa, a native question, her Indians being perfectly harmless; and consequently the chief duty of a federal government in Canada is to keep itself in existence by the ordinary agencies of party, a duty which it discharges with a vengeance. English statesmen bent on extending to all the colonies what they assume to be the benefits of confederation, should study the Canadian specimen, if possible, on the spot. They will learn, first, that while a spontaneous confederation, such as groups of states have formed under the pressure of a common danger, develops mainly the principles of union, a confederation brought about by external influence is apt to develop the principles of antagonism in at least an equal degree; and, secondly, that parliamentary government in a dependency is, to a lamentable extent, government by faction and corruption, and that by superadding federal to provincial government the extent and virulence of those maladies are seriously increased. If an appeal is made to the success of confederation in Switzerland, the answer is that Switzerland is not a dependency but a nation.

It is of Canada alone that we here speak, and we speak only of her political destiny. The ties of blood, of language, of historical association, and of general sympathy, which bind the British portion of the Canadian people to England, are not dependent on the political connection, nor is it likely that they would be at all weakened by its severance. In the United States there are millions of Irish exiles, with the wrongs of Ireland in their hearts, and the whole nation retains the memories of the Revolutionary War, of the War of 1812, and of the conduct of the British aristocracy toward the United States during the rebellion of the South—conduct which it is difficult to forgive, and which it would be folly to forget. Yet to those who have lived among the Americans it will not seem extravagant to say that the feelings of an Anglo-American toward his mother-country are really at least as warm as those of the natives of dependencies, and at least as likely to be manifested by practical assistance in the hour of need. A reference to the history of the opposition made to the War of 1812 will suffice at least to bring this opinion within the pale of credibility.

The great forces prevail. They prevail at last, however numerous and apparently strong the secondary forces opposed to them may be. They prevailed at last in the case of German unity and in the case of Italian independence. In each of those cases the secondary forces were so heavily massed against the event that men renowned for practical wisdom believed the event would never come. It came, irresistible and irrevocable, and we now see that Bismarck and Cavour were only the ministers of Fate.

Suspended of course, and long suspended, by the action of the secondary forces, the action of the great forces may be. It was so in both the instances just mentioned. A still more remarkable instance is the long postponement of the union of Scotland with England by the antipathies resulting from the abortive attempt of Edward I., and by a subsequent train of historical accidents, such as the absorption of the energies of England in Continental or civil wars. But the union came at last, and, having the great forces on its side, it came forever.

In the case before us, it appears that the great forces are those which make for the political separation of the New from the Old World. They are:

1. The distance, which may be shortened by steam and telegraph for the transmission of a despot's commands, but can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government. Steam increases the transatlantic intercourse of the wealthier class, but not that of the people, who have neither money nor time for the passage. Everything is possible in the way of nautical invention; fuel may be still further economized, though its price is not likely to fall; but it is improbable that the cost of shipbuilding or the wages of seamen will be reduced; and the growth of manufactures

in the New World, which we may expect henceforth to be rapid, can hardly fail to diminish the intercourse dependent on transatlantic trade. A commonwealth spanning the Atlantic may be a grand conception, but political institutions must, after all, bear some relation to Nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.

2. Divergence of interest, which seems in this case to be as wide as possible. What has Canada to do with the European and Oriental concerns of England, with her European and Oriental diplomacy, with her European and Oriental wars? Can it be conceived that Canadian traders would allow her commerce to be cut up by Russian cruisers, or that Canadian farmers would take arms and pay war-taxes in order to prevent Russia from obtaining a free passage through the Dardanelles? An English pamphlet called 'The Great Game' was reprinted the other day in Canada; but the chapter on India was omitted, as having no interest for Canadians. For English readers that chapter had probably more interest than all the other chapters put together. On the other hand, whenever a question about boundaries or mutual rights arises with the United States, the English people and the English Government betray, by the languor of their diplomacy and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference to the objects in which Canada is most concerned. A Canadian periodical some time ago had a remarkable paper* by a native writer, showing that the whole series of treaties made by Great Britain with the United States had been a continuous sacrifice of the claims of Canada. It was not assuredly, that Great Britain wanted either force or spirit to fight for her own rights and interests, but that she felt that Canadian rights and interests were not her own. Her rulers could not have induced her people to go to war for an object for which they cared so little, and had so little reason to care, as a frontier line in North America. Another illustration of the difference between the British and the Canadian point of view was afforded by the recent dispute about the Extradition Treaty: England was disposed to be stiff and punctilious, having comparatively little to fear from the suspension of the treaty; while to Canada, bordering on the United States, the danger was great, and the renewal of the treaty was a vital necessity before which punctiliousness gave way. One object there is connected with the American Continent for which the British aristocracy, if we may judge by the temper it showed and the line it took toward the American Republic at the time of the rebellion, would be not unwilling to run the risk of war. But that object is one with regard to which the interests of British aristocracy and those of Canadian democracy not only are not identical, but point directly opposite ways. With regard to economical questions, the divergence is, if possible, still clearer than with regard to diplomatic questions. The economic interests of Canada must evidently be those of her own continent, and to that continent, by all the economic forces, she must be and visibly is drawn. Her currency, whatever may be the name and superscription on the coin, is American and it is the sure symbol of her real connection. In the British manufacturer the Canadian manufacturer sees a rival; and Canada at this moment is the scene of a protectionist movement led, curiously enough, by those 'Conservative' politicians who are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Great Britain.

3. More momentous than even the divergence of interest is the divergence of political character between the citizen of the Old and the citizen of the New World. We speak, of course, not of that French-Canadians, between whom and the people of Great Britain the absence of political affinity is obvious, but of the British communities in North America. The colonization of the New World, at least the English portion of it which was destined to give birth to the ruling and moulding power, was not merely a migration, but an exodus; it is not merely a local extension of humanity, but a development; it not only peopled another continent, but opened a new era. The curtain rose not for the old drama with fresh actors, but for a fresh drama on a fresh scene. A long farewell was said to feudalism when the New Eng-

* [The paper alluded to is one entitled 'How Treaty-making unmade Canada,' written by Col. Coffin, of Ottawa, and published in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for May, 1876, p. 349.—EDITOR C. M.]

land colony landed, with the rough draft of a written constitution, which embodied a social compact and founded government not on sacred tradition or divine right, but on reason and the public good. The more one sees of society in the New World, the more convinced one is that its structure essentially differs from that of society in the Old World, and that the feudal element has been eliminated completely and forever. English aristocracy, fancying itself, as all established systems fancy themselves, the normal and final state of humanity, may cling to the belief that the new development is a mere aberration, and that dire experience will in time bring it back to the ancient path. There are people, it seems, who persuade themselves that America is retrograding toward monarchy and church establishments. No one who knows the Americans can possibly share this dream. Monarchy has found its way to the New World only in the exceptional case of Brazil, to which the royal family of the mother-country itself migrated, and where after all the emperor is rather an hereditary president than a monarch of the European type. In Canada, government being parliamentary and 'constitutional,' monarchy is the delegation of a shadow; and any attempt to convert the shadow into a substance, by introducing a dynasty with a court and civil list, or by reinvesting the viceroy with personal power, would speedily reveal the real nature of the situation. Pitt proposed to extend to Canada what as a Tory minister he necessarily regarded as the blessings of aristocracy; but the plant refused to take root in the alien soil. No peerage ever saw the light in Canada; the baronetage saw the light and no more; of nobility there is nothing now but a knighthood very small in number, and upon which the Pacific-Railway scandal has cast so deep a shadow that the home Government, though inclined that way, seems shy of venturing on more creations. Hereditary wealth and the custom of primogeniture, indispensable supports of an aristocracy, are totally wanting in a purely industrial country, where, let the law be what it might, natural justice has always protested against the feudal claims of the first-born. To establish in Canada the state Church, which is the grand buttress of aristocracy in England, has proved as hopeless as to establish aristocracy itself. The Church lands have been secularized; the university, once confined to Anglicanism, has been thrown open; the Anglican Church has been reduced to the level of the other denominations, though its rulers still cling to the memories and to some relics of their privileged condition. As a religion, Anglicanism has little hold upon the mass of the people: it is recruited by emigration from England, and sustained to a certain extent by a social feeling in its favor among the wealthier class. More democratic churches far exceed it in popularity and propagandist force: Methodism especially, which, in contrast to Episcopacy, sedulously assigns an active part in church-work to every member, decidedly gains ground and bids fair to become the popular religion of Canada. Nor is the militarism of European aristocracies less alien to industrial Canada than their monarchism and their affinity for state churches. The Canadians, as we have already said, can fight well when real occasion calls; so can their kinsmen across the line; but among the Canadians, as among the people of the Northern States, it is impossible to awaken militarism—every sort of galvanic apparatus has been tried in vain. Distinctions of rank, again, are wanting; everything bespeaks a land dedicated to equality; and fustian, instead of bowing to broadcloth, is rather too apt, by a rude self-assertion, to revenge itself on broadcloth for enforced submissiveness in the old country. Where the relations of classes, the social forces, and the whole spirit of society, are different, the real principles and objects of Government will differ also, notwithstanding the formal identity of institutions. It proved impossible, as all careful observers had foreseen, to keep the same political roof over the heads of slavery and antislavery. To keep the same political roof over the heads of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless. A rupture would come, perhaps, on some question between the ambition of a money-spending nobility and the parsimony of a money-making people. Let aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism, be content with the Old World; it was conquered by the feudal sword; the New World was conquered only by the axe and plough.

4. The force, sure in the end to be at-

tractive, not repulsive, of the great American communtiy along the edge of which Canada lies, and to which the British portion of her population is drawn by identity of race, language, religion, and general institutions; the French portion by its connection with the Roman Catholic Church of the States; the whole by economic influences, against which artificial arrangements and sentiments contend in vain, and which are gathering strength and manifesting their ascendency from hour to hour.

An enumeration of the forces which make in favour of the present connection will show their secondary and, for the most part, transient character. The chief of them appear to be these:

a. The reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which rules French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign. Strong this force has hitherto been, but its strength depends on isolation, and isolation cannot be permanent. Even the 'palæocrystallic' ice which envelops French Canada will melt at last, and when it does French reaction will be at an end. We have already noted two agencies which are working toward this result—the leaven of American sentiment brought back by French-Canadians who have sojourned as artisans in the States, and the ecclesiastical aggressiveness of the Jesuits.

b. 'United Empire Loyalism,' which has its chief seat in Ontario. Every revolution has its reaction, and in the case of the American Revolution the reaction took the form of a migration of the royalists to Canada, where lands were assigned them, and where they became the political progenitors of the Canadian Tory party, while the 'Reformers' are the offspring of a subsequent immigration of Scotch Presbyterians, mingled with wanderers from the United States. The two immigrations were arrayed against each other in 1837, when, though the United Empire Loyalists were victorious in the field, the political victory ultimately rested with the Reformers. United Empire Loyalism is still strong in some districts, while in others the descendants of royalist exiles are found in the ranks of the opposite party. But the whole party is now in the position of the Jacobites after the extinction of the house of Stuart. England has formally recognized the American Revolution, taken part in the celebration of its centenary, and through her ambassador saluted its flag. Anti-revolutionary sentiment ceases to have any meaning, and its death cannot be far off.

c. The influence of English immigrants, especially in the upper ranks of the professions, in the high places of commerce, and in the press. These men have retained a certain social ascendency; they have valued themselves on their birth in the imperial country and the superior traditions which they supposed it to imply; they have personally cherished the political connection, and have inculcated fidelity to it with all their might. But their number is rapidly decreasing; as they die off natives take their places, and Canada will soon be in Canadian hands. Immigration generally is falling off; upper-class immigration is almost at an end, there being no longer a demand for anything but manual labour, and the influence of personal connection with England will cease to rule. The press is passing into the hands of natives, who are fast learning to hold their own against imported writing in literary skill, while they have an advantage in their knowledge of the country.

d. While the British troops remained in Canada, their officers formed a social aristocracy of the most powerful kind, and exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion. The traces of this influence still remain, but, with the exception of the reduced garrison of Halifax, the military occupation has ceased, and is not likely to be renewed.

e. The Anglican Church in Canada clings to its position as a branch of the great state Church of England, and, perhaps, a faint hope of reëstablishment may linger in the breasts of the bishops, who still retain the title of 'lords.' We have already said that the roots of Anglicanism in Canada do not appear to be strong, and its chief source of re-enforcement will be cut off by the discontinuance of upper class emigration. It is rent in Canada, as in England, by the conflict between the Protestants and the Ritualists; and in Canada, there being no large endowments or legal system to clamp the hostile elements together, discord has already taken the form of disruption. As to the other churches, they have

a connection with England, but not with England more than with the United States. The connection of Canadian Methodism with the United States is very close.

f. Orangism is strong in British Canada, as indeed is every kind of association except the country. It retains its filial connection with its Irish parent, and is ultra-British on condition that Great Britain continues anti-papal. Old Irish quarrels are wonderfully tenacious of life, yet they must one day die, and Orangism must follow them to the grave.

g. The social influence of English aristocracy, and of the little court of Ottawa, over colonists of the wealthier class. With this (to dismiss at once a theme more congenial to the social humorist than to the political observer) we may couple the influence of those crumbs of titular honor which English aristocracy sometimes allows to fall from its table into colonial mouths. If such forces cannot be said to be transient, the tendencies of human nature being perpetual, they may at least be said to be secondary; they do not affect the masses, and they do not affect the strong.

h. Antipathy to the Americans, bred by the old wars, and nursed by British influences, military and aristocratic, not without the assistance of the Americans themselves, who, in the case of the Fenian raids, and in other cases, have vented on Canada their feelings against England This antipathy, so far as it prevails, leads those who entertain it to cling to an anti-American connection. But generally speaking it is very hollow. It does not hinder young Canadians from going by hundreds to seek their fortunes in the United States. It does not hinder wealthy Americans who have settled in Canada from finding seats at once in the Canadian Parliament. It never, in fact, goes beyond talk. So far as it partakes of the nature of contempt, it can hardly fail to be modified by the changed attitude of the British aristocracy, who have learned to exhibit something more than courtesy towards the victorious republic; while the Americans, it may be reasonably presumed, now that the cause of irritation is removed, will not think it wise to make enemies of a people whose destinies are inextricably blended with their own.

i. The special attachment naturally felt by the politicians, as a body, to the system with reference to which their parties have been formed, and with which the personal ambition of most of them is bound up. Perhaps, of all the forces which make for the present connection, this is the strongest; it has proved strong enough, when combined with the timidity and the want of independence which life-long slavery to a faction always breeds, to prevent any Canadian politician from playing a resolute part in such efforts as there have been to make Canada a nation. In some cases it is intensified by commercial connections with England, or by social aspirations, more or less definite, which have England for their goal. In this respect the interest of the politicians, as a class, is distinct from, and is liable to clash with, the real interests of the community at large. So, in the case of Scotland, it was the special interest of the politicians to resist the union, as, without special pressure and inducements, they would probably have persisted in doing. It was the interest of the people to accept the union, as the flood of prosperity which followed its acceptance clearly showed. In the case of Scotland, the interest of the people triumphed at last, and it will probably triumph at last in Canada.

Such, we say, are the chief forces that make for the existing connection; and we repeat that they appear to be secondary, and, for the most part, transient. United, all these strands may make a strong cable; but one by one they will give way, and the cable will cease to hold. This conviction is quite consistent with the admission that the connectionist sentiment is now dominant, especially in Ontario; that in Ontario it almost exclusively finds expression on the platform and in the press; and that the existence of any other opinions can only be inferred from reticence, or discovered by private intercourse. A visitor may thus be led to believe and to report that the attachment of the whole population to the present system is unalterable, and that the connection must endure for ever. Those who have opportunities of looking beneath the surface may, at the same time, have grounds for thinking that, on economical subjects at least, the people have already entered on a train of thought which will lead them to a different goal.

What has been the uniform course of events down to the present time? Where

are the American dependencies of Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland? Those on the continent, with unimportant exceptions, are gone, and those in the islands are going; for few suppose that Spain can keep Cuba very long. Of the English colonies on the continent, the mass and those that have been long founded, have become independent; and every one now sees what clear-sighted men saw at the time, that the separation was inevitable, and must soon have been brought about by natural forces, apart from the accidental quarrel. If Canada has been retained, it is by the reduction of imperial supremacy to a form. Self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent question about appeals, are successively settled in favour of self-government. Diplomatic union between two countries in different hemispheres, with totally different sets of external relations, common responsibility for each others quarrels, and liability to be involved in each other's wars—these incidents of dependence remain, and these alone. Is it probable that this last leaf can continue to flutter on the bough forever? Lord Derby some years ago said that everybody knew that Canada must soon be an independent nation. Now he thinks the tide of opinion has turned in of favor imperialism, and he turns with the tide. But what he takes for the turn of the tide may be merely the receding wave; and he forgets what the last wave swept away. It swept away the military occupation, with all its influences, political and social. Even since that time the commercial unity of the empire has been formally abandoned in the case of the Australian tariffs; and now the marriage-law of the colonies is clashing with that of the mother-country in the British House of Commons.

It is, perhaps, partly the recoil of feeling from a severance felt to be imminent, as well as the temporary influence of the Conservative reaction in England, that has led to the revival in certain quarters, with almost convulsive vehemence, of the plan of imperial confederation. Certainly, if such a plan is to be ever carried into effect, this is the propitious hour. The spirit of aggrandizement is in the ascendant, and the colonies are all on good terms with the mother-country. Yet, of the statesmen who dally with the project and smile upon its advocates, not one ventures to take a practical step towards its fulfilment. On the contrary, they are accessory to fresh inroads upon imperial unity, both in the judicial and in the fiscal sphere. Colonial governors talk with impressive vagueness of some possible birth of the imperial future, as though the course of events, which has been hurrying the world through a series of rapid changes for the last century, would now stand still, and impracticable aspirations would become practicable by the mere operation of time; but no colonial governor or imperial statesmen has ventured to tell us, even in the most general way, to what it is that he looks forward, how it is to be brought about, or even what dependencies the confederation is to include. It is therefore, needless to rehearse all the arguments against the feasibility of such a scheme. The difficulties which beset the union under the same parliamentary government of two countries in different parts of the world, with different foreign relations, and differing internally in political spirit, would, of course, be multiplied in the case of a union of twenty or thirty countries scattered over the whole globe, bound together by no real tie of common interest, and ignorant of each others concerns. The first meeting of such a conclave would, we may be sure, develop forces of disunion far stronger than the vague sentiment of union arising from a very partial community of descent, and a very imperfect community of language, which would be the sole ground of the federation. Even to frame the agreement as to the terms of union with the shifting parties and ephemeral cabinets of a score of colonies under constitutional government would be no easy task. The two Parliaments, the one National, the other Federal, which it is proposed to establish in order to keep the national affairs of England separate from those of the Imperal Federation, would be liable to be brought into fatal conflict, and thrown into utter confusion by the ascendency of different parties, say a war party and a peace party, in the National and the Federal House. The veriest Chinese puzzle in politics would be a practicable constitution, if you could only get the real forces to conduct themselves according to

the programme. It was not in the programme of Canadian confederation that the provinces should form separate interests in the Federal Parliament, and force the party leaders to bid against each other for their support; though any one who had studied actual tendencies in connection with the system of party government might have pretty confidently predicted that such would be the result. That England would allow questions of foreign policy, of armaments, and of peace and war, to be settled for her by any councils but her own, it is surely most chimerical to suppose. A swarm of other difficulties would probably arise out of the perpetual vicissitudes of the party struggle in each colony, the consequent inability of the delegates to answer for the real action of their own governments, and the estrangement of the delegates themselves from colonial interests and connections by their necessary residence in England. An essential condition of federation appears to be tolerable equality among the members, or freedom from the ascendency of any overweening power; but, for a century to come, at least, the power of England in the Federal council would be overweening; and, to obviate this difficulty, some advocates of the scheme actually propose to repeal the union of England with Scotland and Ireland, so that she may be reduced to a manageable element of a Pan-Britannic confederation. They have surely little right to call other people disunionists, if any opprobrious meaning attaches to that term.

Supposing such a confederation to be practicable, of what use, apart from the vague feeling of aggrandizement, would it be? Where would be the advantage of taking from each of these young communities its political centre (which must also be, to some extent, its social and intellectual centre), and of accumulating them in the already overgrown capital of England? Does experience tell us that unlimited extension of territory is favourable to intensity of political life, or to anything which is a real element of happiness or of greatness? Does it not tell us that the reverse is the fact, and that the interest of history centres not in megalosaurian empires, but in states the body of which has not been out of proportion to the brain? Surely it would be well to have some distinct idea of the object to be attained before commencing this unparalled struggle against geography and Nature. It can hardly be military strength. Military strength is not gained by dispersion of forces, by presenting vulnerable points in every quarter of the globe, or by embracing and undertaking to defend communities which, whatever may be their fighting qualities, in their policy are thoroughly unmilitary, and unmilitary will remain. Mr. Forster, in fact, gives us to understand that the Pan-Britannic Empire is to present a beneficent contrast to the military empires; that it is to be an empire of peace. But in that case it must, like other Quaker institutions, depend for its safety on the morality and forbearance of the holders of real and compact power, which is very far from being the dream of the advocates of 'a great game.'

In all these projects of Pan-Britannic empire there lurks the assumption of a boundless multiplication of the Anglo-Saxon race. What are the grounds for this assumption? Hitherto it has appeared that races, as they grow richer, more luxurious, more fearful of poverty, more amenable to the restraints of social pride, have become less prolific. There is reason to suppose that in the United States the Anglo-Saxon race is far less prolific than the Irish, who are even supplanting the Anglo-Saxons in some districts of England, as the home-rule compliances of candidates for northern boroughs show. But the Irish element is small compared with the vast reservoir of industrial population in China, which is now beginning to overflow, and seems as likely as the Anglo-Saxon race to inherit Australia, where it has already a strong foothold, as well as the coast of the Pacific.

Canada, however, with regard to the problem of imperial confederation stands by herself, presenting, from her connection with the United States, difficulties from which in the case of the Australian colonies the problem is free. Of this some of the advocates of the policy of aggrandizement show themselves aware by frankly proposing to let Canada go.

It is taken for granted that political dependence is the natural state of all colonies, and that there is something unfilial and revolutionary in proposing that a colony should become a nation. But what is a colony? We happen to have derived

the term from a very peculiar set of institutions, those Roman colonies which had no life of their own, but were merely the military and political outposts of the imperial republic. With the Roman colonies may be classed the Athenian *cleruchies* and, substituting the commercial for the political object, the factories of Carthage. But colonies, generally speaking, are migrations, and, as a rule, they have been independent from the beginning. Independent from the beginning, so far as we know, were the Phœnician colonies, Carthage herself among the number. Independent from the beginning were those Greek colonies in Italy which rapidly outran their mother-cities in the race of material greatness. Independent from the beginning were the Saxon and Scandinavian colonies, and all those settlements of the Northern tribes which founded England herself with the other nations of modern Europe. So far as we can see, the original independence in each case was an essential condition of vigor and success. No Roman colony, Athenian *cleruchy*, or Carthaginian factory, ever attained real greatness. New England, the germ and organizer of the American communities, was practically independent for a long time after her foundation, the attention of the English Government being engrossed by troubles at home; but she retained a slender thread of theoretic dependence by which she was afterwards drawn back into a noxious and disastrous subordination. That thread was the feudal tie of personal allegiance, a tie utterly irrational when carried beyond the feudal pale, and by the recent naturalization treaties now formally abolished; yet probably the main cause of the continued subjection of the transalantic colonies, and of the calamities which flowed both to them and to the mother-country from that source.

It is natural that British statesmen should shrink from a formal act of separation, and that in their brief and precarious tenure of power they should be unwilling to take the burden and possible odium of such a measure upon themselves. But no one, we believe, ventures to say that the present system will be perpetual; certainly not the advocates of imperial confederation, who warn us that, unless England by a total change of system draws her colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift farther away.

Apart from lingering sentiment, it seems not easy to give reasons, so far as Canada is concerned, for struggling to prolong the present system. The motives for acquiring and holding dependencies in former days were substantial if they were not good. Spain drew tribute directly from her dependencies. England thought she drew it indirectly through her commercial system. It was also felt that the military resources of the colonies were at the command of the mother country. When the commercial system was relinquished, and when self-government transferred to the colonies the control of their own resources, the financial and military motives ceased to exist. But the conservative imagination supplied their place with the notion of political tutelage, feigning—though, as we have seen, against all the evidence of history—that the colony, during the early stages of its existence, needed the political guidance of the mother-country in order to fit it to become a nation. Such was the language of colonial statesmen generally till the present Conservative reaction again brought into fashion something like the old notion of aggrandizement, though for tribute and military contingents, the solid objects of the old policy, is now substituted 'prestige.' That the political connection between England and Canada is a source of military security to either, nobody, we apprehend, maintains. The only vulnerable point which England presents to the United States is the defenceless frontier of Canada; the only danger to which Canada is exposed is that of being involved in a quarrel between the aristocracy of England and the democracy of the United States. Defenceless, it is believed, the frontier of Upper Canada has been officially pronounced to be, and the chances of a desperate resistance to the invader in the French province can scarcely be rated very high. It is said that the British fleet would bombard New York. If Canada were in the hands of the enemy, the bombardment of New York would hardly alleviate her condition. But the bombardment of New York might not be an easy matter. The force of floating coast-defences seems now to be growing superior to that of ocean-going navies. Besides, America would choose the moment when England was at war with some other naval power. Soldiers and sailors,

and of the best quality, England might no doubt find in Canada; but she would have to pay for them more than she pays for soldiers and sailors recruited at home. Whether morality is embodied in Bismarck or not, modern policy is; and Bismarck seems not to covet distant dependencies; he prefers solid and concentrated power.

'Commerce follows the flag,' is a saying which it seems can still be repeated by a statesman; but, like the notion that dependencies are a source of military strength, it is a mere survival from a departed system. Commerce followed the flag when the flag was that of a power which enforced exclusive trading. But exclusive trading has given way, as an imperial principle, to free-trade, and the colonies, in the exercise of their fiscal power of self-government, have dissolved the commercial unity of the empire. They frame their independent tariffs, laying, in some cases, heavy duties on English goods. It will hardly be contended that, apart from commercial legislation, colonial purchasers inquire whether goods were produced under the British flag. 'The best customer,' says Sir George Lewis, 'which a nation can have, is a thriving and industrious community, whether it be dependent or independent. The trade between England and the United States is probably far more profitable to the mother-country than it would have been if they had remained in a state of dependence upon her.' As to Canada, what she needs, and needs most urgently, is free access to the market of her own continent, from which, as a dependency of England, she is excluded by the customs-lines. With free access to the market of her own continent, she might become a great manufacturing country; but manufactures are now highly specialized, and to produce with advantage you must produce on a large scale. Nor is the evil confined to manufactures; the farm-products of Canada are depreciated by exclusion from their natural market, and the lumber-trade, which is her great industry, will be in serious jeopardy, since, by the fall of wages in the States, the production of lumber there has been rendered nearly as cheap as it is in Canada, while Canadian lumber is subject to a heavy duty. The projects for opening markets in Australia merely serve to show how severely Canada feels the want of a market close at hand. Cut off any belt of territory commercially from the continent to which it belongs, industry will be stunted, the inflow of capital will be checked, and impoverishment will follow isolation. The Canadians will find this out in time, and the discovery will be the first step toward a change of system.

It is true that Canada has drawn a good deal of British capital into works little remunerative to the investors, though, perhaps, not more than the United States and other countries with which there was no political connection. But, if we consider credit as well as cash, the gain must be pronounced doubtful, and it is balanced by such a work as the Intercolonial Railway, into which Canada has been led by imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four million sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly 'pay for the grease upon the wheels.' The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the imperial connection.

That emigration is favorably influenced by political dependency is another lingering belief which seems now to have no foundation in fact, though it had in the days when emigration was a government affair. The stream of emigration, in ordinary times, sets, as has often been proved, not toward Canada, but toward the United States; and of the emigrants who land in Canada a large proportion afterward pass the line, while there is a constant exodus of French-Canadians from their own poor and overpeopled country (overpeopled so long as it is merely agricultural) to the thriving industries and high wages of the States. Emigrants, whose object is to improve their material condition, are probably little influenced by political considerations; they go to the country which offers the best openings and the highest wages; but English peasants and artisans would be likely, if anything, to prefer the social elevation promised them in a land of equality to anything like a repetition of the social subjection in which they have lived at home, while by the Irishman escape from British rule is deemed escape from oppression.

Whether the tutelage of the mother-country has ever been useful to a colony, even in its infancy, except where there was actual need of military protection, is a question to which the language of the adherents of the colonial system themselves, when reviewing the history of colonial government, seems to suggest a negative reply. 'Hitherto,' says Mr. Roebuck, 'those of our possessions termed colonies have not been governed according to any settled rule or plan. Caprice and chance have decided generally everything connected with them; and if success has in any case attended the attempts of the English people to establish colonies, that success has been obtained in spite of the mischevious intermeddling of the English Government, not in consequence of its wise and provident assistance.' Such is the refrain of almost all the works on the colonies, whether they treat of the general administration or of some special question, such as that of the crown-lands, which appears to have been solved by Downing Street in various ways, but always wrong. Not by government, but by fugitives from the tyranny of government, the great American colony was founded; unaided and unregulated it grew, and laid the deep foundations of society in the New World. With tutelage came blundering, jobbery, mischief of all kinds, and at last a violent rupture, which, injurious as it was to the mother-country, inflicted a still greater injury on the colony by launching it on the career of democracy with a violent revolutionary bias, whereas it needed a bias in favor of respect for authority. The presence of the British ambassador at the Centenary was not only the ratification of the revolt, but the condemnation of the colonial system. After the American Revolution, the next step of the British Government was to divert the stream of English emigration from America —where there was abundant room for it, and whither, the pioneer work having then been done, it would have been most profitably directed—to Australia, where the pioneer work had to be done over again, measures being at the same time taken to taint the new society with convict-blood. To what good this scattering of English emigration has led, beyond the poetic conception of a boundless empire, it would seem difficult to say; and Canada, before she expresses conventional joy at the annexation of Feejee, should ask herself whether a new colony is anything more to her than a new competitor for the labour which is her prime need. In Canada herself, tutelage, while it was really exercised, led to every sort of evil. Government was jobbed by an oligarchy called the Family Compact, which Downing Street supported, not from bad motives, but from sheer ignorance of facts, till the misrule ended in the insurrection of 1837. Things have gone smoothly only since real tutelage has departed, and left nothing but an image of royalty which reigns with gracious speeches and hospitality, but does not govern. There has been no want of good intentions on the part of English statesmen, nor would it be reasonable to suppose that there has been any special want of wisdom; probably no other statesman would have done so well; but the task imposed on them was hopeless. One tree might as well be set to regulate the growth of another tree, as one nation to regulate the growth of another nation; and in this case the two trees are of different sorts and planted under different skies.

We can imagine the single mind of a despot moulding the political character of a colony, if not well, at least with adequate knowledge, with intelligence, and upon a definite plan. But England is not a single mind. England is the vast and motley mass of voters, including, since the Conservative Reform Bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns—people who, in politics, do not know their right hand from their left, who cannot tell the name of the leader of their own party, who vote for blue or yellow, and are led by senseless local cries, by bribery, or by beer. These are the political tutors of Canada, a country in which both wealth and education are more diffused than they are here. How much does the average Englishman, or even the educated Englishman, know about Canadian politics? As much as Canadians know about the politics of Tasmania or the Cape. In 'Phineas Finn,' the hero of the tale, being under-secretary for the colonies, goes on a message to Marylebone 'to find what the people there think about the Canadas.' His report is: 'Not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States,

because, though they don't love the Canadians, they do hate the Americans. That's about the feeling in Marylebone, and it's astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world.' It will hardly be said that this is an unfair picture of a Londoner's normal frame of mind with regard to Canadian questions, or that Dorsetshire and Tipperary are better informed than London. When did a Canadian question influence an English election? How often is Canada mentioned in an election-address? Canadian journals are never tired of exposing what they deem the scandalous ignorance of the leading journals of England on Canadian subjects, but they fail to draw the obvious moral. If the *Times* blunders, are the leaders of English opinion generally, and their constituents, likely to be better instructed and to decide aright? Burke, writing of the American Revolution, said that he could trace all the mischief 'to the single source of not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations.' To say nothing of the ordinary holders of political power, in how many English statesmen, occupied as English statesmen are with home questions and party struggles, would Burke have found this comprehensive view, or the knowledge necessary for the formation of it? The colonial secretary himself is as often as not a man personally unacquainted with the colonies, not called to his post by special aptitude, but placed in it by party convenience. He must often depend for his information on such colonists as may find special access to Downing Street, or on the reports of governors, who, being images of royalty, are apt, like royalty, to be screened from truth. A peer he may be, but his peerage will not make him a Providence. The annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia to Canada—with which the latter, at all events, has no geographical connection—is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step: it was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the Government to make set speeches.

If any one supposes that the retention in Canada of the form of monarchy excludes or mitigates any of the political evils, or even the coarseness to which democracy is liable in its crude condition, a year's residence in the country, a month's perusal of the party newspapers, or an hour's conversation with any Canadian man of business who has watched politics without taking part in them, will probably settle his opinion on that subject. That monarchical forms are no safeguard against corruption is a fact of which, unhappily, the colony has of late years had decisive proof. If the inquirer wishes to enlarge the basis of his induction, let him go through a file of Australian journals: he will there find a picture of public life, public character, and senatorial manners, decidedly below the level of the better States of the Union. Canada has escaped the elective judicary, but so has Massachusetts; and both that and the removable civil service were the work not of real Republicans, but of the Democratic party—that is, of the slave-owning obligarchy of the South using as its instruments the Northern mob. Her exemption from the civil war and its fiscal consequences, Canada owes merely to her separation from the States; it would have been the same had she been an independent nation. Had the political connection with Great Britain never existed, and had the weight of Canada been early thrown into the scale of freedom, there might have been no civil war.

In the case of the Pacific Railway scandal, the Governor-General may be said to have formerly avowed himself a *fainéant*. He decided that he was absolutely bound to follow the advice of his ministers, even when those ministers lay under the heaviest charges of corruption, and even as to the mode in which the investigation into those charges should be conducted; and his conduct was approved by the home Government. He has, therefore, no authority, and of nothing, nothing comes.

Most readers of the *Fortnightly* are probably prepared to regard with tolerance the proposition that figments and hypocrisies do no more good in politics than they do in general life. In Canadian politics they do much evil by blinding public men and the people generally to the real requirements of the situation. The hereditary principle was dead at its root; its work was done, and its age had passed away in the more advanced portion of humanity when

the communities of the New World were founded. It lingers on, as things do linger on, in its native soil; but it can furnish no sound basis for government in the soil of reason and equality. The only conceivable basis for government in the New World is the national will; and the political problem of the New World is how to build a strong, stable, enlightened, and impartial government on that foundation. That it is a very difficult problem, daily experience in Canada, as well as in the neighboring republic, shows, and to be successfully resolved it must be seen in its true bearings, which the ostensible retention of the hereditary principle as the security for good and stable government obscures. Canada, though adorned with the paraphernalia of eight constitutional monarchies (one central and seven provincial), is a democracy of the most pronounced kind; the Governor-General was not wrong in saying that she is more democratic than the United States, where the President is an elective king, and where the Senate, which though elective is conservative, possesses great power, whereas the nominated Senate of Canada is a cypher. Demagogism and the other pests of democratic institutions are not to be conjured away by forms and phrases; they can be repressed and prevented from ruining the state only by developing remedial forces of a really effective kind, and by adjusting the actual machinery of the constitution so as to meet the dangers which experience may reveal. The treason-law of the Plantagenets with which, as well as with the Lord Chamberlain's code of precedence, Canada is endowed, is not of much use to her while she is left without any legal means of repressing her real cancer, political corruption. Loyalty to the *fainéant* deputy of a distant crown may be in a certain sense real; it may be felt by those who profess it; but it probably does not often prompt to a good political action, and it certainly never restrains from a bad one. Among Canadians, as among American politicians, the most 'truly loyal' are often the most unscrupulous and corrupt. They are often, through the whole course of their public lives, disloyal to everything that represents public honor and the public good. A provincial court adds flunkeyism to demagogism without making the demagogue less profligate, less dangerous, or less vile. It does not even make him less coarse. No refining influence can really be exercised by a few dinners and receptions even over the small circle which attends them; while the social expenditure and display which are imposed on the Governor-General as the condition of his popularity in the colony, and of the maintenance of his reputation at home, are anything but a wholesome example for colonial society, which on the contrary needs an example of hospitality and social enjoyment cultivated in an easy and inexpensive way.

At present the bane of Canada is party government without any question on which parties can be rationally or morally based. The last question of sufficient importance to form a rational and moral basis for a party was that of Clergy Reserves and the Church Establishment, since the settlement of which there has been absolutely no dividing line between the parties or assignable ground for their existence, and they have become mere factions, striving to engross the prizes of office by the means which faction everywhere employs. The consequences are the increasing ascendency of the worst men, and the political demoralization of a community, which, if a fair chance were given it, would furnish as sound a basis for good government as any community in the world. Of course England cannot be charged with introducing the party system into Canada; but she does fling over it the glamour of British association, and beguile a country really abandoned to all the instability and all the degrading influences of government by faction with the ostensible stability and dignity of the hereditary crown. Indeed, the provision in the draught of confederation that both the parties should be considered in the first nomination of senators is, perhaps, the only authoritative recognition which the party system has ever received. In common with the other colonies, Canada is deemed happy in being endowed with a counterpart of the British Constitution. The British Constitution, putting aside the legal forms and phrases, is government by party; and whatever government by party may be in England, where there are some party questions left, in Canada it is a most noxious absurdity, and is ruining the political character of the people.

When Canadian Nationalists say that

patriotism is a good thing, they are told to keep their wisdom for their copy-books; and the rebuke would be just if those who administer it would recognize the equally obvious truth that there can be no patriotism without nationality. In a dependency there is no love of the country; no pride in the country; if an appeal is made to the name of the country, no heart responds as the heart of an Englishman responds when an appeal is made to the name of England. In a dependency every bond is stronger than that of country, every interest prevails over that of the country. The province, the sect, Orangism, Fenianism, Freemasonry, Odd-Fellowship, are more to the ordinary Canadian than Canada. So it must be while the only antidote to sectionalism in a population with strongly marked differences of race and creed is the sentiment of allegiance to a distant throne. The young Canadian leaving his native country to seek his fortune in the States feels no greater wrench than a young Englishman would feel in leaving his county to seek his fortune in London. Want of nationality is attended, too, with a certain want of self-respect, not only political but social, as writers on colonial society and character have observed. Wealthy men in a dependency are inclined to look to the imperial country as their social centre and the goal of their social ambition, if not as their ultimate abode, and not only their patriotic munificence but their political and social services are withdrawn from the country of their birth.

Mr. Trollope finds himself compelled to confess that in passing from the United States into Canada you pass 'from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less.' You pass from a country embracing in itself the resources of a continent, into one which is a narrow section of that continent cut off commercially from the rest; you pass from a country which is a nation into a country which is not a nation.

On the other hand, there were reasons which, not only to patriotic Canadians, but to patriotic Americans, if they took a comprehensive view of the interests of their country, seemed strong for wishing that Canada should remain politically separate from the United States. Democracy is a great experiment, which might be more safely carried on by two nations than by one. By emulation, mutual warning and correction, mutual supplementation of defects, they might have helped each other in the race and steadied each other's steps; a balance of opinion might have been established on the continent, though a balance of power cannot; and the wave of dominant sentiment which spreads over that vast democracy like the tide running in over a flat, might have been usefully restricted in its sweep by the dividing line. Nor was there any insurmountable obstacle in the way. Canada is wanting in unity of race; but not more so than Switzerland, whose three races have been thoroughly welded together by the force of nationality. She is wanting in compactness of territory, but not more so, perhaps, than some other nations—Prussia, for instance—have been. In this latter respect however, the situation has been seriously altered by the annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia, which in their present raw condition have no influence beyond that of distant possessions, but which, when peopled and awakened to commercial life, will be almost irresistibly attracted by the economical forces to the States which adjoin them on the south, and will thus endanger the cohesion of the whole confederacy. The very form of the Dominion indeed, drawn out and attenuated as it is by these unnatural additions, apart from the attractive influence of Minnesota and California, would seriously imperil its political unity, as will be seen, if, instead of taking Canada as it is presented by the political map, the boundary-line is drawn between the habitable portion and that which belongs only to arctic frosts. In the debate on confederation it was urged by the advocates of the measure that seven sticks, though separately weak, when bound together in a fagot would be strong. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but not so seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends.'

As to the expense of a national government, it would probably not be greater than that of the governor-generalship and the seven lieutenant-governorships is at present. Diplomacy in these days of rapid communication may be cheaply done, and Canada would not need much of it: she has no Eastern question.

The question of military security has reference solely to the danger to be appre-

hended on the side of the United States; and danger on the side of the United States, supposing Canada disentangled from English quarrels, we believe that there is none. The Americans, as has been repeatedly observed, have since the fall of slavery given every proof of an unambitious disposition. They disbanded their vast armaments immediately on the close of the civil war, without waiting even for the Alabama question to be settled; they have refused to annex St. Domingo; they have observed a policy of strict non-intervention in the case of Cuba, which they might have made their own with the greatest ease; they have declined to take advantage of the pretexts furnished them in abundance, by border outrages, of conquering Mexico; it is very doubtful whether they would even have purchased Alaska, if Mr. Seward had not drawn them by secret negotiations into a position from which they could not well retreat. Slavery wanted conquest for the creation of new slave States, but with slavery the spirit of aggression appears to have died. Welcome Canada into the Union, if she came of her own accord, the Americans no doubt would. They would be strangely wanting in wisdom if they did not; for she would bring them as her dower not only complete immunity from attack and great economical advantages, but a political accession of the most valuable kind in the shape of a population, not like that of St. Domingo, Cuba, or Mexico, but trained to self-government, and capable of lending fresh strength and vitality to republican institutions. It is true that, slavery having been abolished, the urgent need of adding to the number of the free States in order to counterbalance the extension of slavery in the councils of the Union no longer exists; but there are still in the population of the United States large elements essentially non-republican—the Irish, the emigrants from Southern Germany, the negroes—to which, perhaps, may be added a considerable portion of Southern society itself, which can hardly fail to retain something of its old character while it continues to be composed of a superior and inferior race. Against these non-republican elements, the really republican element still needs to be fortified by all the reinforcements which it can obtain. Welcome Canada, therefore, into the Union the Americans no doubt would. But that they have the slightest inclination to lay violent hands upon her, that such a thought ever enters their minds, no one who has lived among them, and heard the daily utterances of a by no means reticent people, can believe. Apart from moral principle, they know that, though a despotic government may simply annex, a republic must incorporate, and that to incorporate four millions of unwilling citizens would be to introduce into the republic a most dangerous mass of disaffection and disunion. That the Americans have been litigious in their dealings with Canada is true; but litigiousness is not piracy; and, as we have already said, the real object of their irritation has not been Canada, but England. The Monroe doctrine was held by Canning as well as by Monroe; and, irrespectively of any desire of aggrandizement, the intrusion of an American power here would probably give as much umbrage to England as the intrusion of the English power in their own continent gives to the people of the United States. That the Americans would feel pride in behaving generously toward a weaker state, will appear credible only to those who have seen enough of them to know that, though supposed to care for nothing but the dollar, they have in reality a good deal of pride.

As an independent nation, Canada would, of course, be at liberty to negotiate freely for the removal of the customs-line between herself and the United States, and for her admission to all the commercial advantages of her own continent. At present not only is she trammelled by imperial considerations, but it can hardly be expected that the American Government will place itself on a lower international level than that of England by treating with a dependency as a nation, especially as there are constant intimations that the dependency is retained and is being nursed up with the view of making it a rival power to the United States, and thus introducing into the continent the germs of future jealousy, and possibly of war.

That Canada can ever be made a rival power to the United States—that, if she is only kept long enough in a state of dependence, there will be an indefinite increase of her population and her strength—seems to be little better than a rhetorical fancy. The barrier of slavery being removed, the set of

population is likely to be, not towards the frozen north, where the winter, besides suspending labor and business, eats up the produce of the summer in the cost of fuel, but towards those countries in which warmth is provided by the sun, and work may be carried on during the whole year. The notion that the north is the natural seat of empire seems to have no more solid foundation. It is apparently a loose generalization from the success of the northern tribes which conquered the Roman Empire. It is forgotten that those northern warriors had not only been hardened by exposure to the full severity of the northern climate, but picked by the most rigorous process of natural selection. Stove-heat is not less enervating than the heat of the sun. But a nation Canada, so far as we can see, might have been, had the attempt been vigorously made at the propitious moment, when, owing to the effects of the civil war in the United States, the balance of prosperity was decidedly in her favor, when her financial condition appeared immensely superior to that of her neighbor, and when the spirit of her people had been stirred by confederation. The opportunity was allowed to pass, and, in all probability, it will never return.

A movement in favor of nationality there was—one which had a twofold claim to sympathy, because it was also a movement against faction and corruption, and which, though it has failed, has left honorable traces on public life. But it was not strong enough to make head against the influences which have their centre in the little court of Ottawa, and the attacks of the lower class of politicians, who assailed it with the utmost ferocity, seeing clearly that the success of the higher impulse would not suit their game. Moreover, the French province interposed between the British provinces of the east and west, is a complete non-conductor, and prevents any pulsation from running through the whole body. It must further be owned that, in industrial communities, the economical motives are stronger than the political, and that the movement in favor of Canadian nationality had only political motives on its side. Perhaps the appearance of a great man might after all have turned the scale; but dependencies seldom produce great men.

Had the movement in favor of nationality succeeded, the first step would have been a legislative union, which would in time have quelled sectionalism, and made up for the deficiency of material size and force by moral solidity and unity of spirit. Canada, as was said before, is hardly a proper subject for federal government, which requires a more numerous group of states and greater equality between them. Confederation as it exists, we repeat, has done little more than develop the bad side of democratic government. A project is now on foot for a legislative union between Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island; but this will only make matters worse by reducing the number of important states to three (Manitoba and British Columbia being in the merest infancy), two of which will be always combining against the third. That there would have been opposition to a legislative union of the whole of Canada on the part of Quebec is more than probable; but Quebec, if she had been handled with determination, would most likely have given way.

Canadian nationality being a lost cause, the ultimate union of Canada with the United States appears now to be morally certain; so that nothing is left for Canadian patriotism but to provide that it shall be a union indeed, and not an annexation; an equal and honorable alliance like that of Scotland and England, not a submission of the weaker to the stronger; and at the same time that the political change shall involve no change of any other kind in the relations of Canada with the mother-country. The filaments of union are spreading daily, though they may be more visible to the eye of one who sees Canada at intervals than to that of a constant resident. Intercourse is being increased by the extension of railways; the ownership and management of the railways themselves are forming an American interest in Canada; New York is becoming the pleasure, and, to some extent, even the business, capital of Canadians; American watering-places are becoming their summer resort; the periodical literature of the States, which is conducted with extraordinary spirit and ability, is extending its circulation on the northern side of the line; and the Canadians who settle in the States are multiplying the links of family connection between the two countries. To specify

the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible, however assured the event itself may be; and in the present instance the occurrence depends not only on the circumstances of Canada, where, as we have seen, there is a great complication of secondary forces, but on the circumstances of the United States. If the commercial depression which at present prevails in Canada continues or recurs; if Canadian manufactures are seen to be dying under the pressure of the customs-line; if, owing to the depression or to over-costly undertakings, such as the Pacific Railway, financial difficulties arise; if, meantime, the balance of prosperity, which is now turning, shall have turned decisively in favor of the United States, and the reduction of their debt shall have continued at the present rate—the critical moment may arrive, and the politicians, recognizing the voice of Destiny, may pass in a body to the side of continental union. It will be fortunate if a misunderstanding between the Canadian Government and Downing Street, about some question such as that respecting the pecuniary claims of British Columbia, which is now assuming such exaggerated proportions, does not supervene to make the final dissolution of the political tie a quarrel instead of an amicable separation.

To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse: it will be the introduction into the councils of the United States, on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic, of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war, her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength; probably she will gain a good deal of both. As to glory, we cannot do better than quote in conclusion the words of Palmerston's favorite colleague, and the man to whom he, as was generally supposed, wished to bequeath his power:

'There are supposed advantages flowing from the possession of dependencies, which are expressed in terms so general and vague that they cannot be referred to any determinate head. Such, for example, is the glory which a country is supposed to derive from an extensive colonial empire. We will merely remark, upon this imagined advantage, that a nation derives no true glory from any possession which produces no assignable advantage to itself or to other communities. If a country possess a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent, and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which (as we shall show hereafter) are the almost inevitable consequences of its political condition, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.'
—*The Fortnightly Review.*

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

I.

HIS REMINISCENCE.

Methinks I see it once again,
That sunset of the past,
The flood of slanting golden rays
Athwart the pine-trees cast.

I see the shady, sheltered nook,
Where you awhile would stay,
The lichened granite crag that rose
Above the quiet bay.

Before me rise the mossy rocks
With crests of plumy fern,
The very fragrance of the pines
Seems almost to return!

I hear the murmur of the wave
Upon the pebbly shore,
Soft plashing on the light canoe
And round the idle oar;

I hear the catbird's plaintive cry,
The cawing of the rook,—
The while you sat and sketched in haste,
With grave, abstracted look;

Until I spoke, at length, resolved,
At least my fate to try,
And hushed the beating of my heart
To catch your low reply.

That low reply changed life for me
From hope to long regret,
Swiftly, as fled the evening glow
When that bright sun had set.

All silently, across the lake,
Our bark retraced its way,
While the rich hues of wave and sky
Were fading into grey.

I rowed, you steered,—no spoken word
The woodland echoes woke,
Your white hand, dipping from the stern,
The quivering wavelets broke.

* * * *

I did not blame you ; well I know
Love may not be compelled ;
I would not take a heart that must
In golden links be held !

Nor do I murmur at the fate
That crushed my brightest dream ;
One day, perchance, our hearts shall know
Things are not what they seem !

Since then, my feet have wandered far
And wide, by land and sea,
And love ! I trust that life has brought
More joy to you than me !

For nothing, now the pain is o'er,
Can sweeter memories wake
Than this dry fern-leaf from the shore
Of that Canadian lake !

II.

HER REMINISCENCE.

'Tis just such a sweet June evening
As I remember well ;
But, in those old days, the sunset rays
With softer radiance fell,
And the balmy breath of the dusky pines
Breathed forth a faery spell.

They would not come without me here,
They wanted me, they said,
Nor could I tell them why so much
This sweet, lone spot I dread,
Because it seems to me to wear
The light of summers fled !

A time so bright and happy,
That now, indeed, it seems
A fair illusion, fancy-built,
Seen only in my dreams ;
A time when one watched here with me
The sunset's slanting beams.

Not many words, that evening,
Were spoken by us twain,
But sadly now their tones return,
Awaking sleeping pain ;
Oh sweetest hour in all my life,
That ne'er may come again !

He asked if I could love him
Enough his wife to be,
To leave all here I held so dear,
And cross the great wide sea ;
But strangely calm and strangely cold,
His accents seemed to me.

I could not feel he loved me,
For little then I knew,
How often may a surface calm
Hide love both deep and true,
As runs a current deep and strong
'Neath yonder waters blue.

They had called the English stranger
A prize for his lands and gold,
And I had said that love of mine
Should not be bought or sold ;
And my very heart seemed numb just then,
And my answer was brief and cold.

I know not what was spoken,
But he bowed a grave assent,
And backward, o'er the purpling lake,
Silent and sad we went ;
Ah ! how that breeze revives it all,
That waft of woodland scent !

The lake lay calmly sleeping
Just as it lies to-night,
And mirrowed back the quiet woods,
Soft in the evening light,
But my head was turned away, to hide
The tears that dimmed my sight.

Oh, had he only spoken
Once, as we crossed the bay,
How gladly had I then recalled
That rash and fatal 'nay'!
But *he* spoke not—*my* lips were sealed—
We parted—and for aye.

For, while a wild repentance
Was struggling in my heart,
He bade us all a calm good-bye ;
I silent, stood apart ;
But he looked away as he pressed my hand,
Nor saw the quick tears start.

No doubt *he* has forgotten
That sunset by the lake,
Lost in a new and happier love
That present joy can make ;
But still I think what life had been
But for that day's mistake !

But here comes little Alice,
And some one by her side
Whose words, I know, have waked the blush
She vainly tries to hide ;
May that sweet cup from her sweet lips
Be never turned aside !

Ah well, 'tis doubtless better,
Although the dream *was* dear ;
We know who orders every lot,
And *He* may make it clear,
How, yet, a higher life may bind
The links thus broken here !

FIDELIS.

THE BUGIS PRINCESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Bugis are a handsome race. They are of better stature than any other of the inhabitants of the great Malay Archiphelago. Their complexions are fairer and clearer, their limbs and bodies more symmetrical, and their features more intelligent by far. Mentally, they are equally superior. They are apt, clever, and docile, and at the same time, brave and faithful. Their women are often very beautiful, and affectionate to a fault.

The most charming woman I ever knew was Mrs. Fred. Harrington. She was a Bugis Princess. Her father was lord of the Dammas group, situated in the Arafura Sea. He was a wise and amiable native gentleman, as I, who knew him in his time of sovereignty, and again when evil days had fallen upon him, can bear witness.

In 1860, I was wrecked on the Dammas in a *biche-le-mer* trader, belonging to Melbourne. We struck at night, amid a driving rain and dense mist, on a reef twenty miles long, that connects the eastern Damma with Nila, which latter considerable island is claimed by the Malay potentate of Baba. It was not blowing very heavily—it never does in that region; but the reef is sharp and rugged coral, and the never ceasing swell relentlessly ground the poor little *Lisboa* at a rate that we soon perceived would leave nothing of her but splinters by daybreak. The crew began to show symptoms of falling back upon that absurd principle of 'every man for himself, and the devil for all,' on which they are so prone to place their dependence in seasons of extraordinary peril.

'Steady men, steady noo,' said old Joyce, our Scotch commander. 'Ye hear-r me! The first mon that breaks off on his own hook, I'll shoot him on the instant—mind that noo! Go orderly and quiet; and obey me and yere officers at a word. Mr. Norcross' (that's me), 'get out the boat, sir.'

We had four good boats—one a metallic life-boat. *Biche-le-mer* traders sail strong handed, and in ten minutes every one was afloat, equipped, and ranged under the weather side; for the swell that was cutting us so fast to pieces was rolling up against the wind. The brig was slowly falling over, deck to the swell; and we knew that as soon as she had gone far enough for it to burst over the rail, it would smash in the hatches and fill her. Hatches are not usually made strong enough; but the lazy vagabonds who have driven real sailors from our decks now-a-days dislike handling heavy ones; and so, for the sake of accommodating their indolence, ships universally sail without any protection worth the name for these oft exposed and vital points. For look you, friend legislator, with your little pet scheme for the 'further protection of our gallant and oppressed seamen,' it isn't merely the risk of a ship grounded on a reef, it is also the great and almost inevitable source of destruction to every vessel capsized by a back squall, or hove down by a sudden shift, in anything of a heavy seaway, and without which, the peril, though menacing, would be neither imminent nor unavoidable. You wonder at the many ships on Lloyd's dark list, opposite the names of which is written the melancholy note: 'Sailed—and never heard from.' Well, here's the key to the mystery of half of them, at least. However, this is a digression; for further ventilation of the subject, see Piddington's 'Sailor's Horn-book.'

So, with this danger threatening us, we worked nimbly. Half the crew were told off into the boats, as they were got out, to keep them clear of the side; then we proceeded to pass in the small arms and ammunition, the chronometers, compasses, and such like portable valuables; a selection from the trading-stock, which is money in those regions, and therefore the means of support; and two days grub and water. Then all hands got in—we pushed off, heading round under the stern, against the swell—and pulled away, keeping along the line of breakers for a guide, for, although the rain had ceased, the night was thick, and also keeping well together, the captain's boat leading. In about half an hour, we

made land, and lights, right ahead. We closed in cautiously, keeping an eye out for a safe landing place, not always so easily found on these islands; and we were strangers. All of a sudden, a canoe appeared on our starboard hand. There were four black figures in her, and in the stern a white one.

'By Jove,' said I to the carpenter, who was in my boat, 'that at least looks like a European's dress.'

Before he could answer, I heard the leading boat hailed, in good English.

'Hillo-oh,' answered the old man, promptly enough.

'Are you seeking a landing?' asked the new-comer.

'We are indeed, sir,' said Captain Joyce.

'Then be good enough to follow me,' said the stranger, pulling ahead, and about two points to the eastward of the course we had been steering. In ten minutes we passed through a narrow opening, having scarce width enough for the oars, into a small, still basin, and grounded on a smooth, shelving beach of white sand; the canoe of course coming on as well. Numerous lights, irregularly scattered up and down the heights which rose steeply from the beach, showed that we were near a pretty densely populated, though irregularly built town or village. And—oh, so well I remember it—the delicious perfume that loaded the night air! Involuntarily I murmured a line from the 'Lotos-eaters:'—

'Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.'

'*Apropos*, by Jove,' said the voice that had hailed us from the canoe. I turned, and beheld by the dim light a rather tall man, clad in the usual white linen of the European in the East, but of a cut and style belonging to some five years back, or more.

'We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,'

continued he, proffering his hand; and then apostrophizing me from Scott,

'Thy name and purpose, Saxon—'

for Saxon, at least, he must be who quotes Tennyson so readily.'

'Right you are, countryman,' said I, 'I'm a Saxon of American birth—a New Englishman—so please you—'

'None but a Yankee could have thought of that,' interjected he, with a pleasant laugh. '"New Englishman," *is* good.'

'My name,' I continued, 'is Norcross—'

'Of Northumbrian extraction, for a "pony,"' remarked he, giving my hand, which he still retained, another shake. 'Compatriot, I was born within two miles of that storied old north cross whence you derive your name.'

'Right again,' said I, returning his shake, 'though my grandfather's grandfather was the last of my branch of the family who saw it. And, to continue, my "purpose" is—to know your name.'

'Harrington,—"Fred," they used to call me, in Singapore. An *Old* Englishman, I, and very much at your service. Where is your ship?'

'Pretty much scattered over the waters of the Arafura by this time I fear. We struck on that reef to the southward, here.'

'Ah! I feared as much. Were you the captain?'

'Only second in command. Here he comes now. Captain Joyce—Mr. Harrington.'

'Eh, bless my saul!' exclaimed the old man. 'Ye're no wee Fred, wha used to sail wi' my auld freen' Jock De Bathe?'

'The same, sir. Ah, yes, Captain Joyce; I remember you well, sir.'

''Deed ye may—'deed ye may, sin' ye sailed wi' Jock. An' what are ye deein' here, Freddie lad?'

'I'm a resident, here, sir; and very glad of it now, since it enables me to offer you hospitality. Where are the rest of your staff, sir?'

'Here they are, lad; here they are.' And the second and third were duly presented. 'Now gentlemen,' said Fred, 'you must need food and rest. Please follow me—I'll see that your men are quartered too—this way—so you need'nt take any trouble about them.'

We climbed the steep height a short distance by a zig-zag path, and were ushered immediately into a neat and spacious bungalow, built after the general plan in the far East; though, of course, of ruder construction in matters of detail. A lady came forward to meet us. Such a lovely little creature—she was hardly five feet—with

large, soft eyes, olive complexion, the tiniest hands and feet, and hair that swept the floor. She was costumed like the mestizas of Manila. Placing her arm timidly within Fred's, she stood regarding us with artless, undisguised curiosity.

'These are countrymen of mine, my love. What do you think of them?'

'Zey is prettee mens,' was the childlike reply.

Never, since I was born, have I seen such a smoothing of shirt fronts and setting of neck ties, as seized upon our forlorn company, instanter! Even the gray, gruff old captain unconsciously 'put his best foot forward,' while I dolefully thought upon sundry white vests and glossy coats left in my berth aboard the *Lisboa*, to the 'wild rage of the swelling sea,' as I contemplated my unpoetical grey flannel shirt and tarnished ducks of *very* boom-tacklish cut.

'My wife, gentlemen,' said Fred, proceeding to present us each in due form. 'Now you see the reason why I have become a denizen of this island kingdom,' he laughingly added. 'To-morrow I will introduce you to my royal father-in-law.'

'Eh, ye seem to hae made yersel' comfortable, ay, even luxurious, in it,' said Captain Joyce. 'Hoo lang hae ye residet here, Freddie lad?'

'Six years, sir,' answered our host.

'Is he ze ship king?' inquired the Princess, pointing at the captain.

There was a stroke of unconscious irony in this artless translation of terms, that made us of the staff exchange some amused glances. Old Joyce had a pretty royal will of his own, as all who sailed with him were apt to discover.

'My wife has never seen any Europeans before, except myself,' observed Fred, apologetically, 'and she is naturally curious about you.'

'You surprise me,' I said honestly. 'I had really concluded Mrs. Harrington to be a Spanish lady.'

Fred cast me a grateful glance at '*Mrs.* Harrington,' and replied with some emphasis,

'She *does* look Spanish, I think. But the dress misleads you. She is Bugis—pure. I am teaching her English, and to read, write, and sing. Dressing she taught herself, and made her own selection out of a wardrobe I procured from Manila and Singapore. She has wonderful musical talent,' continued he, looking proudly upon the beautiful creature. 'It is my chiefest ambition, now, to obtain a piano for her.'

'Oh what a pity,' burst in young Dunraven, our third officer. 'I've such a nice little cabinet organ aboard the brig! and books, and music, and everything! I'm sure I should be *so* pleased to present them all to Mrs. Harrington if only they could have been saved. I'd go after 'em this minute, if there was any hope,' he added, looking appealingly to the captain.

'Tut! ye young goose,' said the old Scotchman; 'what could ye do out there in the night and surf? Bide till daylight, laddie; she's strong, an' I'll no say but her upper-works may hauld thegither for a wee. I'm gaun to see what can be done in the way o' salvage, as soon as day breaks. An' that minds me I maun hae some sleep—I was up a' last night. If ye'll show me a place for a snooze, Freddie lad, I'll be obliged to ye. And gentlemen, ye'd better be sleepin' too—there's work yet ahead for the morning, ye'll find.'

Acting on this significant hint we retired, but not before the Princess had presented us to her babies, a boy of four and a girl of two, whereat old Joyce came out strong in a hitherto unsuspected phase of character.

'Eh, the bonnie weans!' ejaculated he, catching the boy out of his bark hammock, tossing him lustily in the air, and catching him 'on the fall,' with the deft precision and gentleness of an adept. 'Eh, the bonnie wee mon! eh, the waly braw laddie,' shouted the old man, while the boy crowed out and kicked lustily, as he was tossed and hugged by turns—withal, or I mistake, something sparkled on the weather-beaten cheek as it turned to and from the light, but perhaps it was only a crystal of salt, left from the drying spray of the breakers, 'scaped erewhile on the treacherous reef.

The young mother looked on in ecstacy, clapping her hands and dancing with equal glee. Suddenly she caught up the girl, and placed her in my arms. Miserable me! It was just what I had been longing for; and now—well the man who won the elephant in the raffle was a fool to me. Had it been a fizzing bomb-shell she had

thrown upon my palpitating bosom, I could have made shift to do something with it; but a real live baby! I felt the cold sweat start out along my weakening spine, but durstn't move or breathe, lest I might hurt it, yet conscious that I must make some demonstration, for the 'maternal eye severe' was expectantly fixed upon me. So I attempted a whistle, which stark inanity Miss didn't condescend to take the slightest notice of, but lay there, letting her great black eyes wander over my face without the slightest appearance of interest in me or aught of my belongings. Still desperately conscious of the mother, I essayed some approaches to a kiss. Miss, evidently thoroughly aware, even at this early age, that admiration is her sex's privilege, regarded my vacillating head with unruffled placidity; but at last encouraged me by removing her finger from her mouth, and assuming a somewhat expectant expression. Then I raised her determinedly and succeeded in hitting her plump on the left dimple. I was rewarded by feeling both her chubby fists instantaneously lock themselves into my hair, a manœuvre which left me completely *hors de combat*, with no resource but to throw up the sponge incontinently. Fred seeing me entirely at the mercy of my antagonist, good-naturedly came to the rescue. At the same moment the Princess laid her little hand on my arm.

'You tink my babees pret-tee?' said she.

I endeavoured to make her understand that, in my view, 'prettee' was no word for it. She returned to the charge.

'You tink ze babees any bettare, suppose he have Ing-lis wife?'

I assured her it was a self-evident matter that the 'babees' in that case conldn't have been, by any possibility, half so good.

'You luf ba-bees?'

I made haste to assure her royal highness that 'ba-bees' had ever been with me an object of profound admiration.

'Zen you marry my sees-tare,' was the conclusive reply. 'I got pret-tee sees-tare. Oh yes—stop; morning I bring she—you see!'

Fred laughed outright. 'You will excuse my "gentle savage,"' he began—but the little lady's ear was quick for the simpler words of our tongue.

'Gentle safage,' she repeated. 'Zat iss me—Oreesa. Fred, you call me names, I will box you-ar ears!'

'If you can climb up to 'em,' began he, laughing.

'I can do zat,' said she, roguishly, reaching her little hands up to his shoulder; whereat he, in evident trepidation lest she should carry out her threat, placed his hands upon hers, saying hastily,

'No, no, my love, that would not be pretty.'

'Not pret-tee! Why I do zat efry day; you not before say "not pret-tee!" I climb cocoa-tree, oh yes—all same one monkee, ha, ha, yes—all so quick! I trow him down cocoa-nut; he not efer say "not pret-tee,"' she added by way of appeal to me. 'Fred lazee,' she continued. 'You lazee? ha, yes? Zen I tink all Ing-lis-mans lazee. You get Bugis wife; she climb; gif you plentee nuts. Good-night, lazee mans.'

CHAPTER II.

MORNING saw us at work. The swell had subsided almost wholly. The entire bottom was gone out of the unfortunate *Lisboa*, and her hatches were burst in, so that but a small part of her cargo could be saved undamaged. Nearly everything in the cabin, however, remained as we had left it, for she had not gone completely on her beam-ends. The guns also were accessible; the sails, cables, and so on; and we had the advantage of an immense reinforcement of men and canoes, sent to our aid by the king, who had visited us at daybreak. By nightfall we had stripped the wreck completely, and we had even succeeded in fishing up, by the help of the expert Bugis divers, a large portion of the submerged trading stock, much of which was of a nature not to suffer injury from salt-water, at all events in the eyes of the natives. The cabin furniture and all our personal effects, for the most part, were also landed unhurt, together with that cabinet organ, over which Dunraven rejoiced exceedingly.

The same evening he was duly installed as music teacher to the Princess, Fred's 'hand being out,' as he called it, from long disuse. 'Ze pret-tee sees-tare' was present this evening, and it was universally con-

ceded among us, that Mrs. Harrington had not overrated her charms. The young lady, however, was more conservative in matters of costume than her married sister, and appeared before us in the orthodox garb of the Bugis, which, I may remark, does not materially differ from that of mother Eve. Our hostess was a little scandalized, seeming to regard it as 'not pret-tee;' but honesty compels me to confess that I couldn't agree with her. The king also visited us, devoting himself assiduously to the captain, whom he appeared to consider his equal in rank, as well as years. In the course of the evening we discussed with Fred various plans for getting away, and, finding that abundant material was at hand, determined on building a small schooner of some fifty feet keel. There were several trading prohus of near that size, belonging to the island. Fred himself was the owner of three; but all were absent on a trading voyage to Dobbo, and could not be available for several months.

Next day we had an opportunity of examining Fred's 'improvements.' First among these, was the cultivation of sea-island cotton. He had succeeded, after many efforts, in procuring a small quantity of the true seed, and now had some four acres planted, to obtain a full supply, in a most promising condition; while his preparations for an extensive plantation in the next season were already well advanced, and concerning which, he had, with the aid of his wife, infused the liveliest interest in both ruler and people. He was also attempting the production of nutmegs and cloves, with cuttings obtained from Singapore, his own nursery already comprising upwards of three hundred thrifty young plants.

Old Captain Joyce was delighted.

'Why, Freddie mon,' said he (he dropped the patronizing 'Freddie *lad*,' from that time forward), 'ye're in a fair way to become a great planter! I ne'er saw sic cotton for length and fineness of fibre; ye'll be sure o' makin' Dammas cotton stand A 1 in the market wi yere vera first export. Why ye'll ship a hundred bales next year, mon; an' I'll call and tak it forward for ye. An' your cloves and nutmegs, why, gin ye escape the blicht that's ruined the Singapore plantations, ye'll brak doon the Dutch monopoly ere twenty years! Stick to it, mon, an' God prosper ye; ye're doin the haill warld a bonnie stroke o' service, forbye the elevatin' influence ye exert upon the puir folk aboot ye. Ye'll find it's a civilized community ye'll be amang, when the next generation grows up; tak the word of an auld observer o' men and things for that.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered Fred, thoughtfully, 'I trust I am, with the help of my wife, doing some good to the poor Bugis. I even think that I can already perceive signs of a lifting among the whole community. While I have resolutely abstained from attacking their faith, I can see that their fetichism is dying. My wife is already a better Christian than I am—and the king is no longer an idolater. That is much, but the mental improvement of the whole people, though individually small, constitutes something greater; and the silent influence of example has done it all. The Bugis are ready observers. They see my prohus make successful cruises, although no shark's-head idol is carried on board, a custom which my crews, to a man, have come to look upon with disdain; and although I never purchase a fair wind from the rain-makers, or employ any of their mummeries to insure the good-will of the gods, that their voyages are as rapid and as prosperous as those of the most devout. They see that my own fishing skill earns a surer reward than their witch-lines and their propitiatory sacrifices to the demons inhabiting the caves of the sea, and that good-fortune attends my planting, although I place no first-fruits in the temples, to be eaten by the priests on the sly. *Apropos* of that, I must tell you a "good thing" my wife related the other day. A young fellow who has worked in my garden of Chinese vegetables—my "kitchen-garden," as I call it—long enough to understand my methods pretty well, took a wife last spring, and started for himself with a patch of ground adjoining his father's paddy-fields. I gave him seeds of the yen, cucumber, lychee, squash, dragon's-eye, with sweet potatoes, yams, and so on, enough to plant his acres; and as he is a very industrious and careful fellow, his crops are coming on famously. There had been quite an unusual drought—which has ended, by the way, with the fog and rain which brought you upon the reef—and about a week since

his father paid him a visit, accompanied by the rain-maker of the district. "Now," said the latter, "your fields begin to look yellow"—a most manifest lie, but its audacity didn't affect my protégé in the slightest, since he had carefully watered his beds and rows every evening—"and you must have rain." "My father's fields look yellow," said Nattahsah—and truly enough, the old fellow's meagre rice looked pretty thirsty—"let him have rain." "He shall have rain," responded the priest; "he has just bought rain, and in a few days I shall bring him plenty." "Well," said my free-thinker, "when it falls upon my father's fields, it can't be possible but that some of it will come upon mine—and my crops require less than his—so his rain will do for both." "But you are not such a mean-spirited fellow as to take that benefit without paying for it, are you," said the cloud-compeller, quickly. "Has my father paid you," queried Nattahsah. "He has," replied the priest, "like the honest, pious man he is." "Well, then," returned the heterodox, resuming his hoe, "if the rain comes, for whatever few drops *I* may catch, I *will* settle honestly—*with my father*."'

'Upon my word,' said I, 'for cuteness your Nattahsah would match Salem Scudder.'

'Aye, or even Ritchie Moniplies,' added Captain Joyce.

'Well, I don't think it would discredit either of them,' assented Fred, laughing. 'I could multiply such instances,' he added, 'and of late their increase is marked. The conclusion they unmistakably point to, is, that the people's heads have grown above the underlying fog of superstition that clings like a morning mist in the pleasant valleys of these fair islands.'

'Is no that a figure ye've caught frae the Bugis, Freddie mon?' said Joyce, critically.

'Ah! really, I don't know, indeed,' answered Fred, in some surprise, at himself, perhaps. 'There does seem something native about it, now that I consider it; but it fell from me quite unconsciously.'

'Het's a sign of the reaction of the savage mind upon yere ain,' observed the old Scotchman, philosophically. 'An' its no that bad, no that bad, look ye. Ye say weel—"a mornin' mist." Ye came here, Freddie mon, i' the darkness; but the light, the blessed light, is breaking around ye, noo; and it'll no be lang, Freddie,' he continued, lowering his voice reverentially, while he looked above the eastern treetops, 'it'll no be lang ere the sun comes, an' then a' the mist 'll gang awa' forever.'

'In good time spoken,' said Dunraven to me, aside, giving the figure a different turn, 'for here comes the sun now.'

As he spoke, the Princess bounded among us, followed a moment after by her father and his favorite counsellor.

'Baba king send message to ze ship-king,' announced the little lady, getting her husband by the lappels, and tugging him down, in spite of his coyness and blushes, for a kiss.

'Aweel, my dear,' said the 'ship-king,' 'an' what diz he want wi' me?'

'Zey not tell me,' answered the Princess, standing on her husband's feet to make herself tall. 'Fred! I not stop grow yet,' shouted the colossus, making a sudden discovery, 'I be get mo ar nigh you ar mouf efry day.

"Ula, ila, ola, ee; Ros' eskleep in Ten-ah-see-ee, Ula, ila, ola, ee; 'neas ze wile pan-nah-na tree."

I sing zat good, Fred?'

'Yes, pet. When did you learn it?'

'Las' night. He' (pointing to Dunraven) 'sing it, play it wiz ze aw-gon. I learn. Zat good?'

'Yes, you clever little girl.' And Fred gave her a little surreptitious hug.

'Zat not prettee,' said she, revengefully; and springing away, landed opposite me. 'Well,' she said, 'you tink my prettee sees-tare not prettee?'

'Oh no, indeed, ma'am. I think her very pretty.'

'Well, by-by you marry she?'

'Oh—oh—I—I don't think she will like me. Would'nt look at me last night.'

'Why you tink zat? Oh you don't know Bugis girls. Zey don't look at mens when mens look at zem. Oh zat nossing! I first see Fred, I want marry he right away, soon. My mozzare say, "Oressa, tink that pretty man?" I say, "no my mozzare, I tink white mans oglee—oh so oglee, I 'fraid." What I say zat for? Nobody know! Oh plenty time Bugis girl say "no," Bugis girl mean "yes." Wait! I spik my sees-tare, she tink you pretty man What she mean I tell you true.'

'Eh, the unconscious traitress,' said Captain Joyce, laughing till the tears ran. 'She exposes a' the secrets o' the sex as if they were naething at a'. Wadna' she mak' wark amang the fine dames at hame! Puir innocent, it's weel she's no there. She'd be murderit by them ere a sax month passed. Noo tell me, lassie,' said he taking her by both hands, 'ye wad like this lad to marry with your sister, wad ye?'

'Ye-es. You make him?'

'I canna say that, my dear. But tell me why do you want him to?'

The little creature cast such a wistful look at her husband.

'Fred lonesome,' she said. Then, with an imploring glance at me, 'If he marry my sees-tare, he stay; zen Fred have compa-nee. Oh I know. Sometimes he sick for Ing-lis man compa-nee. Zat make me cry—my pret-tee Fred.'

'I kenned it fine,' said the Captain, looking round upon us. 'Eh, the sweet selfishness o' the little angel—her ain sel' lost in the man she lo'es. Ye may weel say, Freddie mon, that yere wife is a better Christian than yer'sel. Weel gentlemen, for a' that I can say, ye'll gang hame, and marry amang oor artificial dames that'll love yere vera pockets till distraction sae lang's they can pay the milliner bills, an' be civil til yersels sae lang's ye discreetly gie them room for flingin' and flirtation. But an ye'll tak' the friendly advice o' an auld farrant dog that kens baith sides o' the warld far better than he likes them, ye'll look about ye noo, and see if mair o' the likes o' this winsome lassie are not to be found amang this simple folk here. Were ye my boys, by my soul, I'd gar ye do it! But wha's yon, comin' hither?'

'Wha's yon' proved to be the embassade from the monarch of Baba. Their errand was nothing less than a claim for one half the goods rescued from the *Lisboa*, on the plea that the vessel was wrecked on Babanese territory. The one grain of truth in this modest demand was, that we grounded about a mile and a half nearer to Nila than the Dammas!

We looked for a whirlwind from the 'old man,' when this was delivered, *ore rotundo*, in sonorous Malay. But he was calm as the 'whirlwind's heart of peace.'

'Is that all?' he sarcastically replied, in he same language—of which he was perfect master. Turning to Fred, he observed: 'There's a missioner o' a different stamp frae yoursel' amang thae thieves, Freddie mon. Wha the deil has pit rights o' waif, jetsam and flotsam, and a' oor infernal code o' legalized piracy intil the heids o' thae black ravagers?' Then to the envoys: 'And what if I refuse?'

'Our master will come and take all,' was the cool reply.

'It is well. Your master needs a lesson. Let him come.'

CHAPTER III.

I NEVER passed a more enjoyable time in my life, than the three weeks that followed. Our new craft, the *Little Lisboa*, went forward swimmingly, while we gained much leisure by leaving the details of her construction to the carpenter and the skilful native prohu-builders. The king monopolized the captain; Fred chose me for the companion of his saunterings forth, and together we explored the whole group thoroughly, sometimes accompanied by the pretty child-woman who 'owned him,' as Dunraven phrased it. This every-day contact with the people gave me the guage of her true position and influence, and taught me to respect her as a woman performing an important life-work, under a dominant sense of duty, and possessing a positive genius for her unique position, while amused with her child-like simplicity and innocence of our conventionalities. She thoroughly understood her subjects and her husband. She was an interpreter in the most elevated sense, communicating to her own barbarous people the higher ideas of civilization of which Fred was the representative, as lofty in their eyes as Moses was to the Hebrew slaves in Egypt, and but for his wife a thousand times more inaccessible and isolated. What his Hebrew blood, language, and, in a word, *oneness* with the people he was commissioned to elevate, did for the great lawgiver, that Oreesa was doing for the young pioneer of progress. And yet doing it unconsciously. Unconsciousness is the soul of charm. That beautiful, that grand unconsciousness —well, this is why I said at the outset of my story that Mrs. Fred Harrington was the

most charming woman I ever knew. She fulfilled this high function as simply as she tended her babies.

It was through these rambles, and the close communing with my friend which they led to, that my mind was made up to become a sharer in his work; and I determined, after one more indispensable visit to Singapore, to return and join him. Ah, 'man proposes and God disposes.' But I must not anticipate. It was not that 'ze pret-tee sees-tare' at all influenced me. Yet she, too, was pretty, artless, and amiable. But she lacked the indefinable charm of the lovely Princess. Ah, I may tell you the truth now—though I knew it not myself until many years had rolled away. Slowly, slowly, I made the discovery, unsuspected at the time, that it was my friend's wife whose influence had decided me.

Was it well ruled otherwise? Might treachery and shame have come of it? I cannot think so. Though I recognized in Fred an Arthur, though I could have been a second to him, like Lancelot, Oreesa was no Guinevere.

Was it love? No. It was something that neutralized love. I have never married, neither has my comrade Dunraven. Amidst his thoughts, as in mine, she wrought a new ideal. A rare one it must be, too; for we have never found its embodiment. We meet occasionally—we have each long sailed his own separate command—and compare notes, as bachelors hard aboard of forty only may do. Let our conversation at our last meeting give a key—if it can.

'Married yet, Tom,' said I, after the usual greetings—the jokes about increasing rotundity, denundations of the cranium, and so on.

'Divil a marry'—Dunraven is an Irishman, which makes the fact all the more remarkable. 'And you?'

'Single whip, still, my boy. I haven't found her yet.'

'Nor I. The divil's in the luck, for I've looked with all my soul these fifteen long years, and not a sign of anything near her greets my eyes.'

'Tom?'

'Dick?'

'I'm about giving over the chase. Time's near up with us.'

'I'm thinking you're right for once.'

'Tom Dunraven, you fell in love with Fred Harrington's Bugis Princess! You know you did.'

'Dick Norcross, fifteen years ago I'd have knocked you down for hinting the like. I could'nt do a thing so disloyal to poor Fred.'

'Well, I know the truth of that myself. But what ails you then?'

'Faith, the same thing that ails you. We fell in love—the both of us—not with her, *but with what she was like.*'

'You've hit the right expression old boy! But, Tom—sometimes—sometimes that's a distinction without a difference.'

'Never! old shipmate, with gentlemen! With a true, loyal friend there is ever a difference—a safe difference, mind you. And it's a great difference, because it's *enough.* You have a fine ship here—my very ideal—and I'm just now unattached. What of that? I don't go about to get her away from you—no; but I'll hold off till I can get one like her; failing that, and since we are compelled to have *some* ship, then one as near like her as may be. But we are *not* compelled to have a wife, thank God! Fill up—pass me the sherry. Here—here's to the Nameless Woman, whom, I fear me, we are destined never to see this side of the final sunset, old core of the mainstay.'

I need hardly say, after this relation, that Dunraven also intended to return with me. Our honest, open admiration of his wife, Fred readily saw, and appreciated correctly. I thing it pleased him. It always flatters a man to endorse his taste and judgment. The little unwitting polyandrist herself dropped her match-making notion concerning 'ze pret-tee sees-tare,' after our intention was communicated to her. It was neither for her own, nor her sister's, nor anybody in the world but Fred's sake, that she wanted us; and, assured of our return, she was satisfied; indeed, seemed all the more pleased that it was without any other inducement than what we found in him that our course was decided upon. 'Oh, you luf Fred plentee,' she said when, together, we acquainted her of it, 'and I luf you, I want kees you;' and immediately suited the action to the word She gave such tokens to us impartially, and not unfrequently—but it was only from Fred that she *took* them; she never *sought* a kiss but

of him. Is this a 'safe difference' always? A bachelor's dictum ought to carry weight on such a point, and I aver that the 'safety' rests mainly with the woman.

'A little speck of war rose on our horizon about a week before we were ready to leave. The Babanese viceroy of Nila, having evidently consumed the intervening time in preparation, made an armed demonstration toward carrying out his threat. He came with ten prohus of from thirty to fifty men each. The nature of their employment kept our crew always near the shore, and the surprise, if such was intended, was foiled by Captain Joyce before our ally could collect his forces to meet the invader. Our muster was thirty muskets and twenty Sharp's rifles. As the foremost prohu entered the narrow passage, the fire of the latter opened upon her. In five minutes, without men to man her oars, without a single head other than dead ones showing above her gunwale, she went drifting back, disabled, Such range, rapidity, and precision was so appalling to the Malays that not one of the others attempted to enter; but, taking the derelict in tow, they steered back, plying sail and paddle lustily, for their own shores. Before the Bugis prohus could be collected and manned, they had got so much start as to render pursuit inexpedient.

The *Little Lisboa* being at last completed, we put on board the guns and stores saved from the wreck, leaving on shore, however, the greater proportion of the rescued trading stock, for want of space, and, gaily bidding our new friends adieu, set sail at noon with a favorable breeze and smooth sea, bearing a host of commissions from Fred and the Princess, to be executed at Singapore. It had been arranged with Captain Joyce that the new schooner was to be turned over to me, after arrival, with which Dunraven and I were to return. Captain Joyce had also decided on retiring from service and returning home, after reaching Singapore and recovering the insurance on the *Lisboa*. Our new schooner proved a good sailer, slipping along over a tranquil sea, notwithstanding her deep lading, at a very satisfactory rate, and all went well until midnight. But then the wind changed, drew ahead, and before daybreak it had increased to a stiff gale, with a sea that, although it had been of small account to her namesake, proved threatening to the little craft in her overburdened condition. Noon came, and found us still struggling to the westward, when suddenly it was discovered that the severe laboring had caused her to spring a leak. There was no resource but to bear up and run back, both to lessen the leakage and to regain the Dammas for repairs.

Twelve hours brought them in sight again, but now the group lay well to the southward, and the height of the pursuing sea rendered scudding still imperative. Knowing that the slight gales of this region soon 'blow themselves out,' the captain determined to run before it until it was broken. This took place on the next day, and then our observations showed us ninety-six miles east and thirteen north of the northernmost of the group. We hauled up on the starboard tack, and summoned our patience to the trial of beating back over the lost ground. Delayed by the baffling airs and calms that followed the storm, nearly a week had passed ere we sighted them again. By noon we had neared the narrow passage leading into the little cove. Heading for this, the first thing that struck our eyes was the conspicuous absence of Fred's bungalow. Surprised and concerned, our glasses were in immediate requisition; and then we discovered that the building was reduced to ashes, the fire still smouldering in the ruins.

'Eh, gentlemen, here's a bad job,' said old Joyce. 'They've let the bungalow catch fire. I warned Fred mair than ance that his servants were too careless at cooking time.'

Brandon, our second, had the quickest eye in the ship. Quietly, according to his taciturn wont, he had been examining in detail the whole slope.

'Captain Joyce,' he now said, 'there is scarcely a house or hut standing. Some are torn down, some are burnt, and the remainder seem more or less injured. Are the gales here ever severe enough to do such damage?'

'Weel, I hae kenned a hut or twa to be blawn doun on the Arroos, but never sic mischief as this. Get out your sweeps there, lads! what the deil ails the boatie, she moves like a snail. Ay, that maun be it—they have had the gale stiffer than we had, belike, and some o' the shelties hae blawn into their ain fires. Call away

the dingee wallahs, Mr. Dunraven, I'll pit ashore quicker so. Mr. Norcross, ye'll bring the schooner up to the auld anchorage and come-to* as soon as may be.'

Stepping over the low gunwale, he was gone. Within three-quarters of an hour I had come-to, according to orders, with the brig's kedge, which formed the working anchor of our liliputian cruiser. The sails were no sooner down than Captain Joyce appeared on the beach, accompanied by a native, who proved to be Nattahsah, and hailed in a voice like thunder.

'Mr. Norcross, two boats an' the twenty rifles, quick! Give Mr. Dunraven charge of one boat an' ten o' the people. Mr. Brandon, get the schooner ready for action.'

In five minutes we were beached beside him. 'Let the oarsmen remain in the boats. Tumble ashore, riflemen. Now, Nattahsah, lead the way!'

'For God sake, sir,' said I, coming beside him, scarce able to control my agitation, 'what is wrong?'

'Soul o' my body, Norcross, lad, ye may weel ask.' The old man's 'gude braid Scot's' always came at its 'braidest' when he was under excitement. 'Ilka thing is wrang! It's that infernal, murdering, ravagin' vairmin, thae reptiles o' the treacherous heart an' poisoned creese frae Nila, hae been here sin' we ben gane. Here last nicht they were—a nicht surprise ye'll see. God d— forgie me I mean—I'm nigh brakin' oot again—an' they hae murderit an' laid waste amaist the haill kintra! I ran up to where was the bungalow, and what d'ye ye think, lad, was the first sicht to greet me? What but the pretty sister, wi' her bonnie neck slashed across, an' the innocent heart howkit out of her sweet bosom wi' ane o' thae jagget Malay creeses! Heech, it made me cry, mon, teugh auld dog as I am, and swear too, God forgie me, me that—eh, mon, hauld up! what's wrang wi' ye—why lad, I didna' think ye cared for the puir lassie.'

'The Princess,' I said, 'and Fred?'

'Ou, safe by last accounts—we're gaun to seek them. While stannin' there, cursin' mair than prayin' I fear, wha comes rinnin' ower the ruined cotton plantation but Nattahsah, here. His ain wife is murderit too, puir lad, and his fields laid waste; an' frae him I got the haill story. Eh, waefu' waefu'! There's but a hanfu' o' the puir Bugis left. The Princess an' Fred an' the king, wi' twa or three followers, got away northerly, an' Nattahsah thinks they hae gotten across by the ledge till the north-easternmost island—it dries at half-tide, he says—still he disna' ken but thae cursed Malays hae gane there too. Ye mindet to bring plenty o' ammunition, did ye, Mr. Norcross; I'm fain to gie them a dispensation frae the rifle's muzzle, gin we come athart ony o' them, that 'll leave them ferrem believers in the efficacy o' the gospel accordin' to St. Shairp.'

Nattahsah led the way around the shore, avoiding the table of the isle, after crossing the promontory that formed the eastern side of the harbor. The beautiful shell-strewn beach, here open to the sea, I knew so well—it had been a favorite walk of ours. It runs in one unbroken, perfect curve, for about four miles, when the ledge that connects with the north-easternmost member of the group interrupts its uniformity. This ledge is five miles long, and as Nattahsah said, dries at half-tide.

Arrived in sight of the north-eastern isle, we discovered the masts of a number of prohus lying around at nearly high-water mark. But we discovered also, what indeed we might have thought of had we been capable of calmer consideration, that the tide was flowing, so that it would be impossible to reach the other island before the ledge would be covered. The error was easy to retrieve, however—we were yet scarcely a mile from the cove—a man was sent back to order the boats around, and we pushed rapidly on over the smooth, firm beach, reaching the head of the ledge in half-an-hour. Here we halted perforce, until the arrival of the boats, exercising what patience we could, and endeavoring to discern, with unaided eyes—for our glasses had been left aboard—any traces of our friends. It was vain, of course; at such distances we could perceive nothing smaller than trees or rocks, and no sign of any living creature rewarded our anxious scrutiny.

But suddenly one of the men, who had clambered up to a place of out-look on the steep bank, called out:

'Captain, I believe there's something

*A nautical contraction for 'come-to-anchor.'

moving on the ledge; coming this way, too, sir!'

In a twinkling, Joyce, Dunraven, and myself were beside him. The long, brown causeway stretched away in a smooth, straight line before us, sharply defined by the green sea on either side, and the fringing foam at the edges; but at first we could perceive nothing.

'Thereaway, sir,' said the man; 'there where the high part swells up in the middle of the reef—there are two—I see them plainly now, sir.'

'Mon, but ye hae an eye like a Red Indian or a Bedouin Arab,' said Captain Joyce. 'Eh, sirs—no—but I do; deed there is—he's richt. Noo gentlemen, who can they be? I'd gie a picul o' tortoise-shell noo, just for a minute's loan o' my ain glasses.'

'Whoever they are,' said I, 'they'll have a scramble to fetch before the tide overflows the low-lying part of the ledge, here near the shore.'

'They can't be Malays,' said Dunraven. 'If they had any occasion to cross by the ledge, there'd be more of them than that. They must be Bugis.'

I remembered the powerful field-glasses Fred used to carry on our rambles, and cried out,

'They must be messengers from Fred. He has seen us coming up the beach, with with his Simpson, and perhaps divined our having been forced back in the heavy weather—at all events, our compact march and the gleam of our arms would tell him that we are Europeans, at least. They must have started three-quarters of an hour ago at least.'

'Ye're right, Mr. Norcross; ye're surely right,' said the old man. ''Deed ane o' them may be Fred himsel'. Eh, waesucks, for my glasses.'

They were rapidly drawing nearer. They had crossed the swell and were beginning the descent of the hither slope; we were just congratulating ourselves that they were safe to escape the tide, when we observed them to stop, apparently busied with something at their feet. This renewed our conjecturing, and presently our trepidation; but at last one got up, and started forward with increased speed, leaving the other, sitting down, seemingly to wait.

'This pits us a' asteer again,' said Joyce. 'Why ony man, in the face o' that on-coming tide suld coolly sit doon in that manner, passes me.'

'Sprained an ankle, sir, perhaps,' said I.

'Why even then he could still hobble,' was the reply. 'Na, na, it canna' be that, it canna' be any weakness, or sudden exhaustion frae wounds or the like, for then he'd *lie* doon, not sit. But the ither comes on fast enough for twa. He's a laddie, methinks, frae his size—ay, and he's runnin' tap speed, only mark ye hoo his legs twinkle! Let's go doon, let's go doon an' meet the boy—eh, its his father, yon, perchance; aiblins gane daft frae the trouble, puir fellow, an' refuses to gang farther.'

The tide was flowing between us by this time, a shallow but wide and rapidly broadening stream. The fugitive reached it before we did, dashed in, gained the midst of the waters where mid-leg deep, before we recognized, in the supposed boy, the beautiful Oreesa. Accustomed to see her only in the long, flowing 'saya' of the Spanish half-breeds, her skirts, 'kilted' for speed, had deceived us to the last moment, both as to sex and identity. She crossed the flow just as we reached it, and flung herself into the captain's arms, panting, in the last degree of exhaustation.

'My pret-tee Fred,' she gasped, pressing her hand to her side, while the fearful, dangerous rate at which her heart was throbbing, was painfully perceptible through her bodice.

'Yes dearie,' said he, soothingly, 'our pret-tee Fred, sweeting; an' what though? Tak' breath noo, ye puir fluttered birdie—where is he then?'

'Oh quick—ze sea come—zat Fred—he got—he foot not move—ze great cockle—got foot—' she gasped spasmodically.

'Ah, merciful God!' groaned the old man, in a voice thrilling with horror; 'not that, oh, not that! Gentlemen, fly, fly doon the beach, and look if e'er a boat is nearing ava'.'

Flinging down our weapons, we rushed off, burst around the curve, and beheld the boats a league or so below. We tore down the beach like madmen, shouting, and waving them to pull in; nor did we stop until we met them as their bows grated on the sand.

'Go and take up the captain, Mr. Dun-

raven,' said I; 'I will push on at once for the reef! Give way men! Mr. Harrington is caught on the reef, and surrounded by the tide.'

The crew looked at me one pulse-beat, with eyes dilating with horror. Their necks, arms, and backs reached aft in one simultaneous swing, the broad blades took deep hold of the water, and the boat fairly lifted to the mighty impulse that followed. Away we spun, Dunraven not an inch behind, and we felt our hearts lighten with every stroke. In fifteen minutes we were abreast of the captain's position, and saw with renewed alarm that the reef was already covered. Dunraven steered in to take him off; I held on the tremendous pace we had started with, but in a moment we shot into the strength of the tide, which set dead against us. Still my men did not flag, although the tropic heat was telling fearfully. I rose in the stern-sheets; Fred was standing now—knee deep—a speck in the foaming waters. I looked at the rushing tide, and groaned to see how our speed was lessened.

'Don't fear, sir,' said the stroke oarsman, 'we'd drive her up a mill-race for his sake—but if you'd wet us down, sir.'

The hint was enough. I seized the baling-dish and drenched my brave panting fellows with shower after shower of cooling brine. We tugged through the race at last—it was only in the channel near the island that it ran with such velocity, over the central portion of the reef it set with much lessened speed; yet I could perceive that it was already becoming difficult for Fred to maintain his feet, and the water had reached above his hips. I thought of the sharks, of the monstrous constricting conger, of the gigantic sepia, with which the reefs of the Malay Archipelago abound, and looked around for weapons. Nothing more effective than the boat-hook and the small, thin-bladed sheath-knives of the oarsmen were in the cutter. But in another moment we had reached him. We shot to windward, dropped the anchor, and slacked down to him, stern on, by the cable. At our approach a swarm of small gar-fish, borers, eels, and water-snakes shot off and left him, but many remained, seemingly entangled in his clothing. He held up his hands an instant—both were bleeding from their attacks—and then renewed the struggle, tearing them from his side.

'Oh, Norcross, rid me of these vermin!' he cried, in a tone that pierced my soul.

In an instant every hand was stretched to pluck them away. I drew out from beneath his ribs, a borer buried beyond the neck in his flesh—it curled back towards my hand—but I smashed its hideous square head to a mummy with a whirl against the gunwale.

'The boat-hook, the oars, men,' I shouted, 'pry his foot clear, quick, before anything worse comes!'

'You cannot do that,' moaned the sufferer, 'oh, you do not seem to know it is a great cockle—I trod upon it incautiously, and it has closed it's huge valves upon my ancle—see!'

The water was as clear as crystal. His foot was completely hidden in the clinch of an enormous shell-fish, resembling an oyster. So nearly were the fluted edges closed that I could not get an oar-blade between them.

'Unless you have a cutlass in the boat you cannot free me. Did not Oreesa reach you long ago?'

The implied reproach cut my very heart.

'She did,' I said, 'but the boats were far below; we had to go back for them.'

'*She* is coming?'

'Oh yes; the other boat is almost here.'

'Thank God! Dear friend, I am past help—I am cut to pieces below the waist—but I want to die in her arms. Oh Dick, Dick, the horrible lone struggle with those torturing myriads! Can't you list the gunwale a little lower—let me rest my poor arms about you till she comes. Hold me closer, old fellow, I grow fainter—oh Dick, dear Dick, how cruelly I suffer! Will she be much longer?'

I could not see for tears—I could not answer for sobs. But then came the sound of the oars. His quickened ear caught it too, and a smile broke over his poor pain-wrung features, as he raised his head from my breast, and strove to turn in its direction.

Then I got voice enough to shout, 'a cutlas, here, quick!'

The next moment the two boats rasped together, he was transferred from my arms to Oreesa's—the poor child crying, 'Safe, safe,' and showering her kisses upon the

pale face, while I seized one of the dozen cutlasses, leapt under the water with open eyes, thrust the long blade into the narrow slit, found and divided the huge cartilage, the enormous valves fell helplessly back, and he was free. Even beneath the sea, I heard the cheer that followed.

Instantly Captain Joyce headed for the shore. I was delayed a little in recovering my anchor, but soon followed. Fifteen minutes were sufficient to reach it, pulling with the tide. I saw them land, lift Fred and the Princess out, and carry them up the beach to the soft, white, sun-heated sand, above tidal range. Scarce had they deposited their burdens, than I also reached the shore, leaped out, and hurried after.

'Fred,' I exclaimed, as I burst into the group, 'Fred ———'

'Ye maun ca' loud indeed to mak' him hear ye noo,' said Joyce, pressing his hands to his forehead. 'It's a' over, laddie—a' over,'

But the Princess looked up quickly at the sound of my voice, and a piteous smile of attempted self-deception crossed her lips.

'Ah, ye-es,' she lisped, in her childlike broken English, 'it iss you. He esleep—he so much tired—but I 'fraid to have he esleep now. You come here wiz me—call much loud—he luf you—you call, he spik; oh yes, you see—my pret-tee Fred!'

She was sitting on the sand, his shoulders lay across her lap, but her arms were around his neck, and his head was held against her bosom. Sharing for the moment in her feeling, I knelt beside him, shook him by the shoulder, and repeated my call. How wistfully she eyed me—what a look of tenderness she bent upon the silent face! Where I knelt I could hear her heart's terrible throbbing as distinctly as if my ear had been at her chest—the 'muffled march to the grave' was being fearfully quickened. Suddenly she bent and kissed him often, murmuring tenderly between. Then she looked up again quickly into my face.

"You call—he no spik'—she pressed a hand to her side, and spoke more slowly than her wont—'I kees him—he not kees me too! You tink he—oh no, he much, much tired. He no esleep las' night—he cry all day for ze ba-bees. You know ze Malayu kill my pre-tee ba-bees? Zey *was* pret-tee ba-bees; *you* say ze ba-bees more better zan one Ing-lis wife have. Ye-es, he all day walk, walk, walk; no eat, no esleep—now so plenty tired. Fred, Fred, my pret-tee Fred! you wake up once—spik once—Oreesa so much 'fraid—zen go esleep plenty long. Oreesa go esleep too, zen. Oh I tired too. You spik him once more—spik all same he long way off.'

I could not refuse. I did as she desired. She watched the face intently. Then she tried her kisses again, poor thing, with treacherous hope fast sliping from beneath her feet; uttering her fondling, half inarticulate sweet sounds the while; then suffered the head to decline into her lap, and raised her eyes to ours, looking imploringly, pleadingly, deprecatingly from face to face, while the corners of the beautiful mouth curved downward like a hurt child's, and the lips trembled, trembled,—poor, brave, overburdened, little heart!—parted, and the soft voice wailed forth in a tone of piercing appeal that bowed the strong men around her in an agony of pity.

'You do not tink him dead—you do not tink him de-ad? Oh my ba-bees dead—zat enough—oh *he* not dead, no, no, no, no.

And again she bowed her lips to his in another futile kiss.

'My pret-tee Fred'—her voice seemed stifled now—'you too esleepy—too tired for spik. Open you-ar eyes, Fred, leetle; Oreesa plenty much frighten now'—she removed her hands and clasped them tightly upon her leaping heart—'Oreesa sick, here! You not soon wake one leetle bit, Oreesa die; you bad Fred, frighten her so much.'

Then she slowly turned her face to me—the unearthly sadness of those terribly dilated pupils was that of Azraël's—holding forth her clasped hands in appeal.

'You—do—not—say—he—dead?'

I shrank before a question, to answer which was to kill. But I flung my hands towards the pitiless heaven, and cried in a voice that rang along the shore:

'Fred! can you not hear her? O Father which art in heaven, let him speak but once!'

She caught the holy name.

'Our Fa-thah which art in heaf-en—hallow-ed be zy name. Zy king-dom come—zy will—be—done ——.'

My head was bowed upon my breast—listening for the weakening, tender accents

that never came again, when a cry from Dunraven aroused me.

'Lift her, lift her—she is dying! Oh God! is this Thy mercy—this Thy loving kindness?'

'Hush laddie,' said Joyce, 'what ither wad ye ca' it?'

He raised her while he spoke. The beautiful eyes were set—the madly bounding heart was still.

N. W. BECKWITH.

MINERVA MOONSHINE ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THERE! I've written it. 'Minerva Moonshine on the Higher Education of Women.' It sounds well. I hesitated some time before I decided what to call my—oh dear! what shall I say next? Is this a letter, or an essay, or an effusion? How stupid I am! It can't be a letter, for, of course, if it were I should have begun, 'To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY,—SIR,—'

I suppose it may be termed an essay; and, as I have already stated, I could not decide at once what I should call it. Perhaps, 'Minerva Moonshine on Science and Philosophy,' would have been better, as I am really writing my experience in studying those subjects. I am going to put down my ideas as they come. I think being too particular and systematic destroys originality, and I have always been considered—perhaps I should not say it myself—'charmingly natural and original.' Reginald always says that my style is digressive, and that my remarks are not, at all times, relevant to the subject; but I find it very monotonous to be obliged to stick to the point, and and I am sure a great many people who make speeches, and *even* clergymen—I hope it is not irreverent of me to say so—evidently agree with me.

I became aware of the deficiencies in my own education some months ago. Reginald was reading aloud that very amusing book, 'Angelina Gushington,' and he came to the place where Angelina asks her father if he has 'gout in the abstract,' and he says, 'No, in the great toe.' Of course, I naturally asked what part of the foot the abstract was, but instead of answering my question, Reginald—very rudely, I still think—went into fits of laughter. I know now that it is not a bone or a muscle, but I did not get any information from him which made it clear to me; for when I told him that, instead of laughing at me, he had better explain what the word meant, he could only say, 'The abstract—why—the abstract is—well, my dear Minerva, in short—it is—in a few words—the—the abstract is opposed to the concrete.' I was not much wiser after his explanation, and I told him that his knowledge of the English language required improving as well as his manners. Of course, I only said it in my own playful way, but he knew that I was vexed, and said he was very sorry, and called me a 'dear little goose'—oh! I did not mean to write that, but I must leave it now, for I could not write all this page over again. After all, it does not matter much, because, though we are not engaged *exactly*, we—perhaps I had better not say any more.

That afternoon I read an article in a magazine, 'On the Higher Education of Women.' I always used to skip such things—I still think them a *little* dry—but I had made up my mind to begin a course of hard study, for I don't like to be laughed at. There was a quotation, in the essay, from Prof. Huxley. 'Let us have "sweet girl graduates" by all means. They will be none the less sweet for a little wisdom; and the "golden hair" will not curl less gracefully outside the head by reason of there being brains within.' Is not that touchingly expressed? I made up my mind to acquire 'a little wisdom' at once; though my hair is not golden and does not curl except a little on my forehead when I do it with a hot slate pencil, or sometimes a

pipe stem. Reginald calls it—I mean my hair—auburn, but Annie Fraser insists that it is red. Spiteful thing! However, I don't mind such little remarks now. Since I have begun to study philosophy, I have learned to bear them with equanimity. I was reading the other day, in a book called 'Sartor Resartus,' that—but I will first go to the library and get the book, because papa is always saying that women are never accurate, but if I copy it no one can say that it is an incorrect quotation. Here it is, in the middle of the 169th page. 'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou art my brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splentic humour: what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam-engine, would'st thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.'

There's the advantage of being philosophical! Now the next time I hear of Arabella Brown saying that I run after Reginald, how soothing it will be to feel that her remarks are caused by 'inverted sympathy'! I must confess that I found 'Sartor Resartus' a little—just a little—dry. 'The World in Clothes' and 'The World out of Clothes' were not nearly such interesting articles as I expected to find them; and 'Natural Supernaturalism' produced in me a state of mind which I can only describe as chaotic. The Professor discourses upon Time and Space in such a bewildering manner, that when I closed the book I was very doubtful as to Where I was or When I was. When he talks about clapping on a 'Time-annihilating hat,' and says that by simply wishing you were 'Anywhen,' straightway you might be 'Then,' or announces that 'Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*,' one really hardly knows whether one is living in the past, present, or future. Perhaps I should not say so, but I always tell the truth, and I *do* think that Mr. Carlyle is a little—no, *not a little* mystifying. I admire him vastly though. In his portrait on the first page he is leaning his head on his hand in *such* a touching attitude, and his eyes have such a beautifully philosophical, far-away-looking expression, as if he were really 'prophetically present in the Thirty-first century.'

What troubles me most is that every philosopher seems to have a theory of his own, which causes me to feel a great deal of that 'mental mystification' of which Angelina Gushington speaks. A short time ago, after I had studied the Unconditioned, the Infinite, the theory of Perception, etc., I quite agreed with her when she says, 'I now know that mind is different from matter—that mind is everything and matter nothing. That everybody thinks, but that nobody thinks about anything (like the jolly and philosophical young waterman who rowed along thinking of nothing at all) That the mind is always conscious, but is never conscious of anything. That all our conventional notions concerning seeing, hearing, and touching, etc., may be placed with fallacies long since exploded, since mental modifications account for all the phenomena of the so-called senses; that men and women ought properly to call themselves Egos, and the rest of the world non-Egos; that nobody is everybody, and everything is nothing.'

I think I have omitted a part of the quotation, something about idiots. Miss Simpkins borrowed the book the other day (I suppose she'll never bring it back!) but what I *have* quoted is quite correct I imagine.

Unfortunately, just as I had begun to get things comfortably—no, not exactly *comfortably*—settled in my mind, and had prepared myself to believe that 'everything is nothing' (I once heard of a man who believed that, but he afterwards said 'it was in his youth before he had the rheumatism'), and that 'the Universe is a mere flow of ideas and impressions without any subject to be impressed,' somebody advised me to read Prof. Tyndall's works. Then I learned that everything is matter, and mind is nothing, at least nothing but matter. Perhaps I did not understand what he meant, but if some learned men do not, what can be expected of poor little I? Oh! I should have said me! I must remember my grammer. I found the 'Atomic theory' rather interesting, because I could amuse myself by wondering which of my friends were composed of hooked and which of smooth atoms. There's something practical in that! I know *some people* who must be aggregations of very hooked atoms indeed. No one need think me spiteful; I have not mentioned names.

You see I am of a practical turn of mind, and know how to apply my knowledge. I used to prove everything by experiment, that is, when I was only beginning to study. I ran a pin into Reginald's finger one day, because I had been learning that one of the properties of matter is impenetrability, and I wanted to see whether it *really* entered his finger, or only displaced the particles. He says he's sure it entered. I know he made a hideous face and upset all my beads over the floor, he jumped so. He objects to being made a subject for experiments; but, of course, he has no enthusiasm. He does not like my 'cramming,' as he calls it; he says he has known men at college who crammed till their native wits got into such a tight place that they could never bring out an original idea, and that it was a warning to him. I must say he took it very kindly. I have taken his advice, though, about giving up philosophy, as I began to get, as he would say, 'awfully mixed.'

Chemistry was another study which made me feel very uncomfortable. It is very unpleasant to think of oneself as composed of salts, and gases, and things; one never knows when one may be dissolved or even exploded. Besides, it takes the romance out of life. I am glad Reginald is not a chemically disposed person; I should not like him to think of me as composed of so many parts of chloride of sodium, or phosphate of lime. I know there are a great many other dreadful things in us, but I can't remember them all. I had to give up Chemistry; it destroyed my night's rest. Instead of dreaming of people and things as I used, I began to have sheets of paper dancing before me all night covered with $3\ (KO_1\ C_2\ O_3) + Fe_2\ O_3\ 3\ C_2\ O_3 + 6\ H\ O$, and $C_{42}\ H_{22}\ N_2\ O_4$; or I would dream that I was talking to Reginald, and instead of words, $M + O\ C_{24}\ H_{19}\ NO_6$, 3 Pb O A would curl from his lips. I feared that my health would become affected. My complexion was actually getting quite 'muddy,' and I began to be afraid that I might lose that *delicately transparent* pink and white skin which has been—shall I say it?—so much admired.

On the whole, I cannot say that I have derived much benefit from my 'higher education.' I got on just as well in society, rather better in fact, before I became philosophical. I think it is quite true that men rather avoid girls who are considered a little 'blue.' I know young Simpkins never came near me at the Smith's party, and I believe it was because I asked him once whether he had read 'The Elements of Molecular Mechanics.' I never saw a young man look more dumfounded. I can't say that I had read the book myself, but it sounded well, and I thought it would be a good opening for conversation. I had read so much about the frivolous conversation of girls who have not received a 'higher education,' that I made up my mind to discourage 'small talk.' One cannot help feeling astonished at the blindness of many men on this subject. When so much has been written about woman being educated so as to become *really* a helpmeet for man, one wonders that every young man does not see the advisability of selecting as his companion for life a girl who could intelligently discuss with him all those intricate problems which agitate his mind. How interesting and how helpful it would be for a doctor, for instance, on his return home after a hard day's work, to find his wife both willing and anxious to discuss with him the subject of the foreign substance which entered Mr. Smith's internal auditory meatus, the inflammation of the outer tag of Mrs. Robinson's pericardium, or the condition of Miss Tomkins's ciliary processes. (I don't know what any of these things mean; I never could study physiology, it affects my nervous system). Men of other professions would, of course, derive equal benefit, but it is a lamentable fact that the majority of them do not seem to see it, and are therefore compelled to listen to such soul harrowing subjects as Mr. A's attention to Miss B, the bad taste of Mrs. C, or the latest scandal about Mr. D.

I have been told that many men discourage learning in women because of an erroneous idea that it will tend to lessen that admiration which every woman of well disciplined mind ought to feel for the intellect of the superior sex. (That's a good sentence!) There could not be a greater mistake. When I was a *giddy* young thing, though I had a decided preference for the society of the 'lords of creation,' I occasionally met one whom I (uncharitably, no doubt) called a 'muff.' Now, I regard

the most ordinary young man of 'culture' with reverence!

Of the learned women I have known, one wears spectacles, and nearly all display some idiosyncracy of manner or costume. One of my friends recently became so absorbed in the study of 'philosophical anatomy,' that she repeatedly forgot to order dinner, thereby causing considerable irritation in that special anatomical structure which she is pledged to 'love, honour, and obey.'

Do not suppose that I wish to say anything to the disparagement of higher education for women; that would be absurd, as I aspire to reach the highest summit of learning myself. I merely wish to demonstrate the superiority of the masculine intellect. For even an average young man, with his head full—of course every educated young man *has* his head full of—'lines and triangles, and all sorts of mathematical angles,' spherical segments, hyperboloids, destructive hypothetical syllogisms, complex constructive dilemmas, carboniferous systems, pleistocene deposits, centres of percussion, and dialectics of conscience, to say nothing of Latin, Greek, and all the ancients (dreadfully confusing things; I copied them all out of Tom's books; he only goes to the 'high school,' so what must 'a finished' young man's head contain!) can at times deposit them all in the substratum of his mind, and thus enable himself to bestow an intelligent attention on the parting of his hair, the cut of his collars, the choice of cigars, and such trivialities; thus exhibiting a range quite beyond that of the feminine intellect.

The mental agility also which he displays in descending from the heights of Peloponessus (perhaps that is not the right word, but I know it began with 'P' and ended with 'sus') to place himself on a level with—no, not really on a level with, but on a height not so far *above*—the feminine intellect, when he is making himself agreeable to the fair sex, the interest and adaptability which he evinces in engaging in conversation which he must consider frivolous, and the good-nature with which he hides his feelings, all exalt even a youth whom I should have considered commonplace and uninteresting in former days, to a position in my estimation which he never could have occupied before I appreciated the difficulty of engaging in the ordinary occupations and amusements of life, without permitting the mind to be too much distracted by those weighty questions with which the heads of all young men (of course I mean the young men one meets in society) are filled.

I hope no one will imagine for a moment that my severest studies have ever caused any eccentricity in *my* manner, or have ever prevented *me* from displaying that taste in my costume for which I have always been distinguished. Upon one occasion only has there been any confusion in my mind on *that* subject. I intended having my dress (it was a sweetly pretty thing in two shades of brown) made with a basque with inserted back gores, an adjustable Pompadour collar, *tablier* over-skirt with lengthwise puffs at the back, and underskirt with three rows of knife plaiting and two of shirring. I can scarcely believe it possible now, but when I went to the dressmaker I told her to make a long, plain polonaise, which is very unbecoming to my style, and to trim the skirt with bias bands. As I said before, it only happened once. I was studying astronomy at the time, and my mind was entangled between the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. Besides, when one soars amid millions and millions of miles and countless myriads of stars, it makes one feel so awfully small (I don't like feeling small, but I think astronomy would be a very beneficent study for *some* people) that the affairs (including dresses) of this mundane sphere seem of very little consequence. I have serious thoughts of giving up science as well as philosophy, for a time at least. I have just finished reading an article on 'The Astronomy of the Future,' in which it is stated that nearly all of the theories which I have been learning will in days to come 'be received with a smile of incredulity,' so I think I would rather wait till things get a little more settled. One certainly ought always to follow the fashion in science as well as in dress, and ask for 'the very latest thing out.'

Though I have found philosophy very sustaining under some circumstances, and have felt great interest in some of my scientific investigations, yet to a person of my vivid imagination and delicately refined sensibilities they are often a source of

great uneasiness. Indeed, the revelations of the microscope (ugh! I shudder even now when I think of the *horrid things*) quite took away my appetite. Every one, however, has not such a sensitive temperament, and I hope that no girl will be discouraged by my remarks (for am I not advocating the 'higher education of women'?) from entering the paths of knowledge, and thus rescuing herself from that vacuity of mind so prejudicial to herself and her country.

Papa says that I should have been 'more thoroughly grounded' before I attempted such abstruse studies, and that then I should not have experienced such confusion of mind. He is quite mistaken; even philosophers are not free from it; indeed I look upon the mystification which sometimes possesses my brain as an evidence of my appreciation of and sympathy with them. Papa has certainly some very unreasonable and old-fashioned prejudices. Of course I was 'grounded,' as he calls it, at school, where I learned history, and geography, and all such things.

Perhaps I should say for the benefit of any girl who may be afraid of losing her taste in dress from over-study, that there is nothing in the most intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancients, or with any other subject, which need prevent her adopting the manners and costumes of the nineteenth century. It only requires a mind (like mine) of sufficient compass to contain both. I was reading the other day in a novel, 'St. Elmo,' of a girl 'over whose head scarcely eighteen years had hung their dripping, drab, wintry skies and pearly summer clouds. She spent her days in pilgrimages to mouldering shrines (in books, of course), and midnight often found her groping in the classic dust of extinct systems' (very bad for her complexion). *She* was always well-dressed and beautiful. But how I do run on. I have read that 'most of the failures in life arise from an ignorance of how and when to leave off,' so as I do not want to be a failure, I will 'leave off.' Of course, I shall resume my writing. I have in my mind another article, which I shall call, 'Minerva Moonshine's Meditations on Man.'

SCHOOLS OF ITALIAN ART.

II. THE ROMAN SCHOOL.

"I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation and great labour and attention."—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS school, established in the 16th century, has for its characteristic, beauty of expression, added to that attention which it gave to form in common with the Tuscan school. It began and flourished under Raffaello, and most of the masters of this style were either his pupils or his imitators. Besides the 'Prince of Painters,' few were of much note, the best known being Romano, Barocci, Giovanni da Udine, Penni, Garafolo, Caravaggio, Il Sassoferrato, and Carlo Maratti.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO was born in the little town of Urbino in the Papal States, in 1483. He came of an ancient and moderately wealthy family. At an early age he showed indications of genius, and his father, so far from seeking to check them, and being himself a painter, was anxious to place the boy under the most celebrated master of the day,—Pietro Perugino. Perugino consented to receive him into the number of his pupils, and soon became astonished at the lad's precocity of talent, while Raffaello, as if he had no heaven-born gift of original thought, blindly followed the style of his master; so closely in fact did he imitate him, that, when they worked on the same

canvas, none could detect which was each individual's work. It is true, however, that unconsciously the master learnt from the pupil, and the pictures of Perugino dating from this period are remarkable for their increased refinement and expression. Raffaello remained with Perugino several years, but during that time he visited various places. In 1504 he first went to Florence, and in 1506 to Bologna, where he met Francia and confided to his care his picture of St. Cecilia, asking him to repair it when necessary and even to correct it. It is said that Francia died from grief at seeing himself so far surpassed in this painting. He had for some time desired to see some work of Raffaello's, and it is no wonder that he who had so long been sought after and admired, should be seized with pangs of jealousy at seeing himself thus excelled, and yet, how unlike Cimabue! It is difficult to conceive now-a-days, when the principles of art are so well known, that any one could actually pine away from lack of such knowledge, but we cannot help pitying him, and recurring to Lowell's lines.

'Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedless
Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.'

Florence seems to have been peculiarly fascinating to Raffaello; it was here he emancipated himself from the trammels of Perugino's style, owing to his introduction to the then newly thrown open Gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is impossible to estimate the education these wonderful gardens were to the students of art in those times, unless we bear in mind that up to that date models of antiquity were only to be found in the institutions of Greece, and painters had no opportunity of studying the nude human form. It was in Florence also that Raffaello became acquainted with Masaccio, Fra Bartolomeo, and Da Vinci, all of whom had their influence upon him. With regard to the last, Q. de Quincy says, 'It is impossible but that the bee of Urbino, in the elaboration of its industry, should, unconsciously if you will, have taken somewhat from the flowers of Da Vinci.'

In 1508 Raffaello was invited by Pope Julius II. to Rome, by whose order he commenced the frescoes of the Vatican, and by whom he was employed till the Pope's death. Leo X. also patronized him, but he progressed but slowly with his frescoes on account of the numerous other works he was engaged in at the same time, among which may be mentioned most of his Holy Families and Madonnas, his celebrated Cartoons, now at the South Kensington Museum, London, and the 'Transfiguration,' the last picture he ever painted. All these works, together with the frescoes in the Vatican, are done in Raffaello's third and best style, and are examples of the Roman school when it reached the summit of its development. The cartoons, originally ten in number, but now diminished to seven through three being lost, were designed for Pope Leo X. for the purpose of being worked in tapestry. They are drawn with chalk upon strong paper and coloured in distemper. For a long time they were left in a state of neglect in the warehouse of the Arras manufacturer, but were bought by Charles I. by the advice of Reubens, and after his death were purchased by Cromwell for £300. They were kept in a lumber-room at Whitehall Palace till Sir Christopher Wren built a room for their reception at Hampton Court by command of William III, where they remained till the Queen allowed them to be placed in their present position. The tapestries themselves are now in the Vatican and are worked in wool, silk, and gold.

Raffaello died at the early age of 37, from a fever. He was always extremely delicate and seemed to be all spirit. He was physically so weak that it is only to be wondered at that he lived so long and achieved so much. He was incessantly at work. One day, when he was employed in the Farnesina Palace he received a message from the Pope desiring him to come to the Vatican. So anxious was he to obey at once that he ran all the way without stopping. He was much heated when he arrived and from standing a long time in one of the halls talking to his holiness, he felt a chill all over him, and on returning home he was struck down with a fever. He died on Good Friday, April 7th, 1520. On his death-bed he ordered his last picture, the 'Transfiguration,' to be placed where he could see it, and it was also carried in procession on the day of his funeral. This

painting was not quite finished, as it required a few more touches to complete it. Our Lord is represented suspended in the air, between Moses and Elias, above the mount where His three disciples are lying. Below the mountain a totally different scene is being enacted, so that two distinct events are shown on the same canvas, which has given rise to some very contradictory art criticisms. Here is the demoniac boy, his father, the crowd, and the waiting disciples, neither seeing nor hearing aught of the glorious vision above. The chief light in the picture comes from the transfigured person of the Saviour.

Raffaello's death was universally felt, for above and beyond his genius, his kindness of heart and charm of manner endeared him to all.

It is impossible to comprehend what Raffaello achieved for art till we remember the state in which he found it. When we call to mind the meagre forms and thin colouring, the lifeless figures and want of expression, in the earlier painters, and then picture to ourselves one of his divine Madonnas, so deep and brilliant in colouring, so true and lifelike yet so spiritual, we see in some measure what he attained to. To his intense love for the Virgin we owe the great number of his Holy Families and Madonnas, which from numerous engravings and photographs are more widely known than his other and larger works. The following are the most famous of Raffaello's Madonnas. The 'Madonna della Seggiola,' in which the Virgin is seated with the Holy Child in her arms and St. John standing by. It has also been called the 'Madonna of the cask,' from having been first drawn with chalk on the top of a cask. This picture is now in Florence. 'La belle Jardinière,' in the Louvre, and the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, where the Virgin is in the clouds with the infant Christ, St. Sixtus on one side and St. Barba on the other surrounded by cherubs. The face of the last named Virgin is considered to be the most perfect woman's face ever painted.

Of the Holy Families, the 'Pearl' must especially be mentioned, the colouring and harmony being extremely fine. It was bought by Philip IV. of Spain for a large sum. When the king first saw this glorious picture, he exclaimed, 'This is my pearl'! and it has gone by that name ever since. In all these pictures, the infant Christ is always most childlike and real, and yet we never miss a touch of divinity about him There is a charm and an attraction about Raffaello's Madonnas that speak at once to all, but it is not so with his larger works, his frescoes, for example at the Vatican. Few can understand and appreciate them, and almost all, even artists, come away disappointed from their first view. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself owned to this feeling, and says in his Roman note book, on looking at these paintings, 'it was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as as a *little child.*' Their very perfection and harmony hinder them from being striking to the unaccustomed eye, and yet so beautiful are they that it has been said of these and of others of his works, that as no poet ever put a thought into verse that cannot be found in Shakspere's works, so no artistic thought was ever embodied upon canvas that had not already been foreshadowed by Raffaello.

Besides his attainments as a painter, Raffaello was an architect (being employed on St. Peter's), some say a sculptor, and also a poet. What John Stuart Mill remarks of all artists of this period was certainly most true in Raffaello's case, that 'In the 14th and 15th centuries the Italian painters were the most accomplished men of their age. The greatest of them were men of encyclopædical acquirements and powers, like the great men of Greece. But in their times fine art was to man's feelings and conceptions among the grandest things in which a human being could excel, and by it men were made, what only political or military distinction now makes them, the companions of sovereigns, and the equals of the highest nobility.'

The English possess several pictures of this great master, besides his cartoons. Many of them are in private galleries, notably that of the Earl of Ellesmere. The two finest in the National Gallery are the St. Catherine, and the Madonna called the 'Garvagh Raffaello' from having been formerly in the possession of Lord Garvagh. It represents the Virgin, the Holy Child, and the infant St. John. The St. Catherine is strikingly beautiful. She is standing by her wheel looking upward with a seraphic and rapt expression on her lovely face.

There is also a three-quarter-length portrait of Julius II., but it is only a replica, the original being in the Pitti Palace. The Louvre contains some fine examples of the master, also the gallery at Dresden.

No one laboured more indefatigably or left more monuments of glory behind him than did Raffaello. In his works we find combined invention, composition, expression, and grace. In all these he has never been excelled, and it may truly be said with regard to him,

'The living do not rule this world ; ah, no !
It is the dead, the dead.'

Among Raffaello's immediate pupils GIULIO ROMANO ranks first. During his master's lifetime he assisted him in some works of importance in the Vatican, and after his death he was elected, together with Gian Francisco Penni, to finish some frescoes left uncompleted by Raffaello. Romano was born at Rome in 1492, and was a man of genius and invention. He became when quite young a pupil of Raffaello, and in 1523 he showed his love and admiration for him, by introducing his style into Mantua, where he established a large school. It was during his residence at Mantua that Clement VII. sent the celebrated portrait of Leo X. by Raffaello to the Duke of Mantua. Romano, who had worked with Raffaello on the picture, saw it and pronounced it genuine, nor was he undeceived till Vasari took it out of the frame, and convinced him it was a copy by Andrea del Sarto, whose name was on the canvas. The original had been kept by Ottavio de' Medici under some pretext or other, while he had the copy made and sent to the Duke. The frescoes of Romano are very much admired, though the designs only were by his own hands, as he employed his numerous pupils to work from his cartoons. He also executed some paintings in oil, his best known being the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' at Genoa, and a Holy Family, now called 'La Sainte Famille au Basin,' being a representation of domestic life. This picture is at Dresden. Romano died of fever at Mantua in 1546.

FEDERIGO BAROCCI was born at Urbino, in 1528. He took his first lessons in design from his father, who was a sculptor. He is, strictly speaking, considered an imitator of Raffaello, but he had the advantage of studying besides the styles of Michel Angelo and Correggio. From Correggio he learnt much that was new to the Roman school. He caught from him that delicacy of light and shade peculiar to the Parmese School. The colouring of Barocci was also novel. Some say he was too chary of the use of yellow, others, that he was too free with vermilion and ultramarine. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks 'that his figures looked as if they had been fed on roses,' yet his colouring was rich, and his style had many imitators. He always sketched from nature, and made his models dress in the requisite costume for him. His *modus operandi* was as follows: he first made a small design in chiaroscuro, from that he sketched a cartoon, the size of the picture he was about to paint, from which he did the outline upon his canvas, and finally painted from a coloured sketch. Barocci was employed in 1560 by Pius IV. in the Vatican. He was progressing steadily with his work there when his career was nearly brought to an untimely end by poison, administered by a jealous rival. Though it failed in taking his life yet it utterly undermined his constitution, and for four years he could do absolutely nothing, after which time he was able to work for two hours a day. He lived to be an old man and died of apoplexy in 1612. He was buried in the church of San Francisco, in Urbino, in which town he had resided all the later years of his life. All his paintings are from religious subjects; and his two best pieces are the 'Annunciation' and the 'Pardon of San Francisco d'Assisi,' both of which he etched himself. There is one painting of his in the National Gallery, England, of a Holy Family. It is treated in a light and domestic manner, and has been called a *scherzo* (a playful piece). It is known as 'La Madonna del Gatto,' from the fact of a cat being introduced. There are several copies of it, and it has been engraved.

MICHELANGELO DA CARAVAGGIO, born in 1565, at Caravaggio, began life as a mason's labourer, and rose to be one of the most famous painters of his time. He first studied at Mantua, then at Venice, and lastly at Rome. When he arrived at the last named city he was so poor that he was unable to buy the requisite materials for painting, and was forced to enter the service of the Cavaliere Cesare d' Arpino, who em-

ployed him in painting the accessories of his own pictures. At last he produced a picture called the 'Card Players,' which brought him under the notice of some influential persons who were able to assist him, and he was engaged to paint several pictures in oil for the Contarelli chapel. His colouring was remarkable, and he was said never to have emerged from his cellar, an allusion to his small high lights, which led him to strong contrasts of light and shade. He never idealized his subjects, and instead of generalizing used to imitate his model servilely. At this time the idealists were merely slaves to certain laws, and never went to Nature at all. On this account Caravaggio's followers were called naturalists. Naturalists, however, in the true sense of the word they were not, for they copied Nature merely as they saw her with the bodily eye. High art requires also a mental vision, not a slavish copy of any individual thing, but the gathering together the chief points of the species. If exact copying of Nature were true art, then, as has been said, the painters of the Dutch School would rank as the first artists in the world. Caravaggio did much to destroy the art, from his vulgarity of taste and his ill-executed designs. Unfortunately he exerted a great influence on contemporary painters, even Guido and Domenichino not being free from it. His temper was so violent that he was always embroiling himself, and just when he was at the zenith of his fame, in one of his outbursts of rage, when playing at tennis, he killed a companion. Of course he had to escape from Rome. He went first to Naples and then to Malta, where he met with great favour from the Grand-master, whose portrait Caravaggio twice painted. But here again his unfortunate temper was his enemy, for he killed one of the knights of the Cross of Malta, and again managed to make good his escape. He wandered about from place to place, and at last his friends obtained the pardon of the Pope for him, and he prepared to return to Rome. But just as he was about to start he was arrested in mistake for some one else, and when he was again set free he found all his personal belongings had in the meantime been stolen. He strolled along the shore in a desponding manner till he reached Porto Ercole, where, from chagrin and the extreme heat of the weather, he was taken ill with fever and died, aged forty.

Carravaggio's finest picture is the 'Deposition of Christ,' now in the Vatican. He painted two altar-pieces for the Contarelli Chapel, the subject being, 'St. Matthew writing the Gospel,' the first of the two displeasing the priests by its vulgarity. Only one of his pictures is in the National Gallery. It represents Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus, a subject he often painted. The figures are only half-length; Christ is seated between his disciples, an Italian meal is set before them, and the cook or host is in the background. He was not by any means an industrious man. When at Rome, in the very height of his reputation, he never painted more than a few hours in the morning, devoting the rest of the day to his own amusements.

CARLO MARATTI was born at Camurano, between Loreto and Ancona, in 1625. He was the pupil of Andrea Sacchi, and, after the death of his master, became the leading painter in Rome. Six successive Popes patronized him, and he was appointed to restore some of Raffaello's frescoes which were beginning to decay.

Though we owe him much for preserving these frescoes to us, yet to him also we owe the present want of harmony in the series, and the too deep and raw blue in the ground. These paintings of Raffaello were sadly neglected, and lost their first beauty by being exposed to the air in the vestibule where they were. It was owing to this neglect, more than to any other cause, that it became necessary for Maratti to repair them. He also retouched the figures of the twelve apostles in one of the halls of the Vatican. Maratti did much to stop the decline of painting in the 17th century. He opposed the school of eclecticism in painting, founded by Carracci, and who in their endeavors to take the best from every master and school—form from Michel Angelo, composition and expression from Raffaello, colouring from Titian, and grace from Correggio—degenerated into mere mechanists, and though excelling in execution were utterly wanting in character. From his numerous paintings of the Virgin, Maratti has often been called Carlo delle Madonne.

His pictures are almost all executed in oil, his best known being a 'Baptism of

Christ.' His works are not so remarkable for their innate excellence as for their freedom from defects. He died at Rome, 1713, in the 89th year of his age. The death of Carlo Maratti was also that of the Roman School. As a school it strikingly differed from those of Tuscany and Venice, for instead of gradually increasing in strength and power, it was greatest at the time of Raffaello, its founder and representative.

AMY RYE.

THE ETHICAL ASPECT OF DARWINISM:

A REJOINDER.

THE reply of Mr. J. A. Allen to a short paper of mine which appeared in the October number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, displays such an evident eagerness to be at once generous and just, and is pervaded by such intense moral earnestness, that I may well rejoice at the good fortune that has given me an antagonist so courteous and so sympathetic. I confess, however, that, were it mine to make the choice, I should gladly barter the all too flattering terms in which my work is characterised, for a predominance of unimpassioned criticism over fervid rhetoric. Still, no man has a right to dictate to another the form into which his thoughts shall be shaped, and I only feel justified in referring to the matter at all, because the manner in which my very friendly critic has expressed himself is sure to lead to some confusion in regard to the real point at issue. I hope therefore it will not be set down to any want of courtesy on my part, or to any liking for polemical tactics, that I pass over all that seems to me irrelevant in Mr. Allen's reply, and limit myself strictly to an examination of really pertinent objections.

1. Let me begin by reminding the reader that I neither affirmed nor denied the truth of the doctrine of evolution in its purely physical aspect; but, assuming its validity hypothetically, I went on to ask whether it gives any assistance in the solution of ethical problems. This question I answered in the negative. I pointed out, in the first place, that even if we grant what cannot be granted, viz. that the theory accounts for the way in which certain ideas called moral have grown up in time, we are not thereby brought one step nearer to the settlement of the relative or absolute value of those ideas. And, secondly, I contended that, in its application to biological phenomena, the theory has to explain the changes by which all living beings have come to be what they are, no matter whether they have been developed from some lower or from some higher form; and hence that it cannot possibly prove a gradual elevation in moral ideas, even supposing it to have forced its way into the realm of ethical speculation.

Mr. Allen has not directly dealt with either of these arguments, but he incidentally makes two remarks, which he seems to regard as fatal to the conclusiveness of the second of them. After describing the manner in which he conceives the ethical conceptions of modern times to have been evolved, he adds: 'If this grand upward movement be, not an accidental, but a compelled result . . . I think we may acquit Mr. Pollock [to whom I had referred] of any grave error when he affirms that there is some scientific presumption in favor of existing morality.' I submit that this is no answer to my difficulty. My critic changes my conditional statement, that the Darwinian theory gives no 'presumption' in favour of existing moral ideas, inasmuch as it has to beg their truth from the popular conscience, into a categorical denial of their comparative excellence. Need I say that I never for one moment

dreamt of denying the superiority of modern, as compared with ancient or medieval morality, but only of denying that the doctrine of evolution could prove that superiority! What is Mr. Allen's reply? He tells me that if 'a grand upward movement' of morality is a *necessity* (a 'compelled result'), there is, at least, 'some presumption' in favour of existing morality. Surely any one may see that this is merely the identical proposition, that if there has been moral progress, then moral progress there has been. How it could be supposed that I meant to dispute an identical proposition, I am at a loss to understand. My objection was, and is, that the theory of evolution does not imply progress even within the sphere of biological phenomena, and hence that, explaining no progress whatever, it cannot explain *moral* progress.

In support of my view, that Darwinism does not establish progress of any kind, I quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer, a pronounced evolutionist, to the effect that what the doctrine of evolution proves is, not that the 'better' survives, but that those beings survive 'which are constitutionally fittest to thrive, under the conditions in which they are placed.' Mr. Allen replies that Mr. Spencer is here 'speaking of the lowest creatures . . . whereas the question in debate is in reference to the higher animals, and to man.' Now it is quite true that the question is mainly in regard to man, but how that breaks or weakens the force of my objection, I am unable to see. A theory must be taken as a whole, and if it fails to explain any class of facts that lies within its range, it must be discarded as worthless. If then it is said that the hypothesis of evolution explains only progress, the retort comes up quite spontaneously, that, in that case, it does not account for admitted instances of retrogression, and so far is radically weak. If, on the other hand, it explains degradation and elevation alike, it cannot be brought forward to explain elevation alone. That is to say, the doctrine of evolution must be of such a nature as to account for the physical changes of all living beings, some of which have advanced, and others of which have gone behind, and it can only do so because it is established quite independently of either progress or retrogression. In like manner, if it explains all moral ideas indifferently, whether in the sequence of time the higher came first or last, it does so because it accounts for *change alone*, and not for a change upward or a change downward. Since, therefore, the theory tells us, at the best, nothing more than that certain ideas come later than others, but not that they are for that reason higher, it cannot give the faintest presumption in favor of existing moral ideas, nor can it even prove that they are moral at all. The later ideas can only be shown to be also the higher, by an analysis being made of the ideas themselves, and the product of such analysis, while it may be obtained by a Darwinian, is not to be credited to his Darwinism, but to his independent activity as a moralist.

2. Having shown, as I believed, that the Darwinian theory of evolution never so much as comes into contact with ethical questions, I went on to enquire, in the second division of my essay, whether, assuming the results of that theory as a basis for inference, it can be shown that a new notion of moral progress has to be substituted for the notion developed independently by thinkers who owed nothing to it; and as the readiest method of settling the question, I subjected to critical analysis the ethical view advanced in the 'Descent of Man.' That view, as I understood and still understand it, is, that morality is an extension and intensification of the natural instincts inherited by primitive man from some lower form of being. My objection in effect was, that this theory abolishes the distinction between the moral and the natural—between what *is* and what *ought* to be—and so does not explain morality, but explains it away. Or, as I also stated the difficulty, the very notion of morality implies a fundamental distinction between mere Instinct and Reason, whereas the view of Mr. Darwin abolishes the absoluteness of the distinction and therefore fails at the most vital point. The question, as I was careful to point out, is not *where* we are to draw the line of division between Instinct and Reason—whether we are to 'fix the initial stage of moral development' lower than man or at man—but whether there *is any* line of division at all.

I have had some difficulty in getting a clear view of Mr. Allen's exact objection to this part of my article, but, as well as I can make out, two arguments are directed

against me that are not only different but mutually destructive. My critic, when he is directly attacking me, maintains that there is *no* line of demarcation between Instinct and Reason, and, on the other hand, when he is defending Mr. Darwin against my objection that in that case morality cannot be explained, he turns round and informs me that there certainly *is* a line of demarcation between them. If this charge can be made good, the very simple expedient it is becoming in me to adopt is, to step aside, and let Mr. Allen, the critic, abolish Mr. Allen, the apologist.

In Nature, I am first told, nothing is clearly marked off from anything else; 'each change is so slight as to refuse to be formulated;' and therefore there is between Instinct and Reason a gradation so gentle and insensible that 'we cannot draw a line and say of it, on this side Instinct absolutely ends, and on its opposite side Thought begins.' I understand this to mean not only that '*we* cannot draw the line,' but that there is *no line to be drawn—i.e.* that, as a matter of fact, Instinct and Reason differ in *degree* but not in *kind*. Now my objection to Mr. Darwin's ethical theory was based exactly upon this supposition. I argued that Instinct, as an immediate feeling that is blindly directed to an object not consciously set up before the actor as an end, and as involving no opposition of what *does* take place to what *ought* to take place, cannot account for the categorical 'ought' which all morality implies. My argument further implied that as Reason, according to Mr. Darwin, is the same in nature with Instinct, it introduces no new element, and therefore does not, any more than Instinct, give the imperative of duty. Thus far Mr. Allen denies, and I affirm, the generic difference of Instinct and Reason. This denial being made the ground of an objection to my account of the nature of morality, what is my surprise to find my critic turn round and accuse me of misunderstanding and misrepresenting Mr. Darwin's ethical theory because I proceed upon the supposition that it allows of no real difference between Instinct and Reason! Mr. Darwin, I am informed, speaks of man 'as governed by something more than Instinct.' No doubt; but if Reason is simply a more intense Instinct, it cannot bring in any new factor, and therefore cannot account for morality, unless morality has already been explained by Instinct alone. It is nothing to the point that a *verbal* distinction is drawn between Instinct and Reason, so long as it is held that *in reality* they are essentially identical. I therefore present Mr. Allen with the following dilemma; if there is no line of demarcation between Instinct and Reason, I was right in saying that according to Mr. Darwin's ethical theory morality is simply an extension of Instinct; if, on the other hand, Reason is a new factor, something added to Instinct, then there is a line of demarcation between them. Mr. Allen may take his choice of these alternatives, but I do not see how he can in consistency hold both. If he selects the former, he has to explain the 'ought' of duty by means of immediate feeling; if he chooses the latter, he deserts to my side of the question.

3. The last point I raised was as to the ultimate end and standard of morality, which is defined by Mr. Darwin to be 'the means by which the greatest possible number of individuals can be reared in full vigour and health, with all their faculties perfect, under the conditions to which they are exposed.' To this I objected that, applying to all animals indiscriminately, it allows of no distinction between the natural and the moral, and therefore affords no moral end. Mr. Allen's reply is, that 'it is not the preservation of the species merely that is contemplated, but their advancement likewise in all that is intellectually and morally higher and noble.'

This interpretation brings up some very grave difficulties. In the first place, as regards the latter part of the revised definition, what propriety is there in defining the end of morality as at once 'the preservation of the species, and 'their advancement in all that is morally higher and noble?' Is that not equivalent to saying: the end of morality is 'the preservation of the species,' and also the advancement of morality. Does not Mr. Allen here come perilously near to tautology? Granting that the end of morality is the advancement of morality, we have still to ask, but what *is* the end of morality? Is it the 'preservation of the species'? or is it not? And hence, secondly, I cannot think that Mr. Allen has carefully asked himself what is meant by an *ultimate* end of morality. Suppose we say that the ultimate end of morality is the de-

velopment of the whole rational nature, then, unless it can be shown that that end may be accomplished by aiming exclusively at the rearing of 'the greatest possible number of individuals in full vigour and health,' the only ultimate end is the development of the rational nature, even if that can only be secured at the cost of the rapid diminution and final extinction of the species. On the other hand, if the advancement of the rational nature is to give way before increase in the number of healthy individuals, then the latter object is alone the ultimate end. I am not aware, nor do I see how it could be proved, that the development of the reason and the rearing of 'the greatest possible number of healthy individuals' are synonymous ends, and hence we must give up either the one or the other. But, thirdly, we must, on Darwin's theory, retain the 'preservation of the species' as the ultimate end, to which all other ends must be subordinated, because, as he expressly tells us, his definition is meant to apply to *all* animals, the lowest as well as the highest, and it can only do so by excluding what is peculiar to any one of them. Now I do not think that even Mr. Allen would speak of the 'advancement of all that is intellectually and morally higher and noble' in regard to, say, the jelly-fish. The mere hint of intellectual and moral nobility in such a connection is a ludicrous anti-climax. The Darwinian end of morality, then, excluding self-consciousness as peculiar to man, or to man and the higher animals, leaves us with nothing, as the ultimate end of morality, but the production of the greatest possible number of a given species; and hence I still think I was justified in charging it with tacitly maintaining that 'an action done from a perception of its adequacy to the nature of the being performing it (as in the case of a man) is no more rational than an action which is done under the guidance of a blind instinct (as in the case of the jelly-fish).'

4. I have replied, either in express terms or by implication, to the main objections that have been taken to any part of my article, and I think I might now safely leave the whole question to the decision of those interested in the matter. But as a man of Mr. Allen's reading and acumen has not succeeded in bringing the view I advanced into proper focus, it seems advisable that I should attempt to put it into as clear a shape as possible. I find this all the more necessary that all through Mr. Allen's paper I meet with a use of terms so lax and wavering as inevitably to suggest that he has never carefully examined the fundamental conceptions he manipulates with such wonderful readiness.

The first thing upon which clearness of thought is absolutely indispensable is as to the primary condition of morality. It has already appeared that there is an inseparable connection, and at the same time opposition, of those acts we call moral and those we term natural. Right and wrong, virtue and vice, are correlatives that, as implying each other, cannot be thought of apart. When, to take an instance, I say to myself: 'It is wrong for me to steal,' I distinguish two distinct courses of action, either of which may be followed, but only one of which it is right to follow. It is inconceivable that any one should affirm to himself: 'This course is right,' without thereby differentiating at the same time this affirmation from its opposite: 'That course is wrong.' Now the classing of stealing as wrong implies as its presupposition the institution of property, i. e., the distinction of what is *mine* from what is *his*; and hence in the denial of my right to steal there is involved a relation of myself to another self. These two selves are plainly correlative to each other: *my* self is unthinkable except in relation to some *other* self. But although distinguished there is yet an essential identity of nature between me and the other, and this indentification is implied in the notion of property. We never think of supposing that there is any limit to the appropriation of a natural object except the limit involved in the right of another to it. Thus it is apparent that theft, as wrong, implies its opposite, respect for another's property, as right; and therefore that property involves the distinction and yet identification of different beings each of which is and has a self. But to have a self is to be self-conscious—to 'dwell in union and division'—to identify and yet distinguish oneself from other self-conscious beings. Morality, therefore, we may now conclude, is only possible to a being that is self-conscious, and this, in my use of terms, is the same as saying, to a being that is rational or has reason. In

spite therefore of Mr. Allen's emphatic declaration that it is not possible to define Reason (nor, I suppose, anything else) I venture, although with some diffidence, to say that Reason is Self-consciousness in all its manifestations, and that in the sphere of action it always implies the discrimination and yet identification of different selves or persons.

Reason being a synonyme for Self-consciousness, what, on the other hand, is Instinct? The term 'Instinct' is employed in at least two different senses; first, as meaning the feeling or emotion of a conscious being that is not obtained by direct reflection at the time; and, secondly, as implying a feeling or impulse (never an emotion) that may be experienced by a being that is not self-conscious. Now it is Instinct in the second sense alone that is opposed to Reason, and the opposition is absolute. Instinct in the first use of the term is not properly speaking Instinct at all, inasmuch as no feeling experienced by a self-conscious being is really immediate, but always implies distinction or mediation. I do not therefore see any ground for being awed into submissive silence by Mr. Allen's warning that no definition of morality can be given that will be 'inclusive and exclusive and yet conclusive.' If indeed it were necessary to settle the *vexata questio* with reference to which the remark is more especially made—viz., the possession of a 'moral sense' by the dog and the cat and the various animals that at least simulate remorse and other moral phenomena—then, I admit, I should have a task of some difficulty before me. But fortunately it is not necessary to disturb Mr. Allen's appreciation of our four-footed friends; for my purpose it is sufficient if it be admitted that the moral sense began at some point higher than the lowest kind of living being. And this my critic expressly admits. 'If we accept the theory of evolution,' he says, 'we go back to a creature that had *no* moral sense, and further still, to a creature so wholly animal as to be simply selfish.' Morality, then, began either with primitive man, or with some being lower than man, and with it, as we have seen, Self-consciousness or Reason as its condition also began. If then we speak of Instinct in connection with morality, it must be of Instinct, not as the physical affection of a being destitute of a self, but as one mode in which Reason manifests itself.

Now Mr. Darwin and his disciples claim to explain morality by the natural laws of inheritance, variability, and external circumstances; in other words, by the extension and strengthening of certain instincts inherited by man from some lower form of being. The point is then, whether by the term Instinct, as here employed, we are to understand a feeling that is beyond the realm of self-consciousness, or a feeling that only exists to a self-conscious being. If the former, then morality cannot be accounted for, because, apart from self-consciousness, as has been shown, morality is a pure fiction. If the latter, we are completely beyond mere Instinct as the feeling that stimulates the animal functions of creatures wholly destitute of self-consciousness, and have entered the realm of self-conscious intelligence, where no blind feeling can exist. Thus, if we take the one sense of Instinct, we are shut out in the darkness of unconsciousness and non-morality; and, if we take the other, we are in a realm in which all purely animal feeling is extinguished in the divine light of a rational morality. Mr. Darwin, in his ethical theory, neither adopts the one alternative nor the other, but weakly enters upon the easier path of compromise. Claiming that 'the moral sense is fudamentally identical with the social *instincts*,' his passage from Instinct as an animal affection to Instinct as one of the simpler forms of Reason is concealed by the fog of popular and ambiguous language. Thus his physical theory seems closely to enfold morality, while, in reality, it is a phantom that lies within its embrace; and thus, too, a man like Mr. Darwin, of high endeavour and achievement, set in motion by moral force of no common intensity, unwittingly removes the only support that keeps the edifice of morality from sinking into ruins.

No long search needs to be made for proof of this grave charge. The evidence has been partly led already. It is to be found in the assimilation of Reason and Instinct, and in the setting up of a standard of action that brings to naught the claimed superiority of the moral over the natural. It is also manifest in the diremption of man's nature into two faculties that are conceived as of coordinate authority—purely

formal Intellect on the one hand, and inherited Instinct on the other. In my former article I asked: 'Why should an instinct which does not extend beyond one's tribe be regarded as lower from a moral point of view, than when it is extended so as to embrace a larger number of persons?' To which Mr. Allen's answer is: 'The extension is not to a *larger* number of persons, but to *all* persons, to the men of all nations and races! . . . . The instinct, the sympathy, is right so far as it goes. Its defect is that it is incomplete.' But this reply adroitly misses the point of my criticism. Suppose the instinct extended to 'all mankind' (although I confess I do not see how an instinct, that only is as it is felt, can be extended to persons who do not as yet exist), and the difficulty still remains, that it is set in opposition to the Reason, and so does not by its extension become moral. Mr. Darwin would say that the motive to extend the instinct is not given by Reason but by intensified Instinct, and hence he cannot talk of Reason as exercising legislative sway, or as being anything but the 'slave of the passions.' Reason may reveal the objects toward which the instinct goes out, but it no more originates the end of action than light creates the object on which it falls. The formal intellect may contemplate the sufferings of millions of human beings, but, according to Darwinian ethics, it must be the instinct of sympathy that impels the philanthropist to go to their rescue. All this, I am aware, is quite in the line of the popular way of thinking on ethical questions, according to which man's self-conscious nature is divided up into compartments and labelled 'Instinct,' 'Reason,' 'Will,' 'Conscience,' &c.; but it is not for that reason any the less false and logically disastrous. For if our actions are governed by Instinct, and not by an end consciously set up by the practical Reason, a man must act exactly as the strength of his Instinct prompts him, and hence, not only is it necessary for him to act exactly as he does act, but I cannot understand how he should ever even come to suppose that he might possibly act otherwise. But if, in contrast to this view, we conceive the so-called Instinct as simply Self-consciousness in action —not something given to man, but something he gives himself—then I can see that he need not be drifted hither and thither by the swaying current of impulse, but may move with freedom in one direction or another according as he obeys or disobeys his Reason, the 'immortal part' which *is* himself.

I shall be told perhaps, that whatever application my remarks may have to the morality of the civilised European or American, they are very much exaggerated as a description of the moral state of the barbarous Fuegian or the impulsive Jamaica negro. Now, of course, in characterizing morality it is natural to look towards its ideal goal rather than at its ill-defined starting point; but I do not think I have said anything that is not true of even the lowest type of man. Morality implies the opposition in consciousness of what is right and what is wrong, and the practical identification of oneself with the right; apart from these elements there is no morality. If the Fuegian is not self-conscious he is not moral, and, on the other hand, if he is self-conscious morality is necessarily his. I grant to Mr. Allen that the distance between him and the civilised Indo-European is immense, but at the same time the difference is not infinite, like that between self-conscious and instinctive action, but distinctly measurable. It is not so very difficult to trace the essential elements of morality in the lower races as Mr. Allen seems to suppose. The savage at least sacrifices his natural love of sloth so far as to make an effort to maintain those dependent upon him as well as himself, and to that extent he prefers the higher to the lower. He even exhibits self-sacrifice in quite a striking way when he undergoes the hardest toil and suffering for his tribe, or meets death with impassive calmness. It is, in fact, impossible to reflect calmly upon such traits as these without seeing that he does select an end, set before himself by his rational or self-conscious nature, and perceived to be higher than is the immediate gratification of his selfish impulses.

The savage is self-conscious, and in virtue of that divine prerogative he differs *toto cælo*, as I still maintain, from those creatures that are not self-conscious. A being like man, in so far as he is moral, does not act from Instinct but from an end he supposes to be 'most congruous with his rational nature,' and he is infinitely more than a merely natural being just because he

has the capacity of preferring the higher to the lower, or the lower to the higher, such a capacity being only possible to a being that is a self and has a self. Thus Reason is not, as Mr. Darwin and his followers are bound to say, an unconcerned spectator that stands aloof and calmly awaits the issue of conflicting impulses, but an eager participant in the hard struggle towards a higher life. Reason at once leans forward to the moral ideal, and proclaims at each half-failure, half-success, that it counts not itself to have as yet attained to it, nor to be already perfect. Conscience, for which Mr. Allen can find no more appropriate name than 'Instinct,' is simply the product of the past efforts of Reason, deposited in the Reason of the individual man, and so an embodiment of Reason. It is as little an 'Instinct' as the flush of virtuous indignation at the witness of a foul wrong, or the swift rush of a mother to defend her child from harm. Self-consciousness has incorporated Instinct into itself, and, evolving itself slowly but surely by long, hard struggles with itself, has, as the result of its agonizing, come to display a swiftness and a suddenness which counterfeits but is not Instinct. And hence I would fain hope that the reader, if not before, then now, will endorse the conclusion I have reached by no over-hasty leap, that no theory, Darwinian or other, which seeks to strip Reason of all that makes it rational, with a naïve unconsciousness of what it is really attempting, is worthy to go behind the veil which secludes the holy place of Morality from the outer court of Nature.

JOHN WATSON.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DIAMOND LOCKET AND A ROSEBUD.

GRETCHEN RUDENBACH sat in her pretty little drawing-room in Victoria Villas, with both elbows leaning on the table, her chin in her hands, and her eyes fixed on something in front of her. The something is a diamond-studded locket in a blue velvet case.

Don't be alarmed, gentle, virtuous-souled reader—there is no disgraceful episode, no shameful meaning, attached to this sparkling jewelled ornament. It is simply and solely a wedding present.

When Gretchen Rudenbach had written to Cis Travers and asked him to come and see her, and so prevented his accompanying his wife to her dinner at Hurlingham, it was that she really wished for his counsel and advice upon a very important subject.

The fact was, that she had lately fallen in again with her old admirer, David Anderson—no longer the shambling, awkward, wild, red-bearded David of the old singing-class days in Blandford Street, but a sleek, well-mannered, well-to-do-looking David, inclined to be portly, and wearing irreproachable clothes—who bore upon his outer man the impress of the success of his life, and who had the grave and serious aspect of a moneyed Scotch merchant.

Mr. David Anderson stood now in his dead father's shoes, and was head partner of the hide and tallow business in Glasgow; and the younger Anderson, from his early experience and training in a good London house of business, had made a much more profitable thing out of hide and tallow than ever his somewhat humdrum and old fashioned father had done. Mr. David Anderson had his town house in Glasgow and his country house near Dunoon, on

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the banks of the Clyde, where his widowed mother kept house for him, and where he soon began to desire to instal a wife.

Then he bethought himself of his first love, the blue-eyed maiden with the German name, who had so snubbed and despised him in his old days.

It was not likely, thought our friend, with the serene self-satisfaction of a self-made wealthy man, and with, it must be owned, some knowledge of the weaknesses of the fair sex—it was not likely that she would scorn and despise him now—now that he had so important a name in the hide and tallow business, and could offer her a rich and comfortable home, with any number of servants at her command, and handsome carriages to drive about in. A plain and ungainly wooer presents a very different appearance to the female mind when he is backed up by such arguments as these.

So David Anderson came up to London and hunted up his old love with some little difficulty and a praiseworthy perseverance, and made her, without more ado, a plain statement of his means and an offer of his hand and fortune.

And then it was that Gretchen sent off for Cis Travers to ask his advice.

She could no more have helped turning to him in any crisis of her life than she could help, in spite of her judgment and reason, considering him the best and dearest of men.

There was about this little woman a humility of gratitude, a dog-like fidelity which nothing could ever alter or change in her. She considered that she owed every success of her life to his boyish kindness to her, and she could never forget it.

So she sent for him, to advise her whether she should marry David, or whether she should reject him. And Cis Travers gave her pretty nearly the same advice that he had given her five years ago, when he used to walk with her to her music lessons in Bloomsbury Square. He told her that David was not half good enough for her, that he was rough and ungainly, that she would be throwing herself away upon him, and that she must not think of it.

Selfishly, as in the old days, though he could not marry her himself, he did not want any one else to have her.

Gretchen, resenting inwardly every word that he said, promised, nevertheless, to think it over a day and a night before she decided. And when the day and the night were over, she wrote to him and told him that, in spite of his advice, she had determined that she would marry David, that he had much improved in every way, and she felt sure that he would make her happy, and that she did not think it would be right to refuse so very good an offer. And by the same post she wrote to David, and in a few simple, grateful words accepted him for her lover.

Cis Travers thereupon went out and bought her the diamond locket, and sent it to her with a letter so full of tragical reproaches and despairing reproofs to her for her cruelty to him, and broken-hearted prayers for her happiness, that even Gretchen could not help laughing at it as the most absurd and extravagant letter from a married man to a woman who was nothing but his friend and his confidante, that could possibly have been penned.

And the locket gave her no pleasure. It was too handsome a gift under the circumstances, and Gretchen felt sure that her future husband would not approve of it.

She was still sitting puzzling over it when David Anderson came in.

'Look here,' she said to him; 'Mr. Travers has just sent me this locket. I wish he had not—it is too handsome for me.'

'I don't know about being too handsome, my dear,' answered her lover, looking at her proudly. 'I could, and mean to, give you plenty of diamonds far handsomer than that, and I am sure they will be none too good for you; but that is too handsome a present for Mr. Travers to give you—you are right there.'

Gretchen had instinctively crushed up the offendingly exaggerated letter in her hand and slipped it into her pocket as Mr. Anderson entered. No occasion to make him jealous on the second day of her engagement to him!

'Well,' she said, standing up and shutting the case; 'I don't like taking it, for I feel sure his wife would not like his giving it to me;' and she blushed a little as she spoke.

'Very likely not, my dear. What do you mean to do about it?'

'Why, David, that is just what I was going to ask you—what would you advise me to do?' she asked, with a sweet deferential glance up at him.

'Send it back to him, my dear,' answered honest David.

That is just what I think I ought to do,' she answered; 'but how shall I do it? for he has been a very kind friend to me all my life, and I should be very sorry to offend him or hurt his feelings.'

'Well, Gretchen, I should advise you to take it back yourself and give it to his wife; such a present should not go to any but a man's own wife—let her have it and do what she likes with it.'

'You are quite right, David, and I will follow your advice,' cried Gretchen with alacrity. And she folded the case back in its papers, locked it up in her desk, and determined to carry it back to Grosvenor Street herself on the morrow.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Juliet was sitting alone; Mrs. Dalmaine had been lunching with her, but had left. Flora had gone home two days ago, and Cis had gone out by himself. All at once the door opened, and Miss Rudenbach was announced.

With everything within her kindling into an angry indignation at the name, Juliet rose from her chair to receive her visitor with well-bred surprise at the visit in her face.

Gretchen came forward, blushing and trembling, holding a white parcel in her hand.

'You will wonder at my calling on you, Mrs. Travers,' she said nervously; 'but I wanted to give you this—this parcel—it is a present which your husband——'

'Excuse me, Mademoiselle Rudenbach,' interrupted Juliet, with haughty sternness; 'if your business is with my husband, he is not at home; and surely whatever you may have to say to him cannot be fittingly said to his wife.'

'But no—' answered Gretchen, looking up at her with a calm surprise in her blue eyes; 'I do not want him; it is to you I wanted to speak. He is very kind—he has given me a present which is far too handsome, and which I cannot take—I do not want to offend him, so I have brought it back to you. See here for yourself how handsome it is—you will understand that I could not accept such a present.'

She opened the case in her hand, and held out the flashing diamonds towards her.

Mrs. Travers pushed it away from her without a glance; for had she not seen that locket before!

'Presents from my husband to you,' she said with an indignant flush, 'are not things which you should dare to name to me. Keep your diamonds, Mademoiselle Rudenbach—I do not grudge them to you—but spare me at least the insult of your presence in my house.'

And then all at once it flashed upon Gretchen what she meant, and what Cis Travers's wife took her for. With a cry of dismay she sprang towards her.

'Mrs. Travers! what can you mean? What is it possible that you can have thought of me? Your husband has been the kindest of my friends for years—this locket is his wedding present to me—I am going to be married to Mr. Anderson.'

'Going to be married!' repeated Juliet, in astonishment.

'Yes. You have taken me for a dreadfully wicked woman. Is it possible that he has never told you of all his kindness to me, when, without his help, I should have starved?'

Juliet shook her head, feeling more and more bewildered. And then Gretchen sat down near her and told her the whole story of her life, and how Cis had helped her and been kind to her when she was alone and ill and penniless; and how he had been her friend ever since.

She confessed to his wife with timid blushes how at one time she had perhaps thought a little too much about Cis for her own happiness, and how she had gone down to Sotherne to see him married, and had prayed fervent prayers for the happiness of both husband and wife from her hidden corner in the little country church.

But long ago, she said—even on that very day—had such foolish thoughts been banished from her heart, and Cis had been only to her the dearest and truest friend that any lonely woman could wish for.

'I wish I had known all this long ago!' said Juliet, with a sigh. And then, with one of those generous impulses which were natural to her honest character, she went up close to the little pianiste, and took hold of her hands and kissed her. 'Will you forgive me,' she said, 'for having done you a grievous wrong in my heart? Yes, it is quite true that I had thought badly of you;

but I can never do so again. If Cis had told me about you long ago, I should have been glad and proud to have been your friend; is it too late for me to become so now?'

'Dear Mrs. Travers!' murmured Gretchen, overcome by the sudden kindness of her words.

'Look here,' continued Juliet, taking up the velvet case from where she had dropped it a few minutes ago scornfully on the table; 'you will no longer refuse to accept this locket, will you, if I ask you to take it as a joint gift from myself as well as from Cecil, with all my most sincere good wishes for the happiness of your married life.'

And so Cecil Travers opened the door and found the two women sitting hand in hand together on the sofa, with the glittering diamond locket between them. No wonder that he stood still and stared at so unexpected a sight.

'I am congratulating Mademoiselle Rudenbach on her engagement,' said Juliet, looking at her husband not without a spice of malicious delight at his evident confusion. 'She has been showing me the locket you have given her. I have asked her to let me share in the gift as well as in the good wishes.'

And Cis could find no words wherein to answer her; he could only shake hands with Gretchen in silence, and look unutterably foolish and awkward.

After a few commonplace remarks relative to the weather, Gretchen wisely took her leave, and left the husband and wife together.

'Cis,' said Juliet, standing up close to her husband when they were alone,—'Cis, what a pity it is that you did not tell me what a great friend you were of Miss Rudenbach's long ago!'

'Why should I have told you?' he answered, looking both sheepish and surly, and turning half away from her.

'Because you might have known me well enough to have been sure that, had you only dealt openly with me, I should not have been jealous, or have made myself disagreeable to you about her. I should have been very glad to have known her better, for I think she is a charming young woman. But, as it is, you have not dealt fairly by her, for your silence has made me do her and you a grievous injustice. Cis, I have suspected you wrongly, and I beg your pardon.'

'I am glad you are sorry for it,' he answered surlily. Cis had no perception of the generous candour which had prompted her to the avowal of her mistake; he had no responding generosity to meet her halfway in her effort to make things straighter and better between them; he could only revile her with a sort of conceited assumption of superiority which she could not but resent.

'If I was suspicious, it was your own doing,' she answered, with some show of temper. 'Why did you never speak the truth to me? There was no harm in it. Why did you make a mystery of it, and tell me lies about it? Why, Cis,' she added passionately, 'even if you had loved her, and had told me the truth, I could have forgiven you better!'

And then the small heart that there was was in the man came up all on a sudden to the surface.

'*If* I loved her!' he said, with a sort of groan; and sank down into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

With a great pitying sympathy welling up in her own sinful, sorrowing heart, Juliet laid her hand upon her husband's bent head, and kissed his fair ruffled locks very tenderly,

'My poor Cis!' she said, with great gentleness, 'we have made a dreadful mistake of our lives, haven't we? But somehow or other we have got to bear the consequences of our errors together; let us not make it harder to live out our lives together—for we have both of us much to bear with and to forgive in each other.'

So they kissed one another in silence, and Cis, feeling a little humbled and subdued, went away and left her.

For the first time in his life, some dim perception of the superiority of his wife's character to his own came vaguely over him.

He saw that there had been no feminine spitefulness, no littleness of soul, in her tender, tolerant words to him—she had not been shocked or disgusted by his half-admission of his affection for Gretchen; no torrent of angry reproaches had poured from her lips. On the contrary, she had seemed at once to understand and to sympathise with him, and to pity his trouble

as one who had no thought for herself, but only of him.

For the first time it struck him that possibly she too had suffered, and that her life, as she had said, had been a mistake as well as his own.

He remembered, like the voice out of another life, how, long ago, she had told him that she had no heart to give to him, and he wondered a little where and how that heart about which he had troubled himself so little had gone. He was, however, too selfish and indolent to disturb himself long about anything that did not concern his own personal comfort, and soon dismissed the subjects from his thoughts.

But Juliet was the happier and the better for that little insight into her husband's heart, and for the forbearance and tenderness which it had called out in herself towards him. And so, although Hugh Fleming had already put the waters of the English Channel between himself and her, and she was to see him no more, a little of the blackness and darkness of the heavy clouds that encompassed her had even now cleared away out of her daily life.

Meanwhile, on that same summer Sunday afternoon, another and very different scene was being acted out under the walnut-tree on the lawn at the Broadley House.

An idyl ever graceful and ever new—'the old, old story' that never loses its charm nor sweetness, however many times in this world's history it is repeated—was being told over again under the fluttering branches of the tree which Flora had once in idle fancy likened to a cathedral aisle, and which became in very truth a shrine to her on this day.

The sunshine glinted down through the aromatic-scented walnut leaves upon her drooping yellow head and sweet downcast face, and fluttered about the white draperies of her simple dress, as Wattie Ellison told her, in strong, manly words, the story of his deep love.

Divested of her fashionable London garments, of her crowd of admirers, of all the coquetry and unreality of her first season's experiences, Flora Travers seemed to have been transformed once again into the simple country maiden whom he had always known and loved; nor had her six weeks of town life been altogether an unmixed evil to her, in that they had taught her to understand her own heart, and to value the sterling affection of the man who, not being blind to her faults, loved her in spite of them, more than all the flattery and adulation that had lately turned her head, but had not been able to spoil her heart.

And presently Wattie took the hand which she had promised him upon his arm, and under the shady lime-tree avenue and out through the yellow cornfields, where the harvest was already beginning, they strolled slowly down to the churchyard in the valley, where scarlet geraniums, and mignonette, and great clusters of white clove carnations had turned poor Georgie's grave into a very wilderness of loveliness; and there, standing up together hand in hand by the white cross round which a crimson rose had been twined by loving hands, Wattie Ellison told over again to her sister the short, sad story of his first love.

'I am sure that she sees us this day, Flora, and that her blessing is upon us both,' said Wattie, with his simple, childlike faith; and then he stooped down, and Flora's first present from her future husband was a rosebud off her sister's grave.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE END OF IT.

THE scene shifts, and we are at Sotherne again: Sotherne without its roses and with its great woods all stripped and bare, and with the winds and rains of December moaning dismally among its quaint twisted chimneys.

Yet, spite of the dreary autumn weather, Sotherne looks less dismal than it has done for many a day. There are fires in every room, and every window in the long gabled façade is unshuttered, and there are footsteps and voices along its passages from morning till night, for Sotherne's mistress has come back to live in it again.

The house in Grosvenor Street is let, and Mrs. Travers has allowed it to be understood that the home of her fathers is, for the future, to be her head-quarters: at which the neighbourhood generally rejoiced greatly.

A place like Sotherne is a dead loss to a

county when it is shut up and uninhabited; and even in Mrs. Blair's long and tranquil reign it was a useless house, as far as sociability is concerned.

But now that Mr. and Mrs. Travers have come to settle down there for the best part of the year, the whole population seems to have brightened and furbished itself up, in its delight to welcome them back. There have been more dinner-parties and dances given this autumn than have been remembered for many years; and great was the joy and excitement when it became known that, as soon as Christmas should be over, two entertainments on a large scale would be held within Sotherne's ancient walls—the first a juvenile dance and Christmas-tree, and the second a full-blown ball to which 'everybody' was to be asked.

Cecil had consented to leave London and to return to Sotherne more willingly than Juliet had thought it possible. For the first few weeks he amused himself at playing the country squire on his wife's property, but after a while he got tired of wandering about the fields with the head-keeper or the bailiff, and making ignorant remarks and suggestions, to which these gentlemen listened in silence, with a respectful smile, but which they did not dream of acting upon. As he had no country tastes or pursuits, he soon found the time hang heavily on his hands, and sat all day long in the library reading French novels or dozing idly in his chair.

'Would you like to go up to town again, Cis?' said his wife to him more than once; 'I am sorry now we came to Sotherne,—you seem to find it so wearisome; would you like to go back?'

'No; of what use would that be?' he would answer fretfully. 'I am not feeling well—I had just as soon be quiet.'

And something in his peevish answers and pale pinched face made Juliet a little uneasy on his account. There was surely something more than his usual fretfulness and listlessness upon him. Every other day he would go over to Broadley and sit with his father for an hour or so, and often, as she saw them together, Juliet thought that the old Squire—who still rode to hounds in a quiet way and tramped about his fields with his gun on his shoulder and his setter behind him to pick up a brace of pheasants or a couple of rabbits, and who still took a lively interest in his *Field* and his *Sporting Gazette*—was by far the younger man of the two.

Once a week, indeed, Cecil seemed to brighten up a little at the arrival of a weekly letter, which, at Juliet's special request, Mrs. David Anderson never forgot to write to him; and the only thing to which he seemed to look forward with any degree of pleasure or animation, was the prospect of a visit from Gretchen and her husband, which they had promised to pay when the winter should be over. Something more than the despondency of a weak character was in the perpetual fretfulness and depression of spirits to which Cecil Travers had now become habitually subject. Sometimes Juliet thought his health must be breaking up altogether, and sometimes she even feared for his mind. Several times she entreated him to see a doctor; but Cis only shook her off impatiently, and refused to listen to her advice.

Juliet was sitting one afternoon in the little morning room where so many of the scenes of her early life had been acted out. A foreign letter lay on the writing-table in front of her—a letter dated from the shores of the Lake of Como—sweet-scented with the pale double violets which had been enclosed in it, and breathing the fragrance of a thoroughly happy heart in every line.

Never, wrote Flora, were two people more suited to each other than she and her dear Wattie—their days were one succession of unbroken happiness—long days of sunshine and of peace, of wanderings side by side under the chestnut-trees, or of lazy, dreamy hours on the bosom of the blue lake. They were in no hurry to come home; a very fairy-land indeed had the purple mountains and the calm waters of Northern Italy become to them.

Juliet put down the letter with a happy smile. She had done some good there, she felt, and longed a little selfishly for the honeymoon days to be over, and for Wattie and his pretty bride to be at home again and within her reach, where the sight of their happiness might be a perpetual pleasure and interest to her.

Another letter lay beside her, from her stepmother—a letter written in a very different spirit.

Since Juliet had returned to live at

Sotherne, she had taken herself, by so doing, completely out of the reach of Mrs. Lamplough's slanderous tongue. Living a quiet life alone with Cis at Sotherne, and Colonel Fleming gone back again to India, it would have been difficult for any female friend, however spitefully inclined, to have spoken harmful words of her. Mrs. Lamplough deemed it wise to ignore all disagreeable and dangerous allusions, and to keep up a brisk correspondence, teeming with flattering words and exaggerated expressions of affection to her 'dearest Juliet.'

In truth, the poor woman could not afford to lose Juliet's friendship, for she was very far from contented with her lot.

Marriage with the Rev. Daniel Lamplough, whom she soon discovered to be a selfish and vulgar domestic tyrant, was anything but the bliss she had at one time expected it to be. Instead of being allowed to have her own way, to give entertainments, to dress fashionably, and to mix in 'aristocratic circles,' as had once been her dream, Mrs. Lamplough found herself a slave, bound hand and foot under a threefold tyranny. Her husband, her sister-in-law, and her sour-visaged maid, seemed to vie with each other to thwart her in every trifle, and to make her life a perfect misery. She hardly knew which of these three personages she hated the most. She could not do the smallest thing, from altering the position of an armchair to dismissing a housemaid, or inviting a friend to dinner, without obtaining permission from one or other, and often from all, of these three potentates: and her worldliness, and sinfulness, and general similitude to the children of the Devil was so often cast in her teeth, and bemoaned over by her persecutors, that she began to detest the very name of religion, and once had the boldness to tell her husband that if the children of Righteousness were all like him, she should infinitely prefer to belong to the family of Sin—a flaring piece of blasphemy, for which she was practically sent to Coventry for more than a week, as her husband refused to speak to her, dined from Monday till Saturday at his club, because he said that he could not sit at meat with so hardened a sinner, groaned aloud when he met her about the house, and, what was the worst penance of all, prayed specially at morning and evening family prayers, before all the servants, that the Almighty might be pleased to turn the heart of his dear, but sinful and erring wife. A few months of such treatment were sufficient completely to alter and to subdue the unhappy woman; her only pleasure now was in writing long, miserable letters to Juliet, in which she poured out full descriptions of her woes and troubles and bitter repentance for having ever married again, and often deep sorrow for all her past offences and wrong dealings towards her stepdaughter. Her letters were a very jeremaid of misery; and Juliet, who was generous, although to the last she could never quite believe in anything she said, forgave her freely, and kept up the correspondence. She wrote to her this afternoon a long, cheerful, comforting letter, in which she tried to raise her spirits and make her look more hopefully at all the troubles and worries of her self-chosen life.

And then, as the short winter afternoon began to draw in, and it became almost too dark to see to write, she left the writing-table and went to sit down on a low seat in the window.

Outside, the wind howled and moaned dismally among the naked branches of the trees, the sky was heavy and lowering, the dead leaves fluttered across the lawn in a melancholy way.

It grew darker and darker—one by one the more distant objects in the landscape faded away indistinctly into the greyness of the coming night, till at last only the twisted rose-bushes in the bed just outside the windows gleamed out of the dark background, lit up from the firelight within the room.

Back upon Juliet's memory came the vivid picture of just such another evening long ago, when the winter winds had so howled and moaned, and the dreary darkness had come on and left her sitting there staring out into it with hopeless, tearful eyes. She remembered how, on that other winter evening, there had come the sudden rush of a horse up the avenue and the clanging peal of the bell at the hall-door; and then all had been hurry, and confusion, and dismay, till poor Georgie had been brought into her house to die. Very vividly that deathbed came back to Juliet's mind to-day—the long, sad night-watch, the broken-hearted grief of the old Squire,

the painful bustle of the arrival of Wattie and Cecil from town, and then the last scene of all, and the dying girl's last words, when she had extracted that fatal, mistaken promise from herself, and clasped her hand into that of Cecil.

As Juliet thought it all over, slow, sad tears of sorrow for her dead friend, and of regret for her own wasted life, coursed one by one down upon her clasped hands.

With a shudder as of some premonition of evil, she knew not what, she rose from the window as old Higgs suddenly opened the door and stood before her.

'What is it, Higgs?' she asked, just in the very words in which she had asked it on that evening long ago.

'Would you come into the library, ma'am?' said the old butler, with rather a frightened face. 'I don't think that master can be well, for he never moved when I took the lamp in, nor answered me when I asked if he had any letters for the post.'

'He was asleep,' answered Juliet, with a strange flutter of terror at her heart as she hastened from the room.

They went into the library together—Juliet first, with her quick, impetuous step, and Higgs following her, trembling all over from head to foot.

Cecil sat upright in his arm-chair, with his back towards the door. A shaded reading-lamp stood on the table in front of him, and flung a bright circle of light just around it, and ghostly shadows about the large room and over its oaken furniture and heavy bookcases. His elbows were on the table in front of him, and his hands both put up shading his face, and before him lay an open writing-case and a half-finished letter upon it. When they came in he never turned in his chair, nor lifted his head, nor dropped his hands, nor moved one single hair's-breadth in his attitude.

'Cis, look up! speak to me!' cried Juliet, with a sharp, ringing voice of horror, as she sprang towards him and touched his shoulder. And then she caught away his hands, and they were cold and stiff; she saw that his face was white and altered, and his eyes wide open and fixed—for in them was the solemn, immovable stare of Death.

For Cecil Travers would never move or look up, nor ever more speak to her again!

. . . . . .

Six months have come and gone, and summer is in the land again. It is six month's since Cecil Travers was laid beside his sister in Sotherne churchyard—six months, during which the crops have been sown and sprung up, and well-nigh ripened, and the trees have budded and unfolded themselves into midsummer glory, and myriads of summer birds and insects have been ushered into life and happiness, and whole showers of roses have covered Sotherne's walls with a mantle of beauty.

In these six months Juliet Travers has recovered from the severe illness which the terrible shock of her husband's sudden death had brought upon her; and now reclines very pale and thin in her deep crape and snowy widow's cap, on a low couch that has been wheeled out on to the lawn for her, under the elm-trees.

Juliet has mourned for Cecil truly and deeply—not with the mourning of a widow who has lost her supporter and her other self, but rather with the gentle grief of a mother over some sickly, wayward child, who has been to her more an occupation and a duty than a comfort or a pleasure.

But to all such mourning, when it does not wrench up the very roots and vitals of our hearts, when it does not alter our nature, nor throw an impenetrable gloom over our whole lives—to all such mourning when it is sad but not bitter, there comes a natural end. And to Juliet's mourning that end had come; her illness—many days of unconscious delirium, many weeks of utter prostration and weakness too great for thinking—had placed a wide gulf, a blank of vacancy between herself and the past. A new life is now opening before her, and, with her sense of freedom in the realization of her widowhood, new hopes and new thoughts are beginning to stir within her.

She had called for her writing materials to be brought out to her on the low table beside her sofa, and is sitting now with a blank sheet of paper before her, her pen idle in her hand, and her eyes fixed with a not unhappy look in them upon the distant blue hills beyond the valley.

'Shall I? dare I?' she is saying over again to herself, whilst a little smile plays about her lips.

Then all on a sudden she pushes aside her writing materials, and rising with a

somewhat weak and trembling step, walks across the lawn into the house through the morning-room window.

And what do you suppose she does there, daughter of Eve as she is?

Why, first she carefully shuts the door, and then she moves away a sofa from before a long mirror that fills up one end of the room, and, with a blush that would not misbecome a maiden of nineteen, she takes off her widow's cap, and surveys her own fair image in the glass.

And fair it is, despite her eight-and-twenty years, and despite the saddened lines which suffering and sorrow have traced upon her face.

Her small, dark head, with its crown of polished plaits, is upheld as proudly as of old; her glorious eyes are as deep and as tender—aye, and as full of fire; the rich curve of her lips, the regular outline of her oval face, and her figure,—which, if it is a shade more matronly, is as perfect in its graceful curves,—are as full of subtle charm, as when she first greeted Hugh Fleming standing out upon the doorstep of her home, and he had thought her the loveliest and fairest among English maidens.

Yes; she could acknowledge to herself without vanity that her beauty had not yet left her, that she was still lovely with a loveliness which, had it ever power to charm and to facinate him, must do so still.

Then she pinned on the disfiguring cap, and went out and sat down again before her writing case and began to write rapidly and hastily, with a glad rosy flush coming and going upon her down-bent face.

Why should we waste any more of our lives apart from each other? We have suffered too much and too long to care any longer for the empty conventionalities and the idle gossip of strangers who do not know what our life's story has been. I am prepared very gladly to be called heartless and disrespectful to poor Cecil's memory, and to be a nine days wonder and scandal to my native county, if only by so doing I may but have you with me again. Dear Hugh; come back to me, for truly I have hungered and thirsted for the sight of you, for too many weary days, to bear absence from you with anything like patience, now that nothing more need stand between us forever. Our lives have been half wasted apart; let us not lose any more of the precious golden days which might be spent together. Darling, come back to me; do not give me the bitter humiliation of being rejected by you for the third time!

Nor does he.

Within a few months of the receipt of that letter, Hugh Fleming is in England again; and when a year is over since Cecil has been carried to his grave, he goes down to Sotherne one morning by the early train, and Juliet, and Mrs. Dawson, and Wattie, and Flora meet him in Sotherne church, just in their everyday clothes, only that Juliet has doffed her crape and wears a simple grey dress, plain as any nun's; the old vicar stands in the chancel with his spectacles on his nose and his open prayer-book in his hand, and a few villagers drop in to look and to wonder; and in this fashion these two, who have loved and suffered so long, are married at last to each other.

Of course, as she had prophesied, it was a nine days' scandal to the neighbourhood, who knew nothing of her life; but to Cecil's family she had told her story, and they forgave her, and were not offended with her for marrying the man she had loved so long—and that was enough for Juliet.

Another distress to the county was that Colonel and Mrs. Fleming did not go away for a wedding tour, like all other decent and respectable brides and bridegrooms, but that, shaking hands with the little wedding party at the church door, they walked off together arm-in-arm up the hill to the house, where they immediately took up their abode without any sort of outward rejoicing, and with no thought of going away even for a week.

One more glimpse of my heroine before we say good-bye to her.

She is standing on the lawn with her husband a few days after her marriage, and together they are watching a glowing golden winter sunset shedding its glory over the landscape below.

It is just such another evening as the one with which my story opened, only that, in place of the golden-heated glow of October, it is now the paler but scarcely less lovely light of the finest and warmest of February days.

Crocuses and snow-drops are springing up in the garden-beds around them, and blackbirds and thrushes are awaking after their long winter silence to welcome the coming spring with a very concert of joy.

A new life dawns upon the earth. A new life, too, is opening for the husband

and wife. Juliet, with a deep thankfulness in her sobered face, is looking out with solemnly glad eyes over the familar scene, and Hugh is looking at her face.

'Darling,' he says, drawing her to him with a sudden flash of tenderness, 'it is good to be together at last, is it not? We have suffered so much in the past—'

'Ah, it is more than I deserve!' she interrupts, quickly, resting a soft rosy cheek against his own. 'When I think of all the wicked things I once said and thought, can I ever repent enough? We have suffered, Hugh—but I have also sinned!'

'Sweet sinner!' he answers, playfully, and lays his lips upon hers. 'Where is the man living who would not forgive to so fair a penitent the sin that was sinned for love's sake?

(The End.)

ROUND THE TABLE.

I WONDER that, much as we have heard of the glories of our Canadian 'Fall,' we have not heard more of the beauty of our Canadian Spring. It is not, of course, marked by any specially individual characteristics like the surpassing glories of the Autumn tints and the luxurious mellow haziness of our Indian Summer. But in our pure atmosphere and under our clear skies, our Spring has its peculiar beauty too. Nothing, for instance, can be more beautiful of its kind than the 'Thousand Islands' of our noble St. Lawrence, just at the time when the first warm balmy air of the spring is gently bringing the young leaves out of the buds in which they have been lying cradled so cosily during the bleak winds of March and April. Never does the sky seem to wear a softer, purer, more exquisite blue. Never do the light clouds that sweep over it appear to veil it more charmingly, the white and the blue seeming to have been both washed freshly by the spring rains. Never does the river seem to sparkle and ripple more joyously, its soft distant tones of blue being in exquisite harmony with those of the sky above. Never do the sunsets seem more inexpressibly beautiful in their melting, changing tones of rose and amethyst; and the shore and islands begin to wear over their rugged outlines a soft misty veil of green, that in the distance is hardly like anything of so substantial a texture as leaves. The masses of distant woods, in which the green is not yet perceptible, are bathed in a rich soft blue, like that of distant mountains never seen at any other time, because the deep hues of the foliage overpower it. And, to look at things more close at hand, the bare shrubs and trees have blossomed out, many of them, into snowy white, or into the delicate pale green of the maple tassels, here and there varied by a startling contrast of rich crimson. Down among the fallen leaves blooms out the sweet delicate hepatica or pale violet; the scarlet columbine waves on the lichened crags, and stately white trilliums nod in the deeper shade of the budding woods. Delicate, feathery white flowers rise through the dead leaves, and every green moss is a marvel of little hooded stems. The air is full of the balm of opening buds and opened blossoms, and musical with the songs of birds, which have not yet lost their æsthetic tastes in family cares. The mature summer and the autumn have each their special beauty, but no beauty seems to me so inspiring, so joyous, so full of blessed hope and promise, as the beauty of the Spring.

—It is a mistake to suppose that travelling has generally the effect of enlarging the mind. The fact is that it is only superior minds which escape the narrowing and cramping effects of foreign travel, while the average traveller—at least if he is a Canadian—returns to his country a much

worse citizen than when he left it. Too often he follows literally the advice which Rosalind, in 'As You Like it,' playfully gives a traveller: 'Look you, lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are.' Now when discontent with one's own home and contemptuous depreciation of everything in it are the results of travel, I say that travel narrows and does not enlarge the mind. There is a certain sort of discontent which the glories of the old world will awaken in a man of sense, and which should be productive of good. I mean the sense that our own country is behind many of the old lands in art and science, in social culture, in public spirit, in freedom of opinion, and a dissatisfaction with this state of things joined with a loving and earnest desire to aid in any attempts at progress in these respects. This is an honorable discontent, very different from the discontent which is mingled with disgust and contempt for everything which is our own, which is blind to all the priceless advantages we possess over the old world, and proclaims itself in constant depreciation of ourselves and our country at home and abroad. Joseph Howe, who fought the battle of progress in the province of British America most trammelled by tradition and conventionalism, used to say that the splendid things he saw abroad, instead of weakening his affection for his own land, only strengthened his purpose to do all he could towards making his country better worth living in. How different is this feeling to that of the average Canadian who 'has enjoyed the advantages of travel,' and comes home to swell the wail of the recent immigrant, who tries to deceive himself and others into the belief that he has seen better days, against the malign fate which has decreed him a habitation in such a country as this! And if travelling has this unfortunate effect upon many Canadians, proportionably greater is the injury of an education or long residence abroad. Without wishing to detract one iota from the intellectual pre-eminence of England, without underestimating in the least the intellectual debt this and all countries owe to her, I do not hesitate to say that Canadians should educate their children in Canada. 'Home-bred youths have homely wit,' Shakspere says; but the 'homely wit' of a young Canadian bred up from childhood amid the associations which are to surround him in mature life, serves him far better than the superficial polish which he might have acquired, at the sacrifice of other things, in a great English School or University. The young Canadian, transplanted at a tender age to England through a mistaken zeal for his welfare, is brought up to regard his native land from the English point of view, with indifference or contempt, as something immeasurably inferior in every way; his associations, his tastes, his friends, even his accent, become English; his desires and affections centre in England, and Canada to him can be nothing but a place of banishment. He returns to make his living in Canada, having gone through a training eminently calculated to unfit him for life in Canada. He is neither an Englishman nor a Canadian. He has not the enthusiasm and energy which are so often found in the one, nor the steady perseverance of the other. He labours under the hallucination that, having enjoyed certain privileges not shared by his fellow-countrymen generally, he is a superior person; and oh, his airs and graces! 'I have thought,' one is sometimes tempted to exclaim, after observing such a one as this, 'some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.'

—What a pity it is that now-a-days, when women's costume is in itself so picturesque, so little regard should be paid to the harmony and contrast of colours. If, as O. W. Holmes says, women ought to put their virtuous indignation in their pockets when they go out walking, and expect to be looked at as we gaze at a picture, this festival of the eye would be greatly enhanced by a tasteful arrangement of colour in the dress. Most women have conventional ideas on the subject and would not dream of coupling green and blue, or red and pink, in the same costume. But while dressing themselves according to these rules they totally forget that any commingling of colours is not in itself an essential beauty, the beauty being only in the relations they bear to one another, and to the

objects for which they are used. For example, the opinion that shades of violet and blue cannot be worn tastefully together may be true, but it does not prove that these colours are never beautiful in combination, for who can deny the delicate loveliness of a sprig of lilac on a pale blue ground? A bad choice of colours I believe to be due to want of cultivation and individual taste, and to the series of accidental occurrences which generally determines the selection. Women leave too much to their dressmakers, or are content to wear what other people are wearing, instead of calling their own personal supervision into play. It is a mistake to suppose that it is beneath the intellect of a well-educated woman to bestow pains upon her dress. Dress, as Carlyle plainly shows, is truly an outward and visible sign of a cultivated mind, and ought to be the reflex of the wearer's mind and not of that of her dressmaker and milliner. Unfortunately most intellectual women set a bad example by affecting a carelessness of dress, as if they thought that the education of their brains must suffice, and the adornment of their bodies and the education of the eye could be neglected with impunity, instead of doing their best to make dress an art, and, without rushing off into mediæval costumes, using their influence to make the present mode of dress as becoming and beautiful as possible. Certainly the dress of a by-gone age has its fascinations: witness the dainty picture which Clarissa Harlowe must have made when she met Lovelace in the garden—dressed in a mob of Brussels lace, with a sky blue ribbon, a petticoat of pale primrose colour, the robings of which were curiously embroidered in a pattern of roses and leaves, diamond snaps in her ears, ruffles of lace, her apron of flowered lawn, her coat of white quilted satin, blue satin shoes, braided with blue, and mittens. She must have looked charming, but we are told that, though she was a young lady of rank and education, Clarissa paid particular attention to her dress, and I think that, with the same care, quite as pretty and more practical costumes might be worn with our modern style. The great thing to consider is the fitness and congruity of a thing: its chief beauty will always depend on that, and what would look well at one time would be quite out of place at another. Let each person in choosing her costume reflect whether the colours and material are suitable for the season, her age, her complexion, and her figure. Depend upon it there is a great deal in dress; often, alas! a great deal of ugliness and a great deal of vulgarity; but sometimes we come across a 'Clarissa,' and she is always appreciated. For my part, I think it a horrid idea of Dr. Watts's, reminding us that our clothes are only second-hand, and that all sorts of crawling insects

> 'wore
> That very clothing long before;'

and I sincerely pity poor Mrs. Watts and the little Wattses (if there were such people, but I own myself not sufficiently interested in the natural history of that moral family to be sure about it) if he harangued them in such a style on their way to church, all dressed out in their Sunday attire, and I imagine it must have totally destroyed what small satisfaction they had in their best hats and high-heeled shoes.

—What is the origin and exact force of the word 'mother-tongue'? Worcester defines it as a language to which another language owes its origin, but it is used in a much more extended sense than this. In ordinary use it signifies one's native language, and not the parent tongue from which one's native language may have sprung. When the Hon. Bardwell Slote appeals to a lady who has lived much abroad to converse in language intelligible to him, he begs her to 'wrestle with the vernacular.' What we call 'vernacular,' is synonymous, I think, with the 'mother-tongue.' Now in Green's 'Short History of the English People,' I find a quotation from the 'Testament of Love,' written in the reign of Henry the Third: 'Let clerks indite in Latin, and let Frenchmen in their French also indite their quaint terms; for it is kindly to their mouths, and let us show our fantasies in such words *as we learned of our mother's tongue.*' Is this the origin of the term? Is it simply '*our mother's tongue*'? the language we learned at our mother's knee? If so, how full of sweet suggestions the word is!

—Notwithstanding all the controversy to which Revivalism has given rise, there is an aspect of the subject which, though

eminently deserving of grave consideration, appears to have been almost completely overlooked. The topic is a delicate one and may perhaps be best approached in the concrete. Let it be supposed, then, that a clergyman—young, good-looking, unmarried, and morally speaking as good as he looks; with a melodious voice and an eloquent tongue—arrives from England and commences to hold revival services in a Canadian city. What is the result? There is at once a flutter among the dovecotes; and a large proportion of the female population —always agog for a new sensation— rushes off in crowds to see and hear the interesting stranger. The excitement becomes contagious and spreads to such an extent that in order to obtain good seats, would-be hearers arrive at the church-doors an hour or two before the services begin. Hundreds fail to get inside, and, partly to accommodate these, week-night 'Bible Readings' are held, at which the numbers present are equally great. The excitement still growing, the services are varied by 'Inquiry Meetings' on one or more mornings of the week. These are attended almost exclusively by young girls, who go, as to a sort of confessional, for the purpose of propounding such questions as, whether it is wrong to dance, to go to the theatre, to read novels, and others equally well calculated for purposes of edification. The excitement rises to fever heat, till at last the youthful revivalist becomes the idol of the hour, followed, like other idols, by crowds of enthusiastic worshippers. Nor is the *cultus* confined to the church. He is asked out to dinner and fêted almost every night; his photograph, in various styles, appears conspicuously displayed in the shop windows, side by side with those of the popular actress, the ballet dancer, and the female trapeze performer, and is sold by thousands—to whom may be read ily guessed; he is waylaid on the street and followed into stores for the purpose of getting a sight of him, a bow, or a few minutes chit-chat. Witnessing these things, and noting further that more than three-fourths of those who attend his revival ministrations are of the softer sex,—for the most part young and unmarried,—the question irresistibly suggests itself, would the same devotional zeal be exhibited were the minister married, or old, or ill-favoured? The delicate attentions to which he is subjected become at length so oppressive, that in sheer self-defence he is obliged to let it be generally known that he does not intend to marry in Canada. A good many remarkable vagaries have been enacted in the name of religion,—not the least curious of them by members of the more emotional sex,—and it may well be questioned whether such things as I have described—and multitudes can testify to the unexaggerated truthfulness of the picture—are healthy or whether they are morbid; whether the beneficial effects of revival services such as those spoken of may not be outweighed by the sacrifice of maidenly dignity and modesty involved in an internecine struggle to capture and carry off in triumph the lion of the hour, or even to secure a passing notice from him. The other day I was glancing over the recently published biography of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, when my eye lighted on the following passage, which struck me as being remarkably apropos to the present subject. It occurs at pp. 416-7 of the American edition, in a letter written in 1870 by him to John Stuart Mill, on the subject of the Woman's Rights' movement, of which Kingsley was a hearty supporter. He says:—

'I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to —I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet—'to reconstruct society according to science,' we must steer clear of the hysteric element. . . . . I should be glad some day to have the honour of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι*, the principal of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i. e.*, the Canon Law, is civilized off the earth.'

If Kingsley was right in thinking it desirable 'to reconstruct society according to

science,' it may not be amiss to hear what Science has to say on the subject under discussion. Dr. Maudsley, the Superintendent of the celebrated Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, is probably the greatest authority living—certainly the greatest who writes the English language—on all matters pertaining to the mind and its affections. At p. 210 of the American edition of his 'Physiology and Pathology of the Mind,' he says:—

'I do not hesitate to express a conviction that the excitement of religious feelings, and the moroseness of the religious life, favoured by some of the Dissenters, are habitually injurious to the character, and are sometimes a direct cause of insanity. Young women who fail to get married are apt to betake themselves fervently to religious exercises, and thus to find an outlet for repressed feeling in an extreme devotional life; having of necessity much self-feeling, they naturally fly to a system which expressly sanctions and encourages a habit of attention to the feelings and thoughts—a self-brooding—and which attracts to them the sympathy of others. This is not, nor can it come to, good: as the man whose every organ is in perfect health scarcely knows that he has a body, and only is made conscious that he has organs when something morbid is going on, so a healthy mind in the full exercise of its functions, is not conscious that it has feelings, and is only awakened to self-consciousness by something morbid in the processes of its activity. To fly for refuge to the contemplation of one's own feelings and thoughts is in direct frustration of the purposes of one's being as an element in Nature, and in the direct way of predisposing to insanity. It is only in actions that we truly live, and by our actions that we can truly know ourselves. How mischievous, then, any encouragement of a morbid self-feeling, religious or otherwise, is likely to be, it is easy to perceive. Among the cases of mental disease that have come under my care, there are some in which the cause of the outbreak has been satisfactorily traceable to religious influence injudiciously exerted. Not among Dissenters only, but amongst those members of the High Church party in the Church of England who are so much addicted to playing at Roman Catholicism, the most baneful effect is sometimes produced on women through the ignorant and misapplied zeal of priests, who mistake for deep religious feeling what is really sometimes a morbid self-feeling . . . . . many times accompanied by hysterical excitement.'

—With much that was said by one of the guests at the table at their last meeting, as to the importance of keeping the Sunday intact, I heartily agree. The day is a priceless blessing to man. Perhaps its greatest value lies in a point which was not adverted to,—the interruption which it causes to that most terrible of the evils of modern civilization, the rage for money-getting. Were it not for this one day, the rule of Mammon would indeed become absolute and complete throughout the civilized world. Believing then in the incalculable value of one day's periodical cessation from business, with all its meannesses, its grinding cares and worries, and in the impossibility of enabling any one man to escape from these evils unless all are compelled to do so, it seems to me that the general law enforcing the closing of all places of business on Sunday can hardly be too stringently enforced. Further than this in the direction of paternal despotism I cannot go. Subject to the limitation indicated, I would allow every man to spend the day as seemed best to himself. The very essence of its benefit appears to me to lie in acting out to its logical conclusion the scriptural dictum that 'the Sabbath was made for man',—in the feeling that the day is one's own to do with as one pleases. To be compelled to spend it in quiet thought, supposing such compulsion possible, would be to most people an intolerable bore, and, so, productive of positive injury. I know at least one man, a physician who was brought up in Scotland, whose recollection of the misery which as a child he was forced to endure on 'the Sawbath', has been so ingrained into his nature, so associated with this particular twenty-four hours of the week, that, though he is now over sixty years of age, he still holds Sunday in utter loathing and detestation. I have been for walks with him on Sunday afternoons, and he never alludes to the day without an explosion of passionate hatred. In this case,—and how many are there that resemble it?—'scrupulousness' converted the day from a blessing into a

curse. What, too, is to be said of that large class of men who are compelled to pass six days of the week in hard thinking? They require, not another day's thinking, 'quiet' or otherwise, but cessation from thought, — rest from their wearing brain-labour. For these and kindred reasons I side with the CANADIAN MONTHLY reviewer of Dr. Guthrie's 'Life' in favour of laxity as against scrupulousness. 'One man's meat is another's poison'. If any one chooses scrupulousness for himself, well and good. To force it on others to whom it is repugnant will produce more harm than benefit. The *enforced* 'scrupulousness' of the Puritanism of the Commonwealth resulted, by an inevitable reaction, in the most immoral period known to English history. A sober-minded people will keep Sunday soberly; a frivolous people will spend it in frivolity. The day does not make the people but the people the day. To compel Parisians to keep Sunday in a different fashion from their present one, would not cure the evil, but simply change the mode of its manifestation,—most likely intensify it. Eradicate frivolity from the people's nature and they will *spontaneously* spend their Sunday soberly and wisely; shut up their theatres *now* and they will pass the day in idle and frivolous gossip, or worse. So long as the root of frivolity is there, so long will it bear its natural fruit in some shape or other, and this on Sundays as well as week days.

—A short time ago some foolish or mischievous person telegraphed from Ottawa to England that the people of this country were desirous that the Queen should assume the title of 'Empress of Canada.' There must have been something more than mere caprice in this strange escapade, for a message across the Atlantic costs money, and jokes of this kind are usually perpetrated at the expense of others than their inventors. All we know about the matter is that the thing was done; but by whom, or for what purpose, is 'to the wondering crowd unknown.' To glorify their own achievements the Spaniards dubbed the Cacique Montezuma Emperor of Mexico, and he has had in recent days two imperial successors in that land of serial revolutions. St. Domingo, or Hayti, has indulged in the same luxury, besides a nobility of which, if I remember right, the Duke of Lemonade and Marquis of Chocolate were choice samples. They were, however, an unlucky lot, and their fate was not such as to tempt others to follow in their footsteps. The Empire of Brazil has so far proved an exception to Cæsarean unsuccess on this continent, for the ruler of that huge wilderness has carried his honours discreetly, as the Baron of Bradwardine carried his liquor, though the purple hangs somewhat loosely, if not grotesquely, about him. The chief of a handful of effete Europeans, Indians, negroes, and half-breeds is a queer representative of Augustus and Trajan, who were masters of the world. An Emperor or Empress of Canada would be liable to the same objection, as well as a multitude of others. Even the grand designation of Empress of India sounds harshly in British ears as applied to the sovereign, and was unwillingly accepted by the people at the dictation of a ministry with a large parliamentary majority at its back. But what can a great people expect who choose a third-rate novelist for their Prime Minister, with no higher qualities than those of a clever debater, and an expert party strategist? Lord Macaulay has said that in England the possession of these qualities alone has led to the appointment of First Lords of the Admiralty, who could not tell a ship's bow from her stern, and of Chancellors of the Exchequer who did not know the Rule of Three. And Mr. Disraeli is a living proof that Macaulay spoke truly. The opinion got abroad that it was the Queen who wished to be styled Empress, in order to take rank with the monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Germany, rather than with those of Denmark, Portugal, and Belgium, and the like royal small fry. But there is reason to believe that the scheme is one of Mr. Disraeli's oriental 'whimichams,' of which it is not the first. Some years ago he uttered the sage remark that England was an Asiatic rather than an European power, which is about as true as that a horse-chesnut is a chesnut-horse, or any similar play upon words. Without England what would the English empire in India be, where the children of Europeans cannot live without degenerating in mind and body? He should reserve such puerilities for his Caucasian romances—which, by the way, nobody will read after he is a twelvemonth

in his grave. Wiser men than Disraeli, or even than the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, have long regarded India as the weak point in the British dominion, and some forebode that when Britain's Nemesis shall overtake her it will be from that quarter. England is doing a great work in Hindostan, but it is at a heavy expense of life and money; and could she abandon that country to-morrow the occurrence would add greatly to her safety, and consequently to her strength. At all events the notion of popularizing British rule in India by adopting a title unknown in its annals is superbly ridiculous. 'Emperor' is only a European adaptation of the many designations of the Mogul conquerors of the East, and the Emperor Akbar or Aurengzebe would scarcely have been recognized by their subjects or themselves under that name. Besides, from the days of the Roman Imperators downwards, there is an evil fame attached to the appellation. In the persons of its several holders, with the exception of Charlemagne, from Augustus to Napoleon, in Russia, in Austria, and elsewhere, it presents a record of tyranny and misgovernment, and generally of decline and decay. It is a word of evil omen to a free people, and it is to be regretted, if on that account alone, that the British Parliament did not reject it. It is true that as the Legislature created this novelty, the same authority can annul it; and I should not be surprised if such be its fate after the present occupant of the throne has ceased to fill it—if not before. I can see only one benefit that can arise from this untoward circumstance. The leading title in the new order of things is that of Queen, the imperial addition being only secondary. So, as far as England is concerned, an Emperor no longer has the first rank among the potentates of the earth. They will probably, therefore, find it necessary to invent some new dignity by which they shall in future be distinguished; and will perhaps discover that, like all mundane glories of the sort, Imperialism is almost 'played out.'

It may be that the question has received more attention than it deserves, though in one respect the step may not prove unimportant. I believe the hereditary monarchy to be a wise institution, and the best and safest adjunct to Parliamentary Government. For several generations the British Sovereigns have been gradually laying aside the observances, tinsel, and frippery of feudalism, and becoming what they are in the end destined to be, simply the chief magistrates of the nation. A good many mediæval follies are still retained about the court, but they are mostly senseless anachronisms which have outlived their time, and will soon be reformed, or laughed out of existence. They now serve no other purpose than to afford weapons to the enemies of monarchy, and which have been used with considerable effect.

—The author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' in her 'Sermons out of Church,' complains of the lowness of the standard of health in the present generation. I fear the remark is applicable to Canada as well as England, especially as regards that which, here at least, seems emphatically to be the weaker sex, physically at least. Here and there—indeed, too often—we find the active business man dropping off on the invalid list, or prematurely cut off, the result of 'overwork,' combined with its accustomed worry. But what numbers of young ladies we find 'out of health,' or if not actually in that indefinite, but unpleasant condition, at least so 'delicate' that they cannot stand almost any strain of exertion. And how many sink into chronic invalidism, almost before the *première jeunesse* is past. This is not as it should be; our Canadian physique ought to be a good healthy one, and *is*, when in gets fair play. But, for an age in which so much is talked of the 'laws of Nature,' there is wonderfully little respect as yet paid to them. To hear many people talk of these, one would imagine that the observance of them was to stand in the place of religion. But notwithstanding it all, it is a religion still lamentably neglected. 'Society,' though it is supposed to have grown immensely in culture and enlightenment, is as obstinately determined as ever to maintain its own artificial system, in opposition to the clearly depicted laws of nature and health. Those who are supposed to be the best educated and most enlightened members of the community, still combine together to keep up a system of late hours, injurious excitement, heavy dinners, and all the unnatural accompaniments of social life, which sap the

health and beauty of our young girls before their time, and condemn them to after years of languor, *ennui*, or positive suffering. Above all, we still have the barbarism of late and exciting children's parties, against which all sensible people have been vainly protesting for years. Delicate children, who require nothing so much as a regular temperature, regular hours, and a regular life, generally free from excitement and its inevitable reaction, are sent out on winter evenings to spend several hours in dances, in rooms alternately overheated and draughty, crowning the whole set of imprudences by a luxurious supper, unwholesome even for grown-up people, and quite enough to give the poor little victims nightmare, or at the very least, feverish dreams. If one half of the indignation expended, and not wrongfully, on those whose thoughtless carelessness exposes other people's children to the risk of taking infectious diseases, were applied to those who sap the health of other people's and their own children by injudicious and injurious party-giving—kindly meant indeed — the standard of health of our young folks would speedily improve. But in the latter case, the poison is wrapped up in so attractive a form that its thoughtless dispensers in general only meet with laudations from their equally unreflecting friends, and so goes on an evil to which it would not be too much to say that young lives are sacrificed every year, for no end but that of petty display. I believe, too, that these juvenile parties are injurious, not only physically, but in another and even more important respect. The dances and charades, however pretty they may be, and the latter are the worse the better they are acted, teach the little ones to imitate prematurely the artificial follies and insincerities of their elders, and rub off the first charming simplicity and unconsciousness of childhood, which can no more be restored than the bloom of a plum or a bunch of grapes can be replaced when once destroyed. Let children have an abundance of simple pleasures, and they will be far happier than in aping the ways of grown-up society. Let them meet together in little gatherings of a dozen or two—simply dressed—and enjoy hearty games of romp that will make them run about and laugh heartily, good old-fashioned blind-man's-buff, hide-and-seek, 'puss in the corner,' and Sir Roger de Coverly, etc., having had a good substantial early tea, go home at eight or nine, with, at most, an apple or an orange as a parting *bonne-bouche*. Let them, in summer, have simple innocent excursions into the woods, to gather wild flowers and ferns, and have a gypsy tea, minus the superabundance of cake and pastry which, in Canada, seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of every pic-nic, as if devised to neutralize its beneficial effects. Children brought up on such principles do not become prematurely dyspeptic or precociously blasé, as too many of the children of our richer clases are doing already. There can be no greater good for a man or woman, in a sanitary point of view, than to preserve through life simple tastes and the faculty of enjoying the simple pleasures that are within the reach of almost all, and if those who help to mould 'society' would only consult more the natural laws of which we hear so much—cant, it is to be feared—and would set the example of a simpler, less luxurious, and nobler style of living; if our population generally could be induced to live a little more plainly, to dispense with at least a third of their heavier food—meat, cake, and pastry—in regard to which latter we have got too much into American ways, I believe we should soon have a more healthy type of physique prevalent among us than that which is now, unfortunately, far too common.

—The vivisection controversy seems to continue with unabated interest in Britain, and it is possible that it may initiate a better treatment of animals all round, since the vivisectionists retort upon the sportsmen, and declare that, for one animal tortured in the name of science, thousands are tortured in the name of sport. Some one has calculated that about fifty millions of birds die every year a death of lingering torture, from being merely wounded by sportsmen and then left to their fate. Certainly it seems a horrible thing that brave and 'chivalrous' Englishmen cannot amuse themselves without inflicting untold sufferings on numbers of these innocent, joyous creatures. But the *argumentum ad hominem*, silencing though it might seem to be, does not prove that because millions of creatures are tortured in the interests of

sport, hundreds more may rightly be tortured in those of science. But, say the advocates of vivisection, it is not that we love animals less but science more. Now it is a fair question,—does not this 'love of science' mean, in most cases, simply love of gratifying one's own tastes and impulses. The sportsman gratifies his impulse for sport at the expense of animal suffering, and similarly the man of scientific tastes gratifies his impulse towards investigation by the same means. Has either a moral right to do it? And if he has, why does that moral right to torture stop with the animal creation, and not extend to his fellow-man. Then there is much said of the high and holy uses of science. Now, few will maintain that science is always, or even generally, put to very high and holy uses (take the Krupp gun, for example); but certainly to torture a living, suffering creature, in order that some time, some possible good may accrue to some one through it, seems very like doing evil that good may come. The truth is, science is regarded in these days with an over-estimation which in many cases becomes idolatry, and every amateur who wants only to gratify his curiosity by seeing for himself some experiment he has heard of, which is not likely to do the least good to any human being, thinks that the very name of science is enough to consecrate his cruelty. But, the more deeply we feel the high and holy privilege of unveiling, to some extent, the mysteries of creation, the more deeply, surely, we should feel that there may be portions of these mysteries which we have no right to unveil, because they can only be penetrated at the expense of suffering which we have no right to inflict. This, at least, seems to me the Christian view of the matter. He, surely, is morally the more noble, who denies himself the knowledge he would like to gain, because he loves the helpless sensitive creature in his power too well to inflict upon it the pain at the expense of which the knowledge must be purchased,—who refuses to

> 'Blend his pleasure or his pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives!'

However, even apart from the vivisection question, there is much animal suffering which might be saved by a stricter legislation. It is to be feared that the whole system of converting animals into food, from their carriage to their slaughter, is full of inhumanities which might be put down by efficient legislation combined with a more careful education on this subject. The French and Germans set us an example we might well copy, in strictly providing for the 'painless killing' which we surely owe to the creatures at the expense of whose lives we maintain our own.

—How pleasant it would be in these days of worry and overwork, disappointment and depression, if some one would turn his attention to the production of cabinets to be filled with moral pick-me-ups for tumbled-down spirits. Here should be found subtile essences of the true manly and the tender womanly gathered from all sides in the great vintage grounds of the world of literature. They would be small private bins stocked with dainty extracts from the poets, delicate sips from the choicest philosophical cordials, ethereal drops of the finest art, cunning distillations of fun and joy and life with all its pains and pleasures, sparkling humour (the genuine article, none of your new fangled poisonous compounds, born of chaff and an acidulated spleen), not forgetting rare old tonics, powerful enough to brace up a rope of sand and set a cabman's conscience on its legs. As befits their qualities, these precious stimulants and soothers should be administered by the thimbleful and well digested.

Of course there would have to be cabinets and cabinets, just as there are people and people. There should be the religious cabinet, going to which should be like hiding your face in your mother's breast, a child once more, and sobbing out your grief till she petted and soothed and consoled all tears from your eyes and heaviness from your heart; but to use this cabinet aright, one must have the simple faith of a little child, and the heart of a snowdrop. For mothers there should be the essence of child life and child love, the liquid sound of little tongues and all the quaint sweet chatter of babydom and childhood; with here and there a tender soothing medicament to let her feel that her little one will not find it lonely in the Land of the Mist for lack of playmates. Then for girlhood, so full of mysterious change and preparation for the delicious joys and pains of

womanhood and motherhood, there should be—laid in rose leaves and violets and lillies of the valley, and scented with the breath of Spring and new-mown hay—such a store of the pure in thought, the true in life and honest in love, as would make this cabinet a great favourite and a great good. Then there is the cabinet for the selfish man, suffering severely from the malady of *pitie de soi meme.* He would not buy it for himself, but his friends might put it in his stockings as a gift from Santa Claus. This should bear the motto,

> 'We are not alone unhappy.
> This wide and universal theatre
> Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
> Wherein *we* play in;'

and by showing him the real misery of others, make him ashamed to set so great store by his own poor parcel of grievances. Then the scholar should find his store in quaint apothegms from the Zend: China and the land of Vishnu, mighty old Greece stately Spain should be laid under contribution for his benefit, and the wisdom of the whole world be brought to revive his learned depression. Even boys, utterly objectionable as, of course, every one knows them to be, have their spirits occasionally reduced below white heat, their normal and apparently fitting temperature, and for them the book-world offers exhaustless treasures. In our cabinets, however, there should be nothing of 'sensational', no 'blood and thunder,' no premature introduction to the nasty and vicious in life and manners. We would have no raw brandies to burn throats in any of our 'pick-me-up cabinets.' If we could but find an old, sage, white-haired alchemist, with a good stock of crucibles and retorts, and the elixir of life to fall back on, we might set him to work to make these cabinets: but where is the alchemist?

CURRENT EVENTS.

NOTHING can be clearer, though at the same time more disheartening, to one who endeavours to take an impartial survey of public affairs, than the deterioration of political morality. By morality is not meant here loud protestations of pure and disinterested zeal for the public good; of that there is enough and to spare, for party Pharisaism loves to stand brawling at the corners of the streets. Canada boasts its party of purity and its party of purity and progress, and if people would take the estimate of each, touching its own worth, both are immaculate. In truth, both are tarred with the same stick, and, under the flimsy mask of patriotism, hide self-seeking, party aggrandizement, and all the unworthy words and deeds which follow in their train. *Vivitur ex rapto* is the policy of the partisan, as Ovid says it was a characteristic of the iron age. To the exigencies of party—now no longer a means but an end—principle, right, truth, honour, fair-play—all are sacrificed. Men who in the ordinary walks of life would disdain even to prevaricate, much less to speak evil even of an enemy, become reckless of every moral obligation the moment they enter the political arena. Scandal becomes by-play, principle the scarecrow of idiots, and conscientiousness in speech or action a fatal obstacle to success in life. Does anyone suppose that the disgraceful scenes of last session would have been enacted had politicians been guided by those ordinary ethical rules which obtain in the common intercourse of man with man? Should we have seen some men opposing a principle of which they heartily approve, and others presenting it to Parliament, not with a view to its success, but in order to store up capital for their faction? The only question of sufficient importance to deserve the name of principle is that of a reform in our fiscal policy, and this is how the partisans treated it.

The Pacific Railway matter has been 'a' a

muddle,' as Stephen Blackpool would say, from the beginning, and a muddle it bids fair to remain until the end. So far as the the two political parties are concerned, there is no dispute about the question of its construction. The faith of the Dominion has been plighted, broken, and pieced together again in a leaky sort of way. British Columbia is inexorable, and the country is in for it, more steeply than it has yet so much as conceived. It may be, as Sir Alexander Galt argues, that the attempt to carry out the bargain may be something like national suicide, but the compact was made by our Government with its eyes open, and a proximate knowledge of the outlay, and there is no decent pretext for withdrawing from it. The only practical questions therefore remaining, concern route, method, and cost of construction; but here there is ample room for the display of those peculiar talents which adorn and distinguish the successful politician of to-day. The great national enterprise was unfortunate from the outset. Ministers proposed that the work of construction should be committed to a company, assisted by a land and money grant. With the light of subsequent experience as a guide, this appears, on the whole, the best plan which could have been adopted. The Government would have been relieved of the cost and responsibility of superintendence; the money burden upon the Dominion would have been lighter, and distributed over a series of years *pari passu* with the completion of the work; and the Company would have had a deep stake in an early settlement of the lands in our North-West. Mr. Mackenzie, as leader of the Opposition, favoured the alternative plan of direct Government construction, and it is not doing him any injustice to believe that if Sir John had proposed the latter scheme, the hon. gentleman would have found satisfying reasons for the one he denounced. He is a strong partisan, and it is a cardinal maxim of party in Opposition to oppose any thing and every thing emanating from Government. Then supervened that terrible exposé known as the Pacific Scandal, of which it is not now necessary to say more than that the conduct of the Government was without excuse, although its character was misrepresented and its turpitude magnified by the frenzied passions of the time. The new Premier had rather to make a first beginning with the Pacific Railway, than to begin *de novo*, since nothing had yet been done. Having committed himself to Government construction, he propounded an amphibious scheme, so as 'to utilize our great water-stretches,'—a scheme which, under the circumstances of the country, we are far from condemning. Still it is already evident that in surveys alone the country has paid or will pay many millions of dollars, and that much more than the subsidy which the Allan and Macpherson companies were willing to accept, must be expended long before the steam whistle of the locomotive awakens shrill echoes in Keewatin, or startles the wild fowl at the Lake of the Woods.

From the moment Mr. Mackenzie took office, the parties have been playing the old game of cross purposes. On the one hand an error of judgment like the Foster contract or the steel rails purchase, has been extolled as a master stroke of policy, to be defended at all hazards and utterly without regard to the amenities of debate; on the other hand, denounced in grossly vituperative language, not as a mistake, but as a crime—an act of premeditated baseness and corruption. Now it is not necessary to inquire which of the two parties should bear the greater share of the blame; both are bad, because party tactics are essentially bad, and will never be better so long as politicians have nothing else to attack than the moral character of opponents. The Pacific Railway, most unfortunately for the country, has been made the fruitful parent of innumerable scandals, and in the foul miasm generated by them, parties live, move, and have their being. Is it not lamentable that, with a general election in prospect, one side should have no battle cry but the Pacific Scandal, the Secret Service, and the Northern Railway, and the other none save the Georgian Bay Branch, the Steel Rails, and the Lachine Canal? Does it not prove, beyond controversy, that there is something radically vicious in a system which brings forth such pernicious fruits?

Parties without distinctive principles are sure to begin to decay from the first hour of their success. Indeed it would be easy to trace the process of moral deterioration in individual members during the brief ex

istence of the present Parliament. Is this a necessary condition of constitutional government, and not rather the result of an abnormal and unhealthy phase of it? The Opposition papers are fond of ridiculing Mr. Mackenzie's resolution 'to elevate the standard of purity,' but being themselves not without sin of a very heinous kind, it is difficult to see what right they have to cast the first, or any other, stone at him. It may have been some consolation to Milton's Satan, as he reviewed his 'powers and dominions,' to find so many hapless spirits in like evil case with himself; but in this upper air there are on-lookers—arbiters in the last resort of the country's destinies—who can derive no comfort from the attempted proof of corruption every where. It is not to the substratum of truth, if any such there be, which may be supposed to underlie these innumerable scandals we desire to call attention; for that, on impartial examination, would prove infinitesimal; but to the prevailing love of scandal-mongering as a political art, as a clear proof of moral degeneracy. Attached to neither party, our exclamation is that of the dying Mercutio, 'A plague o' both your houses,' and our only object is to exclaim against the evil spirit which possesses men, when they can gloat over their nauseous stock-in-trade and confidently expect a sympathizing people to add an *Io triumphe* to their rapture. It is possible to point the moral, though one cannot give adornment to the tale.

For this purpose it is by no means essential to assert either that the dominant party is radically depraved or that it is absolutely impeccable. In times when solid principles are at stake—principles worth struggling and suffering for—men will do and dare anything, without hope of other reward than the triumph of their cause. But it is far otherwise, when, by mere chance, a party, indistinguishable from its enemy save by the desire to supplant it, steps into office. Then flock in the deserters and camp-followers, as they did three years and a half ago, full of virtuous indignation and of eagerness for a share in the spoils. Moreover, the Reformers themselves had been for years living on purity and good intentions, and it is easy to be temperate in diet when one has nothing to eat or drink. At the same time they were starving, and the famished are not usually too fastidious or too refined in their distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* when the flesh pots of Egypt, so long desired, are placed within their reach. Mr. Mackenzie was no doubt sincere in his desire to bring in the reign of purity and retrenchment, but the logic of events was too powerful for him. He soon discovered, as most conquerors discover on the morrow of their triumph, that it is one thing to be virtuous *in deserto*, and quite another to maintain a party's virtue when cakes and ale are in prospect. There is always a crowd of self-seekers in every party not animated by strong principle, who, in the cant phrase of of the day, 'have claims on the party.' One might suppose that the party would settle its own claims out of its own resources; but that is not the established practice by any means. Claims upon a party are always adjusted by the country; so that, whoever may be in, there are always unremitting calls upon the gratitude of the party and the purse of the people. It is so much easier and more profitable to be shelved in an office, that men prefer it to other work, or as Terence puts it, *is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus*. Instead of the civil service being regarded as an honorable profession, which demands ability, assiduity, culture, and training, it is thus transformed into a State almshouse for broken-down tradesmen, decayed professionals, and ne'er-do-wells of every sort. The only apology for this flagrant outrage upon the public is, that these men 'have claims upon the party.' The number of members unseated for acts of 'indiscretion' committed by their friends ought to excite no surprise; for it is part and parcel of the whole system. Every hanger-on may hope for something, from an Auditor-Generalship down to a post in the tide-waiting service, and how is it possible to obtain the coveted position without an excess of zeal and subserviency, and 'a plentiful lack' of independence and conscientiousness? Hence corruption filtrates through, down to the lowest social stratum, defiling the entire body politic. It is clear that however factitious the current scandals may be, there is a powerful agency for evil in the party system *per se*, and one tending more and more to deprave public morals. Its euphemistic expression is this acknowledgment that men 'have claims on

the party' to be adjusted by the country.

The correlative of this also leads directly to immoral public action. It is asserted, oftentimes in no doubtful phrase, that the party has paramount claims upon every one of its members. This, in practice, means something like this :—That a man's intelligence, his desires, and his conscience are not his own but his party's; that, in becoming a party man, he surrendered all independence of thought and action; and that party success must be held superior to convictions of duty, and indeed to moral distinctions of any sort. If any one refuses to acknowledge that this is the case, it is only necessary to refer him to the division lists of last Session. No one unacquainted with the party *code d'honneur*, which has superseded common morality, could help expressing his surprise at the singular unanimity of opinion manifested by party men on both sides regarding every possible subject of discussion. In no other department of human thought or opinion has harmony so perfect been obtainable, as in politics; and if we look a little closer, its real import and value will be apparent. Men will be found speaking in favour of a motion and yet voting against it, and what is worse, both speaking and voting against a principle of which they aver their approval, and to the support of which they are pledged to their constituents and the country. If the reason for this palpable inconsistency be sought, it will be discovered to shape itself into one or other of two cant party phrases—'that it would not do to embarrass the Government,' or, 'that a man must not desert his party.' These, translated into vulgar English, mean that no man is morally bound to consult his intelligence, to obey his conscience, or even so much as think for himself. He must be an automatic voting machine, not a responsible being. Right and wrong are words that cease to have any meaning, unless such as may be assigned to them by those who pull the wires—*qui jouent les marionnettes;* for the politician, having surrendered all independence of action, if not of thought, becomes a puppet. Inasmuch, however, as he still remains an accountable being, it may be fairly asked whether a system which so degrades him does not directly tend to his moral deterioration? And, that once admitted, as it clearly must be, it follows that the moral tone of public affairs and, through them, the moral tone of the entire community must also be sensibly impaired.

It may be urged, in reply, that party is essential to the adequate working of free governments, or, at least, that it is a necessary evil. In either form, this is a very doubtful proposition, if by party is meant, as it clearly means in Canada to-day, an association of men bound together by ties of honour to support their leaders under all circumstances, whether they believe them to be right or wrong. It may at once be conceded that crises periodically arise, when politicians must associate closely together in an effort to secure the triumph of some principles they deem of the highest importance. Struggles of this kind have often occurred in England, in Canada, and elsewhere, which have ennobled party and elevated it out of the miry ruts of faction up to the straight and even path of progress; but those have been periods of moral earnestness as well as mental vigour, not of selfish partisanship and political decrepitude. At such times, it may well be that, rather than jeopardize the essential principles for which they contended, Whigs and Tories, Reformers and Conservatives, may occasionally have surrendered some portion of their independence, for higher purposes. These are sacrifices made upon the principle of compromise and on behalf of noble ends; but what comparison can or ought to be instituted between them and the miserable uniformity of party manœuvres which have selfishness and party success as their drill instructors? The golden age of the Dominion lies far away in the future, shading off dimly visible to the vanishing-point in perspective, towards sunset on the Pacific. The golden age of statesmanship, like that fabled by the ancients, lies in the past, when Canadian public men were in earnest and knew why they struggled, before the days when scandal began her disastrous reign, or men 'fell out they knew not why.' In the days when Canadians battled for equality of race, equality of creed, free responsible government, there was a nobility in party which shed dignity even upon its rancour and its weakness. If the records of those times are carefully examined, it will be found that the strong earnestness of the battle reflected its moral influence

upon the individual mind, and enabled it to assert its personal independence even when the ties of party were most closely knit together. It is only now, when the ins and the outs form two knots of intriguing conspirators, bent only upon retaining or securing place and power, that we find faultless harmony in each camp, and principle in neither. Party, as it was, resembled a patriotic army united to defend its country; party, as it is, can only be likened to a horde of banditti, who never quarrel except over the spoils.

The remedy for this moral deterioration is two-fold. First, a loosening of the ties of party, so as to give full play to individual opinions and convictions; and secondly, a renunciation of the power of rewarding or punishing by creating, or appointing to, offices or dismissing from them on any party grounds. The one is an emancipation of intellect and conscience, the other, the practical operation of a much needed reform. Until both parties shake off the herd of greedy hangers-on and cut them off from the shadow of a hope, our elections will continue to be corrupt, and the general tone of politics will remain debased; and until allegiance to party is subordinated to fidelity to truth and honest opinion, there can be no hope of an elevation of the standard of purity, of statesmanship, of national progress, or any other standand than that meanest of all flags under which to fight, that of party aggrandizement. Some of the Opposition journals continue to clamour for an immediate dissolution, mainly, perhaps, because it is the last thing they desire, though partly no doubt in sheer want of a new cry. That, however, would be no remedy at all, under existing circumstances. There might be a few more members of the Conservative stripe returned, and it is even supposable, though not probable' that they would succeed in ejecting the Government. In the latter case, the old game would be played over again by a new set of vultures, with whetted beaks and empty maws, eager to replace the cormorants now almost all satisfied from the public stores. The people will, in about eighteen months, take the matter into their own hands, and they will have had another year's experience of what the party-system is capable. After a brief respite, human inventiveness will re-assert its never failing fruitfulness, and there will be another crop of scandals ready for use. It will be the fault of the electors if they suffer themselves to be deluded any longer by the false pretences and trite platitudes of the parties. Let them insist upon having some sterling grain, guaranteed by men of principle and worth, instead of the chaff of rhetorical abuse upon which they have hitherto been fed. They require not sham 'independents,' for there are too many now in the House who are independent of anything but the stern fiat of the 'whip.' Let them fling aside party distinctions, as such, and select their member as they would select their pastor, their lawyer, or their doctor, for his character and his merits. Mr. O'Hanly, of Ottawa, in his trenchant assault upon Grit exclusiveness, exposed the arcana of the party with great thoroughness. It is in the power of every constituency to resist outside dictation, or even suggestion, if they will, and the warning addressed to them by one who has left the camp should not be lost upon the entire electorate. The interests of party dictators, party caucuses, Liberal clubs, Liberal-Conservative or Workingmen's Associations, ought to be disobeyed and resisted *a l'outrance.* The legislature will never be free from the galling shackles of party, until the people are independent in the choice of their representatives, and that will never be so long as they meekly accept any subservient hack party leaders may choose to palm off upon them.

The demand for a dissolution is based upon the fact, real or supposed, that about thirty members of the present House have no just title to their seats. This is alleged, for it has not yet been proved by competent authority, except in Mr. Anglin's case, that these men have been guilty of any breach of the statute, and, therefore, it is at least premature to call for a general election at this juncture. Messrs. Currier, of Ottawa, and Norris, of Lincoln, after admitting that they had unwittingly violated the Independence of Parliament Act, resigned their seats, but were both re-elected, the former by an overwhelming majority, the latter by a majority smaller than he obtained the last time he was elected to the present Parliament. Whether this indicates renewed Conservative energy, or whether it be that the electorate considers valid some

such distinction between the cases as we endeavoured to indicate last month, it were fruitless to enquire. The other instances of contravention of the statute are yet *in nubibus*, untried and uninvestigated, depending entirely upon the fertile genius of scandal so far as their foundation goes. In Scottish theological language, each is based upon a 'fama', which may be substantiated or may not. There may be ten, twenty, or thirty transgressors so far as we know—and it is observable that they have increased rapidly since the vacation commenced—yet for all practical purposes the accusations against them are, for us, as if they were not. An attempt has been made to institute a parallel between Mr. Mackenzie's position at the close of 1873, and his position now; but there is really no analogy between them, At that time, rightly or wrongly, a strong wave of *quasi* moral indignation overran the country. A powerful administration had been swept away by a sudden storm of popular fury. That the electorate would sustain the new Government was clear; but it was by no means evident that the House elected under the auspices of its opponents would yield a working majority. There was, besides, a savour about the Parliament of complicity with the practices the people had condemned as corrupt; how far the taint had gone, and how far it might obstruct the action of the new Privy Council, it was difficult to conjecture. One thing alone appeared certain, and that was that the old majority —the hulk foundering in 1873, from the bursting of its own ordnance after the victory of 1872—was open to the imputation of having been obtained by corrupt means. Where the money went to could not be ascertained; but in what direction it went was clear enough. This member or that, of Sir John Macdonald's support, may not have received a dollar, but then how was the country to distinguish between the knowing and the ignorant? Plainly, suspicion must cling about, not only the manipulators of a large election fund, but also the majority of the House, or, in effect, the whole House, for the majority, practically considered, is the House. Mr. Mackenzie, therefore, had two reasons for a dissolution, each cogent enough to decide the judicial mind of Lord Dufferin. In the first place he could hardly boast a working majority, and this was, so far as it made a majority, composed of deserters and men desiring a shuffle of the cards—precarious and not to be relied upon in any case. Unless the new Premier had been prepared to purchase, up to the present year, the continued allegiance of every one of the recalcitrants, his Administration would not have continued to exist for a month. Traitors require high wages, especially when they desert a cause with the hope of doing better otherwhere. A spice of hypocrisy stimulates their self-conceit and imparts to it almost the dignity of moral approbation. A legislator whose *amour propre* has been wounded by the neglect of his chiefs, naturally desires some better pretext for changing sides than the personal one, that other people have not accepted his own estimate of himself. If only the opportunity would offer for a grand *coup* in the interest of purity 'and that sort of thing,' his fortune would be made. Not only could he pose as a self-denying man in shadow, but develop into a self-aggrandizing man in substance. The weapons drawn from the armoury of conscience would then be available for purposes not fully avowed; and it might even be possible that such a man should eventually come to think that he had sacrificed much in the cause of pure government, and that such rewards as had consequently fallen to his share, were almost Providential evidences of his entire goodness. *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur*, especially when he not only desires to be a dupe, but, on reflection, is rather comforted by a retrospect of the method by which he has become the dupe of himself. Unfortunately, when conscience is once employed as a deceiver, it can never more be depended upon. Self-interest becomes itself a conscience with qualms and goads of its own, and thus, in the end, utilitarianism succeeds in palming off upon humanity its electroplate of morality for the virgin ore. Of such material was Mr. Mackenzie's majority, *qua* majority, made up for the most part; and can it be wondered at that he should desire the chaff to be sifted from the wheat, not exactly by Satan, who might be too self-assertive, but by the good sense of the people? Even as it is, the Premier has suffered enough from the tares cast over from the enemy's garden. The second reason for a dissolution was the character of the House, but to that, allusion has already been made, and, in addition, the

propriety, from Mr. Mackenzie's point of view, of at once obtaining the popular verdict upon a sudden and almost unprecedented change in the government. For these reasons alone, which, of course, were quite compatible with others of a purely partisan character, the Premier was quite justified in demanding a dissolution and His Excellency in granting it.

Now what parallel can be drawn between the state of things then and now? One member, the first Commoner it is true, has been convicted of transgressing the law by the Committee, whose report has not yet been adopted. Two other members have committed legislative suicide in order to save their heads, and have been brought back to life by their constituents. *On dit*—for there is nothing to go upon but common rumour—that a large number of members, some say a sixth part of the House, are in like case. Supposing this to be strictly true; let it be admitted that every one not yet heard in his defence, should be held to be guilty until he is proved innocent; and what then? Would that place a majority, or *the* majority if you please, of the present House in the position of that elected in 1872? By no means. The character of the majority in the last House—and *par conséquence* the House itself—was impeached; now a fraction only of the majority, not to speak of set-offs, is involved, and the responsibility is not collective, but individual, be it observed—an important distinction not to be ignored. Moreover there is no constitutional principle which, by the widest stretch of partisan interpretation, can be construed in favour of the Opposition demand. It is a mere matter of taste with Mr. Mackenzie, or a balancing of prudential motives at best, whether he shall dissolve now, or allow the House to run the statutory course. He is certainly not bound to consult his opponents' convenience, if for no other reason than that they were not over solicitous for his, when they abandoned the ship. Let them eject as many violators of the Independence of Parliament Act next Session as they can; but it is not their business, but the Premier's, to decide whether the time for premature dissolution has arrived or not. Mr. Gladstone petulantly dissolved his House, because matters were not going as he liked; but it was because it pleased him to do so, not because it was demanded by Mr. Disraeli, who, to do him justice, had too much *savoir faire* to make any such demand. In brief, if the Opposition can unseat a sufficient number of members to leave Mr. Mackenzie without what in *his*, not *their* opinion, constitutes a working majority, they may force him to an abrupt dissolution early next year; if not, there is little use in clamouring about a matter which is not, under existing circumstances, an affair of theirs in any way, but merely one of domestic arrangement within the administration. The Ministers now holding office are the responsible advisers of the Crown, because they have the confidence of the people's representatives; when they cease to command a majority, they must perforce retire; until then, how far any weakening of their support may be a reason for a fresh appeal to the people, is a matter for themselves to judge and for no one else, certainly not for their bitterest opponents.

The dry, dead season in politics having set in, what is the journalist to do? The champion of the *ins* may rest and be thankful, but who will provide motive power to the *outs*, to whom stagnation is death. Out in the cold, vitality depends on active exertion: who will give the required stimulus? There is an election trial in the county of Jacques Cartier which affords an opening for some little vigour of expression, but unfortunately it is yet *sub judice* and can only be approached warily, since the defence has not been heard from. Mr. Laflamme, *pace* Mr. Justice Dorion, so far as appears, is not a Minister we should have chosen for his punctilious regard of political propriety; but as he has no less than five eminent barristers, more than one of whom wear the silk, it may be prudent to await the issue. The rumoured changes in the Privy Council have been repeated again and again; yet though there is a certain verisimilitude in the suggested arrangements, nothing authoritative has yet appeared. All that a benevolent party man with a facile conscience can hope for, touching the future, is to see the official apotheosis of every one who 'has claims upon the party.' Adherence to party, or to principle as it is sometimes called euphemistically, is the only

passport to success politically speaking. Seneca made a mistake, or at least gave expression to a maxim of ephemeral worth, when he strove to recommend natural and conscientious conduct, as the unfailing passport to wealth. Now-a-days the converse would be true, *si vivas ad opinionem nunquam es pauper.* If the present Government manage to keep their head above water until all who want and think they deserve, are satisfied with places, they not only will have lived to some purpose, but also have surpassed the years either of Sir John Macdonald or St. Peter.

Without desiring to glance at the party aspect of the question, one is tempted to ask, how comes it that no defence or justification was offered by the Directors of the Northern Railway, in their report, of the extraordinary expenditure referred to in the Commission and Committe Reports? Both are mentioned in the Annual Report of the Canadian Board, but no explanation is given whatever; nor does it appear that a single shareholder thought it worth while to submit an inquiry upon the subject. Certainly, there may be an adequate defence of the course reprobated by the courts of inquiry or there may not; the shareholders of the Company may approve of the expenditure of their money in the manner indicated by the reports, or they may not; or they may have received, or neglected to demand, assurances that any such malversation of the Company's funds shall not occur again. But that is not enough. The shareholders are not the only interested parties; on the contrary, the credit of the Dominion in the money market is at stake, and if the reports of the Commission and Committee are permitted to go forth to the financial world without a word of defence or palliation, who will be the chief sufferers, the Company or the entire Canadian people? We submit the matter to those from whom the public is entitled to demand an answer, not with a partisan object by any means, but as one affecting the credit and reputation of the country.

There appears to be a fatuous notion prevailing, in *soi-disant* orthodox circles, that the sporadic manifestations of rebellion against dogmatic standards, or stereotyped interpretations of them, are passing phenomena, possessed of no abiding importance. The *vis inertiæ* of traditional modes of thought is believed to be so great as practically to defy assault. It may be so; but, in that case, the century which has entered upon its last quarter, will prove to be exceptional in the history of human thought. The ordinary process of revolution in belief, as well as in scientific or social opinion, has always begun precisely with similar phenomena to those our age is now witnessing. The more disconnected and even isolated the evidences of unrest in thought and feeling, the more palpable the certainty that they represent a wide-spread, perhaps a universal, upheaval. It may be possible to trace any moral or intellectual movement from age to age, from country to country, until it fructifies in conviction, or expires in conflict. The thunder-storm is obvious enough to the senses of the dullest; but the cloud, no larger than a man's hand when it merges above the horizon, is, as long as may be, disregarded. At the present crisis, it can hardly be said that ample warning has not been given. During the last thirty years or so, say from the inception of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, the rumblings of the ever-nearing cataclysm have crowded upon the ear, with alarming increase of force and frequency, Outside the churches, from the domain of science, of philology, of antiquities, of philosophy, and of criticism, assaults have been made upon the citadel of faith, not without tangible effect upon the garrison within. Fighting under the old-time strategy and with the old weapons has failed, and it is only in the nature of things that those who are determined not to surrender the stronghold of spirituality to materialistic philosophy, should look to the defences, review the substantial fighting power of their army, discard the 'rusty weapons' new 'furbished from the armoury' of the past, and prepare to struggle with a wary and well-equipped foe with other arms and an improved strategy.

Then, in that grand phrase of Scripture, 'judgment begins with the house of God,' and the first sign of the terrible searching is given when men feel constrained to inquire whether they really believe what their fathers taught them to believe, and hitherto they have fancied they did believe. It is

no season of rejoicing either to the individual or to the race, when the alternative is presented between inquiry and hypocrisy; for, once presented, whether it be a spectre of the mind or not, it must be faced. Our generation has had its lot cast in a time of transition, when old things seem rapidly passing away, and still nothing has yet become new. In this time of pain and perplexity, the path of duty should be plain, and it can only lie in one direction—'to seek the truth,' whatever it may be, agreeable or distasteful, 'and ensue it.' In the history of all religions, the first movement towards a restoration of belief has been perforce destructive—the lopping-off of the *Aberglaube*, or rather of those dead branches of the tree of faith which, once fruitful, bloom no longer to nourish the hopes and aspirations of mankind.

It is not a little singular that those who scoff at the rising of the tide, instead of betaking them to an ark of safety, do not observe the obvious import of the onslaught upon formulas of belief. Evidently there is no *rapprochement* between it and materialism or Comtism; it sends no worshippers to the shrine of 'the Unknown and the Unknowable;' on the contrary, in its inception it is a purely moral agitation. The enquiry is, do we, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and so on, believe what we nominally believe or do we not? If we do, so much the better; if we do not believe our creeds, *ex animo*, fully, and in their natural sense, why are they any longer our creeds or the creeds of the respective churches? Are any of our Protestant Churches in a position to accept the first alternative? Is there not, on the other hand, a lurking consciousness, starting up unbidden in many breasts, that should the Son of Man again walk upon the earth, as once he walked through Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, he might again reprove the doctors of theology for substituting man's inventions for the truth of the Most High.

In every revolution, religious or other, the *avant couriers* are always reviled, evil-entreated, and like the blind man in the Gospel, supposing the *odium theologicum* to be invoked, cast out of the synagogue. It is one of the privileges of majorities to be always right; and therefore, as a necessary sequence, always tyrannical and intolerant. The Rev. James Roy, of Montreal, a Wesleyan clergyman, has not exactly rebelled against the 'standards' of his Church, but he has claimed that they afford him greater latitude of practice and opinion than is permitted by the scribes who sit in Wesley's seat. In order to judge impartially, from the outside, regarding this rather perplexing imbroglio, it is necessary, in the first place, to understand what is meant by the 'standards' of Methodism. There appear to be Articles and a Liturgy; but they do not occupy the distinctive place similar documents assume, when we treat of the Church of England. In the latter case we should know that these, with the Canons of 1662, approved by Parliament, constitute the law of the Church. The Church founded by the pious and, in many respects, noble John Wesley, has taken a different plan, which may be better understood after quoting the Model Trust Deed, designed to establish the right to ecclesiastical property upon the double ground of orthodoxy and sufficiency in law. This document declares, 'that no one shall be permitted to preach in the said church, who shall maintain any doctrine or practice contrary to what is contained in certain Notes on the New Testament, commonly reputed to be the Notes of the said John Wesley, and in the First Four Volumes of Sermons commonly reputed to be written and published by him.' These then are, strictly speaking, the 'standards' of the Wesleyan body, and Mr. Roy would appear to be justified in declining to be tried by the Articles or the Liturgy in use by the Church. So far as we are aware, the Methodist denomination is the only one to select a body of discourses delivered by one man during many years, and marked by broad distinctions of tone and opinion in his progressive development. They form no coherent, homogeneous, or consistent system; on the contrary, they are plainly divisible into at least two parts, which by no means agree the one with the other. Moreover, the Church makes a sudden stop at the end of the fifty-third sermon and refuses to follow their founder any further; and thus it has come about, if the point were pushed to its logical issue, that John Wesley would to-day be a heretic in the body he founded and which is still called by his name. Certainly if Mr. Roy's views be heterodox, so are Wesley's, for the Montreal clergyman can

give chapter and verse for every point he urges, from the founder's own utterances. Even where the former appears to state opinions and give illustrations other than those contained in Wesley's writings, it will be found that these are merely an expansion of views clearly expressed in those writings—discourses in fact on texts taken from them. This will appear more plainly in the sequel. Here it is worthy of note that the Committee who tried the rev. gentleman did not deny his contention that the teaching in his pamphlet is entirely in agreement with that of Wesley, except on one point — thus virtually admitting his views to be Wesleyan in all the rest. Even if this were an exception, it would go far to prove the rule; but it is not. The Committee find that 'Mr. Roy does not *fully* hold the teachings of Wesley regarding the basis of the sinner's condemnation.' But that is precisely one of those points concerning which Wesley's teachings, instead of being uniform and consistent, varied, as they did in regard to the origin of human souls, with the steady progress of his spiritual development.

The Rev. Mr. Roy's main thesis, to which all the rest of his pamphlet is subsidiary and by way of illustration, may be thus stated: that John Wesley desired his communion to be, in the widest sense, Catholic; that it was so when inspired by his precept and living example, but is so no more. The following quotation from Wesley's 'Thoughts upon a late Phenomenon' will make the first allegation clear:—'One circumstance more is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is the terms upon which any person may be admitted into their society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, *any opinion whatever*. Let them hold particular or general redemption, conditional or unconditional decrees,' &c. 'They' (the Methodists) 'think and let think. One thing, *and one only*, is required, a real desire to save the soul. Where this is, it is enough; they desire no more; they lay stress upon nothing else; they ask only, Is thy heart herein as my heart? If it be, give me thy hand. Is there any other society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so remote from bigotry? that is so truly of a catholic spirit? so ready to admit all serious persons without distinction? Where, then, is there such another society in Europe? in the habitable world? I know of none. Let any man show it me if he can?' Wesley's aim clearly was to restore Christianity to its primitive simplicity, before councils, synods, convocations, and other theological agencies had laid their freezing fingers upon it. The reader will remember Dr. Newman's attack upon the Ultramontanes before the Vatican decrees had been passed: 'Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?' Wesley's sermons yield a parallel passage, breathing, however, a broader and nobler Catholicity. 'They' (the first Methodist preachers) 'did not clearly understand that every one "who feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him." In consequence of this, they were apt to make sad the hearts of those whom God hath not made sad.' He further denied that 'heresy', in the modern sense of 'error in fundamentals,' was so much as mentioned in either the Old or New Testament, and threw the mantle of charity over Jews, Materialists, and Unitarians, if they squared with his spiritual standard. Now Mr. Roy contends, and his suspension is an additional proof of it, that the Methodist church, like that of Ephesus, 'has left its first love,' and no longer continues to 'do the first works'—in short, that it is no longer Catholic, as its founder designed it to be. This is, in reality, the crucial question, and it is unfortunate that the Committee should have quietly ignored it; because, if Mr. Roy's view of Wesley's scheme be the correct one, the Committee, by bringing in such a report as they have published, *ipso facto* cease to be Wesleyans.

That report is, in many respects, a singular 'deliverance,' as theologians of another denomination would call it. The charges are not specified at all, except in so general a way that they may have had any meaning or no meaning at all. Moreover, it is rather strange to find that a writer may not make as many or as few references to any particular branch of his subject as suits his purpose. Mr. Roy is condemned for what he did not write as well as for what actually fell from his pen, thus:—'That the references of Mr. Roy to the subject of Retribution are few and limited.' By the way, what is the precise meaning of 'limited' references? The

counts of the indictment on which the Committee return a verdict of guilty are the Authority of Scripture, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement—a formidable list, if one could only get at the nature of the charges themselves; but that is carefully concealed. However lax Mr. Roy's grasp of other *quasi* truths may be, it is gratifying to find that he has laid fast hold of 'eternal death,'—a fact the Committee 'gladly recognize,' as a great consolation in their affiictions. Now, if any one will take the trouble to peruse the pamphlet in question, he will see that Mr. Roy's views and Wesley's regarding the Trinity, for instance, are substantially the same. Mr. Roy does not preach Unitarianism at all, and it shows their utter incapacity to judge, to find that his judges fancy he does so. Wesley allowed mysteries, and he accepted simply the statements of Scripture, but refused to turn them into the form of precise dogma. As he put it, he accepted the *fact*, but as for the *manner*, he knew nothing about and believed nothing about it. Mr. Roy (p. 44) states what, in his opinion, 'real orthodoxy' ought to believe and restrict itself to believing. He shows the danger of attempting to dogmatize, by indicating the risk of falling into Tritheism, which is in truth the vulgar belief of the great mass of Christians to-day, on the one hand, or into Sabellianism on the other. The latter he does not mention by name, but it is sufficiently indicated by his description. He objects to the metaphysical definitions of hypostases or persons and of substance, such as take an exaggerated form in the Creed of the pseudo-Athanasius It will thus be seen upon how precarious a foundation these serious charges and the still more serious result at which the Committee have arrived, are based. The suspension of the rev. gentleman, as a writer in the editorial columns of the Montreal *Herald*, who avows himself a Methodist, observes, was an exceedingly harsh and unnecessary measure, and contrasts very unfavourably with the conciliatory course of the Presbyterian Church Courts in the case of Mr. Macdonell. It is pleasing to observe that, as in other cases where the attempt is made to narrow the freedom of private judgment and constrain individual conscience, the laity are prepared to do their duty. It is to be hoped that Methodists will prove themselves worthy of their sainted founder, and insist upon restoring the catholicity of spirit for which he contended. The work of John Wesley, not merely in the dead unspirituality of the eighteenth century, but throughout the world, and from the first moment when the little band of 'people called Methodists' appeared, until now, has been noble and beneficent in the highest sense; but this result has been achieved by other means then those of prosecutions for heresy or hair-splittings about mysteries which neither the heretic nor his judges know anything or can know anything about. The contest amongst the Wesleyans may, as elsewhere, be a bitter and prolonged one, but the ultimate issue is not, for a moment, doubtful.

The demons of Absolutism and Ultramontanism appear to have entered into Marshal McMahon and to be striving with might and main to drag him and France into the vortex of revolution or foreign war, perhaps both. At a time when France is rapidly progressing in the path of recuperation, and would speedily have been ready to reassume something like her traditional place among the nations, the President has unhappily turned his ear to the worst enemies of his country. The Ministry of M. Jules Simon was a liberal one, yet by no means violently so; it could boast a large majority in the Chamber; and everything augured well for the remaining years of the Septennate, when Marshal McMahon asserted his mischievous authority, and, if he has not spoiled all, has done his best, or worst, to do so. A more offensive and unprovoked epistle than that addressed to the French Premier, it would be difficult to conceive, and it is universally agreed that it was not the President's work, but, as might be expected, came from the Right. The Duc de Broglie, who has succeeded M. Simon, is the marplot of the Republic, and if anyone can haul France back into chaos and thence into the arms of Imperialism, it is he. At the back of all lurks the sinister spectre of Ultramontanism clamouring with such voice as a ghostly anachronism can command, for a restoration of the temporal power. Legitimacy and Orleanism are both dead and buried fathoms deep beneath the sea of contempt and oblivion; but they have yet the power of

mischief, even in Hades, if only they be permitted to work their evil will. The Chamber, which by an overwhelming majority denounced the violent exercise of power by McMahon, has been prorogued for a month, with a view doubtless to its dissolution. And then?

On the twenty-fourth of April the Czar of Russia declared war upon the Porte, in a manifesto issued at Kischeneff, and his armies immediately began the passage of the Pruth. The document is free from any display of bad taste or rodomontade. It is simply a resumé of the facts from the first interposition of the Powers down to the rejection of the Protocol. 'Our efforts', says Alexander II, 'backed by diplomatic representations of the other Governments in common, did not attain the desired end. The Porte remained immovable in its categorical refusal of any effective guarantee for the security of the Christians, and it rejected the conclusions of the conference of of Constantinople.' Then followed the Protocol, which shared the same fate. 'Having thus exhausted all pacific efforts, the haughty obstinacy of the Porte obliges us to proceed to more decisive acts. A respect for equity and our own dignity dictates this to us. Turkey, by her refusal, places us under the necessity of resorting to the force of arms. . . . To-day invoking God's blessing on our brave armies, we order them to cross the frontier.' Now, to anyone not the victim of 'invincible ignorance' or inveterate prejudice, the position of affairs is truthfully stated here, and unless Russia, like the other Powers, had been prepared to submit to the haughty defiance of Turkey, the practical step announced by the manifesto was the necessary issue. In spite of the attempts of Lord Derby and the Turkophiles to turn the logical edge of the Czar's weapon, the truth of the document remains unimpeachable. All the Powers agreed that the outrageous oppression and barbarity of Turkey could be tolerated no longer; they agreed also upon the minimum of reform which could be accepted by them; they further were at one touching the guarantees to be required for the faithful execution of the reforms; and Turkey firmly and definitively refused to give them, couching its refusal in terms of studied insult and defiance. What then did it behove united Europe to do when it was openly defied by the Moslem? Submit to the indignity, leave past outrages unatoned for, and abandon the Christians to their fate? Surely not, unless as Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the Secretary of War, boldly and bluntly avowed, the policy of England and of every other power is purely and nakedly selfish. What step has the Turk taken since the outbreak of the rebellion in Herzegovina, or since the Powers first intervened, to redress the intolerable grievances of his trans-Balkan Provinces? Absolutely none, except to set up a sham representative system, which has only had the effect of strengthening the most fanatical of the Moslems. The very miscreant who was chiefly responsible for the atrocities of May last year, has received promotion. Outrage, instead of being sternly repressed, has become chronic. We hear of it in Armenia, at Turtukai in Bulgaria, and at Durbend in Bosnia, as a correspondent states, 'on a more fearful scale than any which has yet happened in Bosnia.' The English agent of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Fugitives' and Orphans' Fund, has recently telegraphed from Obrovazzo, that 'the Bulgarian villanies are being repeated on a large scale.' Lord Derby issued what was called a resolute and peremptory demand for the punishment of the leading criminals of last year, and with what result? None whatever. Turkey cannot reform, and will never stir hand or foot to ameliorate the wretched condition of its Christian populations; there is only one reformer who can effect a radical change, and his remedies are administered from the muzzle of a Krupp gun.

Russia, on the other hand, has been studiously moderate in her demands upon the Porte. She surrendered point after point, until she was actually accused of pusillanimity. But now, having agreed with all the Powers as to the least that should be demanded of Turkey, does it lie in the mouth of any Chancellor or Foreign Secretary to blame her, if she shows a determination to extort what they have contented themselves with merely soliciting? If they are not disposed to enforce demands which they not only admit to be just, but have solemnly declared to be necessary, with what face can they reproach Russia, when

she takes the risk, the cost, and the sacrifices of war upon herself? The bugbear of conquest by Russia, so far as it concerns England, has been effectually disposed of in the ringing letter of Thomas Carlyle to the *Times*; and the assurances of peaceful intentions and a firm resolution not to draw the sword on behalf of Turkey, couched in the strongest language, by Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross, were wrung from them by the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's motion.

Actual hostilities have hardly commenced as yet. The early Russian advances were exceedingiy rapid, as the capture of the bridge at Sereth and the march of the three columns from Tiflis sufficiently proved. But they lack adequate means of transport, the country is inundated in great part, and supplies are hard to procure. The Porte is quite justified in extracting as much glory as possible out of its petty victories on the eastern shores of the Black Sea; for its fate is irrevocably sealed, so far as Bulgaria and the other Provinces are concerned. The Russian passage of the Danube will be effected upon a scale never before projected, and the toils are being spread in Armenia which will enmesh Moukhtar Pasha and his armies. The next duty of Europe will obviously be to decide on the fate of the 'sick man,' whose ailments, whether mortal or not, never seem to suggest repentance or remorse.

May 21st, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ELECTRICITY: Its Mode of Action upon the Human Frame, and the Diseases in which it has proved beneficial, with valuable Hints respecting Diet, &c. By J. Adams, M.D., M.C.P.S. Toronto.

The axiom that the size of a book is no guage of its value receives practical illustration from the work before us. In the brief compass of about 150 duodecimo pages, the author has contrived to compress a greater quantity of valuable matter than is contained in many works of ten times its size and pretensions. For the strictly medical portion we have nothing but praise. It affords ample proof that Dr. Adams is a thorough master of the branch of the art of medicine which he has made his speciality—the treatment by electricity of certain diseases amenable to its action, in its two principal forms of the Galvanic or Direct current, and the Faradaic or Induced current. A third form to which he refers—the Franklinic—is so rarely used as to call for little notice from the author. He shows that, in many ailments—principally, if not wholly, of a nervous character, immediately or remotely—Electricity exerts a more certain and rapid curative effect than drugs. On the other hand, though the use of this powerful agent as a therapeutic instrument, to any great extent, is of an extremely modern date, Dr. Adams appears to have quite got over that stage in the history of a new remedy in which those who employ it are carried away by the charm of novelty, and talk of it, and use, or rather abuse it, as though it were a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. On the contrary, he is perfectly candid in pointing out the cases where electricity is inoperative or injurious, as for instance in the later stages of consumption, in *angular* curvature of the spine, and in certain forms of paralysis (see pp. 41-2, 45, 47, and 52).

We are sorry we cannot give equal praise to other portions of the work. The introductory chapter on 'Electricity' is a surprising performance. In his preface the author had promised to confine himself 'to absolute essentials, omitting all theories'; yet, in the very first paragraph of the work itself, he makes an assertion that involves two theories, both of which would be utterly repudiated by the whole scientific world. He says: 'Whether it be in the growth of a blade of grass, or in the upheaving of an earthquake, electricity is the motive power'. Not a single fact is adduced in proof of this astonishing assertion. Dr. Adams's ideas respecting that as yet unsolved problem, the nature of electricity, are

very remarkable, and would revolutionize science should they be substantiated. He holds it to be an entity: he says it is 'an element, volatile and imponderable, the purest, the most refined'; that it 'occupies more prominent space' than oxygen; that it is 'the highest of all the elements of Nature,' 'without doubt the most important element of the human organism, indeed of the whole world'; that 'it controls all the actions and phenomena of the Universe', 'presides over all the functions of the body, from the highest to the lowest', and 'is the medium between the spirit of man and the matter he is made of, for it is the instrument of volition'. Prof. Tyndall, in common with the rest of the scientific world, classifies electricity into positive and negative, but is careful to state that this nomenclature is purely arbitrary, and that the positive might be called negative, and the negative positive, with equal propriety. Dr. Adams invents a new classification: from him we learn there are two kinds of electricity, Atmospheric, 'so called because it comes directly from the atmosphere', and Galvanic, which is the result of decomposition; that the air is laden with atmospheric electricity, and that we cannot breathe without receiving a constant supply into the lungs, and that, as it exists 'in all the productions of Nature, either vegetable or animal, we cannot take any article of food without swallowing the electricity it contains'. Again: 'there is no doubt that the power that pervades the brain and nervous system, and which is doubtless the proximate cause of all vital and voluntary motion and secretion, is electrical in its nature'; and further: 'that the circulation of the blood is the result of electric action, rather than hydraulic pressure, is being gradually acknowledged'. (By whom? we ask, by way of parenthesis).

The shoemaker has heretofore insisted that there is nothing like leather. Every dog has his day, and it is now the turn of the medical electrician to assert that there is nothing like electricity—almost, indeed, that there is nothing *but* electricity. We have got back to the *primum mobile* of the ancient metaphysicians. The Pythagoreans taught that 'number' was the principle of all things; and we willingly concede that, in this era of free discussion, any one is at liberty to teach that electricity is everything, and everything is electricity; but surely a popular medical work intended for the masses is not the most appropriate stalking-ground in which to air such theories. On coming across passages such as those quoted, we feel inclined to rub our eyes and wonder whether we are reading a work written only the other day, or one published fifty years ago, in pre-scientific times, when heat was called caloric, and thought to be an entity able to enter into and come out of bodies. It is indeed astonishing to find a medical man, and therefore presumably a scientific one, in this year of grace, 1877, so utterly ignoring the modern scientific doctrine, the growth of the last twenty-five years, and now universally received, that the physical forces, heat, light, actinism, etc., are simply modes of motion. There can be little doubt that electricity will ultimately be classed among them as such. Moreover, the indentity of electricity with nerve-force, which Dr. Adams seems to assume—though on this point his language is not quite clear—is a notion which, though formerly current, is now discarded by all the leading authorities on the subject. Indeed, the points of difference are so numerous and striking that some writers—Herbert Spencer for one—deny that the two forces can properly be considered even *allied*, in the sense in which heat, light, and magnetism are said to be allied. To refer to only two: the electric current is continuous, whereas the nervous current is not; and the electric discharge travels at the rate of 280,000 miles per second, whereas the rate of nerve-discharge, as measured by Helmholtz, is only from 28 to 32 yards per second—varying slightly with different individuals—so that the one travels with sixteen millions of times the velocity of the other. Doubtless, on all these points, Dr. Adams may be right and the rest of scientific world wrong; but surely we are entitled to ask that his singular views shall be proven, not merely asserted or assumed.

Another subject on which Dr. Adams is either far ahead of or far behind his age is Phrenology, in which 'science,' as he call it, he expresses unbounded confidence (p. 5). By this word we assume him to mean the Phrenology of which Gall and Spurzheim were the first expounders; which maps out, not the brain, but the exterior surface of the skull into compartments, each with hard and fast boundary lines, much in the same way as Ontario is mapped out into counties. For ourselves we had thought that this so-called science had been utterly discredited ever since the appearance, now many years ago, of Sir William Hamilton's memorable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that what little vitality had survived his crushing onslaught, had been completely knocked out of the poor decrepit carcass by Dr. Ferrier's recent remarkable researches into the functions of the different portions of the brain.

This unfortunate introductory chapter may have the effect of repelling many from reading further, and its insertion is an obvious mistake, the more to be regretted because a gratuitous one. The truth or falsity of the views expressed in it is quite beside the point whether electricity is or is not beneficial in certain diseases. *That* is a question of fact; the *how* and the *why* are of comparatively trifling practical moment. We would suggest,

then, that in future editions (and we hope there may be many), this chapter should be expunged, or so modified as not to deal with doubtful or more than doubtful speculations.

Quitting the bogs and quagmires of treacherous theory, near to which we have felt it our duty to set up a sign-post to warn off the unlearned reader, for whose benefit this work is intended, and coming once more upon the hard and solid ground of fact, we can follow our guide with confidence. The concluding chapters, relating to the use of stimulants—tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco—are perhaps the most important in the book. On this subject the author gives forth no uncertain sound. He condemns them all, unhesitatingy and emphatically: all are more or less injurious. Coffee, he tells us, produces neuralgia and dyspepsia with its attendant ills. Tobacco exerts a depressing influence on the heart and lungs, destroys a man's energies and makes him lazy and indifferent, and leads to the use of alcohol. The Emperor Napoleon III. 'caused careful investigations to be made respecting [its] effects upon the young men attending the various colleges in Paris, and was so struck with the decided inferiority of those who were addicted to it, that he passed an edict forbidding its use in every school, college, and seminary in France,' (p. 128). The brief chapter on alcoholic stimulants (pp. 131-140), details facts and avoids fervid rhetoric, and is consequently worth a whole cart-load of sensational temperance tracts of the average pattern. Such stimulants, it is asserted, do not give strength, as is commonly supposed; feeble people are not 'kept up' but 'kept down by them'; and they impair the natural heat of the body. Alcohol affects the heart, producing palpitation; also the brain, the lungs, and the kidneys. The organ most commonly injured, however, is the liver. 'An old Scotch physician, who had frequent opportunities of examing the bodies of so-called moderate drinkers, affirms that he never found one whose liver was not more or less diseased.' Under the use of alcohol, the kidneys undergo fatty degeneration, leading to Bright's disease; stone in the bladder is intimately related to the excessive use of alcoholic beverages, especially malt; and such use may also produce injurious effects upon the eye, leading to cataract and amaurosis.

But the author's views respecting the effects of the continued use of Tea are the most novel and startling, and if well founded should banish the article from every household. He asserts that the temporary exhilaration it produces is obtained at the expense of nerve power, resulting sooner or later in Nervous Debility, if not in the parent, then, by inheritance, in the offspring; that this impaired nervous energy shows itself in the vast increase of nervous complaints in modern times, in delicate constitutions, and even in such matters as the strikes of workingmen for shorter hours of labour; 'that while the breed of Canadian cattle is improving, the breed of Canadian children is deteriorating'; that, besides its influence on the nervous system (inducing among other things, sleeplessness), it has a peculiarly deteriorating influence on the lower portion of the spinal cord, producing disease of the kidneys and connected organs, sexual troubles, and habits such as we cannot particularly allude to, but as to which we may refer the reader to pp. 68 and 120-122. The author goes so far as to 'affirm that to the constant use of tea may justly be attributed much of the fearful sensuality that prevails around us'; and he concludes, that while old people may use a little weak black tea with comparative impunity, 'to young persons it is a curse, and to the middle-aged a delusion and a snare.' Whether Dr. Adams is right in his views, or whether he is a mere sensational alarmist, time alone can tell. That the subject is of the gravest importance and merits the most careful investigation there can be no doubt. That the author is perfectly honest, and that his motive is a purely philanthropic one, will be apparent, we think, to every one who reads his book. He has evidently felt that he had a message to deliver to society, and he has delivered it with an intelligence, a courage, and a kindness which does equal honour to his head and his heart.

But even in this portion of his work we cannot always follow him. When, from the discussion of the effects of special stimulants, he turns to that of stimulus in general, we feel inclined to demur to some of his conclusions. Thus, on p. 18 he says: 'That stimulation is invariably followed by increased prostration is now thoroughly acknowledged as a rule of Nature'. Is this true? Has the author never heard of the dynamic theory of stimulus? Is he even consistent? Is not the very agent the use of which he so ably advocates,—is not electricity itself very frequently used as a stimulus? Does he not himself sometimes so use it? What, too, of the natural stimulants, fresh air (oxygen), exercise, and light? Is there no such thing as a stimulus *to nutrition*, and if there is, would *its* use be followed by increased prostration? Is the use of Liebig's Extract so followed? De Quincey tells us of a man who, on recovering from a severe illness, was made drunk through eating a beefsteak. Very evidently a case of stimulation! But we hear nothing of any subsequent prostration. The fact is, there is no subject connected with the art of medicine which needs investigation more than that of stimulus. When one portion of the profession asserts that it is absurd to treat febrile diseases without alcohol, and another that in such cases alcohol is a veritable poison, it is obvious, to the eye of a layman at least, that there is need of more light, and that

anything approaching dogmatism on the subject is out of place.

Another question on which we are tempted to join issue with Dr. Adams is that of white bread *versus* brown. It has been the fashion of late years among a certain school of physiologists (including vegetarians, hygienists, and other ascetics) to denounce the former and recommend the latter, chiefly if not altogether on theoretical grounds. Dr. Adams follows in their track, and speaks contemptuously of 'miserable white bread' (pp. 46-7, 119). But, after all, the proof of the bread lies, not in any *a priori* theories, but in the eating. Our own individual experience is decisive—to us at least. We simply *cannot* eat brown bread exclusively. After a week or ten days we get 'tired' of it; our gorge rises at it; and we return with eagerness and delight to the plain, cleanly-looking white; of which, moreover, we never 'tire'. What is the physiological meaning of such a fact? We have great faith, too, in the popular instinct in such matters; and the direction in which that points may be readily ascertained by going into the nearest baker's shop and counting the relative numbers of brown and white loaves on the shelves. Experiments made with the two articles of diet seem to shew that white bread is the more digestible and less irritating. Doubtless the brown contains more nitrogen: but man does not live by bread alone, and if he gets an ample supply of nitrogen in the cheese or meat which he eats with his bread, he can dispense with that elementary substance in the vegetable portion of his food.

The work is written in a pleasant and unassuming style which makes it very easy reading; and, subject to the cautions already indicated, we can cordially recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in the health of themselves or others.

THE ART OF TEACHING. By Frederick C. Emberson, M. A. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Into this little manual Mr. Emberson has compressed a large number of very practical and useful hints on this important subject, the outcome of his English University training and his later experience as Commissioner to inspect the Model and High Schools of the Province of Quebec. Public school teachers, and indeed all who are interested in the education of children, cannot fail to derive benefit from its pages, not only from the general soundness of his views, but from the minuteness of detail with which they are advanced. Mr. Emberson is a practical man speaking to practical men and women. His observations apply mainly to the treatment of young scholars in our Public and High schools; and the chapters on the nature of children, the art of discipline, the difficult question of punishments, the propriety of attractiveness in the arrangements and fittings of the school house, and the advisability of the employment of gymnastic appliances, have important bearings on the subject. The necessity for good health and a cheerful disposition on the part of the teacher himself is strongly urged, and the rules suggested for obtaining this result will commend themselves to all who know the trying nature of the teacher's work. Perhaps one of the most important chapters in the book is that on the way to secure a high moral tone in schools. We lack here sadly the time-hallowed traditions which make the very walls and play-grounds of the great English public schools instinct with respect for all that is honourable and manly; where the self-administered lash of school public opinion falls on meanness, cowardice, and falsehood with a force which crushes out the evil far more effectively than any punishment at the hands of a master, and has made the term 'school-boy honour' proverbial. But we have it in our own hands to plant and nourish the sentiment in our public schools; time will do the rest. It is to this end that Mr. Emberson writes in the chapter referred to, and in a couple of sentences which Arnold himself might have written, he strikes two key-notes:—'One great way', he says, 'to make the young honourable, is to treat them as if they were so. . . . . The foundation of a high moral force is truthfulness. To produce this virtue a master must be strictly truthful himself.' It is to be hoped that Mr. Emberson may be induced to give his views and conclusions on these subjects in more extended form. His views are sound and his conclusions sensible; desiderata in the growth of a young country where education is concerned.

KISMET. No Name Series. Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1877.

We think the advertisements in this volume are far from being the least amusing part of it. From these 'guides to knowledge' we may learn how the greatest authors, living and dead, bow their diminished crests before the anonymous pens that flourish like green bay-trees in Messrs. Roberts' mysterious series. The first volume contains (*teste* the *Troy Whig*) 'a sonnet unsurpassed by Wordsworth.' The *Hartford Courant*, not to be outdone, finds it 'superior to Daniel Deronda in style, and informed by a purer and deeper philosophy.' After this one would expect the author of the second volume, 'Deirdrè,' to retire from the competition, in the words of one of his gifted

compatriots, 'to smile a kind o' sickly smile and curl up on the floor.' But no! The 'subsequent proceedings' interest him and us extremely, especially when we find the *Boston Traveller* coming up to time bravely, and proving itself at home among the classics by declaring 'Deirdrè' to contain 'the grandeur and magnificence of the Greek of the Iliad and Odyssey, the beauty, the grace, the rich imagery of the Æneid, and the rythmic flow of Dante's writings.' The critic here has 'gone one better' (as poker players have it) than Dryden, when he compared Milton to a twin-like conglomeration of Homer and Virgil, and we should have thought that he had left no opening for improvement. But we know better now, and whenever we are at a loss in future, we shall order up a file of our contemporary, *The Springfield Republican*. That periodical, in face of this praise of vols. 1 and 2, is more than equal to the task of lauding vol. 3, and there is a mastery of self and a sense of deep innate power visible in the way it accomplishes its mission, without derogating from preceding numbers. Vol. 3 is *'better sustained.'* Oh! ye printers' devils and ambitious Magazine contributors, has it come to this? Can a novel be 'better sustained' than a work which unites the varied magnificences of Homer, Virgil, and Dante? If this be possible, what can be said of 'Kismet,' which is, we suppose, the fourth volume, and must be taken to have got several literary hemispheres ahead of the blind old poet, who is, in sporting parlance, 'not in the hunt with it.' It was with such depressed feelings that we attacked 'Kismet.'

'Kismet' is a novel of American life, with Egypt for the scene of action. Mr. Hamlyn, a shoddy parvenu, with a taste for Byron, and a glassy brown eye, has chartered a dahabeah up to the cataracts. His party consists of his daughter Bell, the heroine, and her stepmother, whom she invariably calls 'Flossy.' As soon as we are admitted into Miss Hamlyn's confidence and see her reading her absent lover's letter, we know by that fatal prescience bestowed on inveterate novel-readers, that another lover is not far off, that she will treat number one very badly, and will get retributive justice dealt out to her in the end. And when she compares a hateful stranger at a Cairene hotel to a *carafe* full of artificially frozen water (an original simile that, by the way), we know that *he* and no other is to be the favoured individual. Before long, the Hamlyns' dahabeah, or Nile-boat, overtakes another boat, and the future lover is introduced; while speedily after, both boats catch up with a third, whose occupants are English by way of variety. The fun then thickens. We have a visit to a ruin every other day, and whenever the moon is favorable we are trotted off with our lovers to some huge temple, whose pillars cast great black bands of shadow . . and so on. In fact, whenever in doubt or difficulty, the author dishes up a new temple, in the same way that a whist player with a strong hand of trumps is apt to return persistently to that fascinating lead. But for one who has studied his guide-book so carefully, we must say that there are some bad mistakes in this book. Egyptian builders were innocent of arches, so the term used on p. 71 is misleading. All the temples in that country were built on the vertical pressure principle, with large horizontal lintels stretching from pillar to pillar. While alluding to architecture, we would draw attention to an odd expression used in relation to some carved ornaments: 'strange *geometrical* looking forms.' How a form could be geometrical looking without being geometric, is not easily understood. The following sentence, too, is most curiously involved and incomprehensible: 'A thing that does not include one's self is always different and generally objectionable.'

At one period in the book we thought that Miss Gerty Campbell, an English friend of the heroine's, was about to complicate matters by a little intriguing, but after one or two well meant but feeble attempts to make Livingston think that Bell is in love with Captain Blake, and to make Bell think that Livingston is in love with herself, Gerty, the author appears to have dropped that motive. At last they reach the cataracts, turn round, and come back, and we have the temples, the palms, the moons, and the sunsets, *da capo*. How Bell 'drees her weird' between her two lovers, and with what result, we must not divulge. Some of the descriptions in the book are pretty, but the characters and situations are commonplace, and rendered more glaringly so by their setting. Why cannot such people carry on their petty flirtings up and down the Hudson instead of the Nile? one is tempted to ask; and echo answers, why?

In short, if we were driven to adopt the envied style of the *Boston Traveller*, we should say that this book unites the propriety of Ouida's female characters, and that peculiar grace and charm only to be found in Snobkins's 'Peep at the Pyramids,' with the rythmic melody of Murray's Handbook.

A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES. No Name Series. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1877.

One thing may be said of this series without risk of contradiction, that is, that it is as well and tastefully got up in all the minor but important points of type, binding, and lettering as need be wished. If we might hazard a suggestion, it would be to the effect that the gilt name on the back would look better in

plain red; as it is, it looks a trifle patchy. But when we proceed to read the book we do not find it come up to its external promise. Perhaps we are over-truculent; perhaps our taste for novels (if we ever had any) is gone; it is conceivable that a course of criticism leads us to single out the weak points of a book, as the Moslem Angel of Death singles out the long scalp-lock on the otherwise bald pate of the true believer, only, unlike that angel, we do not haul the subject off to Paradise among honey-lipped houris and love-intoxicated nightingales, but into the cool and butcherly-looking shambles of a literary dissecting-room. The innate probability of all this is enhanced when we read the other reviews on this series. An impartial observer might gather from our review of 'Kismet' that we think that estimable work a trifle, *just* a trifle, below Thackeray or Hawthorne. Now we know better. It is 'in spots' fairly exquisite. It glows with *beauté de diable*. Another anonymous critic (by the way, this is a novel idea to have a 'No-name Series' criticised by 'No-name' reviewers) has read it twice, skimmed it once, and would like to have it all to do over again. We shudder at that man. Charles Lamb's ogreish fellow Blue-Coat boy, who stole and was supposed to devour the caggy fat scraps and joints of the meat left over at the Charter-house meals, was nothing to this man.

Where do all American writers of the stamp of the author of 'A Modern Mephistopheles' get their language? An English poet makes one of his heroes address an inspired pieman in this frenzied apostrophe:

> 'Why so very, very merry?
> Is it purity of conscience?—or your two-and-seven sherry?'

Similarly (but by no means wishing to compare our author with an inspired, or, for the matter of that, an uninspired pieman) we would ask why all this verbiage, this alliteration about 'lurking in luxuriant locks,' these violent contrasts, these extravagantly sumptuous dwellings,—though our old friend St. Elmo has not yet met a rival in that line of literary upholstery? Why should a butterfly be given 'changeful wings'? unless, forsooth, insects in that American Paradise which is inhabited by Modern Mephistos, like tourists at Brighton or Scarborough, dress three times a day. Nor must it be said that these remarks are addressed to too petty faults. There is the same stilted language, the same absence of repose throughout. And, graver fault still, there is a terrible sameness in the book, short as it is. It was not until we had nearly closed it that we realized the fact that there were only four characters presented to our admiring gaze; which sufficiently accounts for a considerable amount of monotony. It is true that the author contrives to make her wicked woman very suddenly and very causelessly become a good woman;—the puppet changes its tone, but the wire is the same and so is the showman's hand that pulls it. A baby appears on the scene in the last page or so, but this is evidently too much for the author, who, feeling the stage growing unduly crowded, kills off the baby and its mother, and lays the modern Mephistopheles by the heels on a sick bed, so that had the tale lasted a little longer, it might have wound up with an *Exeunt omnes*, and no one would have been left but the professional candle-snuffer to perform the painful task of carrying off the dead bodies.

THE DARK COLLEEN: A Love Story. By the author of 'The Queen of Conaught.' Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., New York and Montreal.

Fashion, all powerful in the world of letters as in that of millinery, has decreed that the artistic novelist of the day must set his palette for scenes of bold rock-bound waste, dashing waves, lowering skies, brilliant sunsets, and the simple life of fisher men and maidens. In 'The Dark Colleen' we have the fashionable colouring, and the 'odour of brine from the ocean' pervades each page after the approved 'Princess of Thule' and 'Maid of Sker' sampler. The story, which is a curious instance of the power of an author to do what he will with the puppets of his creation, is briefly as follows.

The scene is laid on a certain 'Eagle Island,' a happy spot lying off the western Irish coast, 'free,' as we are told, 'from the emasculating breath of modern culture and modern thought'! Here was Morna Dunroon, only daughter of the 'King' of this Irish arcadia. Inheritors of noble Spanish blood, imported involuntarily and regardless of expense through the mechanism of a shattered Armada, the islanders are a handsome, bold, and superstitious race; and, in addition to being so favoured by accident, they are doubly blest in the possession of a certain hidden reef, the Crag na Luing, the purveyor of many a dainty bit of salvage, flotsam and jetsam, for the benefit of the simple island folk. Morna is the heroine of the story, and to her arrives, without any unnecessary delay, the hero, Captain Emile Bisson, late of that spanking craft the *Hortense*, which, having been driven in the night on the reef, has been swallowed up with all hands. The Captain alone reaches land, in a most Don-Juan-like condition, and Morna, strolling along the shore, very faithfully proceeds to enact the part of Haidee. The results may be easily imagined. Emile Bisson is a Frenchman and a type, possibly,

of the sea captain of the future. 'Young and very fair,' with a 'light moustache,' a 'cluster of bright golden hair,' and a 'small hand very prettily formed and very white,' he would scarcely find much favour in the eyes of the directors of the Cunard or Inman lines nowadays. For the pretty captain, Morna braves the anger of the simple fishermen, who are anxious to put the unlucky arrival 'again in the pond'; nurses him, and, of course, falls deeply in love with her charge, treating him with the naïve *abandon* of a Venus Aphrodite blended with the chaste reserve of one of her own oysters. Purely *pour s'amuser* he beguiles time with the handsome fisher girl, but is ultimately himself caught by the inexorable power of love. Compelled by a barbarous want of civilized reasoning on the part of the object of his desire, he ultimately marries the girl, and takes his handsome peasant bride to the shores of Normandy. The halcyon days of early love-making soon pass, however, and Captain Bisson wearies of his toy. The 'small, very prettily formed white hand' yearns to clasp the waists of other belles, and the 'light moustache' curls itself into anything but graceful forms when addressing his *cara sposa*. Ultimately, with a disregard of consequences unaccountable even in the hero of so melodramatic a novel as this, he arranges to marry another, and his wife finds herself one dark night running out to sea in the clutches of a villain of still deeper dye. From the advances of this ungentle gentleman she is saved—and herein lies, we suspect, the moral of the whole story—by a rare faculty she possesses of swimming. After an extremely *mauvais quart d'heure* on deck, she plunges boldly overboard, and, despite a 'rising wind,' an 'ebbing tide,' 'great black waves urging her back,' and 'clothes saturated with water,' reaches the land, a feat which would be creditable to an otter and is simply marvellous in a girl. After a series of adventures which would do credit to the 'transpontine drama' or the Porte St. Martin, the *deus ex machina* descends in the shape of a friendly donkey, who applies his hoofs with super-asinine intelligence in the proper quarter, and Morna is restored to Eagle Island and her friends. In the last scene of this strange eventful history poetic retribution is strained to a point where credence refuses to follow. Captain Bisson again tempts the waves in the same locality, a storm arises, and the self-same spot which introduced him to the islanders whose hospitality he has so abused, is the scene of a second shipwreck, and he finally disappears before the eyes of his wife into the tempestuous waves of the Crag na Luing.

Despite grave defects of construction, born of a too dramatic mind, and no inconsiderable amount of doubtful taste in treatment of things sacred and moral, there are many points of good descriptive writing in the novel, and for readers who can condone its blemishes in consideration of its better features, the 'Dark Colleen' will while away an hour agreeably enough.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SIMPLE EXERCISES IN MENSURATION; designed for the use of Canadian Public and High Schools. By John Herbert Sangster, M.A., M.D. New Edition—Revised and corrected. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Co. 1877.

LITERATURE PRIMERS. Edited by John Richard Green. PHILOLOGY. By John Peile, M.A., New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.—CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By H. F. Tozer, M.A., New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

TWO LILIES. A Novel. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

PERU: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited with notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. The Life, Times, and character of Oliver Cromwell. By the Right Hon. E. H. Knatchbull Hugessen, M.P. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

MISS NANCY'S PILGRIMAGE. A Story of Travel. By Virginia W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

FROM TRADITIONAL TO RATIONAL FAITH; or, The way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity. By R. Andrew Griffin. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.

CATHOLICITY AND METHODISM: or The Relation of John Wesley to Modern Thought. By James Roy, M.A., Montreal: The Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co. 1877.

CANOLLES. The Fortunes of a Partisan of '81. By John Esten Cooke. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

THE SCRIPTURAL HARMONY BETWEEN PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND CHURCH AUTHORITY, as chiefly apparent from the Four Gospels. By The Rev. William M. Shaw, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1874.

ROSINE, By J. G. Whyte Melville. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co. 1877.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1876. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the assistance of eminent men of Science. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

A TEXT-BOOK OF HARMONY: For the use of Schools and Students. By Charles Edward Horsley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN. By Winwood Reade. New York: A. K. Butts & Co. 1874.

THE SAFEST CREED AND TWELVE OTHER RECENT DISCOURSES OF REASON. By Octavius B. Frothingham. New York: A. K. Butts & Co. 1874.

GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO. By James E. Freeman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

FINE ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THERE are marked occasions on which the capacity of journalists for the proper use and application of pithy epithets and descriptive adjectives is peculiarly tested. It might be supposed that in Canada our Legislative Sessions, with all the heat and acrimony which they evoke, would be such a time; but it is chiefly the noun substantive which then is in demand. If you call a man a scoundrel, a liar, a corruptionist, a turncoat, a profligate, adjectives are redundant, and may even weaken the pithy completeness of the idea sought to be conveyed. To Toronto journalism, however, May is eminently the adjective season, for the Picture Exhibition creates a great demand for that class of words; and sadly does their tautological misuse betray the extreme ignorance of the would-be critics. It is a pity that an opportunity of teaching the public what to admire and what to condemn is taken so little advantage of by the Press. Criticism, to be of any use, must be not only impartial, but must be also outspoken. Canadian Art has shown that it is worth fostering, that it has great capabilities of development, and we believe that its interests will be best consulted by speaking out plainly. Praise and blame are neither of much value if either is indulged in too lavishly.

After a careful scrutiny of the whole Exhibition, we feel that we are honestly justified in congratulating Canada upon the evidence here given of her sons' progress in Art; for progress there undoubtedly is. It is possible that in former years individual pictures have been equal to, or have even excelled in some particulars, the choicest works now on the walls of the Society's room; but, taking the Exhibition as a whole, there can be, we think, no doubt that a change has taken, and is taking, place, and that the direction of the change is a right and desirable one. The most obvious feature of this year, of course, is the increased prominence and number of the Oil paintings. In former Exhibitions, Oil was rather the exception; but now it more than holds its own; in vigour, in detail, and in conception, the Oil colours are, as a whole, surprisingly good. Let us look at them in some detail; though we must premise that, our space being limited, we must necessarily pass over many pictures without notice. First on the catalogue comes Mrs. W. Schreiber. It is true that this artist is a very great acquisition to the Ontario Society. Her works indicate careful training; she manifests great industry, draws well, has a good idea of colour and considerable boldness in its use, and evidently has ideas of how a picture should be put together. Up to a certain point she is excellent, and that point is far in advance of the average standard of our artists. But we would tender to her the advice to be careful of some things—careful not to attempt too many pictures at once, careful to stick to Oil in preference to Water colours, and careful in the selection of subjects. In No. 41—'Of what is she thinking?'—there is evidence of considerable power as well as taste in portraiture, but in No. 47 she provokingly disappoints us in both particulars. The pair of girls' heads, in 34, 42, and 50, are, in both instances, good, true, and simple, mouths and noses being, however, a little unsatisfactory. 'He sees it'! a telling little picture of a girl offering her canary a cherry, is very pretty. This or a *genre* style is, we imagine, Mrs. Schreiber's real *forte*. Her animals we don't care much for, and her 'Joan of Arc' is a good subject, but—well, not done justice to. Mr. J. A. Fraser has some capital little studies. 'Quiet afternoon', 40, is a careful and artistic study of sands and sea, and his 'Morning near Georgeville', 6, 'In the mountain mists', 37, and 'On the Burroughs River', 17, have a quiet delicacy that is refreshing. His largest picture, 'Off in the morning mists', is a mistake, in colour, drawing, and everything: the canoes are obviously going, not only up stream, but up hill too. Of Mr. O'Brien's works, we can honestly say that his proficiency in Oils surprises us, while his industry in Water colours seems as great as heretofore. His largest Oil—'The whirlpool on the Chats', 10—is admirable. We could stand a little more colour in the distance, but coolness and clearness and realism, in a great sense, are the artist's peculiar excellence. The backwater of the pool is the best part of the picture. 'Morning on the Severn', 5, and 'A tributary of the Don', 7, are very good tit-bits; and 'Toronto harbour, early morning', 38, is a very happy, quiet rendering of a local scene. In Water colours, his evening scene of 'Ottawa', 152, is very good. There are four or five little woodland scenes that are thoroughly charming; they

are so truthful, clear, and harmonious, and are the evident handiwork of a man keenly alive to the beauties of Nature, and enthusiastically anxious to do faithful work. Take, for instance, 'A gleam of sunshine', 215; what a charm there is about it; how intensely pleasant is the deep insight into the recesses of the wood; how brilliant is the gleam; and how thorough is the sympathy between the artist and his work! No other painter seems to understand Nature like Mr. O'Brien. What Mr. Millard really knows or cares about her we can hardly tell, for he cannot, apparently, emancipate himself from his devotion to the one peculiar line of study which he has laid down for his own guidance. We admire some of his pictures very much. He seems to have more grasp and intensity than many of his compeers, who, in the search after prettiness, lose sight of dignity and grandeur altogether. But here Mr. Millard seems to stop short on the road to grandeur—he halts too often at glum smudginess. Leaden clouds, rocks of sombre hue, imminent rain,—these are but too often the constituent parts of his pictures, which are lightened up by nothing more cheerful than a warm suffusion of heatherish purple. If Mr. Millard will eschew stern and wild Caledonia for twelve months and take for that period a tonic of English or Canadian sunlit scenery, he will do more justice next year to his undoubtedly great powers. Mr. Verner surprises us this year by the complete alteration of style which a visit to Philadelphia or some other influence has brought about. But, whatever it may have been that has wrought it, we honestly say that we do not regret the change. His eternal devotion to the Red Man was becoming tiresome. Now, besides some exceptionally hazy buffaloes and one sketch of Teepees, he eschews the Far West altogether. In two pictures of 'American storks', 94, and 'The Adjutant', 102, he has achieved a decided success, especially in the tone of the background. 'St. Clair Flats', 124, is strikingly like a picture by another artist. Mr. Cresswell is, in many respects and in many instances, so good that he worries us by not being better. His best picture, to our mind, is the 'Fishing-boats', 211, a pleasant composition, warm, true, and artistic. His 'Evening, near Pigeon River', 227, is all aglow, not with the warmth of the evening hour, but with the hot breath of the Sahara. 'Sheep', 122 and 130, are very good studies, and are the best animals exhibited.

In marked contrast to Mr. Cresswell, comes Mr. Harlowe White. Each of these two artists might profitably borrow a little from the other: the one erring on the side of hotness, the other always cool, and sometimes faultily cold. His 'Windsor and Eton', 220, has undoubtedly something wrong in the relative distances and position of the chief points. 'The Llwgy', 170, is presumably a Welsh scene, and a very pretty, quiet one, too, charmingly given, but, as has been remarked, without idealization or power. But, in many respects, Harlowe White's best picture is the 'Market-place at Quebec', 113, a very successful and faithful rendering of a picturesque scene. Mr. Fowler has eschewed the cactus and gladiolus style, though he has one or two more quiet studies of flowers. How long it may take him to dash off one of the sketches of which he has sent eight or nine to the Exhibition we do not know; but it is rather a pity he is not a little more careful about his work. They show—especially such ones as 'Round the knoll', 176, and 'Shade', 180—more power and vigour than is possessed by, perhaps, any other artist in Canada; but it is a dangerously facile style to adopt; and in many sketches Mr. Fowler has been betrayed into a crude, hasty, and almost nonsensical scrimmage of colours. Mr. Martin's best Water colour is, perhaps, 'A rainy day in Muskoka', 165; for we confess that our knowledge of the woods has seldom, if ever, brought us into acquaintance with that green-plush moss in which his soul so delights. 'Fresh from the Saguenay', 35, is a capital portrait in Oils of the king of fish, and his wild fowl are excellent. We doubt if the influence of Mr. Maxfield, an American artist with whom he has associated himself in some pictures, has been very good on Mr. Martin. Mr. Maxfield can paint well in some respects, but we do not like his style; his boys—and they occupy nine-tenths of his canvass—are the most offensive types of keen, hungry young Americans, and his subjects have a great dash of vulgarity in them. Of the huge portrait by Berthon of Chief Justice Harrison, we can only say that much excellent work in the drapery and background is overlooked in consequence of the grotesque prominence given to features which it is an artist's province to soften down and idealize. 'Wind and Wave', 37 A, by Shuttleworth, is a capital little study of sea water; perhaps the best water in the Exhibition. Mr. Hannaford has much excellent work on the walls, mixed with some that is disappointing.

We miss this year several well-known names from the catalogue. Edson especially, Forbes, Perré, and Hoch, the latter being, we regret to learn, incapacitated, at present, by serious illness from pursuing the practice of his art. But, despite these drawbacks, the Society's Exhibition is undoubtedly an advance on those of previous years. And now that the School of Design has been so successfully established, there is good reason for being confident that the progress of one year will be more than maintained when next May brings with it another welcome display of pictures.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THERE has not been for many years a season in Toronto during which there has been so great a dearth of high-class music from outside talent as the one just ended. In former winters singers of the calibre of Nilsson, Parepa, Carlotta Patti, Lucca, Ilma de Murska, Kellogg, Van Zandt, Rose Hersee, Clara Pearl, Patey, Edith Wynne, Mario, Santley, Whitney, Maas, and Tagliapietra, and pianists such as Rubinstein, Carreno-Sauret, and Goddard, have been listened to with delight. The lover of music amongst us, whose soul hungers for a feast of divine melody and harmony as a starving man does for a meal, must sigh as he casts his eye over the list and remembers what the past season has given him. We are almost ashamed to sum up the beggarly account. At the beginning of the winter a scratch company of second and third rate artists, evidently got together so hastily as not to have had time to study their parts properly, went through a few hackneyed operas in a style so slovenly as to reflect credit neither on themselves nor on Mr. Strakosch, their manager. Later on, Ole Bull gave us proof that his right hand had lost but little of its ancient cunning, and he himself but little of his old fire. At his concerts in the States he had been accompanied by Miss Thursby, the rising young American soprano, and heroine of the much-talked-about $100,000 engagement with Strakosch. On coming to Toronto, however, Miss Thursby was dropped, and her place supplied by an inferior singer. Anna de Bellocca, the well-known Russian contralto, was announced to appear early in the season, and at a later date, Mdme. Essipoff, the equally well-known Russian pianiste; but Mr. Strakosch, though he has reaped many a bounteous harvest in Toronto, apparently does not consider the field worth cultivating now, and neither artiste condescended to put in an appearance. The same thing took place last season, with Von Bulow, the great German pianist, who failed to appear notwithstanding that the hall had been actually engaged.

Having been thus thrown almost entirely on our own resources, we have had to make the most of such native talent as we possess. Of this there has been no dearth; and, from the ten-cent musical evenings given by the different churches to the oratorio performances of the Philharmonic Society, the number of amateur entertainments given has been legion. Not the least enjoyable of these have been some delightful Saturday afternoon recitals given at the music rooms of Messrs. Mason, Risch, and Newcombe, by our most promising pianist, Mr. W. W. Lauder, a pupil of the Conservatory, Leipsic, assisted by several of our lady and gentlemen amateurs. The programmes have been almost exclusively classical, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Schumann, and Chopin being the most conspicuous names. Mr. Lauder gave his farewell recital on the 19th May, prior to his departure for Europe to resume his studies. He is yet quite young, and with patience and hard work, has a brilliant future before him.

The season at the Grand Opera House has not, we fancy, been a successful one financially. The commercial depression is no doubt to some extent answerable for this. Some fault, however, must be ascribed to the management. The stock company was markedly inferior to that of the two previous years. The star system is one of doubtful policy. It is true that an actress like Neilson draws crowds, and is thus the means of putting money into the treasury. But she herself pockets the greater portion of the profits, and so thoroughly drains the theatre-goers of their surplus cash, that 'business' is killed for the next two or three weeks. Another drawback to the system is that if the 'star' happens to be unknown, she fails to draw, no matter how good she may be, and then there is a loss. On the whole we think the true policy would be to have a star occasionally, but to rely mainly upon the stock company. If that is thoroughly good, it will become popular, and people, knowing that there will be something worth seeing, will turn out with confidence. The season wound up, appropriately enough, with an excellent centenary performance of 'The School for Scandal,' which was produced for the first time on the 8th May, 1777. Lord Byron once said that whatever Sheridan did was the best of its kind: 'He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama, the best farce (The Critic—it is only too good for a farce), the best address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Regum speech) ever conceived or heard in this coun-

try.' Sheridan on being told this the next day, burst into tears. Time has confirmed the verdict of Byron, at least with regard to 'The School for Scandal.' The extraordinary vitality of this great comedy was shown in a remarkable way in London two or three years ago, when it was produced simultaneously at two theatres, at one of which it ran for over two hundred nights, and at the other for nearly as many.

The close of the regular season was followed by a visit from a company from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, who appeared in 'Lemons.' The play is not a good one; the plot is intricate, the situations are forced, and the characters and dialogue weak, In spite of some clever acting by Mr. Fawcett as *Major Gooseberry*, and Mrs. Wells as *Mrs. Stark*, it was a failure, and 'The Big Bonanza' was substituted in its place. This play is familiar in Toronto, having been given here two years ago by another company from the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The present performance, though extremely good, was markedly inferior to the previous one.

At the Royal Opera House, Mr. Sothern and company gave a week's performances. On seeing him a second time as *Lord Dundreary* we were more than ever disposed to agree with the able critic of the London *Academy*, in the opinion that, by dint of constant repetition during ten or fifteen years, the impersonation has degenerated into 'mere reckless, unbridled fooling.' No being bearing even the remotest resemblance to Dundreary could by any amount of searching be discovered in real life. The character must therefore be condemned in a dramatic sense. In the way of farce and buffoonery, however, nothing more amusing can be witnessed on the stage to-day. There is a sense, even, in which the performance is thoroughly artistic, for, absolutely unreal as the character is, it is perfectly consistent throughout, even to the minutest detail; and no better exemplification could be given of the remarkable genius of the actor. Mr. Sothern appeared in three plays new to Toronto audiences: 'The Hornet's Nest,' 'Sam,' and 'The Crushed Tragedian.' The last is an adaptation, with many alterations by Mr. Sothern, of Byron's 'Prompter's Box,' a play produced in London about ten years ago. The drama as now given is not a particularly good one. There are some faults of construction: the climax is reached at the close of the third act, and the fourth (the final one) falls flat after it; and the scene in the third act, in front of the stage entrance, contribute nothing to the action, and ought to be excised The dialogue, too, is in parts weak, and woul bear brightening up throughout. The pla has been resucitated apparently for the pu pose of giving greater prominence to the pa taken by Mr. Sothern, *De Lacy Fitzalmon* a tragedian of the old gloomy and stage school now almost extinct, which it is inten ed to satirise. The design is not without i difficulties: a character of this sort, carrie through four acts with perfect naturalness an consistency, would be unendurably monot nous; and to avoid this fault it is necessary exaggerate and caricature, and even to intr duce here and there jokes of the Dundrea pattern. It is no small praise to say that spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Sothern's pe formance was fairly successful, and gave fre evidence of his great versatility. This bei so, it might help the piece to give the pa greater prominence than it now has. W have no space to notice at length the 'Horne Nest,' and 'Sam.' Both are wonderful amusing plays, particularly the latter.

Mr. Sothern was followed after a brief i terval by Mr. McDowell's fine company fr Montreal, the plays given being 'Our Boardi House', 'Rosedale', and 'The Shaughrau The last two were noticed on the compan previous visit in September. 'Our Boardi House' is a moderately good play, as plays The general idea of the piece is decide original, though much of the filling in is t reverse. For instance, the farcial comb between *Col. Elevator* and *Prof. Gillypod* be a striking resemblance to the one in 'Slash and Crasher'. The characters are numero and many of them were well acted. Mr. M Dowell *looked* the part of the rascally Itali *Joseph Fioretti*, and acted it well, but dialect was a curious mixture of Engli French, German, and Italian. Mrs. McDow as *Beatrice Mannheim* was as graceful a natural as she always is. Mr. Lytell was ceedingly amusing as *Prof. Gillypod*, and M Hudson, who took his place after the fi night, was even better, being more natu Mr. Arnold was also amusing as *Col. Elevat* though his desire to make the most of the p led him to rather overdo it. Miss Fiske g the part of *Betty*, the maid-of-all-work, to life, and also sang a couple of songs very ceptably. The other parts do not call notice. This excellent company will, we und stand, return in about a month, when they produce Byron's burlesque of 'The Field of Cloth of Gold'.

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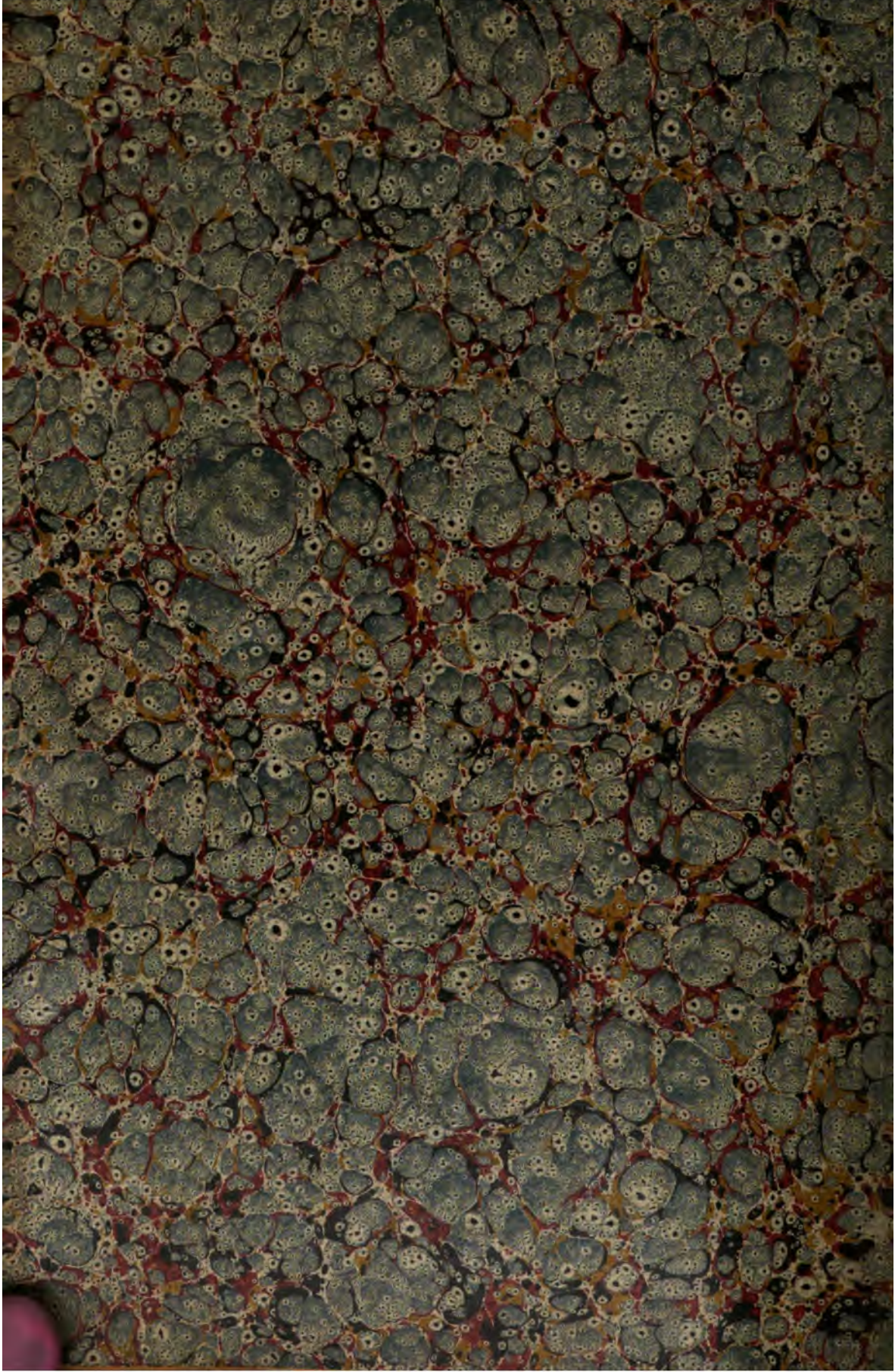

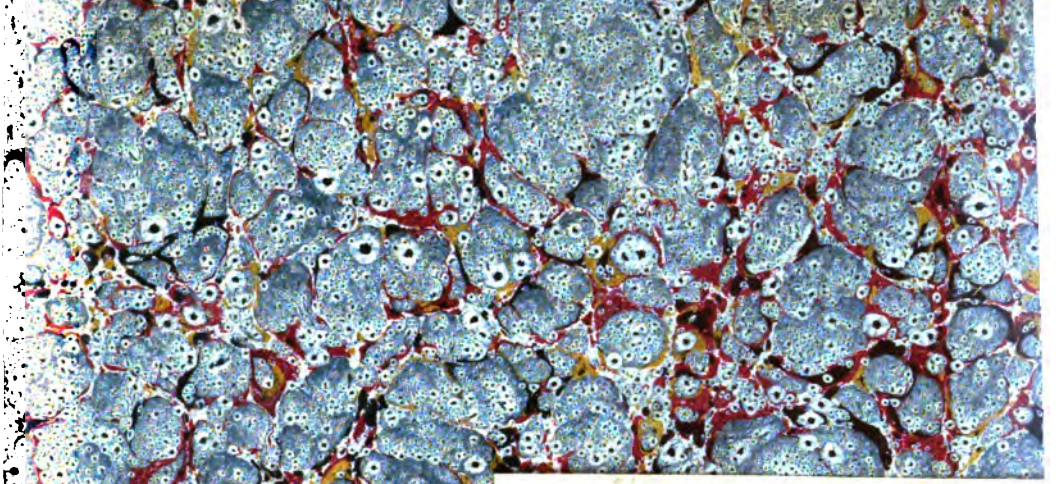

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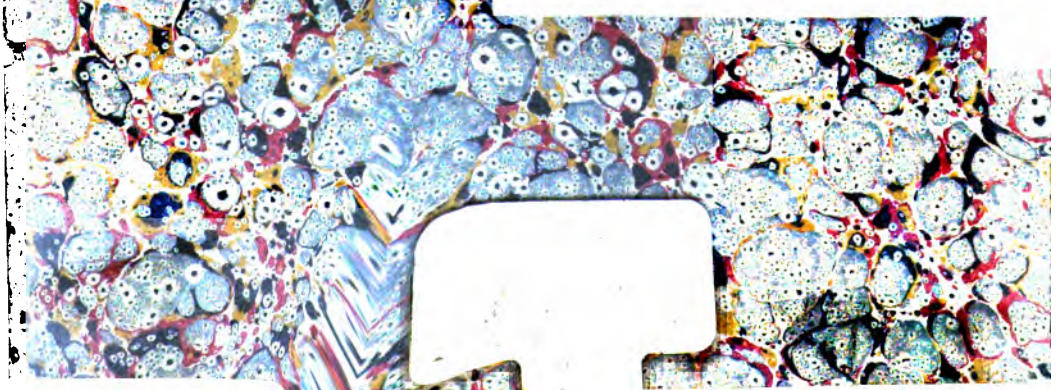

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